

memory-gallery is a vivid picture of that fair, sweet, sad, beautiful, alight with the deep glow of her eyes, as she stood and sang to that dingy crowd. As I sat upon the window-ledge listening to the voice with its slowing song, my thoughts were far away, and I was looking down once more upon the eager, coal-grimed faces in the rude little church in Black Rock. I was brought back to find myself swallowing hard by an audible whisper from a wee lassie to her mother:

"Mither! See till yon man. He's greetin'."

When I came to myself she was singing "The Land o' the Leal," the Scotch "Jerusalem the Golden," immortal, perfect. It needed experience of the hunger-haunted Cowgate closes, chill with the black mist of an eastern haar, to feel the full bliss of the vision in the words:

"There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair in
The Land o' the Leal."

A land of fair, warm days, untouched by sorrow and care, would be heaven indeed to the dwellers of the Cowgate.

The rest of that evening is hazy enough to me now, till I find myself opposite Mrs. Mavor at her fire, reading Graeme's letter; then all is vivid again.

I could not keep the truth from her. I knew it would be folly to try. So I read straight on till I came to the words:

"He has had mountain fever, whatever that may be, and he will not pull up again. If I can, I shall take him home to my mother"—when she suddenly stretched out her hand, saying: "Oh, let me read!" and I gave her the letter. In a minute she had read it, and began, almost breathlessly:

"Listen! my life is much changed. My mother-in-law