

Archie spread his plaid like a tent over the bushes and we sat under it. He told me what he meant to do when he was a man. He was going to Canada and get a farm, and send for the whole family. As we snuggled in for the night, he told me he would not forget me and he was glad collie had nosed me out in the bushes. If I found in the morning he was gone, I was to take what he left me to eat. Sure enough I slept in; he was gone with the sheep. I said a prayer for him and took the road.

It was shower and shine all day. I footed on my way as fast as I could, for the cut was still tender. Towards night I neared a little village and saw an old man sitting on the doorstep reading. I asked him if I was on the right road to Dundonald. He replied I was, but it was too far away to reach before dark, and he put a few questions to me. Asking me to sit beside him we had a talk. Did you ever see that book? holding out the one he was reading. 'It is *A Cloud of Witnesses*, and gives the story of the days of persecution. I wish every man in Scotland knew what it contains, for there would be more of the right stuff among us. I was just reading, for the hundredth time, I suppose, the trial of Marion Harvie, and how he who was afterwards James King of England consented to send her, a poor frail woman, to the gallows'. From the Covenanters he passed to politics. He was a weaver and did not like the government, telling me, seeing where I came from, I must grow up to be a Glasgow radical. Seeing I was homeless, he said he would