

gether. Then, Allison stooped toward him, speaking softly, and while he listened, the tears were running down his withered cheeks, but he smiled and prayed God bless her, at the end.

"Who was your last friend?" said John when they had left the kirkyard, and were drawing near the manse.

"It was—the father of Annie Brand. She died—over yonder——"

She could not say more, and she did not need to. John had heard the story of Annie Brand and of others, also, from her friend Doctor Fleming, and in his heart he said again :

"O God ! make me worthy of her love."

They did not linger long after the Sabbath, though their old friend asked for all the time which they could freely give. They were not specially pressed for time, John acknowledged, but there were several places to which they meant to go—to some of them for business, to all of them for pleasure. He had left all his affairs "on the other side" in good hands, so that they need not be in haste to return, and they were free to go about at their leisure.

"And it is quite right you are," said Doctor Hadden. "It is wonderful what a bonny world it is that happy eyes look out upon. And you will have the sight of many a fair picture, that you will recall together in the years that are to come. And with all this, and the voyage that lies before you, you will have time to get acquaint with one another, before the warstle of common life begins."