

troublesome. He has taken a commission in one of the Lowland regiments that are now under Cope's command, and you may be sure he will keep on the outlook for you. But never fear. Do your duty nobly and manfully, as you have always done in the past, and you will have a Divine protection that can never fail you. If the Master needs your service on earth you will be immortal till you have done that work; if He needs your service elsewhere, do not grudge to follow His guiding into the quiet rest of Paradise. But, a truce to all sad thoughts. Haste ye to your bed, and sleep soundly that you may be ready for the march to-morrow. Good-night, laddie."

When the glorious rays of the morning sun broke over the "Fair City," they shone down upon a lively and inspiring scene. Troops of cavalry and infantry were drawn up ready for the road. Darvel and his troop occupied a prominent place in the van of the column; and Alistair's stalwart form as he sat on his fine steed, with the old Scottish Standard on a piked staff in his left hand, was not the least noticeable among many. Presently the Bonnie Prince himself, the hope of his ill-fated race, rode out at the head of the troops, attended by a brilliant staff, and the march southward was begun. No opposition was raised to their progress through the magnificently diversified scenery of the Perthshire Highlands, although it was easy to see that all the people they met were not upholders of the old line. A few miles above Stirling they crossed the Forth without mishap, a feat which Lord Mar had failed to do in 1715. At Stirling they made a longer halt than usual, to rest both horses and men, and to discover what they could of the movements of the enemy.

Then on again they marched, past the grand old ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey, which had played such an interesting part in the past history of Scotland, from