

There was not much encouragement in this, but Peggy was undaunted. The first thing to do was to find a means of earning that five and thirty pounds, and this at home in Carrigadurish was impossible. Her brothers, working away in England, had often told her of the high wages that were earned in the coal mines of Lancashire, where even boys of Christie's age could gain more in a week than a month's labor at home would bring them.

It was like shutting the sunshine out of her life to send the lad from her. Well she knew that once he was gone from her he would be gone forever. The minister of God, whom she hoped and prayed to live to see, could never take the place that the boy Christie would leave vacant in her heart. Outwardly she showed no sign of this as she told him all she knew of a miner's life and he, bent only on reaching the long looked for end, decided bravely to put her suggestion into execution.

He was sorry to part from them at the farm, but Peggy's cottage had been his real home, and it was the goodbye there that hurt him most. He was seventeen now, a child no longer. Yet the world loomed very large and empty before him as he turned away from the little figure to whom he owed so much, and the tears that fell from her patient deep-set eyes were no less sorrowful than the unbidden mist which blotted out the familiar landscape from his own.

Letters came from time to time, and Peggy cherished them every one. He wrote that he had found work, that he was getting on well. He had joined night classes and his spare time was occupied with study. He did not write of the trials and temptations that surrounded him, of the mockery of his comrades nor of the time that he found to kneel in the tiny chapel, seeking and finding strength to endure and persevere.

Peggy aged during his absence, and even when a year and two years had passed since his departure, she missed him still as regularly as the twilight fell. A third year ran its course.

The sum required had been saved and put aside. Peggy began to count the days until her boy's twenty-first