

"I agree with you, Mr. Dryburgh. Anything you may be pleased to give will be gratefully accepted. Good morning. We will be pleased to see you tomorrow. I am sure you will enjoy seeing the children's treat. It is quite a sight."

So Thomas Dryburgh left the Children's Hospital, with his eyes opened to several things of which he had never dreamed before.

He occupied the rest of the day in hunting up several old acquaintances, who, as lads, had left quiet Balwhinnie to seek a wider sphere in the town. One of these lads, now a prosperous merchant, was so delighted to see a face from his native hills, that though he had not been particularly friendly with Thomas Dryburgh when they were boys together at Balwhinnie, he insisted on taking him out to his comfortable and even luxurious home in the suburbs, where a gentle-eyed wife and a troop of happy children made the sunshine of his life. And when he heard that business would keep the miller in Dunleith till next day, he would not hear of him spending the night at an hotel, and when the sweet wife added her kind words of invitation, Thomas Dryburgh was prevailed upon; so the evening was spent in the cosy dining-room, amid all the blithe chatter and quiet mirth found only in a truly happy home.

"What d'ye think o' my bairns, Tam?" said the merchant, when the two were left sitting by the fire

