

canna. I doot I've been careless. I've left the want to come at the wab's en', an' I ha'e nae time to mak' it guid noo. I maun juist leave it to Him. Guid-nicht, Maister Weelum, an' ye'll tell her—ye ken whae I mean—that I was gled a Hebron was o' service to her. Guid-nicht. God bless ye, man! Guid-bye.'

'Guid-nicht—God bless ye!—Guid-bye.' These words kept ringing in my ears as I sat by my fire, and during the quiet hours my sorrowing thoughts strayed again and again into that wee back-room where Betty sat watching, and where Nathan lay dying.

Long after the village folks had gone to bed I heard the street door open quietly, and the doctor's shuffling footsteps in the lobby. He went through the kitchen into Nathan's room; then he came in and sat down in the big chair opposite me. 'I told Betty I would be here if I were needed, William,' he said, and he took out his old clay pipe and smoked in silence.

Just when the night was on the turn he opened the door and went quietly across to his patient. I followed him into the kitchen, and there, by a cheerless fire, sat Mrs Jardine in Betty's chair, and, poor, hard-working soul, she was asleep, with her head resting on Tom's encircling arm. I put my hand on his shoulder