

"Indeed, sir, you say true, it's a fine thing to think that we may help towards having the old church again for service; it's little enough I can give, but He knows," and he raised his cap reverently as he spoke, "that I would give more if I could; there's nothing I can ever do that will thank Him for all He's done for me; sah, sir, I can't speak grand and tell you all I feel in big words, like the gentle-folk, but I wish I could say how grateful I am to you for all you have done for me." The honest eyes were blurred for a moment, but the priest's words were so sympathising and earnest that he knew he was understood, for his simple words had gone straight to Mr. Efyot's heart.

"Dan, don't thank me for having been the means through God's grace to bring you to your Saviour—thank Him, He knows how thankful you are to Him for having forgiven all your past neglect of Him, and welcomed you to rest and peace, blotting out your sins with His own Blood."

They said little more after that; but

Fisher Dan pondered over the priest's words as he sat in the sunshine, the little village lying so still and quiet, the only sound breaking the silence being the murmur of the waves as they came rolling up the beach, leaving masses of red sea-weeds on the white sands. He soon finished the net he was mending, and then he turned into his little cottage with its neatly-sanded floor, and rude but cleanly contents. Over the mantelpiece, which was high set in the walls, was hung a little black bag, which he took down, and seating himself in the sill of the one window, he emptied the contents in his hand. There were but a few shillings, and they had been his savings towards buying himself a pair of strong boots; but he glanced down at his old ones, and said to himself: "They'll do yet a bit, if I patch 'em here and there, and I will give this to the Church; maybe God 'll shew me the way to do more for Him, for this is little enough."

(To be continued.)

## OCTOBER.

'O Naxva seems so bright  
A blessing, small or great, as just before  
It leaves us, and for ever takes its flight,  
To visit us no more.

Most beautifully the Sun  
Lights up the purple hill and grassy plain,  
At evening; when, his glorious duty done,  
He sinks to rest again.

So Autumn's golden brown  
Is grander far than Summer's noonday pride;  
Richer the tints she weaves into her crown  
Than those of fair-Springtide:

We have been waiting long  
To garner in the treasures of the year;  
And now the corn waves ripe, the harvest song:  
Is borne upon our ear.

The stalwart reaper cleaves;  
With shining sickle, now the mellow main;  
The merry lasses gaily bind the sheaves,  
Where falls the golden grain.

The Summer blossoms fleet,  
The pimpernel and rose died long ago;  
But 'mid the waving ferns the "meadow-sweet"  
And trailing "bindweed" grow.

The woodlands on the hill  
Are silent now; the nightingale has fled,  
The lark, and thrush, and blackbird, now are  
still,  
The grasshopper is dead.

Though songless, yet not still,  
For laughing children ramble 'mid the trees,  
And merry shoats, as they their baskets fill,  
Are borne upon the breeze.

Although the leaves are sere,  
Rich Autumn sheds her bounty all around,  
And never to the children seems it dear,  
While hazel-nuts are found.