



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>

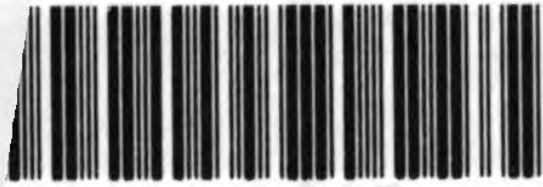


This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

LITTLE
ANDY'S
LEGACY



2579.672



600061750P



①

②

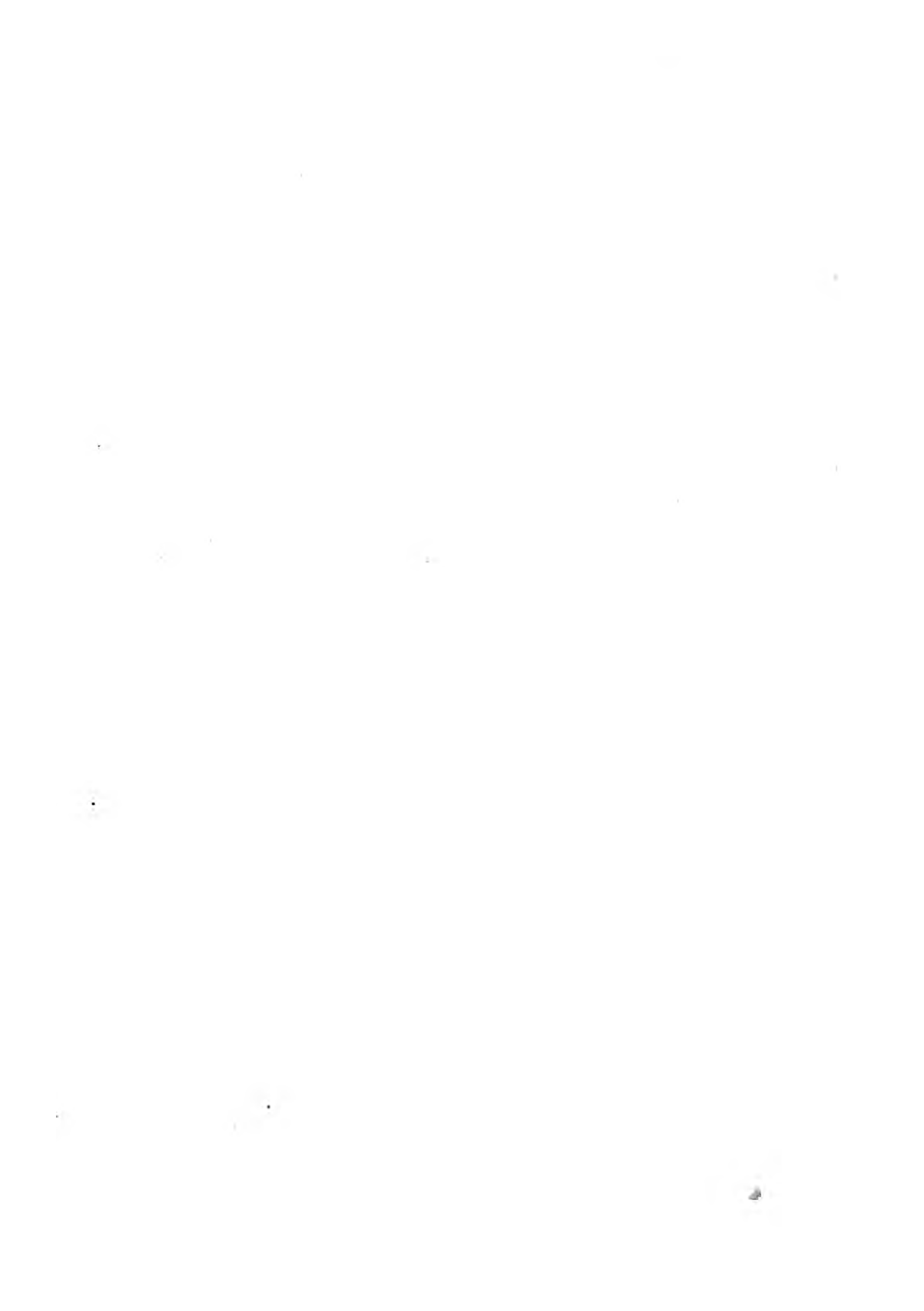
③



000









ANDY COMFORTING HIS MOTHER.



LITTLE ANDY'S LEGACY;

OR,

For the Master's Sake.

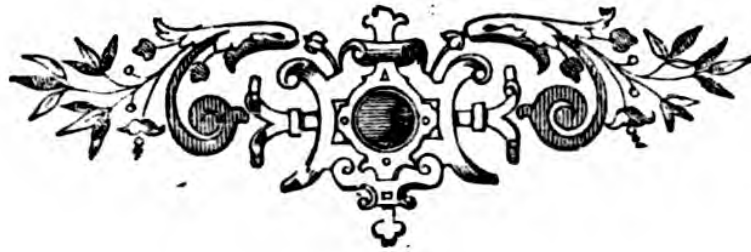
AN IRISH STORY.



THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY:
56, PATERNOSTER ROW, 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,
AND 164, PICCADILLY.

251 . g . 672 .



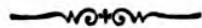


CONTENTS.



CHAP.	PAGE
I. THE MARBLE LADY	5
II. MISS GERTRUDE	14
III. ANDY AND HIS TEACHER	24
IV. WHAT THE DRINK DID	34
V. FOR THE MASTER'S SAKE	43
VI. BEYOND THE SKIES	54
VII. HOW THE LEGACY WAS PAID	59

LITTLE ANDY'S LEGACY.



CHAPTER I.

The Marble Lady.



MOTHER, dinna light the candle for a wee while yet."

"An' why do you be looking out into the dark, son?"

"Because the lights is coming into Miss Gertrude's windows, an' the Castle is beautiful shining through the trees."

Andy Macky, the shoemaker's crippled son, sat in the cottage window, which was his favourite station from the time

his mother dressed him each morning until twilight fell, and the candle had to be lighted and placed beside the bench where his father worked.

