

I did greet. An' to see you standin' up there among a' the gentry, an' them hingin' on your very words! I couldna believe my ain e'en. Will ye be pleased wi' me yet, John, an' the quiet life at Spitalhaugh; for, oh, I think ye are a Burns yoursel'?"

He drew the hand she had slipped through his arm closer to his side, and, as they turned along the street, looked down into the sweet face with a very real tenderness. Moments of emotion were rare between that undemonstrative pair, but they understood each other, and were happy as few are in this weary world. For they were content with such things as they had, and were untroubled by any soaring ambition or vague unrest. They had within their own hearts and minds perpetual wells of refreshment, and the God of their fathers was their guide and comforter by day and night. It is such souls that have made Scotland honoured and beloved, and given her her place among the nations. When that type of God-fearing, hard-working, self-respecting men and women shall be no more reproduced within her borders, then she may write Ichabod upon her gates, for her glory will indeed have departed for evermore.

As they turned away from the pillared doorway of the Music Hall a great gust of icy wind blown up from the storm-tossed Forth caught them, and almost swept them off their feet. The snow lay thick on the ground, and stray flakes of what country-folk call "a feeding storm" were driving in the wind.

"Bless me, Mary, that's awfu'," said John, as he pressed his wife's slight figure closer to his side. "But it's fit, very fit. It was just sic

" 'A blast o' Januar' win'
Blew han'sel in on Robin.' "