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CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LAST STAND.

"AILIE," said Guy Fleming, in a broken, unsteady voice, as he came fast into his sister's temporary home on the afternoon of the wild and windy day on which the double burying had taken place in Rochallan kirkyard, "you must put on your bonnet and come to Pat. I can do nothing with him. My God! such grief unmans a man! Those who have seen it can never forget it to the very end of their days. Come!"

Alison rose up from her quiet room and followed him by the shore path to the back gate of Rochallan Manse. As they walked they spoke not at all. Like a blast of the whirlwind had death swooped down upon them, permitting nothing to stay him, sweeping aside human love and longing, human passion and effort, as if they had been naught.

Side by side they had laid these two, the sweet young mother and the man of the world, who had so strangely stepped for a little space into the quiet lives of Rochallan folk, and having done their appointed work had passed on elsewhere.

They had left their indelible memory behind.

"I left him raging up and down the study, crying that he must curse God and die. Yon's awful, Ailie!" said Guy as they passed within the house. "It makes a man afraid of life, of death, of everything."

Ailie smiled a little wintrily, and passing before him went towards the study door. Just as she entered, something came over her like a wave of the sea, and she