

ment, while from some points the entire ensemble is visible, its outline softened and modified by the foliage of the great overhanging trees.

Still another lack, where such grounds are wanting, is that of color.

From the neatly kept turf, the varied foliage of trees and vines, a charming variety of greens is brought in contrast with the stone of the walls and the covering of the roofs. This, with the play of light, of shadow and sunshine, modifies and softens the otherwise monotonous, and possibly hard, color of the building as by magic, and we wonder at the subtle charm.

Lastly, the lack of suitable grounds involves not only a lack of perspective and color, but also of sentiment—an element which is sure to be felt or missed as the case may be, though the cause of our sensations may not always be recognized.

The impression made by any beautiful spot is one that lingers long and delightfully in the memory, but when it is strongly associated with tender and sacred memories its impressiveness is greatly deepened.

In journeying through rural England one is often charmed, not only with the country church, but especially with its surroundings. Within its inclosure is the "church-yard," with its grassy mounds that remind of those who

generations ago came here to worship; who perhaps were christened, married, and buried here; whose most hallowed hours and brightest hopes were connected with this place; there they slumber under the shadow of its low, sturdy tower and spreading trees—a beautiful and enviable resting-place.

As we pass on, what a lovely view we get of the tower, framed between the arching branches of the great trees! Perhaps it is spring, and the tall lilacs, trimmed as trees, are in beautiful bloom and delicious odor. How they recall early impressions, and many a personality whose memory is most sweet and fragrant!

Nature, in its changing moods so full of varied beauty, is continually reminding us of the power and wisdom of Him whose worship is celebrated here. Surely the relation of gem and setting is a very intimate and important one.

In a locality where the charming accessories of nature are within reach, is it not a great mistake to fail to devote a reasonable portion of the means in hand for securing them?

Would it not be better to build more simply, to forego something of ornamentation, and gain such great natural attractions; and, even if our "gem" be a very humble one, give it the charm that a judicious "setting" can add—a charm which would constantly increase with the changing seasons and the flight of years?

KATE CARNEGIE¹

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—LIGHT AT EVENTIDE

The Rabbi had been careful to send an abstract of his speech to Carmichael, with a letter enough to melt the heart even of a self-sufficient young clerical, and Carmichael had considered how he should bear himself at the Presbytery. His intention had been to meet the Rabbi with public cordiality and escort him to a seat, so that all men should see that he was too magnanimous to be offended by this latest eccentricity of their friend. This calculated plan was upset by the Rabbi coming in late and taking the first seat that offered, and when he would have gone afterward to thank him for his generosity the Rabbi had disappeared. It was evident that the old man's love was as deep as ever, but that he was much hurt and would not risk another repulse. Very likely he had walked in from Kilbogie, perhaps without breakfast, and had now started to return to his cheerless manse. It was a wetting spring rain, and he remembered that the Rabbi had no coat. A fit of remorse overtook Carmichael, and he scoured the streets of Muirtown to find the Rabbi, imagining deeds of attention—how he would capture him unawares mooning along some side street hopelessly astray; how he would accuse him of characteristic cunning and deep plotting; how he would carry him by force to the Kilspindie Arms and insist upon their dining in state; how the Rabbi would wish to discharge the account and find twopence in his pockets—having given all his silver to an Irish Presbyterian minister stranded in Muirtown through peculiar circumstances; how he would speak gravely to the Rabbi on the lack of common honesty, and threaten a real prosecution when the charge would be "obtaining a dinner on false pretenses;" how they would journey to Kildrummie in high content, and—the engine having whistled for a dog-cart—they would drive to Drumtochty manse, the sun shining through their ain as they entered the garden; how he would compass the Rabbi with observances, and the old man would sit again in the big chair full of joy and peace. Ah, the kindly jests that have not come off in life, the gracious deeds that never were done, the reparations that were too late! When Carmichael reached the station the Rabbi was already half-way to Kilbogie, trudging along wet and weary and very sad, because, although he had obeyed his con-

science at a cost, it seemed to him as if he had simply alienated the boy whom God had given him for a son in his old age—for even the guileless Rabbi suspected that the ecclesiastics considered his action foolishness and of no service to the Church of God. Barbara's language on his arrival was vituperative to a degree; she gave him food grudgingly, and when, in the early morning, he fell asleep over an open Father, he was repeating Carmichael's name, and the thick old paper was soaked with tears.

