

and rendering rich and fertile all its arid corners. They who have not wept have never lived.

Great and widespread was the sympathy extended to the Flemings from every part of the country where their name was so well known and respected. It encompassed them like waves of the sea. It was several weeks before Pat was able to appear in his own pulpit, and when they saw him, there was not a dry eye left in the kirk.

His people stood about him, like a buttress upholding him by their sympathy and their prayers, so that in a shorter space of time than he had ever anticipated he emerged from the innermost blackness of the cloud, and once more lifted his head to the heaven of his dreams.

It was no more a strange place since Edie was there, but rather some region unfamiliar but beloved, to which his heart winged its way in every leisure moment, seeking commune with the immortals. A man who lives thus, and comes back strong and fine to the duties of his day, has a great work to do. Alison, much astonished at what had been wrought in the very fibre of her brother's being, seeing him grow great and strong and noble after having had the deeps roll over him, marvelled no more at the strange workings of destiny, but only bowed her head in mute worship before its unutterable wisdom.

After much family consultation an odd arrangement was come to. The house in which Mr. Crewe died was purchased by his widow, and converted into a home for his children. It was so near, its grounds adjoining the manse garden, that for all practical purposes it might be said to belong to the church property, and there Alison promised to be at their beck and call whenever it pleased them to come. Also she promised to, once a year, forgather with them there, and mother them all in the real sense, and to leave Janet Aiken to look after the manse bairn, the while.