

shine of my heart is utterly faded, never again to beam in this world.

Old Marie peevishly declares that I do not eat enough to keep the life in me, and good Ma'amselle Le Comte has been making me sundry decoctions of herbs. The priest shakes his head, and tells me very seriously that I ought to have medical advice, but they are all mistaken—I feel neither pain nor ache—what need have I then of a doctor? If it be true that my life be ebbing fast away, why, what of it? May I not console *myself* with the exquisite words of the old Scottish ballad—since I have neither *Jean* nor *Jock* to exhort to patience and resignation?

“I’m wearin’ awa, Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I’m wearin’ awa
To the land o’ the leal.

“There’s nae sorrow there, Jean,
There’s neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
I’ the land o’ the leal.”

Suppose I were to substitue *Nell* for *Jean*, it would just be the echo of my own heart—thanks, thanks, “Harp of the North!” for this sweetly tender lay, “flung down the fitful breeze” from the hand of some nameless “child of song” for the solace of many a weary heart throughout all coming time.

A few more months have glided on, and I believe I am nearing that final *bourne* whence travellers are said never to return. I have written farewell letters—not sad ones, however—to Maria Dillon, and to my kind