

"I canna be, Drumsheugh," said Jamie, greatly excited. "Glen Urtach's steikit up wi' sna like a locked door."

"Ye're no surely frae the Glen, lads," as the men leaped the dyke and crossed to the back door, the snow falling from their plaids as they walked.

"We're that an' nae mistak, but a' thoct we wud be lickit ae place, eh, Charlie? a'm no see weel acquaint wi' the hill on this side, an' there was some kittle (hazardous) drifts."

"It was grand o' ye tae mak the attempt," said Drumsheugh, "an' a'm gied ye're safe."

"He cam through as bad himsel tae help ma wife," was Charlie's reply.

"They're three mair Urtach shepherds 'ill come in by sune; they're frae Upper Urtach, an' we saw them fording the river; ma cert, it took them a' their time, for it was up tae their waists and rinnin' like a mill lade, but they jined hands and cam ower fine." And the Urtach men went in to the fire.

The Glen began to arrive in twos and threes, and Jamie, from a point of vantage at the gate, and under an appearance of utter indifference, checked his roll till even he was satisfied.

"Weelum MacLure 'ill hae the beerial he deserves in spite o' sna and drifts; it passes a' tae see hoo they've githered frae far an' near."

"A'm thinkin' ye can collect them for the minister noo, Drumsheugh. A'body's here except the heich Glen, an' we maunna luke for them."

"Dinna be sae sure o' that, Jamie. Yon's terrible like them on the road, wi' Whinnie at their head; and so it was, twelve in all, only old Adam Ross absent, detained by force, being eighty-two years of age."

"It wud hae been temptin' Providence tae cross the mair," Whinnie explained, "and it's a fell stap round; a' doot we're laist."

"See, Jamie," said Drumsheugh, as he went to the house, "gin there be any antera body in sicht afore we begin; we maun mak allowances the day wi' tae foot o' sna on the grund, tae say naethin' o' drifts."

"There's something at the turnin', an' it's no fouk, it's a machine o' some kind or ither—maybe a bread cart that's focht its wy up."

"Na, it's no that; there's tae horses, ane afore the ither; if it's no a dogcart wi' tae men in the front; they'll be comin' tae the beerial."

"What wud ye sae, Jamie," Hillocks suggested, "but it might be some o' thae Muirtown doctors? they were awfu' chief wi' MacLure."

"It's nae Muirtown doctors," cried Jamie, in great exultation, "nor any ither doctors. A'ken thae horses, and wha's abint them. Quick, man Hillocks, stop the fouk, and tell Drumsheugh tae come out, for Lord Kilspindie has come up frae Muirtown Castle."

Jamie himself slipped behind, and did not wish to be seen.

"It's the respect he's gettin' the day frae high and low," was Jamie's husky apology; "tae think o' them fechtin' their wy doon frae Glen Urtach, and tolling round frae the heich Glen, an' his lordship driving through the drifts a' the road."

"It's nae ceenony the day, ye may lippen tae it; it's the heich brocht the fouk, an' ye can see it in their faces; ilka man hae his ain reason, an' he's thinkin' o' it, though he's speakin' o' naethin' but the storm; he's mindin' the day Weelum pueh him oot frae the jaws o' death, or the nicht he savit the gude wife in her oor o' irribble."

"That's why they pit on their blacks this mornin' afore it was licht, and waded through the sna drifts at risk o' life. Drumtochty fouk canna say muckle, it's an awfu' peety, and they 'ill dae their best tae show naethin', but a' can read it a' in their een."

"But wae's me"—and Jamie broke down utterly behind a fir tree, so tender a thing is a cynic's heart—"that fouk 'ill tak a man's best wark a' his days wi'oot a word an' no dae him a honour till he does. Oh, if they hed only githered like this just since when he was livin', an' lat him see he hedna laboured in vain. His reward hes come ower late, ower late."

During Jamie's vain regret, the Castle trap, bearing the marks of a wild passage in the snow-covered wheels, a broken shaft tied with rope, a twisted lamp, and the patting horses, pulled up between two rows of farmers, and Drumsheugh received his lordship with evident emotion.

