

you give me a glass of whiskey now? I think I have earned it."

"Yes, yes, of course, Doctor, but come in here, I want to talk to you," replied the farmer, leading the way into his own room and carefully closing the door.

"Look here, Doctor, I don't think you quite understand what you have done!



HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE BARMAN.

Wully is the pride of my life, and the joy of my heart! I know enough to understand that, but for you and your prompt treatment, my Wully would have gone from me for ever!"

"Tut, tut, Mr. McLeod, it is nothing! I only acted as any other medical man would have acted. You can just give me a guinea—that's our fee—and there is no more to be said about it."

"Certainly, certainly!" said McLeod, as he dragged out a fat pocket book, extracted from it a pound note and a shilling, and handed them to the Doctor. "There, that is done, but don't think that any payment will satisfy me, Doctor. I want to show my gratitude in a better way than that. I want—I want"—he hesitated, and the wretched figure before him smiled and looked down at his soiled rags.

"I understand. You wish to save me from drink. Don't be afraid to say it—but it's no good. I know myself better than you do."

"Yes," hastily returned McLeod, "that is what I want to do. And I will, too, with God's help! This shall be your home, and we will all help to save you from yourself, if you will only let us try. Do give us this chance of shewing our gratitude to you and Almighty God!" As he spoke, he raised his eyes, dim with unshed tears, to Heaven. The wretched tramp's heart was full as he glanced at the old man and stretched out his hand.

"There is my hand, Mr. McLeod, as sure as my name is Ned Padget, you are the first who has spoken a kind word to me for years."

"What? Is your name Edward Somerville Padget?"

"Yes, that certainly is my name. How did you know?" cried the waif in astonishment.

"The hand of the Almighty is in this," reverently replied McLeod. "Why, man, you have been advertised for in the *Witness* for weeks past! You are entitled to a considerable sum of money which a Dunedin lawyer is ready to pay you on your identity being established. Now you can take up your abode with us without feeling you are beholden to us, though God knows you would be welcome in any case. There is a new life opening for you, Doctor, if you will only grasp it. God be thanked!"

"I do believe it," said the Doctor, deeply moved. "To-morrow is Christmas Day, and I feel there is indeed a new life for me after to-morrow. I'll call and see you early in the morning, Mr. McLeod, but I must go