

myself swallowing hard by an audible whisper from a wee lassie to her mother —

‘Mither! See till yon man. He’s greetin’.

When I came to myself she was singing ‘The Land o’ the Leal,’ the Scotch ‘Jerusalem the Golden,’ immortal, perfect. It needed experience of the hunger-haunted Cowgate closes, chill with the black mist of an eastern haar, to feel the full bliss of the vision in the words —

‘There’s nae sorrow there, Jean,
There’s neither could nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair in
The Land o’ the Leal.’

A land of fair, warm days, untouched by sorrow and care, would be heaven indeed to the dwellers of the Cowgate.

The rest of that evening is hazy enough to me now, till I find myself opposite Mrs. Mavor at her fire, reading Graeme’s letter; then all is vivid again.

I could not keep the truth from her. I knew it would be folly to try. So I read straight on till I came to the words —

‘He has had mountain fever, whatever that may be, and he will not pull up again. If I can, I shall take him home to my mother’—when she suddenly stretched out her hand, saying, ‘Oh, let me read!’