His nemesis seized Carmichael so soon as he reached the Dunleith train in the shape of the Free Kirk minister of Kildrummie, who had purchased six pounds of prize seed potatoes and was carrying the treasure home in a paper bag. This bag had done after its kind, and as the distinguished agriculturist had not seen his feet for years, and could have stooped only at the risk of apoplexy, he watched the dispersion of his potatoes with dismay, and hailed the arrival of Carmichael with exclamations of thankfulness. It is wonderful over what an area six pounds of (prize) potatoes can deploy on a railway platform, and how the feet of passengers will carry them unto far distances. Some might never have been restored to the bag had it not been for Kildrummie's comprehensive eye, and the physical skill with which he guided Carmichael, till even prodigals that had strayed over to the neighborhood of the Aberdeen express were restored to the extemporized fold in the minister's top-coat pockets. Carmichael had knelt on that very platform six months or so before, but then he stooped in the service of two most agreeable dogs, and under the approving eyes of Miss Carnegie; that was a different experience from hunting after single potatoes on all fours among the feet of unsympathetic passengers, and being prodded to duty by the umbrella of an obese Free Kirk minister. As a reward for this service to the aged, he was obliged to travel to Kildrummie with his neighbor—in whom for the native humor that was in him he had often rejoiced, but whose company was not congenial that day—and Kildrummie laid himself out for a pleasant talk. After the sorts had been secured and their pedigree stated, Kildrummie fell back on the proceedings of Presbytery, expressing much admiration for the guidance of Doctor Dowbiggin, and denouncing Saunderson as "fair dottle," in proof of which judgment Kildrummie adduced the fact that the Rabbi had allowed a very happily situated

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pig-sty to sink into ruin. Kildrummie, still in search of agreeable themes to pass the time, mentioned a pleasant tale he had gathered at the seed-shop.

"Yir neebur upbye, the General's dochter, is cairryin' on an awfu' rig the noo at the Castle"—Kildrummie fell into dialect in private life, often with much richness—"an' the sough o' her ongaein's hes come the length o' Muirtown. The place is foo' o' men—tae say naethin' o' weemin; but it's little she hes tae dae wi' them or them wi' her—officers frae Edinburgh an' writin' men frae London, as weel as half a dozen coonty birkies."

"Well?" said Carmichael, despising himself for his curiosity.

"She hes a wy, there's nae doot o' that, an' gin the trimmie hesna turned the heads o' half the men in the Castle, till they say she hes the pick of twa lords, five honorables, and a poet. But the lassie kens what's what; it's Lord Hay she's settin' her cap for, an' as sure as ye're sittin' there, Drum, she 'ill hae him.

"Ma word"—and Kildrummie pursued his way—"it'll be a match, the dochter o' a puir Hielant laird, wi' naethin' but his half-pay and a few pounds frae a' fairm or twa. She's a clever ane: French songs, dancin', shootin', ridin', actin', there's nae deeviltry that's beyond her. They say upbye that she's been a bonnie handfu' tae her father—General though he be—an' a' peety her man."

"They say a lot of . . . lies, and I don't see what call a minister has to slander," and then Carmichael saw the folly of quarreling with a veteran gossip over a young woman that would have nothing to say to him. What two Free Kirk ministers or their people thought of her would never affect Miss Carnegie.

"Truth's nae slander," and Kildrummie watched Carmichael with relish; "a' thocht ye wud hae got a taste o' her in the Glen. Didna a' hear frae Piggie Walker that ye ca'd her Jezebel frae yir ain pulpit, an' that ma' lady whuppit oot o' the kirk in the middle o' the sermon?"

"I did nothing of the kind, and Walker is a . . ."

"Piggie's no very particular at a time," admitted Kildrummie; "maybe it's a mak-up, the story aboot Miss Carnegie an' yirsel'.

"Accordin' tae the wratch," for Carmichael would deign no reply, "she wes threatenin' tae mak a fule o' the Free Kirk minister o' Drumtochty juist for practice, but a' said, 'Na, na, Piggie, Maister Carmichael is ower quiet and sensible a lad. He kens as weel as onybody that a Carnegie wud never dae for a minister's wife. Gin ye said a Baillie's dochter frae Muirtown 'at hes some money comin' tae her and kens the principles o' the Free Kirk.'"

"Noo, a' can speak frae experience, having been terrible fortunate wi' a' ma wives. . . . Ye'll come up tae tea; we killed a pig yesterday, an' . . . Weel, weel, a wilfu' man maun hae his wy," and Carmichael, as he made his way up the hill, felt that the hand of Providence was heavy upon him, and that any high-mindedness was being severely chastened.

Two days Carmichael tramped the moors, returning each evening wet, weary, hungry, to sleep ten hours without turning, and on the morning of the third day he came down in such heart that Sarah wondered whether he could have received a letter by special messenger; and he congratulated himself, as he walked round his garden, that he had overcome by sheer will-power the first real infatuation of his life. He was so lifted above all sentiment as to review his temporary folly from the bare, serene heights of common sense. Miss Carnegie was certainly not an heir-ess, and she was a young woman of very decided character, but her blood was better than the Hays', and she was . . . attractive—yes, attractive. Most likely she was engaged to Lord Hay, or, if he did not please her—she was . . . whimsical and . . . self-willed—there was Lord Invermay's son. Fancy Kate . . . Miss Carnegie in a Free Kirk manse—Kildrummie was a very . . . homely old man, but he touched the point there—receiving Dr. Dowbiggin with becoming ceremony and hearing him on the payment of probationers, or taking tea at Kildrummie manse—where he had, however, feasted royally many a time after the Presbytery, but . . . This daughter of a

Jacobite house, and brought up amid the romance of war, settling down in the narrowest circle of Scottish life—as soon imagine an eagle domesticated among barn-door poultry. This image amused Carmichael so much that he could have laughed aloud, but . . . the village might have heard him. He only stretched himself like one awaking, and felt so strong that he resolved to drop in on Janet to see how it fared with the old woman and . . . to have Miss Carnegie's engagement confirmed. The Carnegies might return any day from the South, and it would be well that he should know how to meet them.

