

we did. We didn't sign anything, but every man shook hands with Graeme.

And, as I told Craig about this a year later, when he was on his way back from his Old Land trip to join Graeme in the mountains, he threw up his head in the old way and said: "It was well done. It must have been worth seeing. Old man Nelson's work is not done yet. Tell me again," and he made me go over the whole scene, with all the details put in.

But when I told Mrs. Mavor, after two years had gone, she only said: "Old things are passed away, all things are become new;" but the light glowed in her eyes till I could not see their color. But all that, too, is another story.

CHAPTER XV.

COMING TO THEIR OWN.

A man with a conscience is often provoking, sometimes impossible. Persuasion is lost upon him. He will not get angry, and he looks at one with such a far-away expression in his face that in striving to persuade him one feels earthly and even fiendish. At least this was my experience with Craig. He spent a week with me just before he sailed for the Old Land, for the purpose, as he said, of getting some of the coal dust and other grime out of him.

He made me angry the last night of his stay, and all the more that he remained quite sweetly unmoved. It was a strategic mistake of mine to tell him how Nelson came home to us, and how Graeme stood up before the 'Varsity chaps at my supper and made his confession and confused Rattray's easy-stepping profanity, and started his own five-year league. For all this stirred in Craig the hero,