

CHAPTER LVII

ON LAMMER-MORE

UP the hill he went, Robin slobbering at his elbow.

Within the woods now was darkness and mystery; only the snowflakes like shed fairies' wings meandered down through the branches of the trees, to light their way. So they went on until they came out in the failing light on the white moor, spreading a naked shoulder in the gloom.

In the place they call the Neuk of the Brae they came on him they sought, and not without search; for already the snow lay upon him, lapping him tenderly, as though the Host of Heaven would do for him with flakes of snow that office that once the robins with woodland leaves did for the two lost babes.

He was lying in the snow as a dog lies in the sun, not curled, with hollow flanks, and long grey muzzle laid along the snow, as often he had lain there at Missie's feet on a summer's evening, home from dear adventurings on the hill.

The tragedy was plain to any eyes. A dis-