

friendship for a few days after, he again drew to him in apparent kindness ; and on the following Saturday, on Jock being despatched to a neighboring smithy with a sheep's head to singe, Angus volunteered his services to show him the way.

Angus went trotting before ; Jock came limping behind : the fields were open and bare ; the dwellings few and far between ; and after having passed, in about an hour's walking, half-a-dozen little hamlets, Jock began to marvel exceedingly that there should be no sign of the smith's shop. " Poor foolish Jock Gordon !" ejaculated Angus, quickening his trot into a canter : " what does he know about carrying sheep's heads to the smithy ? Jock labored hard to keep up with his guide ; quavering and semi-quavering, as his breath served,—for Jock always began to sing, when in solitary places, after nightfall, as a protection against ghosts. At length the daylight died entirely away, and he could only learn from Angus that the smithy was farther off than ever ; and, to add to his trouble and perplexity, the roughness of the ground showed him that they were wandering from the road. First they went toiling athwart what seemed an endless range of fields, separated from one another by deep ditches and fences of stone ; then they crossed over a dreary moor, bristling with furze and sloe-thorn ; then over a waste of bogs and quagmires : then across a tract of newly-ploughed land ; and then they entered a second wood. At length, after a miserable night's wandering, day broke upon the two forlorn satyrs ; and Jock found himself in a strange country, with a long narrow lake in front, and a wood behind. He had wandered after his guide into the remote parish of Tarbet.

Tarbet abounded at that time in little muddy lakes, edged with water-flags and reeds, and swarming with frogs and eels ; and it was one of the largest and deepest of these that now lay before Jock and his guide. Angus tucked up his blue gown, as if to wade across. Jock would have as soon thought of fording the German Ocean. " O, wicked Jock Gordon !" exclaimed the fool, when he saw him hesitate ; " the Colonel's waiting, poor man, for his head, and Jock will no' take it to