“You be to come down, dear,” said his mother; “for your father’s very throng at the present time, so the candle must be got at once. Phil Carrol an’ Ned Reilly’s coming for their boots to-night.”

“Let Andy stay where he is, woman,” called the shoemaker from his bench. “I’ll work the harder when I get the light. I wonder what he thinks he sees yonder,—more nor you an’ me can see, anyway.”

Macky got up, and leaned over his poor little son in the window. He was fonder of Andy, who was twelve years old, and looked like a child of four, than of Joe, James, Kate, or Mary, well-grown handsome children, fitted to make their humble way in the world.

“They’ll be doing for themselves

shortly," he used to say; "but I'll hae to work for my poor cripple as long as he lives."

"It beats all the conceit you hae in thon castle, Andy," said he, stroking the boy's clever, pinched face with his rough hand.

"Miss Gertrude lives in it, father Will I ever get over there? Will I ever get out o' this house?"

"Maybe I'd carry you out to the whin brae, an' lay you on the grass. See if I dinna;" and he emphasized his words with an oath.

"But I'll never get seeing the Castle, father, nor the gardens, nor the marble lady, nor the big trees wi' the herons' nests in them."

"I went there yesterday, Andy, wi' a pair o' boots for the coachman; an' sure enough it is a grand place. Them stables an' byres is just splendid; an' the kitchen's a big room twice the size o' this house."

"But you didna get seeing Miss Gertrude, nor the room where she lives?"

"No, dear, I did not : I wasna higher up nor the kitchen. Now, my wee man, we'll light the lamp, an' I'll go to my work."

Macky stitched industriously ; while Nancy poured the stirabout into five porringers for the children's supper. Joe, James, Kate, and Mary, hungry after running about all day, were seated on their stools at either side of the hearth, with outstretched hands ; but Andy shuffled slowly to his place beside his mother, and took his porringer without any eagerness.

"Did you bring in the goat, Joe?"

"Ay, mother, an' milked her too."

"That's my brave boy. Did you feed the birds, Kate?"

"I did, mother," replied the little girl, glancing towards a shelf above the door, where the cock and four hens were roosting.

“ Did you feed my hen, Kate ? ” asked Andy.

“ Ay ; sure she gets her pick wi’ the rest. Andy would like her to be getting more nor her share.”

There was a general laugh at Andy’s expense : the four healthy children were very fond of their crippled brother.

“ Now, childer, undress yoursels fast, an’ get into bed ; an’ I’ll help my wee Andy,” said Nancy.

The two boys climbed up the ladder to the loft where they slept ; while Kate, Mary, and Andy went to bed in a corner of the kitchen.

The Mackys had wandered about from parish to parish in search of work, never remaining long enough to become well known to the clergyman of the parish ; and the children had not attended any school long enough to learn to read.

They had come to Lisdillon in November, one of the periods when farmers in the north of Ireland change

their cottiers, and hire servants for the half-year ; and it was now April.

Macky had engaged to work when required on his master's farm, and Joe was hired as yard boy.

The farmhouse, stack-yard, and two cottier houses stood on the side of a mountain near the high-road, in the midst of cultivated fields ; and above the farm, to a great height, rose tracts of heather, broken here and there by masses of white stone.

More fields sloped down from the road to a large lake, on the farther shore of which was the Castle, embosomed in fir and sycamore plantations, where the young lady lived who so haunted little Andy's fancy. He had twice seen her riding past the cabin door, and she had smiled at him, noticing his tiny face at the window.

“ Will she ever speak to me ? ” he wondered. He had found out from a boy who came to have his boots patched,

that her name was "Miss Gertrude," and that she was his teacher in the Sunday-school.

Andy had no idea what a Sunday-school might mean: Sunday was just like other days to him; and he knew nothing about his heavenly Father, though familiar enough with God's name, which his parents used loudly and freely when excited either by anger or mirth.

"Will you rise now, son?" asked Nancy, next morning.

"Has my father had his breakfast?"

"Ay, son," said the shoemaker; "an' here's a piece I kept for you, wi' a taste o' sugar on it."

Andy ate the bread and sugar while leaning against his father's knee. "Which o' the birds is it that's cackling, mother?" he asked, "is it my hen?"

"Ay, sure," replied Nancy, having looked in the nest; "this is Daisy's egg, an' a brave big ane it is! That's three eggs now. See, I'm putting them in

this bowl on the left-hand side o' the dresser. We maun sell them, an' get you something nice wi' the money."

Andy crept to the window, and looked across the lake as usual.

The distant mountains were a pale blue, the nearer ones a brownish purple, and the Castle stood against a background of stately trees. He could see the gardens gay with spring flowers, the cherry trees covered with blossom, and the white figure on the lawn, holding a shell, from which she poured an endless stream of water into the fountain.

Some of the cottiers' children who played on the high-road had been close to this mysterious marble lady, but their descriptions did not satisfy Andy. The statue, gleaming white between the trees, always caught his eye, and filled him with a kind of awed curiosity.

The lake was fully half a mile across. In the rushes at its edge tall herons stood patiently watching for prey ; sea-

gulls floated on the water like a fleet of snow-balls, and plover and curlew, sailing high overhead, uttered their melancholy cry. It was a beautiful view, and Andy never grew tired of gazing at it.

“What are you thinking of?” asked Macky, looking at the boy’s intent face.

“I’m thinking that something good ’ill be coming to us frae the Castle some day,” replied the child.

“Do you hear him, Nancy? He’s aye saying that good ’ill come to us frae the Castle. Did any one ever hear tell o’ the like? What kind o’ good thing will it be, Andy? Will I get a cow or a horse? A donkey an’ cart would satisfy me.”

“I dinna know what it ’ill be, father.”

“A joint o’ beef an’ a plum pudding?” continued Macky, “will it be that?”

Andy was offended at his father’s raillery, and would not reply, but returned to his gazing out of the window.

CHAPTER II.

Miss Gertrude.



