

kept silence as to the saving of the child, and, going to the cottage where he had left her, he took her in his arms and tramped to Bristol, whence he contrived to get across to Dublin, and thence he had again tramped west. Chance led him to Tullaroan, and then, the home on Inisghila offering itself, he had stayed, the wanderings of a lifetime brought to a close by the hands of a baby girl.

Now, with death at his side, he bethought himself at last that maybe the child whom he was leaving might have had other relations besides those who had been drowned, and eagerly he questioned the doctor, who knew of the *Kingfisher*, of the possibility of finding them out.

But, the doctor, spell-bound, not daring even to think, asked with dry lips what the mother of the child had been like.

'The very picture of—' Pat Dinny broke off and looked with bewildered air from Oonah—who, kneeling still, had listened with no less interest than his other auditor to the old man's recital—to the doctor himself.

'Tis foolish I'm gettin', he muttered, 'an' me so near to death. Sure, wasn't Oonah ever her mother over again till you came in, an' now, 'tis the dead spit of yourself she is.'

Then with tardy-born compunction he turned to the child:

'I didn't ought to have done it, asthore machree, for maybe there was a father an' a home left stript for want of you. God in heaven, don't let her suffer for the fault that was mine!' he cried aloud, raising himself in his bed, only to fall back speechless and exhausted.

The end had been coming surely, but this exertion had hastened it, and the doctor had to put aside his own enthralling interest to minister to the dying man.

Half an hour later all was over. Without another word, except a half-articulate cry for mercy, Pat Dinny passed away; and, as the grey light of dawn crept through the unshuttered window, the two so strangely brought together were left alone in the dim bare cabin.

It was not time yet for the father—for that Oonah was his child Dr. Healy had no doubt—to claim his daughter, for she, worn out with grief for him who had been all the world to her, could only sob and sob, till at length she fell into a sleep of pure exhaustion, from which she was at last aroused by the coming of the priest's boy, who had brought back the curragh, towing after it another in which to take his master's brother home. And even after that it was only because Pat Dinny would have wished it that Oonah listed to her father's pleading and allowed herself to be taken across to the mainland, where, soon after, the body of her old friend was brought for burial.

Once that was done, she was ready and eager to get away from the familiar landmarks which brought back to her the loss which, for the moment, swallowed up everything else. Childlike, she took the wonderful change that came into her life as a matter of course, and in the new house which her father made for her she quickly grew used to the new life so full of new things for her to learn. Then, by degrees, the warm heart that had mourned so deeply for the old man who had left her turned to the new love that was offered so patiently to her, and then to Dr. Healy the long, lonely years were blotted out and forgotten by the joy that came to him through what he had found upon the island.

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A TEST OF FRIENDSHIP

As a birthday present for her schoolmate Henrietta Fulche, Elizabeth Graham chose a white-covered book. The cover of it bore the word 'Friendship' in gold letters encircled by a wreath of forget-me-nots. Elizabeth had seen the book in Smith and Bender's window, and had shyly purchased it for the birthday that was soon to come. She read a few of the verses, and was touched by the sentiment of them.

Henrietta lived in the finest house in the village, an old-fashioned place, with spacious grounds. White columns supported the broad piazza. A wide drive swept through a high gateway, covered with vines. Just inside this gateway, under a giant willow, there had been built years ago a little stone bench, and here Elizabeth and Henrietta were accustomed to wait for each other.

It seemed to Elizabeth that everything about Henrietta was ideal—her home, her parents, her own personality. Elizabeth was happy because Henrietta had chosen her from all the girls to be her friend. She would have been surprised and hurt if she had heard any one find fault with Henrietta for holding herself apart from most of the other girls, as if she thought that her wealth, happiness, and beauty made her superior to them. Elizabeth was blind to such things in Henrietta.

The day Elizabeth bought the birthday gift she went to Henrietta's, and as they sat under the lilac bush in the old-fashion garden, Elizabeth, with the secret of the book in her mind, turned the conversation to the subject of friendship. Then, with a sudden pang, she found that she and Henrietta differed in regard to it.

'A true friend,' said Henrietta, 'will tell her friend the faults she sees in her. That is the real test of friendship.'

Elizabeth pondered the words. She was wondering whether by any chance Henrietta's friendship for her would stand such a test. She did not for the moment think the test as applying to herself, because she was so wholly devoted to Henrietta that a test seemed unnecessary.

'Henrietta,' she said, 'would you tell me my faults?'

Henrietta leaned back against the stone bench with a judicial air.

'Of course, Elizabeth, if you wish me to, I accept the test.'

Elizabeth waited almost breathlessly.

'I think,' said Henrietta, 'that you are too fond of praise; that you often do things with the expectation of being praised, and are disappointed if you do not receive it.'

'Oh!' said Elizabeth, and queer little hot feelings went from her heart up into her cheeks and back down again. She was torn by many emotions. A sense of injustice came first; then the possibility that she might indeed have such a fault awoke in her a feeling of dissatisfaction with herself. The realisation that Henrietta thought that she had it was as painful to her as if their friendship had come to a sudden end. How could Henrietta care for her at all if that were in her character? Elizabeth quite lost herself in these considerations.

'Well,' said Henrietta; 'Now, of course, you will tell me mine.'

'Your faults?' said Elizabeth; and then she realised that until that moment she had not thought of the possibility that Henrietta might have any faults. How strange that it should be a test of friendship to tell each other things that were so disagreeable to both!

'Why, Henrietta,' said Elizabeth, feeling the old loyal love in spite of the queer pain in her heart, 'I don't believe you have any. Of course, I have only really known you a year—since we came to live on Front street,—but in that time I have never seen any fault in you.'

Henrietta was divided between satisfaction in appearing thus faultless in the eyes of Elizabeth and in her certainty in regard to the test of friendship. She