

for every day in the week, and siller tae mak' my room intae a wee hame for mysel'. I wasna that happy at the first maybe, no just the way I'd hopit, but I could ay get awa' hame to my room nights, and ken that a' was at peace there . . . nae drink . . . nae grief . . . nae repining at God's wull ! . . . A' at peace . . . and me wi' my burying money lying ready tae my han' ! . . . And, as the years passit by—I couldna help but dae it, mem—I got happy-like. . . . No happy the way I'd used tae be wi' my boy, maybe . . . but contented-like in my day's wark . . . and ready for my meat . . . and my sleep o' nichts. . . ."

"And have you friends now that you can have a chat with ?" I asked. "You aren't lonesome yet, are you, Mrs Chaffey ?"

"No just what ye might ca' friends, maybe," said Mrs Chaffey. "I was sair borne down wi' grief and sorrow, and no that young, mind you, when first I cam'. And new friends is no' for the auld and heavy-laden. But if I havena' friends . . ." she hesitated—"if I havena friends," she went on, "whiles there's folks you can be wi' for a' you're neither young nor bonny. The ledly i' the kirk spoke God's truth there, mem. There's been lassies here I feared was ganging the way o' my Elspeth—and laddies no' that awfu' far frae my boy. And it's the likes o' them my heart gaes out tae.

"Eh, mem," said she, and she seemed to look into my very soul with those woman's eyes of hers, "eh, mem, if ye've kent what it is tae carry and bear . . . ye canna just stand and see anither woman's child gang the way o' your ain. The heart's trouble is