

"Come in, Me," said she, gruff still, and she was laughing through the tears.

"And Danny?" said his Honour, all anxious.

"And Danny," says Missie, and now she was herself, and each word like a sob of tenderness. 'You—and me—and Danny, Massa! for ever and ever!'

"O!" cries his Honour, he was greeting—greeting, as I am a Christian man. 'Child!' he cried, as though the content of it was more than he could bear; and I heard him garring to himself, rise, and fall."

Then, as he tells the tale, Robin drew closer, though afraid; the lantern light fell on the Laird. He was kneeling in the snow, his bonnet off, and Danny in his arms, and his face was revealed, as it were, transfigured.

Then he made again as though to rise, smiling with closed eyes, like a sleeping child, wavered, tottered, then fell softly away in his side, and lay there quite still, the snow on him, and Danny sleeping in his arms.