

THE "LITTLE SOPHY"

closer to read the words: "*Be comforted! Alexander Murray has prevailed.*" The few words, so full of hope and triumph, moved him strangely. He remembered the fisherman Murray, whose victory over death was so certainly announced; and his soul, disregarding all the forbidding of priests and synods, instantly sent a prayer after the departed conqueror. "Wherever he is," he thought, "surely he is closer to Heaven than I am."

He had been in the kirk-yard often when none but God saw him, and his feet knew well the road to Sophy's grave. There was a slender shaft of white marble at the head, and Andrew Binnie stood looking at it. Braelands walked forward till only the little green mound separated them. Their eyes met and filled with tears. They clasped hands across her grave and buried every sorrowful memory, every sense of wrong or blame, in its depth and height. Andrew turned silently away; Braelands remained there some minutes longer. The secret of that invisible communion remained forever his own secret. Those only who have had similar experiences know that souls who love each other may, and can, exchange impressions across immensity.

He found Andrew sitting on the stile, gazing thoughtfully over the sea at the pale grey