

“When William MacLure appears before the Judge, Milton,” said Lachlan Campbell, who that day spoke his last words in public, and they were in defence of charity, “He will not be asking him about his professions, for the doctor’s judgment has been ready long ago; and it is a good judgment, and you and I will be happy men if we get the like of it.

“It is written in the Gospel, but it is William MacLure that will not be expecting it.”

“What is’t, Lachlan?” asked Jamie Soutar, eagerly.

The old man, now very feeble, stood in the middle of the road, and his face, once so hard, was softened into a winsome tenderness.

“‘Come, ye blessed of My Father . . . I was sick, and ye visited Me.’”