

time for communion, for sacred talk which might make the thought of the coming parting familiar at least, if not endurable. Knowing him as she did, she discerned his soul-torture, and that the will of God was hateful and awful to him as yet. While she, most composed of all, slept that afternoon, Denham and his old friend took a walk down towards the sea, though they talked but little. Denham was not a man to weary with words; his delicate discernment warned him when these were best withheld; neither did he mock him with platitudes about resignation and all things working together for good. He knew that the finger of God would yet be laid in healing on that strong, tender, riven heart, but that it must pass through its Gethsemane first. Yet was his silent companionship, by reason of its very reticence, fraught with unspeakable comfort, and when they came again to the door, Stanerigg held out his hand.

‘I feel better, thank ye, Maister Denham.’

‘You will be better, friend, when God Himself speaks again,’ he replied, as he gripped the proffered hand. ‘All will be well—is well, even now, with you and her.’