

haun. Ay, I had to, for the weans had to be brocht up, an'—an', thank God, I managed it! But it killed the youth that was in me. Ay, an', as I was gaun to say, I'm seein' things differently lyin' here. Coontin' the times ye've been at the kirk'll no' quieten your fears. Thinkin' o' the guid ye've dune or tried to do nicht, an' my crap o' that's a very sma' yin. Still, I maun ha'e pleased the Almichty in some wey, or He wadna ha'e been sae kind to me; He wadna ha'e gi'en me Betty. Oh, man, Maister Weelum, I wish I could tell ye a' that Betty's been to me! I'm vexed I canna. I'm a Hebron, an' I needna try; but ye ken yoursel' in a sma' wey. She nursed ye—ay, an'—an' noo this is what I want to ask ye—when I'm away, Maister Weelum, will ye see that my—that Betty's a' richt—eh? Is that askin' an awfu' lot?'

'Oh, Nathan,' I said, and I knelt down at his bedside and took his softened hand in mine, 'Betty is to me a sacred trust, and if it be God's will that you must leave her, I will be with her till she goes out to meet you again.'

He pressed my hand. 'Thank ye, Maister Weelum. I—I thocht ye would; but I juist wanted to mak' sure. That's a', I think—a' at least as far as this world's concerned. There's a lot—an awfu' lot I should do, but I