

fend me for the night, and, going into the house, he brought out a coggie of milk and a barley scone. When I had finished, he took me to the byre and left me in a stall of straw, telling me to leave early for his wife hated gangrel bodies and would not, when she came in, rest content, if she knew there was anybody in the stable. When daylight came it was raining. I started without anybody seeing me from the house. I was soon wet to the skin, but I trudged on, saying to myself every now and then You're a Scotchman, never say die. There were few on the road, and when I met a postman and asked how far I was from Dundonald, his curt reply was, You are in it. I was dripping wet and oh so perished with cold and hunger that I made up my mind to stop at the first house I came to. As it happened, it was a farm-house a little bit from the road. I went to the kitchen-door where there was a hen trying to keep her chicks out of the rain. There were voices of children at play and of a woman as if crooning a babe to sleep. I stood a while before I ventured to knock. There was no answer and after waiting a few minutes I knocked again. A boy of my own age opened the door. An old woman came towards me and asked what I wanted. I am cold, I said, and, please, might I warm myself? She was deaf and did not catch what I said. 'Whose bairn are you?' she asked me. Mary Askew's, I replied, I noticed the younger woman who had the child in her lap fixed her gaze on me. Where are you from? grannie asked. From Glas-