

gleamed through the darkness, and friendly voices shouted in reply. Another bend in the river brought them face to face with the rough, white gate of Acland's Hut. Behind lay the low farm-house, with its log-built walls and roof of clay. Already the door stood wide, and the cheerful blaze from the pine-logs burning on the ample hearth within told of the hospitable welcome awaiting the travellers.

An unseen hand undid the creaking gate, and a gruff voice from the darkness exchanged a hearty "All right" with Forgill. The lantern seemed to dance before the horse's head, as he drew up beneath the solitary tree which had been left for a hen-roost in the centre of the enclosure.

Forgill jumped down. He gave a helping hand to his boy companion, observing, "There is your aunt watching for you at the open door. Go and make friends; you won't be strangers long."

"Have you got the child, Forgill?" asked an anxious woman's voice.

An old Frenchman, who fulfilled the double office of man and maid at Acland's Hut, walked up to the cart and held out his arms to receive the expected visitor.

Down leaped the boy, altogether disdaining the over-attention of the farming man. Then he heard Forgill whisper, "It isn't the little girl she expected, it is this here boy; but I have brought him all the same."