

It was his noon-bite, but he told me to eat it for he said, we go back to the shelter to-day, and by we he meant collie. He had been lonesome and was glad of company and we chattered on by the hour. At noon, leaving collie in charge of the sheep, we went to the hut where he stayed and had something to eat. He said his father was shepherd to a big farmer, who had sent him with two score of shearling ewes to get highland pasture. We talked about everything we knew and tried to make each other laugh. He told me about Wallace, and we gripped hands on saying we would fight for Scotland like him, and I told him about Glasgow, where he had not been. A boy came with a little basket and a message. The message was from his father, that he was to bring the sheep back early on Monday, and the basket was from his mother with food and a clean shirt for the Sabbath. We slept on a sheepskin and wakened to hear the patter of rain. After seeing his sheep and counting them, Archie said we must keep the Sabbath, and when we had settled in a dry corner of the hillside he heard me my questions. I could not go further than Who is the Redeemer of God's elect? but he could go to the end. Then I repeated the three paraphrases my mother had taught me, but Archie had nearly all of them and several psalms. A shepherd would be tired if he did not learn by heart, he said; some knit but I like reading best. Then he took my mother's bible and read about David and Goliath. That over he started to sing. Oh we had a fine time, and when a shower came