

"O come, come along, and join in our song,
And march wi' oor lads along and along;
He's waiting us there, where the heather grows fair
And clans they are gathering strong, and strong.

"He should be a king—ye ken wha I mean,
Tho' Whigs they winna aloo, aloo;
We durna speak out, but we needna a doot,
That a' that I tell you is true, is true.

"On that steep mountain breast, where shadows oft rest,
And burnies are tumblin' doon an' doon,
In that shady recess, there's ane ye may guess,
Is heir to oor ain auld Scotland's croon.

"Like a sunbeam to cheer, he soon will appear,
Graceful and fleet, like a mountain deer;
Come, gaither a', gaither along and along,
The clans and the echoes will join in oor song."

He was about to repeat the chorus, when the voice of some one behind him made him pull up sharp.

"Hooly, hooly, my young man, that's a gey dangerous sang to be hearin' aboot a respectable fairm toon at this early oor o' the mornin'. Whaur learnt ye that, Alistair?"

Recovering from his surprise, the young fellow turned himself around hastily, and met the gaze of an elderly gentleman on horseback, who was approaching quietly from the hill road. He at once recognized the newcomer as Mr. Donald Fraser, factor or steward of the Darvel estate.

"Ye gae me a bit o' a scare, Mr. Fraser. It's juist as weel it's nae a stranger. Hae ye nae heard the bonnie gaitherin' sang before? There were two or three o' oor kind in the Magistrand class at college, and when ony o' the Prince's folks happened to be aboot, we used to foregather in the forenichts, and speak aboot wh't we could do to help on the good cause. We were feared to speak in oor rooms, and sae we would tak' a walk oot as