"You will be hearing that they hef come back to the Lodge yesterday morning, and it iss myself that will be glad to see Miss Kate again; and very pretty iss she looking, with beautiful dresses and bonnets, for I hef seen them all, maybe twelve or ten.

"Oh, yes, my dear, Donald will be talking about her marriage to Lord Kilspindie's son, who iss a very handsome young man and good at the shooting; and he will be blowing that they will live at the Lodge in great state, with many gillies and a piper.

"No, it iss not Janet Macpherson, my dear, that will be believing Donald Cameron, or any Cameron—although I am not saying that the Camerons are not men of their hands—for Donald will be always making great stories and telling me wonderful things. He wass a brave man in the battle, and iss very clever at the doctrine, too, and will be strong against human himes (hymns), but he iss a most awful liar, iss Donald Cameron, and you must not be believing a word that comes out of his mouth.

"She will be asking many questions in her room as soon as Donald had brought up her boxes and the door was shut. Some will be about the Glen, and some about the garden, and some will be about people—whether you ever will be visiting me, and whether you asked for her after the day she left the kirk. But I will say, 'No; Mister Carmichael does not speak about anything but the religion when he comes to my cottage.'

"That iss nothing. I will be saying more, that I am hearing that the minister is to be married to a fery rich young lady in Muirtown who hass been courting him for two years, and that her father will be giving the minister twenty thousand pounds the day they are married. And I will say that she is very beautiful, with blue eyes and gold hair, and that her temper is so sweet they are calling her the Angel of Muirtown.

"Toot, toot, my dear, you are not to be speaking about lies, for that is not a pretty word among friends, and you will not be meddling with me, for you will be better at the preaching and the singing than dealing with women. It iss not good to be making yourself too common, and Miss Kate will be thinking the more of you if you be holding your head high and letting her see that you are not a poor lowland body, but a Farquharson by your mother's side, and maybe of the chief's blood, though twenty or fifteen times removed.

"She will be very pleased to hear such good news of you, and be saying that it iss a mercy you are getting somebody to dress you properly. But her temper will not be at all good, and I did not ask her about Lord Hay, and she said nothing to me, nor about any other lord. It iss not often I hef seen as great a liar as Donald Cameron.

"Last evening Miss Kate will come down before dinner and talk about many things, and then she will say at the door, 'Donald tells me that Mister Carmichael does not believe in the Bible, and that his minister, Doctor Saunderson, has cast him off, and that he has been punished by his Bishop or somebody at Muirtown.'

"Donald will be knowing more doctrine and telling more lies every month," I said to her. 'Doctor Saunderson—who is a very fine preacher and can put the fear of God upon the people most wonderful—and our minister had a little feud, and they will fight it out before some chiefs at Muirtown like gentlemen, and now they are good friends again.'

"Miss Kate had gone off for a long walk, and I am not saying but she will be calling at Kilbogie Manse before she comes back. She is very fond of Doctor Saunderson,

and maybe he will be telling her of the feud. It iss more than an hour through the woods to Kilbogie," concluded Janet, "but you will be having a glass of milk first."

Kate reviewed her reasons for the expedition to Kilbogie, and settled that they were the pleasures of a walk through Tochty woods when the spring flowers were in their glory, and a visit to one of the dearest curiosities she had ever seen. It was within the bounds of possibility that Doctor Saunderson might refer to his friend, but on her part she would certainly not refer to the Free Church minister of Drumtochty. Her reception by that conscientious professor Barbara could not be called encouraging.

"Ay, he's in, but ye canna see him, for he's in his bed, an' gin he disna mend faster than he wes daein' the last time a' gied him a cry, he's no like tae be in the pulpit on Sabbath. A' wes juist thinkin' he wudna be the waur o' a doctor."

"Do you mean to say that Doctor Saunderson is lying ill and no one nursing him?" and Kate eyed the housekeeper in a very unappreciative fashion.

"Gin he wants a nurse, she 'ill hae tae be brocht frae Muirtown Infirmary, for a've eneuch withoot ony fyke (delicate work) o' that kind. For twal year hev a' been hoosekeeper in this manse, an' gin it hedna been for peety a' wud hae flung up the place."

"Ye never cud tell when he wud come in, or when he wud gae oot, or what he wud be wantin' next. A' the waufies in the countryside come here, and the best in the hoose is no gude eneuch for them. He's been an awfu' handfu' tae me, an' noo a' coont him clean dottle (silly). But we maun juist bear oor burdens," concluded Barbara piously, and proposed to close the door.

"Your master will not want a nurse a minute longer; show me his room at once," and Kate was so commanding that Barbara's courage began to fail.

