

hurt you. I mind how we passed our youth thegither among the wild buccaneers. It was a bad school, Eachen; an' I owre often feel I havena unlearned a' my ain lessons, to wonder that you shouldna hae unlearned a' yours. But we're getting old men Eachen, an' we have now, what we hadna in our young days, the advantage o' the light. Dinna let us die fools in the sight o' Him who is so willing to give us wisdom; dinna let us die enemies. We have been early friends, though maybe no for good, we have fought afore now at the same gun; we have been united by the luv o' her that's now in the dust; an' there are our boys, — the nearest o' kin to ane anither that death has spared. But what I feel as strongly as a' the rest, Eachen, we hae done meikle ill thegither. I can hardly think o' a past sin without thinking o' you, an' thinking, too, that if a creature like me may hope he has found pardon, you shouldna despair. Eachen, we maun be friends."

The features of the stern old man relaxed. "You are perhaps right, William," he at length replied; "but ye were aye a luckier man than me, — luckier for this world, I'm sure, an' maybe for the next. I had aye to seek, an' aften without finding, the good that came in your gate o' itself. Now that age is coming upon us, ye get a snug rental frae the little houses, an' I hae naething; an' ye hae character an' credit; but wha would trust me, or cares for me? Ye hae been made an elder o' the kirk, too, I hear, an' I am still a reprobate; but we were a' born to be just what we are, an' sae maun submit. An' your son, too, shares in your luck. He has heart an' hand, an' my whelps hae neither; an' the girl Henry, that scouts that sot there, likes him; but what wonder o' that? But you are right, William; we maun be friends. Pledge me." The little cask was produced; and, filling the measures, he nodded