

The old man began to snifle.

"Then, Simon was telling me, it was clear my man kenn't what he had done, and your Honour's anger, and Missie's teaching, and he forgot Simon, and he was afraid. And Simon said it was just pitiful the way he took on, running here and there, and giving a bit yelp, and back to the body again, and in the end he took it up and carried it off to hide it because of your Honour's anger."

The old man broke down and sobbed outright.

"And Simon just ran back to keep his Kirk, and there was none to stop him now; and what cam' thereafter," sobbed the old man, "I kenna."

"I ken," said the Laird, and ploughed on his way.