

the Grandfather clock struck the half hour.

She went to the door and looked out but there was no sign of any living thing moving across the bogland.

As she expressed it, she had looked every airt and no track nor trace of him cud she see.

"Let me take the can," said Denny.

"Well now, but I do hate to be troubling the likes of you, Master Denny," said she, but for all that she went for the buttermilk and Denny willingly set off with it.

Rafferty was head gamekeeper to the nobleman who owned the greater part of the countryside.

His neat house was separated from Mrs. O'Leary's farm by one of the very few bits of woodland thereabouts.

Denny had often passed through this wood after dark, and had noticed the pheasants roosting in the branches, dark objects in the moonlight, and he knew that Rafferty had a name all over that part of Galway for his skill in rearing them.

Denny had also seen from a distance the rows of coops where motherly hens fostered the young pheasants, and he hoped the good-natured keeper would let him go and look at them more closely, and in this he was not disappointed, for when he duly handed the can of buttermilk to Mrs. Rafferty a few minutes before the time promised, her good man was leaving the house and was glad of Denny's company. He liked to have such an intelligent listener.

Mrs. Rafferty insisted on the boy's coming back to tea, for as she said, after he'd brought her the buttermilk it was only reasonable that he should have a taste of the scones she was going to make with it, and very good they were.

"Old Sarah hasn't been here these two weeks come Monday," remarked she as she put a liberal helping of butter between the halves of Denny's third hot scone, "but she has been at the farm maybe?"

"Not the last week," said Denny, "but I saw her at the cross roads on Sunday."

"I have an old cloak that I was intending to give her," went on Mrs. Rafferty, "but I do be going to Westport in the morning for a month, so I'll be apt to miss her."

"I'll take it over to the farm for her if you like, Mrs. Rafferty," said Denis.

"An' I'd take it kindly of you to do that same," said she.

"What now would she be doing at the cross roads?" asked the gamekeeper.

"Oh, just squatting on her heels and smoking a dudeen," said Denny.

"An' I'll be bound she wasn't above looking for coppers from free-handed young gentlemen like yourself, or from people wid more cloaks than they want, like Matty here," said he with a sly glance at his wife.

As a matter of fact Denny had given the old beggar-woman a few coppers on the occasion named, and had received a rich and rare assortment of blessings in return.

Half an hour later, hearing steps on the gravel outside, Mrs. O'Leary went to the door, and saw Old Sarah approaching in the dusk.

The poor old creature was leaning heavily on a rough stick. A long hooded-cloak covered her from head to feet, and she appeared footsore and somewhat out of breath.

"Ah! Indade thin I won't come in on yous, but I saw th'ould goat stravaiging over beyant, and she'll likely be makin' a supper on the sheets that do be out bleachin' on the grass, an' meself that's no match for her at all at all to be drivin' her off," said she.

But Mrs. O'Leary's kind heartedness would not let Old Sarah go unfed.

"Step inside, woman," said she, "an' as soon as I've chased the goat, I'll be back wid you."

At that she hurried off and Old Sarah went into the house.

On her return Mrs. O'Leary went to the cupboard for some cold bacon and bread and while she was getting it, asked if Old Sarah had seen the young boy from Dublin anywheres, an' her trampin' the len'th of the road.

But at that precise moment the farm man appeared. The beggar-woman was sitting in a dark corner and Andy did not see her.

"Av ye plase, Ma'am," said he to Mrs. O'Leary, "there's Ould Sarah at the yard dure, an' she says the young gentleman's fut and her fut is about the wan size, an' would he be having a pair of boots to bestow at all at all?"

"An' what quare way are ye lookin' wid your eyes that ye don't see herself sitting square forninst ye?" asked the widow.

Thus admonished Andy turned in the right direction, and sure enough there to all appearance, sat Old Sarah in the dark corner.

"St. Patrick stand between us and harm," gasped he, devoutly crossing himself, "but it's her ghost that's in it," and he backed away.

Whereupon the ghost, if ghost it were, jumped up, and, throwing aside cloak and stick, revealed none other

than the young boy from Dublin himself.

Quite ready at all times to enter into a joke, even when it was against herself, Mrs. O'Leary sank into the nearest chair and rocked with laughter, assuring Denis that if ever there was a "caution" he was one.

When his stay in the country was over and Denny arrived at home, his appearance and appetite were all that his fond family could desire.

The End.

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