

## CHAPTER XIX

### THE HERMIT SINGS AGAIN

Then twilight falls with the touch  
Of a hand that soothes and stills,  
And a swamp-robin sings into light  
The lone white star of the hills.

Alone in the dusk he sings,  
And a burden of sorrow and wrong  
Is lifted up from the earth  
And carried away in song.

—BLISS CARMAN

**J**OHN MCINTYRE, still dressed in the black suit Martin had given him for the wedding, was slowly walking up the old stone road toward the ravine. The festivities of the wedding and the gracious manner of the Duke, had so wrought upon Sandy McQuarry that he had, in a moment of reckless extravagance, bidden his watchman take rest that night, instead of returning to the mill. Tim and he were going off on an important expedition. They had promised Martin that before he