ANDY was carried out to the whin brae, where the goat was tethered, that very afternoon; and he lay there very happy, listening to the songs of larks, and watching the rabbits nibbling the short grass near him.

He suddenly heard the sound of horses trotting along the road, and his heart beat quicker, for he thought Miss Gertrude must be coming.

Yes, there she came riding her bay mare, and the groom following her.

She slackened her pace as she drew near the whin brae; but a flock of curlew

rose with a cry from the marshy patch of ground exactly at the other side of the hedge, and startled the mare. She shied, plunged, and threw her rider upon a heap of broken stones.

The accident happened so quickly that Andy scarcely realized it until he saw the groom dismount, and holding his own reins with his left hand, try to raise his young lady with the right.

“Are you hurt, miss?” he heard the man ask.

“Oh, yes, Dan! My arm is hurt,—I think it must be broken. Let me hold your arm with this hand, and I’ll try to get up.”

Andy saw her stand, apparently with difficulty, while she held the groom’s arm.

“I be to ride for help, miss,” said Dan; “an’ I wish I could get you over to the bank, but I canna leave go of the horse. There’s a wee boy on the brae yonder,—it’s a poor thing he wouldna offer to help you.”

Andy heard these words, and he called out, "Sure I'd be glad and proud to help Miss Gertrude, sir; but I canna travel a foot. My mother's out, but our Kate's in the house."

Kate, looked out at that moment, and seeing the group in the road, came over.

"Please help me to lie down on the bank," said the young, lady, faintly. She leaned on sturdy Kate's shoulder, and managed to climb up the brae to a smooth place pretty near Andy.

"Thank you," she whispered; "a glass of water, please."

Kate flew to fetch the most valued vessel their house contained—Andy's own mug, with a picture of King William at the Boyne on it, and filled it at the spring. Meanwhile a man working near the road had caught the bay mare, and Dan had galloped off for help.

So there Miss Gertrude, of whom Andy had been thinking so much, lay with closed eyes on the grass beside him.

“I’m better now,” she said, when she had finished all the water in the mug.

“I’m heart sorry I couldna run to help you, miss,—dear knows I am!” exclaimed the poor little fellow.

Gertrude looked at him attentively for the first time. “Ah,” she said, “I see you are lame.”

“He canna stand, miss; let alone travel,” put in Kate.

“But there’s *naething* I wouldna wish to do for you,” continued Andy; and there was an earnestness in his voice and manner that surprised Miss Gertrude.

“My poor boy, you are very kind to say so, and I am sorry you cannot walk. My arm is very painful! I hope they will come for me soon.” She closed her eyes again, and lay without speaking.

It seemed a long time to the children before the sound of wheels was heard, and Mrs. Montgomery and two servants came up the brae, and carried Gertrude to the phaeton which was on the road.

“The doctor will be at the Castle when we get there,” they heard them say.

Three days later, Gertrude lay on the sofa in the drawing-room, listening to her mother's reading, when her maid appeared at the door.

“Please, Miss Gertrude, Andy Macky's love, and he wishes to know how you are, and hopes you'll accept of three eggs from him.”

“Who is Andy Macky, Susan?”

“I think, miss, he is one of those children that was with you on the brae when the mistress an' me found you.”

“Indeed! My arm was paining me so much that I hardly looked at them; but I do remember a little cripple who made all kinds of apologies because he could not come to help me.”

“That's the very child, miss; his sister says he does nothing but talk about you, and he would not give her any peace till she came to ax what way you were.”

“Very curious, isn't it, mamma? May

I have the girl up here, to give her a message for my unknown little friend?"

"Certainly, my dear, if you like."

Kate came to the door, blushing and hesitating.

"Come in," said Gertrude, kindly. "Tell me who sent you to ask for me!"

"It was our Andy."

"Did Andy send me three eggs? and did he ask his mother for them?"

"No, miss," said Kate, struggling with her shyness; "Daisy—that's Andy's ain bird—laid them."

"So they are a present from himself?"

"Ay; he fleeced me to bring his mug too; but father said you'd grand cups to drink out of, an' you'd only be laughing at Andy's mug."

"No, indeed, I should not have laughed at it. Tell him I'm very much obliged to him for the eggs, and I'll have one of them for breakfast to-morrow; and give him my love,—he sent me his love, mamma, didn't he?—

and say I am much better. The very first time I am able to ride or drive, I'll pay him a visit on the brae. Here are cakes and oranges for you and him ; and, by the way, were there not some other children near us, when the phaeton came for me ?”

“ Ay, miss ; there was our James, an' Mary too.”

“ Well, we must send them something good also.”

* * * *

Gertrude was paying Andy her promised visit. She sat beside him on the brae ; while Dan drove the phaeton up and down the road.

Kate, James, and Mary watched the interview from the knoll where the goat was browsing,—the visit being to Andy, they did not like to come nearer.

Andy's weird, eager face was flushed with pleasure as he gazed intently at his visitor.

“ Why were you so sorry for me the

other day, Andy? And how did you know my name?" she asked, stroking his thin hand.

"I seen you riding past our house many's the time, an' I just liked you. I axed the boys along the road what they called you, an' they said it was Miss Gertrude."

"He's telling no lie, miss," said the mother, appearing beside them. "From the time we came here he was aye looking across at the Castle; an' after he found out that your ladyship lived in it, he looked the more. It beat all the conceit he had in you,—not that it was any wonder he'd like to look at a beautiful young lady like you."

"Has he always been a cripple?" asked Gertrude.

"Ay, miss, he was born that way: he never could put a foot under him; he can creep a wee along the floor on his hands an' knees. He'll be a burden all his days; but the father an' me doesna

grudge him his morsel ; an' it's allowed there's luck wi' a wean o' that kind."

This last remark let Gertrude see that Andy's mother was superstitious and ignorant. An idea that all deformed children were under the protection of the fairies prevailed among the more ignorant peasantry in Donegal.

"Don't you know who sent Andy to you? Don't you know whose will it was that he should be born a cripple, instead of a strong child, like his brothers and sisters?"

Nancy Macky looked stupid, and gave no answer.

"Andy, do you know who made you?"

