

"May I no pray for Mr. Heriot?" she urged. "Just a bit—as Missie would. Now she is away, there is none prays for you but yourself. And ye ken that in the village if they pray at your Honour, it'll no be for ye but against ye."

"You may pray for me," said the Laird, "but you must do it in the kitchen. I cannot have you," said he, "praying about in the public passages."

"I thought I'd be nearer like," said the Woman, mopping up her tears.

"The kitchen's near enough," said the Laird; and turned.

"Awell," said the Woman, resigned and rising from her knees, "the Lord's there too, I'se uphold."

The Laird went back to the leathern chair and his blind reverie.

His hands were hardly clasped, his eyes scarce shut, before the door opened afresh, and the Woman stood in it, her face still bleared with tears.

"And there is Danny!" she said.

"What of him?" asked the Laird, opening his eyes.

"He is as is your Honour. The Lord has denied him the gift of tears. God gave woman the heart to sorrow, and tears to ease her of her sorrow," she went on; "to man He gave no heart and no need of tears; to dogs," she said, "and your Honour, He gave the self-same heart to mourn, and forgot to give them the comfort of tears: for it is all one with you and Danny. He speaks none, nor greets none; and he dwines and dwines because of the sorrow which cannot away in tears."

"Well," said the Laird, "how can I help?"

"Would Mr. Heriot go to him?" she begged. "I have tried, and Robin has tried; and he will not heed us. He just lies and looks, and lies and looks, and that wae with it to gar ye greet."

"He is strange with me," said the Laird, pondering.

"And he was with me," said the Woman, "but he's not