

was a good, honest fellow, and that he would pay them as soon as he could; yet even these were not at all pressing for fresh orders from him, and he saw their travellers passing by as quickly as they could on the other side of the street. Others, however, pressed him hard for their money.

One evening, after Harry had shut up his shop, he was sitting alone at the other end of it when a knock came. He was not very willing to get up and open the door, for he was afraid it was one of his poor customers who wanted to be served on credit. Still, whoever it might be, he felt he could not be uncivil, and he went to see who it was. To his great relief he found it was his friend John Scott. John had missed him at church on the previous Sunday, and he had come to see what was the matter.

Of course Harry was very glad to see him. When a man is in trouble it always does him good to see anybody who has a kind word to say to him, and especially an old friend. There was a little bit of fire left in the grate at the other end of the shop, so Harry put on another piece of coal, and the two friends sat down together by the fireside.

Taking for granted that Harry had remained at home on Sunday on account of his wife's poor health, John inquired after her; and he was glad to hear in reply that she was somewhat better.

Still John saw that Harry was sadly downcast, more downcast than, as it seemed to him, after the report he had given, he needed to be on account of his wife. Indeed, he had hardly a word to say.

"Harry, my lad," said John at length, "thou'st sadly down in the mouth; what's the matter?"

In reply Harry told him in substance what we have told our readers; and when he had ended he said, with a quivering lip and with his eyes full of tears, "I'm fairly baffled, and I sometimes feel as if I would be glad to get out of it all, and get a bit of peace anywhere."

"Thou'rt not the first who has said that by many a thousand," said John. "It's a pity thou wasn't at church on Sunday morning, for Mr. Bennett was preaching about it."

"About what?" asked Harry. "About what I've been saying? Nay, he couldn't do that."

"Well, maybe not exactly," replied John; "but about something very like it. His text was those words of David: 'Oh that I had wings like a dove; for then would I fly away and be at rest.'"

"And what did he say about that?" asked Harry.

"He said," replied John, "that we all had our troubles, but that sometimes a great lot of troubles came to a man all at once—like Job, who lost all his children and all his property in one day; and then, as if that were not enough, he was smitten with sore boils from head to foot. Or, again, like the Psalmist, who, when he said, 'Oh that I had wings like a dove; for then would I fly away and be at rest,' had a great many things at the same time to trouble and vex him. At such times, Mr. Bennett said, men were very apt to feel as though they would be glad to get away anywhere for peace

and rest; but God, he told us, doesn't give us wings to fly away from our troubles. Instead of that, very often at least, He makes it plain that He means us to stop where we are—in the very middle of them."

"Anyhow," said Harry, "it looks as if He meant that for me; for my troubles have lasted a good bit now."

"But, Harry," asked John, with a twinkle in his eye, "thou wouldest not really want to leave Mary and the children behind, wouldest thou? And a man with a wife and four children could not fly very fast or very far."

"Nay, nay," replied Harry, smiling for the first time during their talk; "I love them all too well for that, even if I could fly away."

"But there was something else Mr. Bennett said," resumed John. "He said we might all be at rest anywhere, and in all sorts of troubles, if we would only trust in God."

"Yes," replied Harry; "but I can tell you it is not such an easy thing to keep a quiet mind when your trade is only half what it was, and customers have gone off in your debt, and you don't know whether you may not have to put the shutters up, and your wife's ill into the bargain."

"I think, Harry," said John, "thou'st done fairly well since we were lads together in the Back Lane, hast not thou? Anyhow, till this last bad time set in. Now canst thou not believe that God, who has given thee so many blessings hitherto, will take care of thee still, and give thee all that He sees to be really for thy good? Thou knowest He says, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' Cheer up, lad. Have faith in God."

"Well, I ought to do," replied Harry; "and I'll try; but it is not very easy sometimes."

"Pray to God to help thee, and give thee more faith," said John.

"But now," he added, "I've a bit of good news for thee: Crossfields, of Manchester, have taken Holland's mill, and they'll open it in a fortnight, and I have heard that before long all the mills will be running full time again."

Harry brightened up wonderfully when he heard this; and it was all confirmed next morning from other sources.

It took him some time to get fairly through all his difficulties; but he has got through them. He does not seem likely to become a rich man; but ever since that visit of John Scott's he has been a great deal richer in faith and hope than he ever was before; and if a man be rich in these he is rich indeed.

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a weaned child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmy to Thy wisdom leave.
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care:
Why should I the burden bear?