

the ancient privilege of carrying their chieftain upon his last journey. The coffin was oak of the home woods, planed and joined by the hands of one whose forbears had served the family for generations. It was covered by no pall—save the dead man's plaid—and Duncan walked just in front, as proud as a man could be with so sore a heart. Had not the Master himself said that he and he alone should play the coronach for him ?

The strains of the Lament of Ivor wound down the woodland roads and up the glen with wild and piercing sadness. All the spirit of the Highlands rang in that voice of mourning : passionate, untutored, untamed, savage in its intensity. In the same voice, for centuries, the clans had bewailed their chiefs : it was a cry ringing down through the ages.

The sound of many feet beat slow, measured rhythm to the skirling of the pipes. It was slowly, very slowly, as if reluctant to lay down that honoured burden, that the mourners of Ivor passed out upon the moor and began the ascent towards the ruins. All were humble, of the soil, save only those two who side by side paced behind the coffin : the woman in her black, wrapped and veiled, and the priest.

The sky was faintly blue ; the mists had been lifting under their feet as they started. There was sunshine upon the open grave as they reached the chapel ruin. The grave was lined with the wild myrtle ; and the scent of it rose pungently as the coffin was lowered, crushing down upon it.

The minister from Ballocheroch poured forth prayer very fervently, and there was a great fervour in the minds of those who crowded within the ruins or stood respectfully without. And many had wet eyes ; and more still bit back their tears and felt them burn at their heart. For the Master had been beloved for a generous lord.—And he had been their own.

All was over ; and the raw mound, now heaped with fir