

as I have done to-day, lessons of unselfish love from Old Roger's lips. Oh, father, there may be some drawbacks and disappointments attending our efforts to help the needy and raise the fallen, but they are as nothing in comparison with the joy of success, the sum of happiness to which we have been enabled to contribute, not out of our poverty, but because God has made us stewards of so much that giving costs us nothing. Do you know, when I realised what that noble old man has been doing for years, and at what cost to himself, I felt as though I had never known the practical meaning of self-denial in my life."

Mr. Fielden's face and words told how fully he was in sympathy with his daughter, and when she spoke of Dick and his hopes and fears in regard to the scholarship, he at once declared his intention of helping the boy.

"It would be such a pity for his work to be lost."

"It could hardly be that, Norah. No one can fail to benefit all through his after life by early perseverance in what is right, even if he does not reap the full advantage of it, owing to adverse circumstances. This lad, Dick, by your account of him, is not the one to lose what he has won, without an effort to keep it. You and I, dear, will smooth the way for him, and make the old man happy at the same time."

"Did I tell you that the old man seemed to know something about you, and that, just before he became so ill, he said you were the very gentleman he thought of speaking to, only his poor clothing made him afraid to make the attempt?"

Mr. Fielden sat perfectly silent and as if in deep thought for some minutes before he answered,—

"You did not tell me, Norah. I have been ransacking my memory to try and find traces of any person resembling your old man whom I may have known in the past, but I cannot recall such an one to mind."

"If he has known you, father, he will tell us when he is well enough. You have befriended so many that whilst you will probably stand out in his memory as the one friend in some time of need, he will have been lost amongst numbers in your case."

"I hardly think so. Such a man

as you describe would have impressed me, and I should have named him to you."

"If you had known anything about him when my mother was living, you would have told her."

"True, Norah, and in that case I should not have forgotten him. Depend on it, he only knows me by repute as a man with plenty of money who does not spend the whole of it upon himself."

Just then a telegram was brought in and handed to Norah. It was to say that, after all, their friends, the Archers, had decided not to break their journey, but would make a longer stay on their homeward way, if agreeable to Mr. Fielden and Norah.

"I am so glad," exclaimed the girl. "This will leave us quite free to-morrow. It sounds rather inhospitable to say so, though."

"They would perhaps think so, if within hearing, but I understand your reason. It is rather a pity that people do not know their own minds, to begin with. Yesterday, they were coming for a few hours, now not at all."

"Oh, father, everything has been wonderfully ordered! But for the Archers' letter, I should not have gone to 'The Green' yesterday on the chance of seeing Old Roger. If I had not gone, and he had fallen ill, he would have been taken to the hospital, and the poor boy would have been nearly beside himself with grief at being parted from his one friend. Depend on it, everything has happened for the best. I will send a telegram to say that our friends' change of plan will cause no inconvenience, only a little disappointment. I may add that, because it is quite true that we should have been very glad to see them, and shall look forward to a longer visit later on."

"You may conscientiously send that message," said Mr. Fielden, with a smile, "although we are better pleased at the postponement of the visit."

The next morning Norah was an early arrival at Glindersers, anxious to know if there was any improvement in Roger's condition. She went by the tram which passed the entrance of the Court, dressed in the simplest manner possible, and carrying with her fruit, flowers, and dainties for the sick man.

Roger lay quietly dozing, and Dick