

insist on having Beatrice for maid of honor, there really is, as you say, no place for Sarah,' but she looked, hesitatingly at Sarah's drooping head, ere she added, 'You would like the blue silk, wouldn't you, Sarah?'

And Sarah tried to answer in her same quiet way, but somehow the words came thick from her aching throat, and she slipped from the room. Why did not mother remember that she was dark, and blue did not become her?

They felt uneasy, and tried to have it explained again at the supper table, which only made it the harder to bear. The father spoke up, and could not understand why she should be left out, and rather sulkily the girls discussed a change, but Sarah's better nature asserted itself, and they were mollified, and set about their first plan.

After that she gave up expecting a place anywhere. Her face was plain, and her name was plain. The others had pretty faces and pretty names. It was all right. It was as it should be. The minister once asked her if she knew that her name meant 'A princess.' She looked at him gravely and said, in her quiet way, that she thought she must be in disguise, then, but her father always after called her his princess.

The years passed on. The mother died. The sisters, all but Sarah, and their brother were married, and it began to seem as if there was a place for Sarah to take care of her father, but sickness laid its hand upon him, and in a few short years they stood sobbing about his bed to bid him farewell. Florimel and Beatrice, with their husbands, stood on one side of the bed, and May and Lillian, with theirs, on the other. At the foot stood Tom and his wife and oldest child. There was no place for Sarah even to stand beside the beloved father now. Only after he had bidden them all good-bye and given them last messages, and they pressed sobbing about, he looked up and asked for Sarah, and they all made way for her as she stood in quiet anguish, and she it was who received his last words and blessing.

After that it was no better. The home was hers, but Florimel said that her husband wanted to buy it. It was no place for Sarah to live alone, anyway. The house was too large, and it would kill her to stay among all the old memories by herself. She must live about among them all. Each would have a room especially reserved for her, and so all the sisters planned and executed. Sarah tried to demur, but she saw they would be deeply grieved if she refused, and she began her weary round of buttonholes and mending, and spring sewing, and house-cleaning for them all. They never expected her to care for other things. She had done these things for them all her life. She would not be happy without plenty of this sort of thing, and so they gave it to her. And she patiently accepted it. In her weary hours she read her Bible. She smiled a wistful, longing smile as she read, 'I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.'

She took a cold one day about some homely task. She ought to have gone to bed and been cared for, but she kept up because there seemed no spot in which to be ill just then.

They realized how sick she was when it was too late. They said, 'She has pneumonia!' and wondered how they were going to carry on their plans without her help.

They kissed her farewell with tears, not

knowing what a lonely life she had led among them, and only half realizing as she left them what she had been to them. She smiled as she thought of the many mansions and the place preparing, and slipped away so peacefully that they looked up in surprise and said, 'Why, she is gone!'

But even then there seemed no place for the worn-out body she was leaving behind. The family lot in the old cemetery was portioned off, so much for each, but it somehow seemed there had been a mistake. There was no place for Sarah. But this was a case where room must be made, and at last they laid her mortal clay beside the father who had loved her.

They gathered hushed, about the spot to hear the last words spoken.

'Sarah, a Princess,' the minister who had known her all her life said, 'A daughter of the King. The King's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needlework. . . . And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints. . . . To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne. . . . Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out.'

Her kindred looked wonderingly at the white-haired minister, and became dimly conscious that Sarah's life had been a saintly one.

But Sarah had a place at last, forever, in the palace of the King.

### The Slight in the Work.

(W. Bert. Foster, in 'Wellspring'.)

'You're slighin' that job, Ben,' remarked old Henry, the foreman, standing beside Ben Perry's bench.

'Pooh! what's the odds? nobody's going to see this; it will be covered up all right,' responded the young workman, carelessly.

'Yes, it'll be covered up; that's true. But some time it's bound to be taken apart; and the workman who does it, if he knows his business, will say, "The chap who did this job was either a shirk or a poor hand at it."'

Ben laughed, good-naturedly. 'Pshaw! what if he does? I shan't be there to hear his opinion, Henry. You know there's nothing very particular about this, and I'm in a hurry to get it out of the way.'

'But you'll know it yourself, won't you?' demanded the old man.

'Eh? what do you mean?' and Ben turned a puzzled glance upon him.

'Why, don't you like to know in your own heart that the work you do is all right?'

'But what's the odds when nobody's going to see it? It will never be found out who did it.'

'I tell you,' said old Henry, shaking his head, 'a lie is sure to be found out in time.'

'Who's told a lie?' demanded Ben, with some heat.

'You are tellin' one now, my boy,' said the foreman, calmly. 'A slight in your work is a lie; that's what I've always believed. Let me tell you, a slight in a job will be surely discovered.'

'This makes me think of a couple of men I knew once who were building a piece of wall,' went on the old man. 'One of 'em'

in settin' a brick, found it just a grain thicker on one side than on the other. The other chap said, "It will make your wall untrue, Henry;" yes, I admit I was the chap he spoke to.

"Pooh! that makes no difference," said I. "You're too pertic'lar."

"It will make a difference. You wait an' see," said he. "Sooner or later that lie will show itself."

'An', would you believe it,' pursued the foreman, shaking his long finger at Ben, 'he was right. I kept on layin' brick an' carryin' the wall up, higher an' higher, right up to quittin' time at night, an' far as I could see, the wall I built was just as good as his.

'But when I came back in the mornin' that lyin' brick had worked the end of all lies. The wall, getting a little slant from it, had got more and more untrue as I carried it up, and durin' the night the whole business had toppled over, an' I lost my job. I tell you, Ben, a slight's a lie, an' a lie doesn't pay'—

But his listener was already undoing the hasty work he had performed, and later did it all over again, and with his accustomed care.

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