

was to be tired, and that He can feel for us in our hours of weariness, just as He can and does in times of greater trouble!"

"Aye, Miss I remember about Him sittin' by the well-side, whilst the disciples went to get something for them all to eat. I've thought about that many a time, and said to myself, 'The Master was a deal younger man than me. Not much more than half as old. If He got tired, no wonder I do.' I hope it doesn't seem disrespectful to speak about Him like another man, seeing He was God too."

"I am sure it does not," replied Norah. "Was He not perfect in His humanity, as well as in the Divine nature? He 'was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.'"

A beautiful light shone on Roger's wan face as he heard the familiar words. He was one of those simple-hearted disciples who accept God's revelation of Himself in the Person of Jesus Christ, with the faith of a little child.

To Norah, that touch of realism by which Roger compared his own age with that of his Master was a proof of this childlike faith.

"It comforted me ever so, when I thought about it," said the old man, who had turned away from his own pressing anxiety to think of that weary Traveller by the well-side. If his Divine Lord, Who was in all the glory and strength of youthful manhood, knew what it was to be tired before the day was half over, an old man who "had been on the go since four in the morning" might well be weary too.

"I'd felt half ashamed of myself for giving in, before I thought of that," he said, "but I never did afterwards. I just took a rest and was thankful, unless there was something that must be done. Then I bethought myself that when work came for Him He forgot being tired and never troubled about the dinner the disciples were calling Him to. All they could say was 'Master, eat,' never minding whether they were interruptin' Him in the talk He was having with the stranger woman. They meant it kindly, no doubt. But all Jesus thought of was doing the work He came on earth to do, and it was meat an' drink to Him,

though they couldn't see it. It was just beautiful, Miss, wasn't it?"

Norah assented. She was able to enter fully into Roger's sentiments, but seeing that he looked better, she was anxious not to lose the opportunity of hearing his story.

"I have not very long to stay," she said; "perhaps we had better make the most of our time."

"Yes: then perhaps my mind will be quieted. You know that 'collic,' Miss, I daresay, 'Grant, we beseech Thee, merciful Lord, to Thy faithful people pardon and peace, that they may be cleansed from all their sins, and serve Thee with a quiet mind, through Jesus Christ our Lord.' I learned all the *collics* off, Sunday by Sunday, when I was a boy at school, and I've never forgot 'em since. They come as fresh as ever when I'm in church, and I don't ever need to look at the book. It's a grand thing to have good words fixed in your mind when you're young, isn't it, Miss? What a lot there is in that one little prayer! To ask for pardon and peace and cleansing from sin, in such a few words, to say nothing of the being able to serve God with a quiet mind. I often say that last bit over, when I'm worried about the little troubles that will come every day of my life."

Roger had wandered off from his intended confidences, and was spending his revived energies on a subject which delighted his listener and with which she was in fullest sympathy. She told him so, then waited, in the hope that he would speak of his anxiety about the boy, and afford her the chance of helping him.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," he began. "I don't often get the chance you're givin' me. I was going to tell you about the boy. His mother was a lady, quite a lady, in all her ways—just like yourself, I may say. She came to live in Glinderses ten years since, and brought the boy with her. He was only about four, then, but as pretty a little lad as you could see, and as for manners—but dear me, his mother had the trainin' of him, and if you'd known her you'd have known what to expect in the child she owned."

"Where is Glinderses?" asked Norah. She knew many a court and out-of-the-way alley inhabited by the