

Never Falletb.

of comprehension than usual, "ye canna call his soul lost, he's livin' yet."

"Ken ye not," said the elder woman, "that there are plenty o' lost souls wanderin' 'round this world? "Plenty," she added after a moment, "who ha' sold their birthright for a mess o' pottage."

The M.P. looked bored all the time, as if he felt it a great nuisance to have had to come at all, and left on the first train after the funeral.

They hurried Kirsty—and there never was a larger funeral in the village—in the sunniest corner of the small cemetery, where wild violets grew thickest in the spring, and where the children came in groups to pick them.

Scarcely a week had passed by, when one morning at the railway station I saw a bronzed bearded man step from the newly-arrived train. He was well dressed and prosperous looking, yet an indefinable expression of his face would lead the thoughtful observer to conclude that somehow he had missed the joy of life. No one seemed to know him, and ignoring the village bus which was waiting there to convey strangers to the hotel, he struck across country in the direction of Kirsty's cottage.