

I've keepit it frae ye as long as I could, but it's time we saw about it now.'

He rose up suddenly from her side and strode to the window, upon which the sweet April sunshine smiled benignly; the sun that had seemed like a benediction to him as he strode the spring fields, but which now half nocked his misery.

'Lisbeth,' he said hoarsely, 'ye dinna think ye are terrible bad, serious-like, d'ye?'

'I dinna ken, my man. I am in the Lord's hands,' she replied, serenely. 'Here's Ailie wi' the tea.'

She raised herself from the sofa, but not without an effort, and a slight contraction of her brows, that seemed to indicate some hidden pang.

So far as Stanerigg was concerned, the evening meal might as well have been unprepared, so little did he eat, and that night, when his wife slept sweetly by his side, he never closed an eye. The silent watches were indeed spent by him in prayer—in fierce wrestling with the Lord for the dear life which something told him was in dire jeopardy. She was past all that; she had had her sad, sweet hours of communion with the Unseen, and now He gave His beloved sleep. Next morning