

in the Western Islands of Scotland. Mine armourer I sent for, as soon as I could ; and he occupies a good place at Girnigoe. His skill has long since left him, but he still liveth in an extreme old age, and groweth garrulous as he groweth older, a strange curse to fall upon a one-time silent man. I would add, that his position as executioner during my time hath fallen into abeyance.

I have but one more matter to relate, and it hath to do with mine uncle Angus. A week after I had been secured in my rightful position, a letter was brought me bearing his signature. I have had it in possession ever since, and it was the last communication I had from him, for he went abroad to France soon after, and there died in the end a great Churchman. The letter ran as follows :—

“MY MAD NEPHEW,—Either it hath been fated that a fool should mar the best and wisest plans of men, or else thou art a deeper villain than thine uncle Angus. Be what thou mayest, I have done with thee and thy ways for ever. That wisdom may give thee sight to see the ruin thou hast made of thy life is the only remaining wish of

ANGUS SINCLAIR.”

But read to me by her sweet voice, his and all former bitterness had lost its sting for evermore.