

posed Cockie Menzies scoffingly, "seeing ye canna read."

"I can read," said Robin, "in my dreams."

"You was in your dreams, then?" asked the inquirer.

"I have said," said Robin.

The other turned on the assembly.

"Mr. Crabbe was asleep over the Book," he said.

"I was in a trance," said Robin tartly, "when I was waked——"

"From yer trance?" queried Cockie.

"See here!" said Robin. "Am I telling this tale or are you?"

"You are," said the other humbly; "I am a truth-teller myself."

Robin eyed him long, and after long search for the retort he could not find came across to the youth and laid a hand upon his knee.

"I am deaf, my lad," he said, "and maybe it is as well for you. Had I heard what you then said in my young youth, or ten years since, you would be out of the flesh by this and into the bottomless pitch."

Cockie routed, Robin sat down again and went on to tell how on that afternoon he had been startled from his meditations by a long and lonely cry, close to him yet far away, like the wail of a lost soul drifting out into the night.