

light. Did he think that any prayers of his, the longest, the best, could earn heaven? Oh, God forgive the thought! Did he hope to be heard for his much speaking?

'I'll say "God forgive me all my sins for the Lord Jesus' sake" once more,' decided John, 'and then I'll set to and believe that He will. My head's just getting moidered with so much trying to do for myself.'

There was a good bit yet left of the dinner hour, so John got into a sheltered corner of the greenhouse, and opened the little book at haphazard.

'It's all good,' he said, 'and I haven't time to look for the best bits.'

These were the words he read: 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.'

He didn't quite understand the text. It seemed it told him to help others, and then—why, fulfilling the law of Christ must be pleasing Him, mustn't it? He'd think that out before going on to something more fitting to his last day.

Thinking is rather hard work to a brick-layer. It is heavier work than carrying a hod. John had hardly begun the process when, in the place which would by-and-by hold a door, stood a big lad of eighteen with a sheepish expression of face.

'Let me stop along o' you,' he said; 'they'll think you've give me a job.' He pointed a thumb down the road—'I don't want to go to "The Goat," but they just make me.'

'You're too big a fellow to be *made* do anything,' said John shortly.

This great, stupid-looking fellow was a very unwelcome visitor—he wished he would go, and leave him to his preparation.

The half-witted boy saw and felt that he was not wanted. With a sigh he was moving off, when John said aloud, 'God forgive me, what am I doing? Come back, Sam; yes, I'll give you a job. Take that broom and sweep this place clean against the glaziers come. (Bear ye one another's burdens.) Whenever they want you to go to the public, come you to me, Sam.'

He had forgotten how short his time was in his earnestness.

Both his job and Sam's were over at half-past five o'clock, and John thought he must then go quietly home, take tea with his wife and children, and ask Sarah to help him to spend his last few hours rightly.

'She'll pray, she'll be fresh at it,' he reflected.

He packed up his tool-basket and started for home. As he turned out of the garden gate a sound of horses' hoofs and hurrying wheels struck his ear.

'That's running away,' was his comment. 'Stand back, Sam: it's Mr. Trevor, of the Bank.'

The words were hardly out of his lips when the high dog-cart, with the splendid black horse in the shafts, caught the angle of Mr. Parker's wall, and groom, master, and horse were all prostrate on the ground.

It was a terrible smash. The groom lay as one dead, with a fearful gash on his forehead. Mr. Trevor's leg was under the cart. Sam picked up the groom and then sat on the horse's head, while John undid the harness and released Mr. Trevor, who was perfectly collected and able to give his orders.

'My leg is a bad job,' he said, 'it's broken, that's certain. Now, my man, easy, don't shake me, just lift me to the roadside. Why, I know you, you were one of the brick-layers on my house. Look here,' he spoke earnestly and quickly as if to overtake the faintness creeping on him; 'you know my wife, she was often about when the building went on—pretty, fair-haired, not much more than a girl——' He had forgotten for a moment to whom he was speaking. He went on: 'It'll kill her if she hears this in a hurry, and bad news travels so fast. Can you run across the fields sharp, and get first to my place? Ask for the housekeeper, tell her all this, she'll do the rest. Oh my leg!'

The poor man fainted. The Parkers' servants were now all in the lane, so John got up and started on this new errand.

His last day was going fast, but he could not refuse this request. An hour and a half's hard walking did the matter, and brought him back to his cottage door hot and tired.