

weeks also, and the years. The minister tries sometimes to get her to go to church, offering to send a substitute to tend her silent patient while she is gone.

"My kirk is here!" the Hoolet says, laying a hand on her "man's" shoulder. "See!"

She loosens her fingers from his grasp, moves away, and motions the minister to take her place. He sits down and takes Nathan Murdoch's slack, soft hand kindly.

The man bereft of understanding turns his head slowly to and fro. He draws his fingers away and moves them vaguely this way and that, as if he groped for something he could not find. Tears gather in the gentle, over-clouded, witless eyes. A sob like a child's breaks from the rough, manly throat.

"Yes, then—I am here! I am here!" murmurs, with infinite gentleness, the woman, crooning over the man who would have wronged her, but who had been taken in his own device.

The minister put his hand on the man's head.

"Perhaps," he said to comfort her, "he is being tried in the furnace here below, and will come out, hereafter, as gold that is seven times refined. Though here he be dead while he lives, yet may his true life be hid with Christ in God!"

For which doctrine, though doubtless it com-