

Then they filed through, two score of them, old and young, men and boys, with moistened eyes and haggard faces. Where they came from no one knew. How they had got the knowledge was equally a mystery. But somehow, seemingly without a messenger, from island to island, from shore to shore, had gone out the word that their King was dying and had been brought back to draw his last breath and to lay his bones by the old, old cave of the Eyrie, and that they were to see him. One word from Stuart, given three hours before, had done the deed. As the last one with bowed head passed through and the curtain was dropped again, Harry and Jessie, from different directions, came in also, and remained. Presently MacAlpine threw up his hand and with eyes still closed, sang out in broken voice:

'Tis the tramp of our men
Over mountain and glen,
The tramp of our men
For aye—

“They’re a braw lot,” and again he wandered.

Towards midnight the change came. They thought he had spoken his last word, for a deeper drowsiness had fallen upon him, his breath coming and going in short, hard gasps. But he opened his eyes once more and tried to look around.

“I must be getting blind,” he said. “Can’t see anybody—light the lamps, Marie. Where are you, child?”