Andy's large eyes grew troubled and wistful, but he said nothing.

"Oh, Mrs. Macky," cried Gertrude, distressed, "have you not taught the poor little fellow about God?"

"Deed, miss, I'm feared the childer hasna got much schooling. You see we ha' been moving from place to place,

where the father could get work. His last master lived in the parish o' Ray."

"Does the priest visit you?"

"It's the Church we belong to, miss—the Mackys was all Protestants."

"Did you, then, not take the children with you to church in your last parish?"

"I'll no tell you a lie, miss: he never had clothes himsel to go out; an' I had enough to do in the house wi' the childer."

"Then they know nothing!" Gertrude looked pitifully at Andy, and was silent. She absolutely started when her silence was broken by the child.

"Tell me about God," he said.

"Yes, yes, I will indeed! The morning of the day when I was thrown and got my arm broken, I prayed that God would graciously give me something to do for Him. This may be the answer to my prayer. Yes, dear child, I will tell you about God."

CHAPTER III.

Andy and his Teacher.



FOR six months Gertrude had ridden round the head of the lake two or three times a week to give Andy a lesson. He proved extremely intelligent, and had learned to read his large print Testament fluently, and better still, he had learned to know God. Seated beside him on the brae, Gertrude had spent many summer hours in granting his request that she would tell him about his heavenly Father.

She had found a family of heathens living in Christian Donegal,—in her own dear parish ; and it seemed to be the guidance of the Divine hand that led

her to illumine their spiritual darkness with the Word of God.

She had been told of the poor little cripple's love for her, and of his expectation, so often expressed, that something good was coming to him from the Castle.

"Something good," she repeated to herself,—"'Glad tidings of great joy!' The same good news that the angels brought the shepherds, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' This is the message I must take, that to him is born a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

She had told Mr. Hamilton, the rector of Lisdillon, of her discovery, and he had done all in his power to gain some hold upon the Mackys, but in vain. He was met with one excuse after another when he urged them to go to church, and send the children to school; and when every attempt to influence them had failed, he said to Gertrude, "I think, my dear, this work seems to

be yours, at least for the present." A fair face and winning manner had gained Andy's heart,—good gifts that Gertrude was to use in her Lord and Master's service.

Andy's mind expanded so rapidly as to startle her. Few boys of twelve in any rank of life would have asked the strange questions he did,—questions that she was sometimes puzzled how to answer.

"Does God love us all the same?" he asked, one day. "He made you so tall and beautiful;" and he looked up at her admiringly; "an' He made me so wee and sickly. You know my father says I'll never be fit to do a hand's turn for mysel."

"My dear boy," she replied, after a pause, "aren't you as happy and content all day as Joe, James, Kate, and Mary? They can run and play, to be sure, and you cannot stir; but then you have your books, and pleasant things to think

about that they know nothing of. Isn't that the case?"

"Ay, miss; I never think long, now I can read."

"So you see you have pleasures they have not. I might not have thought of teaching you to read if you had been strong like them; and perhaps you would have idled with Joe and James, and never have gone to school to learn about God."

"But poor Joe an' James must learn about God!" cried he, his large bright eyes filling with tears; "*I* be to teach them."

"Yes," replied Gertrude, her heart beating fast with joy and wonder; "yes, you may be able to teach them; and then what a blessing their crippled brother will have been to them!"

"You wouldna ha' come to learn me the way to heaven, miss, if I hadna been a poor wee crathure?"

"Probably not, Andy."

“Then it was good of God to make me the way I am.”

“When we leave this world, Andy, God will let us see the reason He had for all He did to us. Many people are very poor, you know; and many are sick, and some like you cannot walk. He will then tell them why He let them be afflicted.”

“Will I be wee in heaven?”

“You will have a new body then: our bodies will rise from the grave, and be made like our Saviour's body.”

“Thank you, Miss Gertrude, for telling me these things.”

There were sorrows in the cabin at this time which Gertrude did not guess. The very same thing that had lost Macky every place he had had, was likely to turn him out of Mr. Boak's. Whisky was the enemy that ruined the happiness of this home, just as it ruins that of so many.

While Joseph Macky kept sober he

was a hard-working man, and a good husband and father; but when he had a fit of drinking all was changed. Nancy and the children were in constant terror of blows; and they sometimes had not money enough to buy the coarsest food.

“The master wants you to give a hand at the threshing mill to-morrow, Joseph,” said his wife, one night when he staggered in from the public-house at Lisdillon, and threw himself on his bench. This was the sixth evening that he had returned home in this state, and Mrs. Macky gave a piteous look at his heap of unfinished work.

“Let him want me!” replied Joseph.

“But I said you’d go.”

“How dare you, you——” He poured forth a volley of oaths, and the children shrank into a corner.

Their mother would have remained silent if she had been prudent; but she was sorely grieved and angry at his throwing away this place also.

“You maun go, Joseph,” she said; “sure the master says he’ll put us out o’ this house if you dinna work as often as he wants you; an’ sure that’s what’s always happening to you, you poor ill-doing fellow.”

The words were hardly out of her lips before Macky caught up a heavy boot, and flung it at her with all his force.

She fell, and lay moaning, with her head very near the embers.

“Help her, Joe!” cried Andy, who had been looking on in helpless agony.

“Oh, there’s a big cut on her head! See the way it’s bleeding! An’ I canna go lift her!”

Andy’s crying was the first thing that seemed to sober his father. He looked at the sobbing boy, shaking his head at him; and then, giving the poor woman a push with his foot, he staggered into the next room, and fell heavily upon the bed.

The four children who were able to move got water and bathed their mother’s

head; and after a time she crept into bed beside Andy and the little girls; but all night long Andy heard her moaning, and caressed her with his feeble hand.

“What ha’ you for breakfast, Nancy?” asked Macky, next morning.

It was long past the hour when the farmer had expected him at the threshing mill. It was likely they would have notice to leave at November, just as they had been turned out of many a good place before.

“Is it breakfast, Joseph?” asked the poor woman, feebly; “deed, not much, for it’s a fortnight since you gave me one halfpenny.”

