

as she gazed on Nancy's face now so pale and death-like, she was struck with its dignity and strength. There had been a great deal more in poor Nancy Bell than the chances of life had brought out. Fiona felt her heart drawn tenderly towards her.

As the night wore on, the weather did not improve. The wind rose and swept the clouds swiftly across the sky. Fiona felt chilled to the bone, and crouched lower down under the shelter of the rocks.

It was long past midnight when Nancy opened her eyes again, and gazed up at the stars as they appeared and disappeared between the flying clouds. She watched them for some minutes in silence and then remarked:

'The stars are rinnin' mighty quick across the sky.'

'The wind has changed again, and is driving the clouds over them. Do you feel cold?'

'Na, only ma feet.'

'Have you very much pain?'

'In ma sides, an' a strange sinkin' feelin.'

Fiona gave her a little more of the wine, and then sat so that she could wrap her own gown round Nancy's feet.

'It's fine to be luikin' at the sky,' the dying woman said. 'Ma een hae been owre muckle on the groun'. It's a gran' bonnie place yon. I sud hae thoct mair on't. But the auld laird was aye talkin' to me aboot religion, an' gien me tracks, an' I didna care for his religion. He wasna kind to his leddy, an' I thoct that gin heaven was for sic folk I didna want to gang there mysel'. It was wrang, far wrang, an' I kent better. Ma auld mither's in heaven, an' I didna doubt, an' she was a guid woman. But maybe the the Lord willna be owre hard on an auld body like me. I wadna, gin I was in His place. What dae ye think, Miss M'Iver?'

'I think, dear Nancy, that you are like the woman in the gospel, of whom Jesus said that her sins were forgiven, for she loved much.'

'Na, na, I doubt ye're wrang there. I haena lo'ed muckle. Auld Nancy wasna ane o' them made to loe, an' to be lo'ed.'

'You were ever good to Mr. Nial and you love him still though he has done you much wrong. And I love you for all that you have done for me. I'm sure that we cannot have so much love for one another as God has for each of us.'

'Aweel, ye ken, Miss M'Iver; ye're eddicated as weel as ony minister, an' ken mair nor mony o' them. I'm glad ye think the Lord loes a pair auld woman like me. Maybe ye wadna min' pittin' up a wee bit prayer for auld Nancy.'

Fiona bowed her head and prayed that the Heavenly Father would look pitifully upon His frail child, and deal gently with her according to her great needs and sorrow, and the greatness of His own love; that He would give her peace at last, and a home where the wicked ceased from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Then she bent and kissed her.

'Ay, ye're kind; an' I like thae words: "whaur the weary are at rest." These auld banes will soon be at rest.'

After that there was silence for several more hours save for Nancy's low moaning and heavily drawn breath. But she retained Fiona's hand clasped in her own, and the girl was unremitting in her attentions, worn out and exhausted though she was. The wind moaned mournfully among the rocks, and the tide broke sadly on the shore. The fire on the other side of the cliffs had long burnt out, and the crescent moon was sinking to the horizon. Slowly as the hours

moved, Fiona wished they would pass more slowly, for it was getting near to the morning, and if the light came and she were discovered by Nial sitting there, what would happen? She was shivering with cold, and every nerve was on the stretch. Then Nancy began to grow restless, to moan and mutter to herself. Fiona could see on her face the cold shadow of approaching death. A curlew wheeled past with a plaintive cry. It was taken up and answered by others farther off.

Nancy opened her eyes and muttered something indistinctly; Fiona bent down her ear.

'I thoct I heard the pipes.'

'The pipes, Nancy?'

'Ay; the anes that play on the hills when a spirit is gangin' hame. Dae ye no hear them? Na; they are no playin' for ye, but for me.'

Fiona wiped away the cold death-sweat from her brow.

'Is ma face to the east?'

'Yes.'

'I'm glad o' that; but is it no gettin' darker?'

'No; there's a pale yellow light over the hills of Mull; it will soon be daybreak.'

'Then I shall gang awa wi' the sunrise. I feel the haun' o' death grippin' haud o' me: could ye raise ma head a bittie?'

Fiona gently raised the old grey head and rested it against her knee.

