

edges: but after the tool-chest and the paint-box . . . ]

Rudd burst into tears. He cried and cried and cried; nothing could console him; and he was led away.

But years after, when Meta's paint-box had lost all its colours, and of Henry's tools not a vestige remained save the scars on Henry's person, Rudd could still turn to his book and read again his early favourites: "Kubla Khan," "The Ancient Mariner," "The Deserted Village," "The Highland Reaper" and "The Old Familiar Faces." His grandfather was perhaps not so wrong, after all.

But at the time the old gentleman was as unhappy almost as the child.