"Ma lord . . . we never thoct o' this . . . an' sic a road."

"How are you, Drumsheugh? and how are you all this wintry day? That's how I'm half an hour late; it took us four hours' stiff work for sixteen miles, mostly in the drifts, of course."

"It was gude o' yer lordship, tae mak sic an effort, an' the hale Glen will be gratefu' tae ye, for any kindness tae him is kindness tae us."

"You make too much of it, Drumsheugh," and the clear, firm voice was heard of all; "it would have taken more than a few snow drifts to keep me from showing my respect to William MacLure's memory."

When all had gathered in a half circle before the kitchen door, Lord Kilspindie came out—every man noticed he had left his overcoat, and was in black, like the Glen—and took a place in the middle with Drumsheugh and Burnbrae, his two chief tenants, on the right and left, and as the minister appeared every man bared his head.

The doctor looked on the company—a hundred men such as for strength and gravity you could hardly have matched in Scotland—standing out in picturesque relief against the white background, and he said:

"It's a bitter day, friends, and some of you are old; perhaps it might be wise to cover your heads before I begin to pray."

Lord Kilspindie, standing erect and grey-headed between the two old men, replied:

"We thank you, Dr. Davidson, for your thoughtfulness; but he endured many a storm in our service, and we are not afraid of a few minutes' cold at his funeral."

A look flashed round the stern faces, and was reflected from the minister, who seemed to stand higher.

His prayer, we noticed with critical appreciation, was composed for the occasion, and the first part was a thanksgiving to God for the lifework of our doctor, wherein each clause was a reference to his services and sacrifices. No one moved or said Amen—it had been strange with us—but when every man had heard the gratitude of his dumb heart offered to Heaven, there was a great sigh.

After which the minister prayed that we might have grace to live as this man had done from youth to old age, not for himself, but for others, and that we might be followed to our grave by somewhat of that love wherewith we mourn this day Thy servant departed. Again the same sigh, and the minister said Amen.

The "wricht" stood in the doorway without speaking, and four stalwart men came forward. They were the volunteers that would lift the coffin and carry it for the first stage. One was Tammie, Annie Mitchell's man; another was Saunders Baxter, for whose life MacLure had his great fight with death; and the third was the Glen Urtach shepherd for whose wife's sake MacLure suffered a broken leg and three fractured ribs in a drift; and the fourth, a Dunleith man, had his own reasons of remembrance.

"He's far richter than ye wud expect for sae big a man—there wasna muckle left o' him, ye see—but the road is heavy, and a' change ye after the first half mile."

"Ye needna ribble yersel, wricht," said the man from Glen Urtach; "he'll be nae change in the carryin' the day," and Tammie was thankful some one had saved him speaking.

Surely no funeral is like unto that of a doctor for pathos, and a peculiar sadness fell on that company as his body was carried out who for nearly half a century had been their help in sickness, and had beaten back death time after time from their door. Death after all was victor, for the man that saved them had not been able to save himself.

As the coffin passed the stable door a horse neighed with in, and every man looked at his neighbour. It was his old mare crying to her master.

Jamie slipped into the stable, and went up into the stall. "Puir lass, ye're nae gaein' wi' him the day, an' ye 'ill never see him again; ye've hed yer last ride thegither, an' ye were true tae the end."

After the funeral Drumsheugh came himself for Jess, and took her to his farm. Saunders made a bed for her with soft, dry straw, and prepared for her supper such things as horses love. Jess would neither take food nor rest, but moved uneasily in her stall, and seemed to be waiting for some one that never came. No man knows what a horse or a dog understands and feels, for God hath not given them our speech. If any footstep was heard in the courtyard, light began to neigh, and was always looking round as the door opened. But nothing would tempt her as if she expected to be taken out for some sudden journey. The Kildrummie veterinary came to see her, and said that nothing could be done when it happened after this fashion with an old horse.

"A've seen it since afore," he said. "Gin she were a Christian instead o' a horse, ye micht say she was dyin' o' a broken heart."