“Did you drink the ten shillings you got frae Reilly, Friday was eight days, father?” inquired Andy.

Macky looked round at the cripple, and answered quite gently, “Ay.”

“An’ the money McMahan paid you too?”

“Ay, did I, every penny of it.”

He never was angry with Andy, who said things to him that the others did not dare to say.

“Look at my mother's black eye, an' the sore cut you gave her on her head.”

“She shouldna ha' meddled wi' me, my man,—she should ha' let a sleeping dog lie.”

“But you're nae dog, father. You're a man wi' a soul to be saved.”

“What's that, Andy? That'll be some o' the fine things Miss Gertrude's learning you;” and Macky laughed.

“It's written in the Word of God, father, that drunkards 'ill be shut out o' heaven. I dinna wish to be in heaven an' *you* shut out;” and great tears rolled down Andy's pale, hollow cheeks.

“There's nane o' us going to heaven yet a while; so you needna be crying that way,” said Macky, more gravely.

“But I wish you could get there, father; an' poor mother, an' the childer too: that's what makes me cry, that I'm

afared you're no in the way to go to heaven."

"What were you whispering about 'father,' just now when I came in?"

"I was putting up a prayer to my Father in heaven, for my dear father on earth."

"Faix an' troth, boy, I'm no a good father to you: sure I didna gie you a penny o' my earnings this while back?"

"That's true, father; but you're aye kind an' good to Andy: sure you'll still work for your child that'll never be fit to earn his ain bread?"

Macky drew his sleeve across his eyes. "I'll no hinder you, Andy; pray away," he said; "an' there's four shillings left; take them an' keep them. I wouldna gie them to any one in the house but yoursel."

CHAPTER IV.

What the Drink did.



WHEN Joe appeared at his work after breakfast, Mr. Boak asked where his father was.

“Please, sir, he’s sick,” replied the boy.

“Sick, indeed! Drunk again, more likely, ill-doing fellow that he is! But go on with your work, boy; I needn’t scold *you*.”

“What ails Macky, that he didn’t come to his work at six o’clock with the rest of you?” he asked, turning to Carrol, the other cottier, who was leading the horses at the threshing mill.

“He’s been drinking constant since Friday was eight days, Mr. Boak. Him

an' Paddy Byrne was served with summonses last night. That's the sixth time the sergeant has him summoned since he came to the parish."

"He'll soon be out o' this, then. No man 'ill get stopping in my house that won't work when I want him."

Carrol cracked his whip, and went on with a well-pleased smile. He wished to have his brother-in-law in the other cottier house.

"Carrol seems to think it's Macky that's been making away with the oats," thought Mr. Boak, as he walked about the farm-yard, keeping his eye upon the labourers. He had for some time suspected some one was pilfering his oats.

Macky, however, was not the thief in this instance; but the drunkard is at the mercy of slanderous tongues: he has parted with his fair character, and is not readily believed when he asserts his innocence of any evil-doing.

Just as poor Andy hoped he had made

some impression upon his father, Paddy Byrne, his boon companion, came sauntering past the house, and looked in at the window.

"Dinna go wi' him, father, dear," pleaded Andy, as he saw his father take his hat; "stop here an' finish the boots an' keep out o' Scanlon's for this once."

"Mind your book, and dinna bother your head about me," replied Macky, leaving the house.

"You did all you could, dear," sighed Nancy, who crouched by the fireside, leaning her bruised and aching head against the wall.

The next sound they heard was the trotting of a horse.

"Miss Gertrude's early to-day, mother," observed Andy.

"Oh, what'll I do, anyway? I'd think shame to let the lady see me the way I am; she'd ax what cut my head. I'll go an' lie down in the room, an' you'll tell her I'm awa to Lisdillon."

Six months ago Andy would have obeyed his mother with pleasure, but a great change had taken place in all his thoughts. Miss Gertrude had taught him that a lie is hateful in God's sight; and to please his Lord and Master was now his whole desire: he obeyed "as seeing Him who is invisible."

"Maybe," he thought, "she willna ax for mother; but if she does I canna tell a lie."

Gertrude was sorry to perceive that her little pupil had been crying, and did not welcome her as cheerfully as usual. She asked if he was in pain.

"My back's aye a wee sore, miss, an' I think it *is* worse this week past. Tell me about that good place where there is no more pain."

She sat down near the window, and began to talk in simple language of the land "where the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick."

What she told Andy had been known

to herself since she was able to lisp at her mother's knee. She could not realize the force with which it possessed his mind, breaking upon him like a glorious vision, shutting out his squalid, melancholy home, and making him forget his pain and weariness. While she spoke he looked away across the fields, where sea-gulls alighted in snowy flocks beside the plough; across the blue lake, rippling and sparkling in the breeze, to the Castle which had once been his ideal of all beauty, with its firs where the herons built, and its white statue gleaming between the trees; and he did not see the beautiful picture. He only, with faith's clear vision, saw "the King in His beauty, and the land that is very far off."

"May I do what I like wi' the picture o' the lady riding that you gave me?" he asked, when Miss Gertrude had ceased speaking.

"Certainly; it is your own property."

"Because Joe has a great conceit in

it, an' I think he'd let me begin to learn him his letters if I'd gie him the picture."

"Do give it, then: it would be an excellent plan."

"I'd wish them all to get to heaven, Miss Gertrude," he continued, wistfully; "an' if I can only get them learned to read the Word of God, they can find out the way there when I'm gone. Poor Joe is a kind boy, an' whiles he lets me tell him the things you tell me."

"Why do you think you may soon be gone, my dear child?" asked Gertrude, with a strange pain at her heart. She had insensibly grown very fond of her pupil; and she looked at his tiny misshapen body, and weird, expressive face, and saw that his eyes were larger and brighter, and his cheeks more hollow than when she began to teach him. Was his large mind wearing out his shrunken frame? How fast he had learned the way to heaven! How simply he had learned to cling to Jesus!

“I cannot bear to part with him,” she thought; and then she repeated her question, “Why do you think that you will soon be gone?”

