

"To send a bullet through his head, as I will send one through yours if you don't answer," was the brutal reply, and the boy turned pale.

"Ye may send a bullet through my head gin ye like, but I'll not tell ye which way Robert Brock went. He's the Lord's servant."

"Try the girl: she'll tell us fast enough," suggested one who had not spoken before, and a soldier grasped the child's delicate wrist and drew her forward.

"Dinna ye tell them, Mysie," cried Donald, as she passed him; but a heavy hand fell on his mouth with cruel force, and checked the words.

"Now, child," said the officer, slowly, "which way went this saintly man of God?"

She cast a frightened look at Donald, and answered with a cheering smile as he wiped the blood from his swollen lips:

"I canna tell ye, sir."

"Will not, you mean. Did he take the right or left road?"

"I dinna ken—I mean I ken, but I winna tell."

"Then I must find some way to make you tell."

Slowly the man's strong fingers closed round the little wrist, till the child screamed with pain.

"Now, will you tell?"

"Donald, Donald, what maun I do?" sobbed Mysie.

"Lat her be," cried the boy, fiercely. "Lat her be, ye black-hearted coward!"

"I'll let her be when she has answered my question."

"Dinna ye answer, Mysie."

"Silence!" said a soldier, savagely, "leave the child alone."

"Donald, he hurts me sair," sobbed Mysie.

"Will you tell?"

"I canna."

Again the brutal hold tightened on the delicate arm, and the tortured child sank on the green sward in an agony of pain and fear.

Wresting himself from the grasp of the soldier, Donald sprang forward and lifted her up, his eyes blazing with indignant wrath.

"It's brave work for men," he cried, with bitter contempt, "to hurt a wee bit of a lassie! My bonny, brave Mysie! Dinna greet, I'll tak ye hame."

The child clung to him convulsively. "Dinna let them touch me, Donald! Tak' me hame to me mither."

"Ay, that I will, Mysie; dinna greet," said the boy, soothingly.

"Not just yet, my lad," said the officer, with a smile. "I'm going to know which way Robert Brock went first."

"Then ye maun gang to them as'll tell ye, for I winna," was the brave reply.

"Take the child away from him," said the officer, peremptorily.

"Nae, nae, Donald! dinna let them tak me awa'," screamed Mysie.

But what was the strength of the boy against that of the stalwart men? Roughly they unclasped the child's hands and dragged her away.

"Is she your sister?" asked the officer of Donald.

"Ay, my ain sister, an' gin ye lat her be. I dinna care what ye do till me."

"Will you let her tell me what I ask, or will you tell me yourself?"

"I winna help ye to find good Robert Brock."

"Set the child against that stump."

With his heart beating almost to suffocation Donald watched them.

What were they going to do with Mysie? Surely they would not hurt such a wee bairn! They were men, not fiends.

"Now, my boy, once more. Which way went the godly Robert Brock?"

"Gin ye tear my tongue out, I winna tell ye."

"Fire!"

A wreath of blue smoke floating away toward the bluer heavens. A mass of fair hair dabbled in blood. A little white face on the green, green grass.

With a cry of horror the boy threw himself beside the still little form.

"Mysie, Mysie, speak! It's yer ain brither Donald."

But the life had gone out forever from the happy blue eyes! The silence of death was on the parted lips.

"Throw the child into the stream," came the cold inexorable command, and in a moment the pure waters blushed in God's sunlight with the blood of an innocent life.

"For the last time, Which way went Robert Brock?"

"Fin' out," replied the dauntless boy. "Ye have shot my bonnie wee sister and now ye may shoot me; but I'll never help ye wi' your black work! God will tak' care o' Robert Brock."

"It's an easy thing to talk of dying, boy," said the officer.

"I'd rather gang to heaven wi' clean han's than stain them wi' the blood of God's servant and live."