

and do nothing, it is worse to work and be hungry at the same time. The latter was Sonny's case pretty often. He had to be up before five in the morning to milk the cows, and take the milk to the factory before nine o'clock, and do other jobs as well. Then off to school, from which he returned about three in the afternoon. It was time to get the cows in again as soon as he had chopped the wood, and drawn some water. After milking, tea, after tea, a weary scramble through lessons, and then he was fit for nothing but bed. However, he comforted himself with the thought: "It's only for a time. Dad's sure to get work, sooner or

wonder that Sonny developed first a cold, and then a cough. But this was such a natural and everyday occurrence that no notice was taken of it, except that Mrs. Lorten put a large mustard poultice on him one night, which took all the skin off his poor chest. She also administered daily a huge tablespoonful of home-made cough mixture, a peculiarly sickening medicine which Sonny took patiently for a time, and then rebelled.

"I won't take another drop," he declared. "Yer can dose the kid if yer must dose some one! My cough'll go if yer leave it alone."

So the days passed by, and at length there came a letter from Dick Lorten, saying he had got some work, and though the wages were not very good, there was a chance of their improving.

This piece of news roused Sonny from the apathy into which he was falling. Perhaps, after all, there would in time be an end to the eternal round of cow-spanking, school, and getting up when he didn't want to. All these things, which he had once accepted as a mere matter of course, were somehow very wearisome to him now. Perhaps it was because his head was always aching, and often every bone in his body as well. His cough had not gone, although it had certainly been let alone, and his arms and legs seemed longer than ever.

But after dad's letter, Sonny roused up a bit, and his work appeared a little less burdensome.

Then Dick wrote again, saying he had now a prospect of steady work and good wages, so he was coming back to sell the place and take them all up to Auckland.

Sonny's delight was unbounded, though his only remark was: "A thunderin' good job! The sooner we clear out of this hole the better!"

A long and dismal week followed, with almost incessant rain. Sonny generally got wet through in the morning, and remained more or less so all day. All his old aches and pains returned with redoubled force. Each day seemed longer in passing than the preceding one. But still he stuck bravely to his post. He would not give in till dad came



later, and then we'll all clear out of this beastly hole!"

But dad seemed a long time coming, and winter began to put in an unwelcome appearance.

Now to sit out in the pouring rain milking, with no shelter, for more than an hour, is certainly not a very pleasant occupation. Yet Sonny had to do it, again and again, for a cow shed was an unknown luxury on their little section. With an old sack over his head and shoulders, in lieu of an oilskin, he was out in all weathers, for cows have to be milked, whatever happens. It was little