

Hill of Tarbellion, by way of the village of Irongray and the great house of Kersland, where Cornet Grahame's troop of His Majesty's dragoons was stationed.

The sergeant-major's daughter, Ivie Rysland, wore pink ribbons and laughed at him. But, as Raith carefully explained to himself, when his conscience pricked him, *that* had nothing to do with the case.

How, in fact, should it? Raith did not care. He was his father's son, and he knew better than to mix with unbelievers, open persecutors, Jezebels—especially Jezebels. Yet, for all that, it was wonderful how memorable Raith Ellison found the way the Rysland girl had of throwing her head back and laughing aloud when he passed by. In it there was a trill that rang a bell somewhere deep down in his breast, and then the flash of those white teeth—which had no business to be so small and white and regular! There was no word of these when, in the Book of the Kings, she painted her face and tired her hair and looked out at the window.

Raith Ellison did not want to see Ivie Rysland, the sergeant's daughter. The words of the sermon delivered on the Mount Tarbellion were yet ringing in his ears. "I have set my King upon my holy hill of Zion."

Desperately Raith tried to fix his mind upon the divisions of Mr. Peden's discourse—from its stately beginning to its startling and prophetic conclusion—the Father clothing the Son with all royal and divine prerogatives, owning him before the assembled heavens and the wonderful earth, and last of all, bestowing upon him an earthly throne and the power to judge the nations—especially this poor afflicted Scotland—and to do judgments upon its malignant and blaspheming oppressors.

Raith passed through the village, his head down, scarce glancing at the shut doors, the veiled windows upon which the blinds were drawn down for precaution. Most of the villagers had been, one way or other, at the Communion and preaching on Tarbellion Hill, "in the place called Eshcol, because there was the wine poured out." But Lag's Tower was somewhat too close at their doors, and the folk of Irongray knew that they played with fire who took liberties with the King's laws within arms' length of Sir Robert Grier.

Raith told himself that he was glad when he had passed down the length of Irongray Village, with never a glance of a cherry-coloured ribbon from one end of the street to the other.