

lunyie and Mr. David Lamb. In the afternoon Mr. Lamb had come to Maudlin's den, saying he was commissioned to take her before the Committee again, and led her forth. It cannot be doubted—(indeed, I was afterward assured by the minister it was true)—that Lady Katherine, as Mr. Lamb's page, was then slipped into the cell in Maudlin's place, while Maudlin left the prison as the page,—all with the bribed connivance of the jailer.

When once forth of the prison Maudlin met the Gaberlunyie, and was told that she was free and that I would be rescued at the last moment, when brought out to death. By him she was led straightway to that wood to await my coming and the Gordons'!

Sad, sad were all, and heart-broken were we three who knew our dear saint so well, but we could not linger where we were, even on the chance of more certain news of her, unless all our efforts at freedom were to be in vain. So, before the dawn came clearly, we were again mounted and riding fast from the horrors of Edinburgh, away to seek a hiding-place in the North.

Thus died and was dispersed upon the winds of heaven the body of the unhappy Lady Katherine Graham, while her soul flew to God purged of all offense; and thus her memory, unknown to fame save for one sad, and lurid episode, will ever dwell with me a most precious treasure and inspiration. And thus, also, Mistress Maudlin Keith,—"The Angel of the Covenant,"—who was thought, and who is said, to have perished in the fire of the Covenant, survived to be a scourge without a name to her former un-friends.