

a year, still supported her, the smile on his face to the end. And the end—"Craven's voice grew unsteady—"it is difficult to speak of. The minister's wife repeated the words about the house with many mansions, and those about the valley of the shadow, and said a little prayer, and then we all waited for the end—for myself, I confess with considerable fear and anxiety. I had no need to fear. After a long silence she sat up straight, and in her Scotch tongue, she said, with a kind of amazed joy in her tone, 'Ma fayther! Ma fayther! I am here.' Then she settled herself back in her son's arms, drew a deep breath, and was still. All through the night and next day the glory lingered round me. I went about as in a strange world. I am afraid you will be thinking me foolish, sir."

The stern old professor was openly wiping his eyes. He seemed quite unable to find his voice. At length he took up the list again, and began to read it mechanically.

"What! What's this?" he said, suddenly, pointing to a name on the list.

"That, sir, is John Craven."

"Do you mean that you, too—"

"Yes, I mean it, if you think I am fit."

"Fit, Jack, my boy! None of us are fit. But