

remember them so well. And she too had some things to tell, and some sweet words to say, in the gladness of her heart, which John might never have heard but for their walk over the hills that day.

They went to the kirk on the Sabbath, and sat, not in the minister's pew, but in the very seat where Allison used to sit with her father and her mother and Willie before trouble came. And when the silence was broken by the minister's voice saying : "Oh ! Thou who art mighty to save !" did not her heart respond joyfully to the words ? The tears rose as she bowed her head, but her heart was glad as she listened to the good words spoken. When they came out into the kirkyard, where, one by one, at first, and afterward by twos and threes, the folk who had known her all her life came up to greet her, there were neither tears nor smiles on her face, but a look at once gentle, and firm, and grave—the look of a strong, patient, self-respecting woman, who had passed through the darkness of suffering and sorrow into the light at last.

John stood a little apart, watching and waiting for her, and in his heart he was saying, "May I grow worthy of her and of her love." When there had been "quite enough of it," as he thought, and he was about to put an end to it, there drew near, doubtful, yet eager, an old bowed man, to take her hand, and then John saw his wife's face, "as if it had been the face of an angel."

She had waited for all the rest to come to her, but she went forward to meet this man with both hands held out to him, and they went aside to-