"Who may ye be," raising her voice to rally her heart, "at wud take chairge o' a stranger in his ain hoose an' no sae muckle as ask leave?"

"I am Miss Carnegie, of Tochty Lodge; will you stand out of my way?" and Kate swept past Barbara and went upstairs.

"Weel, a' declare," as soon as she had recovered, "of a' the impident hizzies," but Barbara did not follow the intruder upstairs.

Kate had seen various curious hospitals in her day, and had nursed many sick men—like the brave girl she was—but the Rabbi's room was something quite new. His favorite books had been gathering there for years, and now lined two walls and overhung the bed after a very perilous fashion, and had dispossessed the looking-glass—which had become a nomad and was at present resting insecurely on John Owen—and stood in banks round the bed. During his few days of illness the Rabbi had accumulated so many volumes round him that he lay in a kind of tunnel, arched over, as it were, with literature. He had been reading Calvin's Commentary on the Psalms, in Latin, and it still lay open at the 88th, the saddest of all songs in the Psalter; but as he grew weaker the heavy folio had slid forward, and he seemed to be feeling for it. Although Kate spoke to him by name, he did not know any one was in the room. "Lord, why castest Thou off my soul? . . . I suffer Thy terror, I am distracted . . . fierce wrath goeth over me . . . lover and friend hast Thou put far from me . . . friend far from me."

His head fell on his breast, his breath was short and rapid, and he coughed every few seconds.

"My friend far from me. . . ."

At the sorrow in his voice and the thing which he said the tears came to Kate's eyes, and she went forward and spoke to him very gently. "Do you know me, Doctor Saunderson—Miss Carnegie?"

"Not Saunderson . . . Magor Missabib."

"Rabbi, Rabbi"—so much she knew; and now Kate stroked the bent white head. "Your friend, Mister Carmichael. . . ."

"Yes, yes"—he now looked up and spoke eagerly—"John Carmichael, of Drumtochty . . . my friend in my old age . . . and others . . . my boys . . . but John has

left me . . . he would not speak to me . . . I am alone now . . . he did not understand . . . mine acquaintance into darkness . . . here we see in a glass darkly . . . (he turned aside to expound the Greek word for darkly), but some day . . . face to face." And twice he said it, with an indescribable sweetness, "face to face."

Kate hurriedly removed the books from the bed, and wrapped round his shoulders the old gray plaid that had eked out his covering at night, and then she went downstairs.

"Bring," she said to Barbara, "hot water, soap, towels, and a sponge to Doctor Saunderson's bedroom immediately."

"And gin a' dinna?" inquired Barbara, aggressively.

"I'll shoot you where you stand."

Barbara shows to her cronies how Miss Carnegie drew a pistol from her pocket at this point and held it to her head, and how at every turn the pistol was again in evidence; sometimes a dagger is thrown in, but that is only late in the evening, when Barbara is under the influence of tonics. Kate herself admits that if she had had her little revolver with her she might have been tempted to outline the housekeeper's face on the wall, and she still thinks her threat an inspiration.

"Now," said Kate, when Barbara had brought her commands in with incredible celerity, "bring up some fresh milk and three glasses of whisky."

"Whisky!" Barbara could hardly compass the unfamiliar word. "The Doctor never hed sic a thing in the hoose, although mony a time, puir man . . ." Discipline was softening even that austere spirit.

"No, but you have, for you are blowing a full gale just now; bring up your private bottle, or I'll go down for it."

"There's enough," holding the bottle to the light, "to do till evening; go to the next farm and send a man on horseback to tell Mr. Carmichael, of Drumtochty, that Doctor Saunderson is dying, and another for Doctor Manley, of Muirtown."

Very tenderly did Kate sponge the Rabbi's face and hands, and then she dressed his hair, till at length he came to himself.

"This ministry is . . . grateful to me, Barbara . . . my strength has gone from me . . . but my eyes fail me. . . . Of a verity you are not . . ."

"I am Kate Carnegie, whom you were so kind to at Tochty. Will you let me be your nurse? I learned in India, and know what to do." It was only wounded soldiers who knew how soft her voice could be, and hands.

"It is I that . . . should be serving you . . . the first time you have come to the manse . . . no woman has ever done me . . . such kindness before. . . ." He followed her as she tried to bring some order out of chaos, and knew not that he spoke aloud. "A gracious maid . . . above rubies."

His breathing was growing worse, in spite of many wise things she did for him—Doctor Manley, who paid no compliments, but was a strength unto every country doctor in Perthshire, praises Kate unto this day—and the Rabbi did not care to speak. So she sat down by his side and read to him from the "Pilgrim's Progress"—holding his hand all the time—and the passage he desired was the story of Mr. Fearing.

"This I took very great notice of, that the valley of the shadow of Death was as quiet while he went through it as ever I knew it before or since. I suppose these enemies here had now a special check from our Lord and a command not to meddle until Mr. Fearing was passed over it. . . . Here also I took notice of what was very remarkable: the water of that river was lower at this time than ever I saw it in all my life. So he went over at last, not much above wet-shod. When he was going up to the gate . . ."

