

figure passed with a slow, gliding sort of motion ; and, turning the further corner of the burying-ground, came onward in its second round ; but the farmer, though he had felt rather curious than afraid as it went by, found his heart fail him as it approached the second time, and, without waiting its coming up, set off homeward through the corn. The apparition continued to take its rounds evening and morning for about two months after, and then disappeared for ever. Mealmongers had to forget the story, and to grow a little less afraid, ere they could cheat with their accustomed coolness. Believe me, such beliefs, whatever may be thought of them in the present day, have not been without their use in the past."

As the old man concluded his story, one of the women rose to a table in the little room and replenished our glasses. We all drank in silence.

"It is within an hour of midnight," said one of the men, looking at his watch. "We had better recruit the fire, and draw in our chairs. The air aye feels chill at a lykewake or a burial. At this time to-morrow we will be lifting the corpse."

There was no reply. We all drew in our chairs nearer the fire, and for several minutes there was a pause in the conversation ; but there were more stories to be told, and before the morning many a spirit was evoked from the grave, the vast deep, and the Highland stream.