

the elms with their small, green, fairy-like leaves hung over them, and the river murmured softly at their side. He took her hands in his. "Can't we renew that covenant here, you and I, Jessie, for his sake?" Donald whispered.

"And for the sake of One who suffered more than he did, Don," added the girl gently. And standing together by Duncan Polite's covenant stone they gave their young lives anew to the work that had been his life's aim.

The vow which Donald and Jessie took that day has been fulfilled in the little glen and the memory of Duncan Polite is cherished and his influence abides in many a home of humble piety and simple happiness. So the Watchman accomplished by his death that which had been denied him in life, and as all knowledge and peace are his, he must surely see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.

THE END