

speech. Only Mary was left and it seemed that the family was buried with Margaret. Already the lustre was gone from the Keiths and the Greigs and the name of Lawrie could cast no spell, for where was their achievement? They had exploited the fag end of a tradition. Tom and John were rich, but to what end? Their riches served no purpose: they enslaved many and freed none.—“We are as separate,” said Jamie to Mary, “as though we were at the ends of the earth. We have worshipped and served a thing that had no being, a thing that could be dropped into a hole in the earth.”—“Not I,” said Mary.—“Even you, for you expected wonders from me merely because I was a Lawrie and the eldest of them. But I am a poor man and a failure and glad to be so.”—“What *are* you talking about?” asked Mary.—“The donkey’s hind leg,” replied Jamie with a great laugh, “for we have already talked it off. Dear old Tom is a joy for ever and we have been very unjust to him.”

Mary’s Hon. and Rev. had allowed her only three days as ample time in which to bury her mother. She had therefore to return after a vain attempt to make friends with Catherine who distrusted her and disapproved of her ease and intelligence. It was no good. Jamie could not help at all for life for him had stopped momentarily. His mother’s death had chilled him and removed him from the conduct of ordinary life. It was nothing to him that Catherine and Mary could not understand each other. Mutual understanding seemed to him so rare and high mystery that it was not to be looked for in common life. Why should Catherine and Mary comprehend each other? They shared no purpose. Mary’s life was in the minds of intellectual men. She was a puzzle even to himself. Catherine’s pleasure lay in simple household things, and she was a puzzle to him also.—Everything was a puzzle to him for the change in him, the consummation of so many dreams and hopes, was so sudden and violent that he looked for everything else to be changed also. And when he looked, nothing was changed. Catherine was as she always was, and he could swear that wee Mary had not altered by a line or a thought since she used to do his school tasks for him. “A born governess,” he said, and was pleased at hitting her off with a phrase.

It was only when Tibby came to the house that he began to thaw into life again, and with fresh eyes to see new beauty in Catherine and a wonder of loyalty in wee Mary. Then it seemed to him that nothing was gone from him that his life was full indeed and fair of promise, and he took up the task of inter-

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