The Rabbi listened for an instant.

"It is John's step . . . he hath a sound of his own . . . my only earthly desire is fulfilled."

"Rabbi," cried Carmichael, and, half kneeling, he threw one arm round the old man, "say that you forgive me. I

looked for you everywhere on Monday, but you could not be found."

"Did you think, John, that I . . . my will was to do you an injury or . . . vex your soul? Many trials in my life . . . all God's will . . . but this hardest . . . when I lost you . . . nothing left here . . . but you . . . —my breath is bad, a little chill— . . . understand . . ."

"I always did, and I never respected you more; it was my foolish pride that made me call you Doctor Saunderson in the study; but my love was the same, and now you will let me stay and wait on you."

The old man smiled sadly, and laid his hand on his boy's head.

"I cannot let you . . . go, John, my son."

"Go and leave you, Rabbi!" Carmichael tried to laugh. "Not till you are ready to appear at the Presbytery again. We 'ill send Barbara away for a holiday, and Sarah will take her place—you remember that cream—and we shall have a royal time, a meal every four hours, Rabbi, and the Fathers in between," and Carmichael, springing to his feet and turning round to hide his tears, came face to face with Miss Carnegie, who had been unable to escape from the room.

"I happened to call"—Kate was quite calm—"and found Doctor Saunderson in bed; so I stayed till some friend should come; you must have met the messenger I sent for you."

"Yes, a mile from the manse; I was on my way . . . Janet said . . . but I . . . did not remember anything when I saw the Rabbi."

"Will you take a little milk again, . . . Rabbi?" and at her bidding and the name he made a brave effort to swallow, but he was plainly sinking.

"No more," he whispered; "thank you . . . for service . . . to a lonely man; may God bless you . . . both. . . . He signed for her hand, which he kept to the end."

"Satisfied . . . read, John . . . the woman from coasts of—of—"

"I know, Rabbi," and, kneeling on the other side of the bed, he read the story slowly of a Tyrian woman's faith.

"It is not meet to take the children's meat and to cast it to dogs."

"Dogs"—they heard the Rabbi appropriate his name—"outside . . . the covenant."

"And she said, Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table."

"Lord, I believe . . . help mine . . . unbelief."

He then fell into an agony of soul, during which Carmichael could hear, "Though . . . He slay . . . me . . . yet will I trust . . . trust . . . in Him." He drew two or three long breaths and was still. After a little he was heard again with a new note—"Not put to confusion . . . nor break the bruised reed." Then he opened his eyes and raised his head, and said in a clear voice, full of joy, "My Lord, and my God."

It was Kate that closed his eyes and laid the old scholar's head on the pillow, and then she left the room, casting one swift glance of pity at Carmichael, who was weeping bitterly and crying between the sobs, "Rabbi, Rabbi!"

CHAPTER XXII.—WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH

Doctor Davidson allowed himself, in later years, the pleasant luxury of an after-luncheon nap, and then it was his habit—weather permitting—to go out and meet Posty, who adhered so closely to his time-table—notwithstanding certain wayside rests—that the Doctor's dog knew his hour of arrival, and saw that his master was on the road in time. It was a fine April morning when the news of the great disaster came, and the Doctor felt the stirring of spring in his blood. On the first hint from Skye he sprang from his chair, declaring it was a sin to be in the house on such a day, and went out in such haste that he had to return for his hat. As he went up the walk, the Doctor plucked some early lilies and placed them in his coat; he threw so many stones that Skye forgot his habit of body and ecclesiastical position; and he was altogether so youthful and frolicsome that John was seriously alarmed,

and afterward remarked to Rebecca that he was not unprepared for calamity.

"The best o's tempts Providence at a time, and when a man like the Doctor tries tae rin aifter his dog, jidgment canna be far off. A'm no sayin'," John concluded, with characteristic modesty, "that onybody cud tell what was coming, but a' jaloused there wud be tribble."

The Doctor met Posty in the avenue, the finest bit on our main road, where the road has wide margins of grass on either side, and the two rows of tall, ancient trees arch their branches overhead. Some day in the past it had been part of the approach to the house of Tochtly, and under this long green arch the Jacobite cavaliers rode away after black John Carnegie's burial. No one could stand beneath those stately trees without thinking of the former days, when men fought, not for money and an easy life, but for loyalty and love; and in this place the minister of Drumtochty received his evil tidings like a brave gentleman who does not lose heart while honor is left. During his years in the Glen he had carried himself well, with dignity and charity, in peace and kindness, so that now, when he is dead and gone—the last of his family—he still remains to many of us a type of the country clergyman that is no longer found in Scotland, but is greatly missed. It seemed, however, to many of us—I have heard both Drumsheugh and Burnbrae say this, each in his own way—that it needed adversity to bring out the greatness of the Doctor, just as frost gives the last touch of ripeness to certain fruits.

