

sheathing of swords before he could display his banner on Dunse Hill. But he was one of the company of nobles who presently conferred with his Majesty concerning tumults of women, pelting of bishops, and other grim sport of a distempered people. Rothés, whose canniness first "brought in" my lord, was there as chief spokesman, insolently familiar, sly, unctuous, obstinate, an ambassador to turn a king's stomach.

The conference ended, my lord looked in the king's face and read the thoughts behind like an open book. In that moment his decision was made, his fate sealed. He took his leave with the rest; but at midnight he was back alone, kissing the king's hand on bended knee.

The ambrosial summer night was lustrous with stars and rich with perfume when he came forth again, his heart aflame. In the silence of the night, none seeing him, he lifted his face to the glimmering host of heaven, and on drawn sword took a great oath, "*I live and die for Loyaltie.*"