He recommended that she should be shot to end her misery, but no man could be found in the Glen to do the deed, and Jess relieved them of the trouble. When Drumsheugh went to the stable on Monday morning, a week after Dr. MacLure fell on sleep, Jess was resting at last, but her eyes were open and her face turned to the door.

"She was a' the wife he hed," said Jamie, as he rejoined the procession, "an' they luv'd ane anither weel."

The black thread wound itself along the whiteness of the Glen, the coffin first, with his lordship and Drumsheugh behind, and the others as they pleased, but in closer ranks than usual, because the snow on either side was deep, and because this was not as other funerals. They could see the women standing at the door of every house on the hillside, and weeping, for each had some good reason in forty years to remember MacLure. When Bell Baxter saw Saunders alive, and the coffin of the doctor that saved him on her man's shoulder, she bowed her head on the dyke, and the bairns in the village made such a wail for him they loved that the men nearly disgraced themselves.

"A'm gied we're through that, at any rate," said Hillocks; "the wae's wfu' taen up wi' the bairns, conseederin' he hed nae o' his ain."

There was only one drift on the road between his cottage and the kirkyard, and it had been cut early that morning. Before daybreak Saunders had aroused the lads in the bothy, and they had set to work by the light of lanterns with such good will that, when Drumsheugh came down to engineer a circuit for the funeral, there was a fair passage, with walls of snow twelve feet high on either side.

"Man, Saunders," he said, "this was a kind thoct, and rael weel done."

But Saunders' only reply was this:

"Many a time he's hed tae gang round; he micht as weel hae an open road for his last ride."

When the coffin was laid down at the mouth of the grave, the only blackness in the white kirkyard, Tammie Mitchell did the most beautiful thing in all his life. He knelt down and carefully wiped off the snow the wind had blown upon the coffin, and which had covered the name, and when he had done this he disappeared behind the others, so that Drumsheugh could hardly find him to take a cord. For these two minutes of the parish came first on the right and left; then Burnbrae and Hillocks of the farmers, and Saunders and Tammie for the plowmen. So the Glen he loved laid him to rest.

When the bedfell had finished his work and the turf had been spread, Lord Kilspindie spoke:

"Friends of Drumtochty, it would not be right that we should part in silence and no man say what is in his heart. We have buried the remains of one that served this Glen with a devotion that has known no reserve, and a kindness that never failed, for more than forty years. I have seen many brave men in my day, but no man in the trenches of Sebastopol carried himself more knightly than William MacLure. You will never have heard from his lips what I may tell you to-day, that my father secured for him a valuable post in his younger days, and he preferred to work among his own people; and I wished to do many things for him when he was old, but he would have nothing for himself. He will never be forgotten while one of us lives, and I pray that all doctors everywhere may share his spirit. If it be your pleasure, I shall erect a cross about his grave, and shall ask my old friend and companion Dr. Davidson, your minister, to choose the text to be inscribed."

"We thank you, Lord Kilspindie," said the doctor, "for your presence with us in sorrow and your tribute to the memory of William MacLure, and the light of his life to us."

The old man, now very feeble, stood in the middle of the road, and his face, once so hard, was softened into a winsome tenderness.

"Come ye blessed of My Father . . . I was sick, and ye visited Me."

[THE END.]

Advice to Dyspeptics.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

The heathen in his folly eats anything that's good. He doesn't try to choose the food that Science says he should. He dies, gray-haired and weary, at fourscore years and ten; and what most sorely vexes him is that he can't eat then.

So be wise and keep from pickles, from sauces and from spice. And keep away from cabbage and from beans and peas and rice. Never eat a thing that's sweet, and always eat it cold. And thus you'll save your intellect from growing stale and old.

Keep away from breakfast, keep away from tea. Keep away from lunches wherever you may be. Never let your midday meal be either large or small; indeed, it's wiser very much to never eat at all.

—The Caterer, London, Eng.

A music committee advertised for a competent person to fill the office of organist, music teacher, etc. Among the replies received was the following:

"Gentlemen,—I notice your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. As I have been both for some years, I offer my services."

