

an irrefragable argument in favour of going south. As he reflected on the grandeur of folks with money, he received a shock which made him imagine that at last the sky was veritably falling.

"Hold out your hand," said the gentleman suddenly.

The boy complied, unable to imagine what was coming; and there were counted one by one into his grimy palm five half-crowns, five whole shining half-crowns. He looked up in dumb amazement.

"That was once Evan Kinloch's wages for a whole year," said the gentleman in a low voice. "You have more, I am sure."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you see, you are in many ways better off than he was. Keep to the green fields and the running waters. When you go home tell them you saw one who happens to know Evan Kinloch very well, and that he advises you not to go south and make speeches and have a carriage and horses."

He rose hastily and took another long look into the oak wood stretching downward to the gleaming Tay. He could just hear the murmur of the river chafing in the rocky course he knew so well.

"I thank you for the pleasant chat and for the rasps," he said, turning. "We'll go now." And together they walked back. At the road they parted, the boy silent with wonder. Then the gentleman re-entered the carriage, and the party were driven away, going upward by Burnside and Duncairn. The boy, his five half-crowns still clutched in his hand, stood gazing after them. On the crest of the little hill beside the school the carriage was poised for a moment in high relief, its wheels flashing in the sun, so that his eyes were dazzled. But he fancied he saw his strange friend rising and looking back. Before he could make quite sure the carriage had disappeared, gone in that splendour of evening light.

THE END.