Nancy's eyes roved over the dark waters to the Mull mountains, the peaks of which were standing out clear against the pale sky.

'I see the licht noo. Ay, it's bonnie; it'll be shinin' at the fit o' Ben Ruadh whaur ma mither is sleepin'. Ye'll lay me aside her?'

'Yes, yes,' said Fiona, as her eyes filled with tears. 'I will see to that, if I ever get away, dear Nancy.'

'Oh, ay; ye'll gang wi' the sunrise too; but no to-day. Hist! I hear the pipers; they hae come for me.'

Her head fell back; there was a brief quiver about the mouth and nostrils, and Nancy's spirit had fled.

The sun rose from behind the hills and a new day was born.

CHAPTER XXIV

ALONE—ALL, ALL ALONE!

With tender hands Fiona drew the lifeless body of poor Nancy Bell into a more sheltered position, covered up the white face, and then with a swift sad glance of farewell made for the rock where she herself would have to hide till help came—or die.

She drew out the plank Ronald Campbell had so providentially hidden in May, and proceeded to place it as she had seen him do. She raised it on one end, and then let it fall forward so as to form a narrow bridge across the chasm which divided the rock from the island. The plan was not completely successful. The opposite end rested securely enough on a ledge of the crag, but the plank had fallen obliquely, with one side raised so much higher than the other, that it was impossible to walk over. She tried to shift it from its slanting position, but failed.

(To be Continued)

Lorenz, the Knifeless Surgeon.

Happening to pass our great Charity Hospital a few days ago, the conclusion was reached, from the long line of doctors' vehicles at the gate, that something extraordinary was on hand, and we hastened

WEAKLY CHILDREN.

Stunted, weakly children are those whose food does them no good, because they do not digest it properly. Keep the child's digestive organs right and it will grow up strong and healthy, and it will not cause mother much trouble while it is growing up. It is the weak children—the puny children—that wear the mother out caring for them day and night. All this is changed when Baby's Own Tablets are used. They promote digestion, they give sound, natural sleep, they keep baby bright and cheerful. They are good for older children, too, and cure all their minor ailments. It costs only 25c. to prove the truth of these statements—and you will be thankful afterwards. Mrs. Archibald Sweeney, Carleton, N. S., says:—I have given my little one Baby's Own Tablets, and am more than pleased with the results. I can recommend them to every mother. That's the way all mothers, who have used the Tablets, talk. That's the way you will talk if you will try them when your little ones are ailing. You can get the Tablets from any dealer, or they will be sent by mail at 25c. a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

back, and, learning from the Secretary that the great Viennese was about to perform an operation, and the public admitted we pressed through the crowd at the door of the amphitheatre, waiting to see, and possibly to attract the great healer's notice to their unfortunate children, and up a narrow stairway to the upper floor, overlooking steeply descending tiers of filled seats and the operating table, where a fine looking, full-bearded man was lecturing in a voice which did not reach our position on the side. While arrangements were being made, the audience was preternaturally still and silent. A little half nude boy, apparently five years old, was brought in, and, absolutely unconscious, laid upon the table. 'It was a case of congenital hip dislocation. One could see that one limb was several inches shorter than the other. Lecturing meanwhile, the surgeon deftly seized the little one's limbs, moved them in all directions, kneaded and pulled and worked, until he was prepared to lift him to his feet and show that both now rested evenly on the floor; then replaced on the table, his limbs were secured in place by bandages steeped in plaster of paris forming a hardened casing. It remains to be seen whether a permanent cure has been effected, although there is every probability of its success. We wondered at the power of anaesthesia, which could make the form almost as limp as wet paper, and passive as wax in the strong hands of the skillful manipulator.

The multitude, unable to get in at the door, with the halt in the person of a little fellow on crutches, with one foot far from the floor, reminded one of that Scripture: "There was not room for them so much as about the door," and of the palsied man let down by willing hands in the midst, as the child was carried into the midst, and then, in full possession of his senses, the man, without a touch, was made whole, and lifting his own bed which had borne him, and carries it out before them all! Wonderful Jesus! "And His fame went out through all Syria, and they brought unto Him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatic, and those that had the palsy, and He healed them."—Southern Presbyterian.