Andy could not explain why. “If it wasna for leaving my father an’ mother an’ the childer, miss, I’d be quare an’ glad to depart an’ be wi’ Christ,” he said; “sure it was you tould me that that wad be ‘far better?’ You’ll be coming after me to Him; but I wish our ones wad be coming too!”

A few evenings later, when Mr. Montgomery came home to dinner, his wife and daughter as usual asked him to give them a sketch of the parish annals. He was a good landlord and energetic magistrate, and prided himself upon having only respectable tenants and cottiers on his estate. There were two public-houses in the village of Lisdillon, much to his regret; but he did his utmost to discourage drinking.

“That new cottier of Boak’s was

brought before me again to-day," he said ; " I fined him eighteen shillings for resisting the police when he was drunk and disorderly. I think Boak means to get rid of him at November ; and a very good thing it will be. I don't like people of that stamp to settle in the parish."

" What people ? I do not believe I know whom you mean," said Mrs. Montgomery.

" Macky is the name : he is a shoemaker, and lives in one of those cottages of Boak's just above the road. He has been there since last November."

" Why, Gertrude, is not that your little cripple's father ?"

" Indeed, yes, mamma, I am sorry to say ; I fear my poor Andy has a miserable home."

" All Macky's wages must go in fines : he is continually coming before us—he and that worthless fellow Byrne."

" Nice pets you have, Gertrude, I must say !" remarked her brother.

“I assure you, Macky is no pet of mine, Reginald; but I am very fond of my poor dwarf, who is a genius. I never before was so interested in any one.”

“That’s what you always say of each new ragamuffin you and Mr. Hamilton choose to magnify into a prodigy. Why don’t you encourage the respectable people in the parish?”

Gertrude was too shy to speak of the bond that united her to Andy. She was diligent, but not yet bold in Christ’s service.



CHAPTER V.

For the Master's Sake.



THE first days of November had come, and Andy's strength declined with the waning year. Gertrude, riding towards the village one day, met the doctor on his daily rounds.

"I have examined that cripple at the shoemaker's, as you requested," he said.

"Well, doctor, what do you think of him?"

"He is sinking fast, poor fellow! I shall be surprised if he last until next month."

"Ah, what a sad thing!"

"Nay, my dear young lady, you must not regret him; he would have had a

life of suffering. It is never to be desired that these deformed children should reach manhood. But I scarcely wonder that he has interested you. He is unusually intelligent."

"He has a miserable home."

"Yes, a worthless lot his people seem to be."

"They are noticed to leave their house on the twelfth of this month, Dr. Hartley, and they cannot find a lodging anywhere; but even if they could get one I fear it would be bad for Andy to be moved."

"Bad for him? I should think so, indeed; it would hasten his death to a certainty."

"I wonder," said Gertrude, meditatively, "if any one could soften Mr. Boak's heart, and induce him to let them stay."

"Well, Miss Gertrude, he's a dour old fellow; but if any one could soften him it would be yourself, I fancy."

The doctor drove on, and Gertrude,

after riding slowly for a few minutes, lost in thought, turned her pony's head towards the well-known road by the lake. The mountains frowned in grandeur, chill blasts swept down their defiles, and rushed howling over the lake, which was now grey and stormy. Withered leaves were whirled along the road, and plover and curlew screamed the requiem of the dead summer. Gertrude shivered, and urged her pony into a canter. She had made up her mind to do what was very difficult and disagreeable to her,—to appeal to Mr. Boak on Andy's behalf.

As she rode into the yard, she sent a swift petition heavenwards, imploring aid in her mission.

Joe was the first person she saw.

"Where is Mr. Boak, Joe?"

"In the house, miss."

"Will you hold the pony while I go to see him?"

She hurried into the house, glad to secure a private interview. There was

a bright turf-fire burning in the snug parlour, and there Mr. Boak joined her. He was a tenant of Mr. Montgomery, and would be inclined to please his landlord's daughter ; but Gertrude shrank from meddling with matters that did not concern her.

“Good morning, Miss Gertrude,” he said, politely ; “it is an honour to have a visit from you.”

“I come on a begging expedition, Mr. Boak ; I am going to ask you to do me a very great favour.”

His long hard face relaxed, and looked almost benevolent as he replied, “Well, miss, I'm sure anything I can give, up to a few shillings ——”

“Oh, Mr. Boak, I am not going to ask for money ; the favour is of another and much greater kind. That poor cripple, Andy Macky, is not likely to live many weeks ; and I am told you have given his father notice to quit your house on the twelfth.”

At the name Macky, the smile died out of Mr. Boak's face, and he looked stern and displeased.

"I don't like to refuse your father's daughter anything; but you must not ask me to keep Macky. You cannot know his character, or you would not speak for him."

"It is for the sick boy's sake I ask you to let them stay if possible. Have you hired a man in Macky's place yet?"

"No, Miss Gertrude; but I must refuse you, though it's sorry I am to do it. I've lost more by that drunken fellow than I ever did by a man yet. No matter what press of work I had on the farm, I never was able to reckon on him; and I don't think he's honest, though I haven't brought any thieving home to him yet."

"Would you give him one more trial if he were to promise faithfully not to touch whisky again?"

"Him promise! Why, he has made

me two or three promises, and broken them all. The man's utterly worthless,—an ill-doing fellow. I'm sorry to deny you, Miss Gertrude. I wish it had been money you had asked me for."

"Dear Mr. Boak, if you had already promised the house to any one, I would not say a word more; but do think of that dying boy. The doctor says his death would be hastened if he were moved; and indeed they cannot find a shelter in the whole parish."

"Mr. Montgomery has two empty houses, to my certain knowledge; but he wouldn't be very willing to let a fellow like Macky into one of them."

This was so true that Gertrude coloured crimson.

"But even if I could coax papa to give the Mackys a house, Mr. Boak, Dr. Hartley says it might kill Andy to move him. All I ask is that you will let them stay while he lives, and only that if Macky promises to keep sober."

“I’m sure I wish I could oblige you, Miss Gertrude.”

