

getting a cup of warm tea for the tired travellers, while the goodman insisted that they should take a "wee drap" out of a certain brown jar, which was taken from beneath the bed in a very careful manner. The toils of the day had jaded them a good deal, and they accepted the good man's hospitality, though with due precaution. In the meantime the old lady was getting along with the tea-pot—which looked as if it had been a long time since it had seen active service. It was, in fact, an old tin coffee-pot, minus the spout. It was filled with a most miscellaneous stock of articles enveloped in dust and cobwebs. This excellent housewife did not seem to think it evident that anything in the way of cleansing was requisite, before infusing her tea. Frank noticed the operation, and with as much delicacy as he could, requested to be allowed to try his hand at making tea for once—but the jealous old lady suspected his motive in a moment, and with true Highland pride kindled up and began muttering to herself in Gaelic, to what purpose was not very evident, though it had the desired effect of introducing a little warm water, sufficient to clear away the peat dust of many months. In a short time, however, all was well again. Indeed, it would have been difficult to resist the bonhomie of these boy sportsmen for any length of time.

For the first time in their lives they lay down to sleep upon beds of heather, and so anxious were they, that though much worn out, they could, like the youth in the poem,

"have wept with downright sorrow  
To think the night should pass before the morrow."

But day did at length dawn, and with their eyes half open, but their spirits in first rate order, they set out fully armed to this long wished for Loch. They had not far to go. The morning was calm; a thick mist lay upon the water; not a living thing was to be seen as far as the eye could reach, so that there was a kind of desolate feeling mingled with their happiness. Each seated himself upon the ground, and following as closely as possible, the directions of Peter White; they put up their rods, tied on their lines and hooks, and set to work with all the enthusiasm of novices. But their success was slight indeed; their lines were for ever getting tangled among the bushes, their hooks catching upon stones and stumps—so that in the course of about half an hour, their stock was more than half exhausted and two of their rods broken. They were heartily out of temper. Peter and the flies, and above all, the bushes were soundly abused—and they were fast becoming disgusted with the morning's work, when Charley who had slipped a worm upon his hook, and whose rod still maintained its integrity, felt a tug at his line which made him throw it up in desperate haste. A small trout performed a somerset high in the air, and hung dangling from the branch of a tree. The excited angler shouted for assistance, and Frank, Randolph and Nelson, were immediately by his side. Frank looked up and exclaimed:—"hic summa piscem deprendit in ulmo."