"Fower letters the day, Doctor—an frae Dunleith, an frae Glaisgie, another frae Edinburgh, and the fourth no clean stampit, so a' can say naethin' aboot it. Twa circulars an' the 'Caledonian' maks up the ha'e hypothic" (complete stock).

Posty buckled and adjusted his bag, and made as though he was going, but he loitered to give opportunity for any questions the Doctor might wish to ask on foreign affairs. For Posty was not merely the carrier of letters to the Glen, but a scout who was sent down to collect information regarding the affairs of the outer world. He was an introduction and running commentary on the weekly paper. By and by, when the labor of the day was done, and the Glen was full of sweet, soft light from the sides of Ben Urtach, a farmer would make for his favorite seat beside the white rose-tree in the garden, and take his first dip into the Muirtown "Advertiser." It was a full and satisfying paper, with its agricultural advertisements, its rousps, reported with an accuracy of detail that condescended on a solitary stirk, its local intelligence, its facetious anecdotes. Through this familiar country the goodman found his own way at a rate which allowed him to complete the survey in six days. Foreign telegrams, however, and political intelligence, as well as the turmoil of the great cities, were strange to him, and here he greatly valued Posty's laconic hints, who, visiting the frontier, was supposed to be in communication with those centers. "Posty says that the Afghans are no makin' muckle o' the war," and Hillocks would sally forth to enjoy Sir Frederick Roberts's great march, line by line, afterward enlarging thereon with much unction, and laying up a store of allusion that would last for many days.

Persons raised to the height of a daily newspaper, like the minister, might be supposed independent of Posty's *précis*, but even Doctor Davidson, with that day's "Caledonian" in his hand, still availed himself of the spoken word.

"Well, Posty, any news this morning?"

"Naethin', Doctor, worth mentionin', except the failure o' a company, Glaisgie wy; it's been rotten, a' wes hearin', for a while, an' noo it's a fair stramash. They say it 'ill no be lightsome for weedows an' mony decent fook in Scotland."

"That's bad news, Posty. There's too many of those swindling concerns in the country. People ought to take care where they place their savings, and keep to old-established institutions. We're pretty hard-headed up here, and I'll wager that nobody in the Glen has lost a penny in any of those new-fangled companies."

"The auld fouk in Drumtochty pit their siller in a pock an' hode it ablow their beds, an', ma certes, that bank didna break;" and Posty went along the avenue, his very back suggestive of a past, cautious, unenterprising, safe, and honest.

The Doctor glanced at the envelopes and thrust the letters into his pocket. His good nature was touched at the thought of another financial disaster, by which many hard-working people would lose their little savings, and all the more that he had some of his private means invested in a Glasgow bank—one of those tried and powerful institutions which was indifferent to every crisis in trade. Already he anticipated an appeal, and considered what he would give, for it did not matter whether it was a coal-pit explosion in Lanarkshire or a loss of fishing-boats in the Moray Firth, if widows needed help the Doctor's guinea was on its way within four-and-twenty hours. Some forms of religious philanthropy had very little hold on the Doctor's sympathy—one of the religious prints mentioned him freely as a Unitarian, because he had spoken unkindly of the Jewish mission—but in the matter of widows and orphans he was a specialist.

"Widows, Posty said; poor things! and very likely bairns. Well, well, we 'ill see what can be done out of Daisy's fund."

Very unlikely people have their whims, and it was his humor to assign one-fourth of his income to his little sister, who was to have kept house for him, and "never to leave you, Sandie," and out of this fund the Doctor did his public charities. "In memory of a little maid" appeared in various subscription lists; but the reference thereof was only known after the Doctor's death.

"The Western Counties Bank did not open its doors yesterday, and it was officially announced at the head office, Glasgow, that the bank had stopped. It is impossible as yet to forecast the debts, but they are known to be enormous, and as the bank is not limited, it is feared that the consequences to the shareholders will be very serious. This failure was quite unexpected, the Western Counties Bank having been looked on as a prosperous and stable concern."

He read the paragraph twice, word by word—it did not take long—he folded the paper carefully and put it in his pocket, and he stood in the spot for five minutes to take in the meaning in its length and breadth. A pleasant spring sun was shining upon him through a break in the leafy arch, a handful of primroses were blooming at his feet, a lark was singing in the neighboring field. Sometimes the Doctor used to speculate how he would have liked being a poor man, and he concluded that he would have disliked it very much. He had never been rich, and he was not given to extravagance, but he was accustomed to easy circumstances, and he pitied some of his old friends who had seen it their duty to secede at the Disruption, and had to practice many little economies, who traveled third class and had to walk from the station, and could not offer their friends a glass of wine. This was the way he must live now, and Daisy's fund would have to be closed, which seemed to him now the sweetest pleasure of his life.

"And Jack! Would to God I had never mentioned this wretched bank to him! Poor Jack, with the few hundreds he had saved for Kit!"

For some five minutes more the Doctor stood in the place; then he straightened himself as one who, come what may, would play the man, and when he passed Janet's cottage, on his way to the Lodge, that honest admirer of able-bodied, good-looking men came out and followed him with her eyes for the sight of his firm, unbroken carriage.