There was a touch of irresolution in his tone that encouraged Gertrude to try once more. “I am asking a great deal, Mr. Boak. If you grant my request, do it for Christ’s sake. Show charity and mercy for our merciful Saviour’s sake. Andy is His child; and the day will come when the Lord may say to you, ‘I was a stranger, and you took Me in: forasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me.’”

She had at last appealed to Mr. Boak’s strongest feeling. A softness came into his keen grey eyes as he replied, “At that day, Miss Gertrude, the Lord will say to you, ‘I was naked, and ye clothed Me; sick, and ye visited Me.’ Ay, I’ll give Macky another trial, and I’ll do it for the Lord’s sake.”

“And He will bless you, Mr. Boak,” cried she, taking his hard hand into both

her slender ones. "Let me thank you for listening to me so patiently and kindly."

Never had Gertrude seen the Mackys so dejected. The shoemaker was working at his bench. Nancy was bustling at the fireplace; and Andy greeted his friend from the depths of a large basket-chair near the hearth.

"Have you heard of a house yet?" asked Gertrude.

"No, miss; there's nane but his honour's twa houses in Lisdillon, an' the bailiff says he doesna wish to let them; and Andy's that far through that he couldna go in a cart now."

The mother sobbed, and Macky drew his coat sleeve across his eyes. Like Gertrude, they had been blind to the change in him for a long time, but they now knew that his days were numbered.

Andy's large head and shrunken body looked more weird than usual. He

turned his brilliant eyes upon Gertrude, and stretched out a tiny hand, grown so thin as to resemble a claw. The soul, precious jewel, was soon to leave its unlovely casket.

“Will you give your word not to taste spirits again?” asked Gertrude.

Nancy answered before her husband had time to speak. “He hasna tasted a drop since the last time his honour fined him; but that’s nae use now, for we’ll be on the world this day eight days.”

“Perhaps not. I’ve been asking Mr. Boak to let you stay in this house as long as Andy lives; and he agrees to do so if you keep sober. So, Macky, it rests with yourself now.”

“God bless you, miss!” cried the astonished man. “Is that true?”

“Quite true.”

“Nancy, do you hear? Did you ever know the like of this lady’s goodness?”

“Will you promise, Macky?”

“Ay, miss, I will! God knows I ha’

been a bad father to my poor cripple and them all."

* * * * *

"You don't mean to say that you got round Boak, and made him agree to let Macky remain?" said Reginald Montgomery that night at dinner. "You are cleverer than I thought you."

Gertrude smiled, and played with her bouquet.

"Not cleverer than I thought her; I was always convinced that Gertrude's pleading might melt the stoutest heart. She has gained another chance for that whole family," said Mr. Hamilton.

"I don't know that she deserves any thanks from the parish, though, for settling a black sheep like Macky upon it," said Mr. Montgomery from the foot of the table.

"Dear papa, he may reform altogether; he promises fair."

"The promise of a drunkard!" exclaimed he, scornfully.

“We are in the minority,” remarked Mr. Hamilton, when the conversation became general; “but you and I must hope in Macky’s sincerity. I called there to-day, and for the first time did not meet with a repulse. They all knelt while I prayed with Andy. You have been privileged, dear Gertrude, to do a great work, and it will not cease with that child’s life. The wanderers who have acknowledged no God, and belonged to no parish, may yet be our Master’s true servants, and ornaments to Lisdillon.”

“I hope that. Poor Andy has had to leave his seat in the window. You remember I told you he spent hours looking at the Castle; and I only lately discovered that it has been his strong wish to come over here and see our Undine and other things that have impressed his imagination. Poor fellow, if I had known his wish sooner, I could have taken our boat across for him.”

CHAPTER VI.

Beyond the Skies.



IT was Christmas Eve, and Andy lingered still. He could not sit in the basket-chair now, he was always in bed. The cabin had a more comfortable air than formerly. Macky was working steadily and keeping sober, and his earnings and Joe's wages were quite enough to furnish plenty of firing and wholesome food.

James had been hired on the twelfth of November, and was expected home every moment to spend his Christmas.

Andy was the first to hear his step. "There he is," said he, trying to raise himself a little.

The little boy looked clean and rosy.

“Give him a wee taste o’ that nice cake Miss Gertrude brought me, mother,” said Andy.

“Are they good to you, James?” asked the mother, bringing out the cake.

“Ay, mammy; the master teaches me my lesson every night when the work’s over, an’ we’re sitting at the fire. It’s the book Andy bestowed on me he’s teaching me.”

Andy’s eyes brightened as he listened. “Do you say so, James? An’ me lamenting when you went to Mr. Hall, because I thought you’d forget what I taught you! Surely, the Lord is good!”

“It’s kind o’ the master, certainly,” said Macky; “an’ I’ll no fault the book-learning any more.”

“The three girls is very good to me too,” continued James. “Jane takes me wi’ her to the Sunday-school; an’ Martha brushes my jacket, and pins on my handkerchief; an’ Ann (she’s the good ane, mammy), she combs my hair, an’

she gave me twa collars. If you gie me a ha'p'orth o' lozenges, I'll tak' ane o' them to Ann. Why is Andy no speaking, an' why does he look that way?"

"Poor Andy's very far through."

"Sure he's not going to die!" cried James, "we canna let Andy die!"

At that moment the latch was lifted, and Miss Gertrude came in. One look at her pupil told her he had not long to live. The colour which his joy at seeing James had brought to his sunken cheeks was gone, and he looked ghastly.

Gertrude took a bottle of wine out of her basket, and pouring some into the mug with King William on it, held it to Andy's lips.

"Thank you, miss," he whispered; "I can speak a wee now. Thank you for teaching me about Jesus."

"Rest a while, Andy, before you say any more."

His mother got upon the bed, and held the poor wasted form against her

breast. Macky came near, and stood with his eyes fastened on the dying boy, and Gertrude sat close to the bed, while the awed children crowded round.

“Miss Gertrude,” said Andy, “last Christmas I didna know that I had a Saviour, Christ the Lord. I know it now, God bless you for telling me! I am going to Him.”

“Are you happy, my dear boy?”

