

with silver, her cheek pale as wax, and her hand so thin it looks as though the light might be seen through if she held it towards the sun? It is the heart-broken mother of Catharine and Hector Maxwell. Her heart has been pierced with many sorrows; she cannot yet forget the children of her love, her first-born girl and boy. Who comes to meet her, and with cheerful voice chides her for the tear that seems ever to be lingering on that pale cheek,—yet the premature furrows on that broad, sunburnt, manly brow speak, too, of inward care? It is the father of Hector and Catharine. Those two fine, healthy boys, in homespun blouses, that are talking so earnestly as they lean across the rail-fence of the little wheat field, are Kenneth and Donald; their sickles are on their arms—they have been reaping. They hear the sudden barking of Bruce and Wallace, the hounds, and turn to see what causes the agitation they display.

An old man draws near; he has a knapsack on his shoulders, which he casts down on the corner of the stoup; he is singing a line of an old French ditty; he raps at the open door. The Highlander bids him welcome, but starts with glad surprise as his hand is grasped by the old trapper.

“Hah, Jacob Morelle, it is many a weary year since your step turned this way.” The tear stood in the eye of the soldier as he spoke.

“Can you receive me and those I have with me for the night?” asked the old man, in a husky voice—his kind heart was full. “A spare corner, a shake-