

She slowly retraced her steps, set open the gate and the door, and waited for the grief that was coming to her. But however slow her reasoning faculties, her soul knew in a moment what it needed. It was but a little prayer said with trembling lips and fainting heart; but no prayer loses its way. Straight to the heart of Christ it went. And the answer was there and the strength waiting when Ragon and Hacon brought in the bleeding, dying old man, and laid him down upon the parlour floor.

Ragon said but one word, "Stabbed!" and then turning to Hacon, bid him to ride for life and death into Stromness for a doctor. Most sailors of these islands know a little rude surgery, and Ragon stayed beside his friend, doing what he could to relieve the worst symptoms. Margaret, white and still, went hither and thither, bringing whatever Ragon wanted, and fearing, she knew not why, to ask any questions.

With the doctor came the dominie and two of the town bailies. There was little need of the doctor; Peter Fae's life was ebbing rapidly away with every moment of time. There was but little time now for whatever had yet to be done. The dominie stooped first to his ear, and in a few solemn words bid him lay himself at the foot of the cross. "Thou'lt never perish there, Peter," he said; and the dying man seemed to catch something of the comfort of such an assurance.

Then Bailie Inkster said, "Peter Fae, before God an' His minister—before twa o' the town bailies and thy ain daughter Margaret, an' thy friend Ragon Torr, an' thy servants Hacon Flett an' Gerda Vedder, thou art now to say what man stabbed thee."

Peter made one desperate effort, a wild, passionate gleam shot from the suddenly-opened eyes, and he cried out in a voice terrible in its despairing anger, "*John Sabay! John Sabay—stabb-ed—me! Indeed—he—did!*"

"Oh, forgive him, man! forgive him! Dinna think o' that now, Peter! Cling to the cross—cling to the cross, man! Nane ever perished that only won to the foot o' it." Then the pleading words were whispered down into fast-sealing ears, and the doctor quietly led away a poor heart-stricken girl, who was too shocked to weep and too humbled and wretched to tell her sorrow to any one but God.

THE SKY AND THE WOOD.

THERE is a rainbow in the sky,
Upon the arch where tempests trod,
'Twas written by the hand on high,
It is the autograph of God!

The trees their crowns of foliage toss;
Where monarchs fell in thunder showers,
Spring drapes their forms in mourning moss,
And writes their epitaphs in flowers.