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NIECES,—

By the time this reaches you the festive season will be over, and everybody and everything will have settled down once more to the old routine. I believe a great many of you will in a sense be glad to have it all over, for Xmas "brings good cheer," no doubt; but it also entails hard work on the housekeepers. They wish everything to be just as nice as possible, and rightly too; but they feel fatigued with the extra work and anxiety. Now is the chance to have a rest—I do not mean to sit around doing nothing—that is not resting, but just to take things a little easier till you feel better able for your duties once more. I wonder how many of you indulge in a rest after dinner. Did I hear some one say, "The idea! a farmer's wife or daughter taking a rest during the day!" Well, why not? Have you not earned it? Did you not get up early and work as busily as you could till noon, with not a moment of leisure? The idea! It is a very good idea. It will do you a world of good to lie down for say half an hour after the dish-washing is over, and, if possible, to take *forty winks*. Now, do not say that you cannot do it—that you have not time. Why, you will feel all the better for it, and will be refreshed and able for the duties which follow. Just you try it. It is not indulgence; it is an actual necessity. I think that we women do not take enough rest—we are so anxious to get so much done every day, and every day has its own duties. Some of us think it a waste of time to lie down during the day. I think it is a *saving* of time. We are not work-proof; our bodies will not stand the continual wear and tear forever, and will soon be used up if we persist in living at high pressure all the time. Nature will assert herself, and we shall be punished sooner or later by having to give up altogether, and then we shall have plenty of time to consider the error of our ways when we are laid aside. So I argue in this way: It is far cheaper in the long run, and it is a saving of time to lie down during the day and rest—to forget our duties for a little, and to give ourselves up to Morpheus for perhaps thirty minutes. We shall then be ready for the next thing, and feel all the brighter for the pause, and, shall I say it? better-tempered too—for when one's body is tired, one's temper suffers.

I have read somewhere that the Duke of Wellington could sleep at any hour of the day or night that he chose. Well for him that such was the case, for how could he have lived the life he did, or have gone through so many arduous duties? We are not all so fortunate as to be able to command the god of sleep at will; but surely we can all get eight hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. Some are so constituted that they can do with much less sleep. Humboldt in his youth never slept more than two hours at a time; but we do not all have such hardy constitutions as the old German philosopher. Ordinary mortals like us must have a proper amount of sleep if we are to perform our daily duties aright. You know the old rhyme—"Eight hours' work; eight hours' play; eight hours' sleep; and eight shillings a day." I am not at all sure about the eight shillings a day or the eight hours' play, but I know the most of us put in far more than this work, and far less than eight hours' of play. However, we can nearly all manage the eight hours of sleep.

There is another little thing I wish to speak of. Most of us women have a bad habit of *standing* at our work, when quite unnecessary, as there are a hundred and fifty things we could do just as easily sitting down. How many of you, for instance, sit down when you peel potatoes for dinner? Some one says, "Oh, I am in the way of standing now, and I don't mind it—it does not take long, and will not matter." Yes, it does matter. Too much standing is good for nobody, and I speak from experience. Lately I have been *forcing* myself to sit down to do certain duties at which I used to be careless enough to stand. I admit that it is force work at first, but the habit will be formed by and bye, and the body will be all the better for it, and will last longer. So spare your strength, my dear nieces, and do not waste it unnecessarily. Keep it for emergencies, and don't wear out before your time.

Now, some of you will say that Auntie has been preaching in this letter. Well, Auntie does not mind preaching if her sermon only leads to good results, and she will be amply rewarded if some wornout, overtaxed woman will only stop to read this little sermon, think it over, and decide to give a *resting* idea a fair trial. I think that that same woman will soon be able to say, "For the good advice contained in the *ADVOCATE* I have to thank—

MINNIE MAY."

She was an unsophisticated girl, and had been engaged as housemaid in the service of the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir. When she came she was thus instructed by the housekeeper: "Whenever you meet the duke, Alice, be sure to say 'Your Grace.'" The very next day, as the maid was going down the passage, the duke chanced to meet her. Immediately the girl drew herself close to the wall, closed her eyes, and, assuming a reverential attitude, said: "Lord, supply the wants of others, and make us thankful. Amen!"