“Ay, if it wasna that my poor father an’ mother an’ the childer doesna know Jesus yet.”

“Whisht, whisht, my dear!” sobbed Macky. “I canna let you go.”

“The childer is na right teached yet, Miss Gertrude,” continued Andy. “James has a good master that’s learning him to read the Word of God; but there’s Joe an’ Kate an’ Mary knows their letters, an’ I wished to tell them what you told me, only I hadna the time: I’d ha’ wished to live a wee longer just for that. Miss Gertrude, you’ll—you’ll ——”

He stopped short, gasping for breath.

“What do you want me to do, dear Andy?”

“Tell them what you told me. Teach them to know Jesus, and the way to heaven.”

“I will, indeed; I promise,” she replied. “I am going from home this evening for a fortnight, and must leave you now. Shall I pray?”

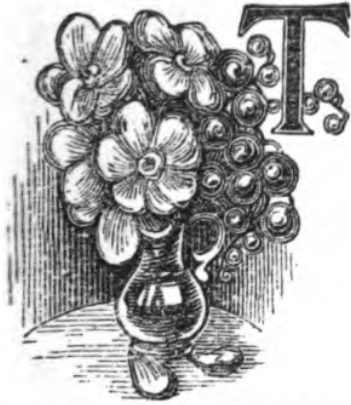
She sank upon her knees beside the bed, while the parents and children knelt round her, and committed the dying pupil whom she was about to leave to his Saviour. Her words were interrupted by sobs. She had not guessed until then how very deep was the affection with which Andy had inspired her.

“Lord, bless him! Lord Jesus, be with him!” she murmured, pausing at the door to look at him for the last time.

His eyes followed her, and he spoke again distinctly. “The childer, Miss Gertrude, I leave them to you.”

CHAPTER VII.

How the Legacy was Paid.



TWENTY years passed over the parish of Lisdillon. The Castle still stood in its stately beauty among tall fir trees on the border of the lake, and the Undine appeared, less white, indeed, but mysterious as ever to children who lived in Mr. Boak's cottier houses.

Mr. Boak was now an old man, not always able to walk to the parish church at the head of the lake.

One Sunday in May, 1878, he ordered his car to be brought to the farmhouse door. "I must go out this day, at any rate," said he to his servants, "for Mrs. Vernon, that's Miss Gertrude that was, came home from Australia last week, and she'll surely be at the church."

He lingered in the churchyard when service was over, till he saw a middle-aged lady and a young girl cross the grassy mounds, and stand before a moss-grown headstone that bore the name of Andy Macky, and the date 1858. In the lady he recognised the girl who had once bidden him show mercy for Jesus' sake ; and he felt that he had a right to join her beside that grave.

With her hand upon the stone she stood gazing across the lake to the hills with scattered farmhouses nestling beneath them. Every feature in the extensive landscape was dear to her. The waves, the mountains, the trees were unchanged in twenty years, though the beloved congregation that used to fill the grey building behind her had removed, some having heard the invitation, "Friend, come up higher ;" others having joined congregations in foreign lands.

She was telling the younger Gertrude

the story of Andy's bequest when Mr. Boak reached her side.

There was a warm greeting; and with tears in her eyes she looked at the old farmer, and held his trembling hand.

"I meant to visit you to-morrow, Mr. Boak, and to bring my daughter Gertrude to see you. You and I are left, and so many we loved are gone."

"To a better place, I hope, Mrs. Vernon."

"Your daughter, my dear father and mother, Mr. Hamilton, and so many of the villagers; why, Mr. Boak, I looked round the church and scarcely saw a single face I knew. I was very rash to risk the pain of a return to Lisdillon. My brother, however, insisted on my coming; and Gertrude was anxious to see her mother's early home."

"Don't be sorry for coming, ma'am; there's plenty in Lisdillon still that'll be glad to see you."

"It is very pleasant to see you, at any

rate, Mr. Boak ;” and she gave him her hand again. “ I have been telling Gertrude how kind you were to Andy’s father, and I want you to finish the story of his family. I had got as far as where he followed me to the door with his dying eyes, and said, ‘ Teach the childer about Jesus ; I leave them to you.’ ”

“ Ay, ma’am, an’ well you did what he asked you to do.”

“ For a year after his death,” she continued, really looking into the past, though she seemed to gaze at the cottier houses on the mountain ; “ for a whole year I went twice a week to teach a class in that house. The parents and children were my pupils ; and besides learning to read the Bible, I think they learned what Andy wanted them to know. I think the Holy Spirit taught them about Jesus. Then I married, and went to Australia, and left that work to others. Please finish the story. How long did the Mackys remain in your house ? ”

“As long as they stayed in Lisdillon. When Macky became a sober, industrious man, there was no reason why he should not remain with me; and Joe was a useful good boy. Mr. Hamilton began to visit them regular after you went away. He got them all out to church and school; their place was never empty, winter or summer, wet or dry; and he always had his cottage-lecture in their house.

“From being the worst people in the parish, they turned out to be the best; and when Joe went to Philadelphia, and sent for the father and mother and Kate, Mr. Hamilton and his honour, Mr. Montgomery, and myself was all sorry to lose them. But the year before they went you had sent for James and Mary.”

“Yes,” she replied; “we wanted a respectable shepherd and a washer-woman at Terrible Vale, and it struck me that I should like to have servants out from home; and then I recollected Andy’s bequest, and persuaded my hus-

band to let me have James and Mary. I know they are both in the narrow way which will lead them to meet Andy."

"Oh, yes," interrupted the younger Gertrude, who had been silent hitherto; "we have left our work to them, Mr. Boak. James is to conduct the Sunday services while papa is in England (you know we are thirty miles from a church); and his wife and Mary and her husband will teach in our Sunday-school for the settlers' children. You said, mamma," turning eagerly to her mother, "that you were quite satisfied to leave our people in such good hands."

Mrs. Vernon gathered a sprig of speedwell off the grave, and laid it between the leaves of her prayer-book, saying softly as they turned away, "When we meet I shall be able to tell Andy that I kept my promise."



4

1

1000

1000