"Miss Kate will be grieving very much about Doctor Saunderson's death," Donald explained at the Lodge, "and she went down this forenoon with the General to put flowers on his grave; but they will be coming back every minute," and the Doctor met them at the Beeches.

"May I have as fair hands to decorate my grave, Miss Catherine Carnegie," and the Doctor bowed gallantly; "but of one thing I am sure, I have done nothing to deserve it. Saunderson was a scholar of the ancient kind, and a very fine spirit."

"Don't you think," said Kate, "that he was . . . like

A'Kempis, I mean, and George Herbert, a kind of . . . saint?"

"Altogether one, I should say. I don't think he would have known port wine from sherry, or an *entrée* from a mutton chop; beside a man like that, what worldly fellows you and I are, Jack, and mine is the greater shame."

"I'll have no comparisons, Padre"—Kate was a little puzzled by the tone in the Doctor's voice; "he was so good that I loved him; but there are some points in the General and you, quite nice points, and for the sake of them you shall have afternoon tea in my room," where the Doctor and the General fell on former days and were wonderful company.

"It's not really about the road I wish to talk to you," and the Doctor closed the door of the General's den, "but about . . . a terrible calamity that has befallen you and me, Jack, and I am to blame."

"What is it?" and Carnegie sat erect; "does it touch our name or . . . Kate?"

"Neither, thank God," said Davidson.

"Then it cannot be so very bad. Let us have it at once," and the General lighted a cheroot.

"Our bank has failed, and we shall have to give up everything to pay the debt, and . . . Jack, it was I advised you to buy the shares." The Doctor rose and went to the window.

"For God's sake don't do that, Sandie. Why, man, you gave me the best advice you knew, and there's an end of it. It's the fortune of war, and we must take it without whining. I know whom you are thinking about, and I am . . . a bit sorry for Kate, for she ought to have lots of things—more dresses and trinkets, you know. But, Davidson, she 'ill be the bravest of the three."

"You are right there, Jack. Kate is of the true grit, but . . . Tochty Lodge."

"Yes, it will hit us pretty hard to see the old place sold, if it comes to that, when I hoped to end my days here . . . but, man, it's our fate. Bit by bit we've lost Drumtochty, till there was just the woods and the two farms left, and soon we 'ill be out of the place—nothing left but our graves."

"Sandie, this is bad form, and . . . you 'ill not hear this talk again; we 'ill get a billet somewhere, and wherever it be, the 'ill be a bed and a crust for you, old man;" and at the door the two held one another's hands for a second; that was all.

"So this was what you two conspirators were talking about downstairs, as if I could not be trusted. Did you think that I would faint, or perhaps weep? The Padre deserves a good scolding, and as for you—" Then Kate went over and cast an arm round her father's neck, whose face was quivering.

"It is rather a disappointment to leave the Lodge when we were getting it to our mind; but we 'ill have a jolly little home somewhere; and I'll get a chance of earning something. Dancing, now—I think that I might be able to teach some girls how to waltz. Then my French is really intelligible, and most colloquial; besides revolver-shooting. Dad, we are on our way to a fortune, and at the worst you 'ill have your curry and cheroots, and I'll have a well-fitting dress. Voila, mon père!"

When the two Drumtochty men arrived next forenoon at the hall in Glasgow, where the shareholders had been summoned to receive particulars of their ruin, the dreary place was filled with a crowd representative of every class in the community except the highest, whose wealth is in land, and the lowest, whose possessions are on their backs. There were city merchants, who could not conceal their chagrin that they had been befooled; countrymen, who seemed utterly dazed, as if the course of the seasons had been reversed; prosperous tradesmen, who were aggressive in appearance and wanted to take it out of somebody; widows, who could hardly restrain their tears, seeing before them nothing but starvation; clergymen, who were thinking of their boys taken from school and college. For a while the victims were silent, and watched with hungry eyes the platform door, and there was an eager rustle when some clerk came out and laid a bundle of papers on

the table. This incident seemed to excite the meeting and set tongues loose. People began to talk to their neighbors, explaining how they came to be connected with the bank, as if this were now a crime. One had inherited the shares and had never had resolution to sell them; another had been deceived by a friend and bought them; a third had taken over two shares for a bad debt. A minister thought that he must have been summoned by mistake, for he was simply a trustee on an estate which had shares, but he was plainly nervous about his position. An Ayrshire Bailie had only had his shares for six months, and he put it, with municipal eloquence, to his circle whether he could be held responsible for frauds of years' standing. No one argued with him, and indeed you might say anything you pleased, for each was so much taken up with his own case that he only listened to you that he might establish a claim in turn on your attention. Here and there a noisy and confident personage got a larger audience by professing to have private information. A second-rate stock-broker assured quite a congregation that the assets of the bank included an estate in Australia which would more than pay the whole debt, and advised them to see that it was not flung away; and a Government pensioner mentioned casually in his neighborhood, on the authority of one of the managers, that there was not that day a solvent bank in Scotland. The different conversations rise to a babel, various speakers enforce their views on the floor with umbrellas, one enthusiast exhorts his brother unfortunates from a chair, when suddenly there is a hush, and then in a painful silence the shareholders hang on the lips of the accountant, from whom they learn that things could not be worse, that the richest shareholder may be ruined, and ordinary people will lose their last penny.

