

McIntosh were standing by the low mound which covered all that remained of poor Maggie. It was turfed, and a white rose tree had been planted on it, and already bore a few buds. At the head of the mound was an oaken cross, with these words clearly, though somewhat rudely, carved—

MARGARET MCINTOSH,

DIED JUNE 16, 1885 ;

AGED 22 YEARS.

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament.—DANIEL xii. 3.

Phil was still holding a knife with which he had been retouching the letters, for he had incised the inscription. Jeanie stood by, with her hands loosely clasped in front of her, and tears slowly gathering in her eyes.

"The world seems strange to me without my sister," she said.

"You were always together, were you not?" asked Phil, gently.

"Yes ; we were brought up together in our bonny Scotch home, and we came to these cold countries together, and we have seen joy and sorrow always hand in hand."

"You were the heroines of Fort Pitt. Every