

'So he was. The harvest—the wages day, Mary. A man struggles on when he thinks of the pay, however hard the work is.'

'I wish it was as easy to keep one's mind on the Great Harvest Day—the Judgment Day. John, I'm bound to say I sometimes envy our little lad sitting over his Bible picture-book, and never doubting, since he's a baptised child of God, that he'll be on the right hand of the Lord on that day. "With the sheep, mammy," says he, "the Lord Jesus will know me, since I'm His little child."'

'The young 'uns do seem to have the best of it sometimes, Mary, I own. They've got faith, you see.'

'Yes, they take things so simple and innocent. I used to tell the neighbours, "It's all for the best," when they lost a little one; it seems so much safer for them to die before they have done any great sin. But, says the Vicar one day, "They die, too, before they can do any work for God."'

'Ay, there's something in that. Do you remember that young cabman, Marks, dying, Mary; up our mews? A gentle, kind sort of fellow: his horse would follow him about like a dog. Well, he had queer fancies, but some of them seemed as if they came straight from heaven. One day, when you sent me with a bit of pudding to him as he lay in bed, he got on this matter of little children dying. I think it was the next-door baby that was ill. "Well," says he, "I hope it will get better." "Do you?" says I; "hadn't it best die innocent?" He looks out of the window up into the sky. Then he says, considering like, "I've read somewhere as the Lord, perhaps, lets the spirits

of the blessed dead come back to earth on messages of mercy, but He keeps the spirits of the children always in heaven—such work is not for babes. Now that must be a loss," says he. Well, of course, I'd nothing to answer him. "I long to serve God," says he very earnest.

'Well, and he did serve God, John, short as his life was. Why, how he used to toil to the Sunday school, with his short breath, and the boys so tiresome!'

'Yet they were fond of him. Big Tom has never been so rough since his death.'

'No, that he ain't. If I could be sure of our boy, now, growing up like Marks I wouldn't mind. But there's such temptations always waiting for lads.'

'So there is, Mary, so there is. But didn't you hear to-night, there would be no credit in being good if we had no choice. We ain't trams on a line; we can drive our carts to left or right as we like, or even turn back from the right road if we're so minded. We must teach the boy that; and show him how to keep off bad places and bad companions, that he may keep himself pure to please the Lord. Of course he'll be tempted, but if he resists, why it's something done on the Lord's side. Wasn't that how the Vicar put it, Mary?'

'Yes, John, you've got it all fair enough. I shan't soon forget this night's sermon. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. It gives one a lift on the road. Well, we've all got to struggle on a bit, I suppose.'

'Yes, and we'll help each other when we can, my girl. Well, here we are at our own door all safe. I'll fetch the boy from Mrs. White's while you coax up the fire.'

### Feeling His Hand.

**D**ON'T say that, mate! Don't say it looks as if God doesn't heed what goes on in the world, because you can't just see Him with your earthly eyes. I'm older than some of you, and I'd like to tell you a queer

sort of story out of my life. I guess you'll think differently after you've heard it.'

I was a young man of four-and-twenty, living with my mother and brother, and working in a large firm where I had always regular employment and good pay. I was