



A SON OF ERIN

CHAPTER I

"A BLAST O' JANUAR' WIN'"



THROUGHOUT the length and breadth of Scotland, and in many a remote town and village far across the sea, wherever, indeed, Scotchmen were to be found with hearts beating warm and true to the land that bore them, the birthday of Robert Burns was being commemorated with song and story, and all the traditions which have helped to make it the great national festival of the year. In Edinburgh a great gathering was being held, marked by the usual enthusiasm and hilarity. It was a typical gathering, representing all that was best and most patriotic in the Scottish nature.

Among the many delegates and secretaries of Burns' Societies from different parts of Scotland, there was none more welcome or more in accord with the spirit of the occasion than John Fletcher of Spitalhaugh, a