

A Son of Erin

She smiled at the apt quotation, and they struggled on arm-in-arm, not attempting to speak much until they came to the unpretentious street where they were to spend the night with Mary's mother, a widow who had reared ten sons and daughters, but was now left entirely alone. By this time the snow was coming down in earnest, and swirling before the wind, giving promise of drifted streets before morning.

"This is Sir Walter's 'onding,' Mary," said John Fletcher, dreamily, for his mind was with the great souls of the past, and memories of them crowded thick and fast on him. "It was just sic a day as this he wad row Pet Marjorie in his plaid, an' rin wi' her to his study. Eh, wumman, if they only walked Edinburgh streets yet, they wad be paved wi' better than gold for some o's."

"Ay, man, maybe somebody'll say that aboot John Fletcher yet," she said, looking up into his face with a certain archness which gave a bewitching look to her round, fresh face.

"Wheesh't, wumman, I'm but a learner at their feet," he said, reprovingly, but the look of pride only deepened on her face.

"What I'm thinkin' is, hoo we're to get hame the morn, John," she said presently, recalled to the more practical side of things by a blast of more than usual severity. "What if we hae to bide in the toon for some days?"

"Oh, it'll no be so bad as that, lass," said John Fletcher, hopefully. "Well, here we are, number twenty-seven. But what's this?"

A gas lamp just opposite the house shed its full light on the doorstep, where lay a small bundle rolled in a plaid of shepherd's tartan. Mary pressed forward,