

shillings o't wi' the wright for a decent coffin like her mith-er's, an' five shillings mair wi' the bedral, an' to tak' in necessaries for a sick-bed wi' some o' the lave. Weel, I did that; an' there's still twa pounds o' the note yonder in the little cupboard.

“On the fifth morning after she had been taken sae ill, I cam' in till ask after her; for my neebor here had relieved me o' that night's watchin', an' I had gotten to my bed. The moment I opened the door I saw that the hail room was hung in white, just as ye see it now; an' I'm sure it staid that way a minute or sae; but when I winked it went awa'. I kent there was a change no far off; and when I went up to the bed, Elspat didna ken me. She was wirkin' wi' her han' at the blankets, as if she were picking off the little notes; an' I could hear the beginning o' the dead-rattle in her throat. I sat at her bedside for a while wi' my neebor here; an' when she spoke to us, it was to say that the bed had grown hard an' uneasy, an' that she wished to be brought out to the chair. Weel, we indulged her, though we baith kent that it wasna in the bed the uneasiness lay. Her mind, pur body, was carried at the time. She just kent that there was to be a death an' a lykewake, but no that the death and the lykewake were to be her ain; an' when she looked at the bed, she bade us tak' down the black curtains an' put up the white; an' tauld us where the white were to be found.

“‘But where is the corp?’ she said; ‘it's no there. Where is the corp?’

“‘O, Elspat! it will be there vera soon,’ said my neebor; an' that satisfied her.

“She cam' to hersel' an hour afore she departed. God had been very gude to her, she said, a' her life lang, an' he hadna forsaken her at the last. He had been gude to her