

paid to do such things, but as a shepherd who loves his flock, and whose reward is in doing the Master's work, for the good of others. The people may pay the assistant, but not me. I wish to be free, free for God's service."

Footsteps were now heard approaching, and in a minute more Stephen stood before them. The flush of joy that suffused Nellie's face told of the happiness in her heart.

"Welcome, Stephen, my son," said Parson John, reaching out his hand. "Your visit is timely when our cup of joy is full to the brim and running over. We have not seen you for two whole days. Where have you kept yourself?"

"Why, Stephen has been to the city," was Nellie's laughing response. "Didn't I tell you how he had gone with his logs?"

"Dear me, so you did. How stupid of me to forget."

"Yes," said Stephen, "my winter's work is all settled and I have come now to make the first payment on the farm. There it is. Please count it," and the young man placed a bulky envelope into his Rector's hand. "That is a token of my new life, and with God's help it shall continue."

For several minutes Mr. Westmore held the package in his hand without once looking upon it.

"Sit down, Stephen," he at length commanded. "I have something to say—to you—and I feel I can say it now with a clear conscience. Since the day I paid the