



"HE MUST REST."

know not the bliss of having a day's food beforehand, must work to earn it if strength for the morrow's labour is to be maintained.

Old Roger was an example of this class. He had never felt so unfit to go forth to his daily task. He was weak, and he had no appetite. The bread was like ashes in his mouth, as he vainly tried to swallow the morsel he was accustomed to take before leaving home in the early morning.

"I must leave the eating till breakfast time," he thought. "Maybe I'll relish a bit when I've been out in the air for a while. I must start, or I shall not have courage to go at all."

Dick awoke as Roger was thus thinking, and he lay for a few moments, watching his feeble movements. Then he sprang out of bed, and said, "Grandad, you must let me go with you to-day, to learn the business. To-morrow I shall be able to go instead of you, whilst you rest."

Dick was in earnest; yet it cost him no little effort to think of tramping behind a barrow, when he had hoped to turn his schooling to better account.

Roger seemed to gain new vigour at the sound of Dick's voice.

"You must think little of your grandad's business if you fancy it can be all learned off in a day. It mayn't look much to be selling the things that make up my stock, but I can tell you it takes years of experience to know

what to choose and what to leave, so as you mayn't lose, instead of makin' an honest livin' by it. Why, I've got to know the likin's of every customer I've made. Those that buy from your grandad wouldn't look at a boy like you, though you're a hundred times as clever in book larnin'. This is my line, and 'practice makes perfect,' as the sayin' is. You can't master a business in a day."

Dick urged and entreated. He would push the barrow, he would carry the basket, he would keep in the back-ground—do anything and in any way that Grandad told him, if only he might help. All in vain.

"You have never gone against me yet, Dick; you'll not begin now, when I'm comin' to the end,"

"End of what, Grandad?" asked Dick, a strange fear taking possession of him.

"My work, Dick. It's likely I'll be retirin' from business and havin' another home, in a while. I'm seein' a gentleman soon, p'raps to-day. I expect he'll make things easy for me if he can, for the sake of—old times."

Putting on a brisker air and smiling cheerfully, Roger took up his basket and sallied forth, leaving Dick far from satisfied, but, perforce, obedient.

As to Roger, breakfast was as distasteful to him as the dry bread had been, though he forced himself to swallow a few morsels and his coffee. He made his purchases, but the barrow seemed twice its usual weight, and his steps were slower than common. He was late on his round: even old customers grumbled a little, and some never ones had made their purchases before he came, and told him if he couldn't be in time he must not expect them to wait.

"It's the great heat that's told on me this mornin'. I'm not so young and strong as you are, and age tells in weather like this," replied Roger.

"That's true, but my man's dinner must be ready to the minute, whether it's a hot day or a cold one."

The speaker closed the door quickly, and Roger retreated.

He had a bad day all through. He failed to clear out his morning stock, and in the afternoon his flowers drooped, and soon lost their freshness. They were principally roses, and he had,