

the desired end. So one bright day, when Ould Michael was sunning himself on his porch, the stage drove up to his door and, as in the old days, dropped the mail-bag. Ould Michael stood up and, waving his hand to the driver, said:

“Shure, ye’ve made a mistake; an’ I’m not blamin’ ye.”

“Not much,” said the driver. “I always bring my mail to the postmaster.”

“Hurrah!” I sung out. “God save the Queen!”

The little crowd that had gathered round took up my cheer.

“What do ye mean, byes?” said Ould Michael, weakly.

“It means,” said McFarquhar, “that if you have the strength you must look after your mail as the postmaster should.”

There was a joyous five minutes of congratulation; then the procession formed as before and, led by Ould Michael, marched into the old cabin. With trembling fingers Ould Michael cut the strings and selected his letter—

“But there’ll be no more celebration, byes,” he said, nor was there.