

dead; the mantle of Duncan Polite seemed to have fallen upon him. "Come awa," he whispered.

But Donald flung off the hand fiercely. He turned again to look at his uncle, and the fire slowly died from his eyes as he gazed at the beloved face. His strength seemed to suddenly leave him. Andrew Johnstone stepped towards him fearing he would fall, but with one more glance at the dead Donald turned and groped his way to the door like one blind.

The prayers were still going on in the dining-room. Peter McNabb's deep, resonant voice could now be heard, and Jessie, who had come in from the kitchen, was standing in a dark corner of the hall waiting to enter. She was weeping silently, not only for the loss of the old man, who was very dear to her, but for the grief and the blame it must bring upon the one she loved the most. She raised her eyes at the sound of the front door opening and caught a glimpse of his ghastly face and desperate eyes as Donald slipped out. There was the depth of despair in his look. All the girl's heart went out to him in love and pity winged by a terrible fear. He looked like one who might do himself harm. She forgot their estrangement, forgot that he might love another, everything but that Donald was in dire distress. She darted noiselessly to the door. "Don!" she whispered eagerly