

been better than they were and are, nor of what I have done here and must have continued doing, till the end, but for you, Jack——"

"Enough of that," said Jack good-humouredly as he rose from his chair. "It is a fine day and a few partridges will be acceptable as a change of food. I have a letter to write home—it won't take me long, and then we will go out and look for them."

A letter to friends at home! He has written many, and when he is fairly settled in his home one of his brothers is coming out to him. In this way the Old Country helps to people the New, and form another nation—the offspring of our sea-girt isle.

THE END.