Speech again breaks forth, but now it is despairing, fierce, vindictive. One speaker storms against Government which allows public institutions to defraud the public, and refers to himself as the widow and orphan, and another assails the directorate with bitter invective as liars and thieves, and insists on knowing whether they are to be punished. The game having now been unearthed, the pack follow in full cry. The tradesman tells with much gusto how one director asked the detectives for leave to have family prayers before he was removed, and then declares his conviction that when a man takes to praying you had better look after your watch. Ayrshire wished to inform the accountant and the authorities that the directors had conveyed to their wives and friends enormous sums which ought to be seized without delay. The air grew thick with upbraidings, complaints, cries for vengeance, till the place reeked with sordid passions. Through all this ignoble storm the Drumtochty men sat silent, amazed, disgusted, till at last the Doctor rose, and such authority was in his very appearance that with his first words he obtained a hearing.

"Mr. Accountant," he said, "and gentlemen, it appears to me as if, under a natural provocation and suffering, we are in danger of forgetting our due dignity and self-respect. We have been, as is supposed, the subjects of fraud on the part of those whom we trusted; that is a matter which the law will decide, and, if necessary, punish. If we have been betrayed, then the directors are in worse case than the shareholders, for we are not disgraced. The duty before us is plain, and must be discharged to our utmost ability. It is to go home and gather together the last penny for the payment of our debts, in order that, at any rate, those who have trusted us may not be disappointed. Gentlemen, it is evident that we have lost our means; let us show to Scotland that there is something which cannot be taken from us by any fraud, and that we have retained our courage and our honor."

It was the General who led the applause so that the roof of the hall rang; but it is just unto Ayrshire and the rest to say that they came unto themselves—all men of the old Scots breed—and followed close after with a mighty shout.

The sound of that speech went through Scotland and awoke the spirit of honest men in many places, so that the Doctor, traveling to Muirtown, third class, with the General, and wedged in among a set of cattle-dealers, was so

abashed by their remarks as they read the "Caledonian" that the General let out the secret.

"Yir hand, sir," said the chief among them, a mighty man at the Falkirk Tryst; "gin it bena a leeberty, ilka ane o's hes a sair fecht tae keep straicht in oor wy o' business, but ye've gien's a lift the day," and so they must needs all have a grip of the Doctor's hand, who took snuff with prodigality, while the General complained of the smoke from the engine.

Nor were their trials over, for on Muirtown platform—it being Friday—all kinds of Perthshire men were gathered, and were so proud of our Doctor that before he got shelter in the Dunleith train his hand was sore, and the men that grasped it were of all kinds, from Lord Kilspindie—who, having missed him at the manse, had come to catch him at the station—"Best sermon you ever preached, Davidson"—to an Athole farmer—"I am an elder in the Free Kirk, but it iss this man that will be honoring you."

It was a fine instance of the unfailing tact of Peter Bruce that, seeing the carriage out of which the two came, and taking in the situation, he made no offer of the first class, but straightway dusted out a third with his handkerchief, and escorted them to it, cap in hand. Drumtochty restrained itself with an effort in foreign parts—for Kildrummie was exceptionally strong at the Junction—but it waited at the terminus till the outer world had gone up the road. Then their own folk took the two in hand, and these were the body-guard that escorted the Minister and the General to where our Kate was waiting with the dog-cart, each carrying some morsel of luggage—Drumsheugh, Burnbrae, Hillocks, Netherton, Jamie Soutar, and Archie Moncur. Kate drove gloriously through Kildrummie as if it had been a triumph; and let it be said to its credit that, the news having come, every hat was lifted; but that which lasted till they got home, and long afterward, was the handshake of the Drumtochty men.

[To be continued in the November Magazine Number of The Outlook]



William Morris

By Joel Benton

Out of England's dwindling choir

A bard of pure Virgilian touch

Has fallen. His was no harp of fire,

But tender, dreamy. It was such
As one who, fond of languorous tunes,
Could wish for summer afternoons,
Or hear with pleasure all the day,
Till Summer's self should fade away.

He gave us light from land and sea,
Rare tales of old mythology;
And, if with sorrows sad enough,
Full of the marvelous lore of love.

No more fair dreams of Paradise
From his rapt lyre for us shall rise;
Ended is all that lulling verse
Which Jason's quest could so rehearse,
And which from Odin's polar sky
Drew wonders so idyllicly.

With lotus and nepenthe filled,
He had the artful power to gild
And touch with charm each tale he told,
And make its sorcery manifold.

But now Death comes, and, ruthless, steals away
"The idle singer of an empty day."



The historian must be a poet; not to find, but to find again; not to breathe life into beings, into imaginary deeds, but in order to reanimate and revive that which has been; to represent what time and space have placed at a distance from us.—*Joseph Roux.*