

The Village Blacksmith.

All this had been talked over by the schoolmaster and the smith on the way down through the village.

"I have thought about Geordie myself sometimes," said the schoolmaster, "especially since I found him taking so keenly to Mathematics; and, wi' his turn o' mind, I'm sure, if you got him into one of the big engineering works in Glasgow, he might make his mark as an engineer some day."

At this point the conversation was interrupted by the speakers reaching the manse gate. Fortunately, the fine weather had tempted the minister out of doors, and he was strolling about his garden, enjoying his evening pipe, and turning aside now and then to do a little desultory gardening. He came forward at once on seeing his two parishioners.

"I'm glad to see you, James," said he, shaking the smith heartily by the hand. "I suppose you're out for a stroll this fine evening?"

"No just that, sir," replied the smith; "I only came doon the road wi' Mr. Hamilton to ask his advice about oor Geordie. I'm sair puzzled what to do wi' him, noo he's dune wi' the school."

"A remarkably clever boy that, James," the minister struck in. "When I was examining the school last week, I pnt some common questions to him in Arithmetic, and he answered me as if it was