

contrary the prayer is, "Look down from Heaven, visit and relieve this Thy servant."

Are these thoughts too sad for this Harvest Season? I can only say that I believe if we could but carry with us into our daily lives the thoughts of the continual presence

of God and of His visits to bless—if only we will be blessed—we should lead better, truer, happier lives when in health, and be able to see the blessing which God means for us through sickness and death. I cannot imagine a better Harvest lesson than this.



OLD ROGER'S BIT OF PRIDE.

BY RUTH LAMB, Author of "*The Real Owner of Swallowdale*," etc.

CHAPTER V.

A FRIEND IN NEED.



OLD Roger's words "*I've got to work*" held a whole volume of meaning. They told his girl-listener that in his case there could be no hope of rest; that a pause in his work would mean an empty cupboard, just when he most needed good, nourishing food to fit him for fresh effort. She knew of many such cases, and many a time she had been full of pity for the humble, willing toilers who went on the same ceaseless round, year in, year out, without even the relief of change in their mode of labour. She had talked the matter over with her father.

"It seems so horrid," she said, "that these really worthy, industrious men and women should have such hard times. If my head aches, or I feel tired and not fit to get up at my usual time, I can just lie still and be cared for. I have no anxiety for myself, nobody depending upon my work. Yet I know there are tens of

thousands of people, some weak and growing old, who must go on toiling. I believe some would stop, and never mind whether they lived or died, only they think about the old wife, or the children who will want bread if they cease working. So they go on and on, till they all but die at their posts."

The girl's father had stroked her hair and looked lovingly in her face, thinking the while that it never seemed so fair as when it was lighted up with pity for the suffering, and longing to do them good.

And he had wished he could give her the means to do all that was in her heart for the benefit of her poor neighbours. He was very liberal already, and very indulgent where his child was concerned. She was the last comfort left to him, for his wife had died years ago, and there had been one great trouble in the family, about which neither father nor daughter ever spoke to the other now—a trouble that could neither be undone nor mended. There was nothing left but to close the book on the saddest chapter of their lives. But he would listen to all else that she chose to tell him, and enter, as far as he could, into all her plans for others.