

judgin' ; maybe He's saved worse, Miss Clodagh ! Keep thinkin' that ! Maybe He's saved worse ! "

Clodagh covered her eyes.

" But here's somethin' for you. God help us ! I was forgettin' ! Will you be seein' what is in it ? " She came slowly forward, extending her arm.

Clodagh took the telegram. Without thought or interest she tore it open, and her eyes passed mechanically over the written words. Then suddenly it slipped from between her fingers, blew a little way across the close grass, and fluttered down over the edge of the chasm.

As it disappeared, she turned. Her face was entirely without colour ; her eyes had the dazed look of one who is confronted with a great light.

" Hannah ! " she cried—" Hannah ! there is a God after all !—there is a God ! " She swayed suddenly ; and the old servant, rushing forward, caught her in her arms.

THE END