

peared to be haunted by some dreadful secret. However, he lived for twelve years; then one day I was summoned to his bedside. "Duncan," he said, "I am dying. Yet I have been spared to give you warning. Duncan, my son, you are young, you have done well at college: you have a promising future before you. If you do not wish your future life blighted, do not seek your inheritance in Scotland. They will send for you. Do not go." And my father cast on me a look of terror that I can never forget. Then in a piteous wail—"O my son, my son, you are lost," he cried. His gaze seemed to penetrate into the innermost recesses of my thoughts, and thus, with this prophecy on his lips, my father died.

Without a cent to commence on, I hung out my shingle and endeavored to work up a practice, for I had just completed my medical course at Toronto University. But it was slow work, and I could not earn enough to keep me out of debt. At the end of the year I found myself in desperate circumstances "What a fool I am," I would say, "to remain here and starve when I have just to cross the ocean and take charge of a castle and live in peace." But invariably coupled with this thought came the thought of that terrified look of my dying father, and his awful prophecy: "O my son, my son, you are lost!"

One day I was sitting in my ill-furnished surgery debating this question in my mind. "After all," I said, "perhaps father's mind was unhinged." The door bell rang and the postman handed me a letter. It was from Edinburgh, and bore the family seal. It was a long, formal letter, telling me that the possessor of the Mac— estates had suddenly died, and as I was the heir, it would be to my advantage to hasten to Edinburgh to be duly installed. It was a trying moment

for me. I closed my ears to the pursuing sound of my father's voice, and I turned away from those terrified eyes that haunted me. In a week I was on the ocean sailing for Glasgow. In the cry of the sea gull I recognized the wail that burst from the lips of my dying father, "O my son, my son, you are lost!" In the dark water I seemed to see what I saw in the depths of father's dying eyes. Many times I woke up trembling with fear at the sound of the wind, and in the stern commands of the captain I heard my dead father's reproachful voice.

I did not stop a day in Glasgow, but hastened to Edinburgh. The family of my father's youngest sister was living at the Hall, and I was kindly welcomed back. Too kindly, I thought. It seemed to me that I detected a look of pity in their faces as they shook hands with me, and the more I saw of them the more evident it became. They seemed to like me. Why should they pity me? Not one of them had congratulated me on my good fortune. It was irritating. There was an air of gloom about the place that depressed me. I had been at the Hall three weeks when one day I came across one of the two grooms, who fourteen years ago had made such an impression on me. His name was written indelibly on my memory.

"Mr. Fraser," I said, "fourteen years ago I heard you talking about some horrible thing that came into our family a couple of generations ago, and—" The old man became livid.

"Who d'ye ken that? For ony sake dinna speer 'bout that!"

I was determined to learn the truth. I seized him by the throat and threatened to choke him if he did not tell all he knew.

"Maister," he said, "yon that ye ken is truth."