

"Oh, here is that child again," she exclaimed peevishly. Now, Courtney, what is to be done with her?"

Courtney looked uneasy as the child passed the old lady's chair to the window seat. A shower of sleet was dashing against the pane, and some drenched and woe-begone looking starlings were stepping along the terrace, looking for worms in the grass. A great fire of pine logs roared up the chimney, but on the red velvet cushion lay no white fluffy ball. In its stead a glossy black King Charles spaniel was curled up, a red ribbon round its neck.

Sarah Jane looked round her in surprise. "Where is my kitty?" she asked.

"Your kitty, indeed!" snapped Lady Carlyon. "Did I not give you five pounds for it? You can't see it any more, I have sent it away. Now that is all about it, you may go home again."

Sarah Jane's breast heaved, and her blue eyes flashed fire. Bursting into a storm of sobs, and doubling up her small fists, she fell upon the old lady.

"What have you done with my kitty, you wicked bad lady?" she shrieked, battering with all her might.

Lady Carlyon fell back in her chair.

"Courtney! Courtney!" she cried, "take away this little spitfire, she is going mad, quite mad."

Courtney seized the screaming, struggling child with no gentle grasp.

"You little wretch," she cried, "how dare you? Your nasty kitten got troublesome to her ladyship, and the stableboy drowned it. So there, now you know."

The screams and struggles suddenly ceased, and the child slipped from her grasp and fell heavily to the floor.

The old lady started up.

"Courtney, you have killed her, and we shall both be hanged. You are quite too rough, you promised to make it all right for me, and now you have blurted out the truth and killed the child. You know I wanted to give her back the kitten," she cried.

"Don't trouble yourself, my lady, she will be all right presently. I could not help telling her outright, just to punish her for striking at you. I shall run now and order the carriage to take her home."

"Yes, yes, do take her away, I never wish to see or hear of her again, the little fury. My nerves are quite upset."

Sarah Jane came back to the world—the hard world—again, in her own little bed, with Courtney, and Molly, the friendly dairy maid, bending over her, and an unpleasant sensation of cold water trickling down her neck.

"She is all right," Courtney's hard cold voice was saying, "I cannot think what came over the child; Lady Carlyon has been so kind to her, but she is a poor puny little creature. Give her a hot drink, my good woman, and she will be none the worse."

The dairymaid watched the tall retreating figure with no friendly glance.

"You're well out of her clutches, my poor wee lammie," she said, laying a big, red, tender hand on the child's brow.

Next morning Sarah Jane was in a raging fever. The chill and agitation had been too much for her delicate little frame, and the lung trouble which had been latent from childhood rapidly developed. A few days of delirium and pain passed, and she lay in the stupor of exhaustion—a small, shadowy, mortal—no less white than the pillow supporting her head. Her breath came in panting gasps; the struggle had quite exhausted her little strength. "Give her anything she fancies," the doctor directed Molly, her

faithful nurse: "It is a question if she will last till morning; she is quite worn out."

The missionary had returned to Burnfoot and had heard of the little girl's sacrifice and of her dangerous illness. He now sat beside the bed, a tall, bronzed man, with a long beard and earnest eyes. Her father sat on the other side, his elbows on his knees his face buried in his hands. The purse with the five pounds had been transferred from Sarah Jane's small wasted hands to the missionary's brown ones.

Mr. Simmons had told him of the little girl's offering to the cause of humanity—the cause of Christ. The missionary had knelt and offered some quiet simple words of prayer for gift and giver, and a silence had fallen on the room. Molly sat out of sight behind a screen, her apron thrown over her head. Sarah Jane's brow had the old pucker of care upon it, and the missionary bent over her.

"What is troubling you little one? Do you want anything?"

"It will keep him only a year, she whispered. "And now I am going to heaven. Who will keep him the next year?"

The farmer started. "Don't you make yourself uneasy about that, dearie," he said, "As long as I live," he said turning to the missionary. "Five pounds will be paid to that mission school for my little girl."

A happy smile lighted up the pale face, and she put out all her feeble strength to clasp her father's hand.

"And don't you think, sir," she said, raising her eyes to the missionary's face, "Don't you think when I see mother and the Lord Jesus in heaven that my kitty will be there?"

The missionary was a man who had visited many lands and seen strange sights. It was not for him to limit his Lord. "All that you love you will see there," he said tenderly.

The weary blue eyes closed, a smile rested on the pale lips. Sarah Jane's storm-tossed little vessel had sailed into the quiet harbour of heaven, and a voice from the City said: "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto Me."

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