

ment's consideration showed him that he could not stand this till twelve. He rested a few minutes then started again, stiff and sore. At half past ten he was so far gone that he was about to tell Turner that he thought it was no use to try to continue when he saw the boss waving to him from the binder.

"Go to the house," said Turner, "and finish cleaning the stable as you saw me doing when we were called to breakfast. Then put down hay for the horses, pump some water into the trough for them, and go to the house and see if Mrs. Turner wants anything; wood or water, or something from the garden. You looked fagged out," he added kindly, "it's hard work at first and you ate very little breakfast. You have to learn to eat," he laughed, "if you are to stand this pace."

Frank went in feeling like a man set amongst boys as unfit for a man's place, but he did the work asked of him, and carried water and wood for Mrs. Turner as well as digging some potatoes and picking beans and peas for to-morrow's dinner.

"You look hungry," said Mrs. Turner offering him a hot biscuit.

Though he was faint with the smell of the good baking and the hot dinner he quietly refused the biscuit, shame rising to his soul as he thought of being offered a "piece" like a child. Mrs. Turner looked at him curiously.

"You're not used to the ways of farmers," she said. "Neither was I when I came here. I was the teacher in that

the water from that drinking jug over your face. You must have fainted from the heat."

Frank was again ashamed, but in a different manner. He guessed this was the school teacher, a successor to Mrs. Turner. And he felt the shame of his weakness more than ever; he did not know why.

"Shall I help you to the house?" she asked.

"Oh, no! I'm all right," he said hurriedly and started to work again as hard as ever. She watched him a while curiously and then moved off. Frank finished the field, going on his grit alone, and got to the barley in time to help Turner unhitch. Turner handed him the lines to drive in, and he felt the big straps that guided the four huge animals like strong ropes in his hands. Unhitching was not so mysterious as the hitching up of the morning, and Frank began to see the plan of the matter.

The rest of that wheat field stood till all but it was cut, and was still looking green enough when Turner left one afternoon for town after anxiously mentioning the full moon and danger of frost that night, causing Frank to smile and wonder at this sign of superstition in so practical a man.

At supper Mrs. Turner was plainly worried.

"It looks like frost to-night," she said. "Jim had to go to see his father who has been taken with a paralytic stroke again. If he were home I believe he'd start to cut that wheat after supper. The horses are rested all afternoon and



Canadians in a village that has been heavily bombed.

little school down the road before I married Jim," she added.

A few minutes talk brought out the fact that she came from Toronto also, and in the conversation Frank's hand went out, almost involuntarily for the hot biscuit. Both of them laughed.

To his surprise Frank found that he felt strong and able again after noon, and he went at the sheaves with his whole strength. At three o'clock Turner swung suddenly from the grain with his horses and binder. "I'm going over to cut that barley," he said, pointing with his whip to a yellow field across the farm. "The centre of this wheat is a little green. If you finish here you can come over there."

Finish here! Frank struggled like a hero for what seemed hours, and the rows of sheaves looked as endless as ever. He ran from row to row almost frantically though his sinews were aching and his head now almost bursting. He had to stop and lean on a stook twice; then his nose began to bleed and he knew he was "played out." He got the blood stopped, felt better and started to work again, when leaning on a stook for a minute he suddenly felt it grow dark all around him.

The next he knew was the feel of cold water on his face and the sight of what he first took to be an angel looking down on him. He started up quickly.

"Better?" said the angel, with a smile. "Yes," he said, "what happened to me?"

"That I don't know," said the presence. "I saw you lying all crumpled up beside that stook as I came home from the school. So I raised your head and poured

it will be bright moonlight, one could cut till midnight and perhaps finish the field."

"I will try it," said Frank. "I have made a fool of trying it when Mr. Turner got me up on the binder sometimes, but I can do my best anyway."

Hitching up was no longer a mystery. Mrs. Turner looked over the rig-out and thought it was done right enough; then she had to return to her babies and let him start alone for the field.

Then the trouble started. Something was wrong with the hitching up of the binder, and Frank could not see what it was. He got nervous and lost confidence. Starting into the grain without throwing in the gear, he clogged the knives and had to clean them out again; then forgetting to throw out the gear before working at the knives, he very nearly got his fingers cut off when one horse moved forward a little and started the machinery. Finally he got started, forgot to dump the carrier and clogged the knotter; got the lines tangled in the reel and nearly had a runaway; went on fairly well for a piece, and found he had no twine in the holder and was throwing out unbound sheaves; finally, in turning the corner he landed the machine right into the wheat, where all four horses started to feed from the heads within reach.

Then he heard a laugh behind him, stopped as if by a hand over the mouth. It was Her of course; who could it be to be worse?

"Here," she said, "give me those lines and you get out and stook."

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