

the temple of God?' reverently inquired Grandma.

'No, it is a little further on. It says, "all things are yours." What does that mean?'

'Just what it says, dear.'

There was a brief silence. The old lady had laid aside her lace, and one of Alice's dimpled hands stole up to nestle in the wrinkled one of her grandmother. The girl's clear, gray eyes were fixed upon the floor.

'Grace and goodness and—just spiritual things, Grandma?'

'I think not. Saint Paul mentioned the world and things present. Material things are from God.'

'Who is to have "all things."'

'God's children. You and I, Alice. "Ye are Christ's."'

Another silence. Mrs. Granger leaned nearer Alice.

'I could help you better, dear heart, if I knew the particular one of these "all things" of which you are thinking.'

'My music, Grandma. You know how I long for it. Papa cannot send me to a conservatory. If all things are mine, why is not a musical education among them?'

'It is, child, unless God sees that it is not for your good. Alice, why do you wish to study music?'

Frankly the childlike eyes were lifted to the face of the questioner.

'Because I hunger to express myself—the real me—in music.'

'I understand, dear. God gave you that hunger. He will satisfy it. Alice, be patient. Expect this; it is yours. Work for it. It is part of God's plan that we should not only long and pray for what we desire, but that we should also labor for it. Other work may come to you first, and that work may be one of the things that are yours. "All things" are yours, my darling, as you trust God for them and take them.'

'I see.' Alice's head was on Grandma's knee. 'I see, and it means so much. I've been so anxious for the one thing, that I've been refusing some of the things that might lead up to it. I will think it over and tell you.'

At that moment a man who had been sitting on the veranda rose and tiptoed away. It was Frank Granger, Grandma's youngest son. He was an author and was spending the summer at the old home.

As he had been sitting round the corner of the veranda, Alice had not known of his presence. The attention of Mr. Granger had been arrested by one of Alice's questions, and he had become so interested in his mother's words that he forgot the conversation was not intended for his ears.

He hurried down the lane, wishing to be alone for a time.

Frank Granger was ambitious. A moderate degree of success had come to him. Of the future he expected much. A week before he had finished a book manuscript which he confidently hoped would bring him fame and fortune.

'All things are yours.' 'Ye are Christ's.' The two phrases rang in his ears. Unconsciously he spoke aloud.

'I am sure Murray and Cooper will bring out my book and pay me well for it. I admit I have pandered to the taste of which their publications are leading examples. My book is not immoral. Nei-

ther is it one of the things which are Christ's.'

He was capable of better work than this, yet the better work might not find so ready a market. The book, in its present form, would not be the success of which he had once dreamed. He was a Christian—one to whom it had been said, 'all things are yours.'

'I will.' He lifted his face to the mid-summer sky. 'I will remember that all things are mine and will work and wait for them. To-morrow I will commence to rewrite this book. I will make it something of which I may be proud.'

At the tea table that evening, Alice nodded across at Grandma.

'I have written to papa, telling him I will take the school. They offered me the school at home, but I declined because I wanted to study music.'

'Why have you changed your mind?'

'Why, don't you see, Grandma? Teaching school is one of the other things. I will do it as well as I can, and the money I earn will help me study music. You taught me that "things" means just what it says.'

'You are right, girlie,' Uncle Frank said gravely.

### Bobby and Beth.

'Girls don't have to do anything!' declared Bobby, as he sat down with a thump on the shoe-box in grandmother's room. 'Girls don't have to feed hens or fill the wood-box. I wish I was a girl, so I do.'

'Girls don't have to do anything!' exclaimed Grandmother Stone, in surprise. 'Well, well, well! You come with me a minute, Bobby, and we'll see if you are right.'

Bobby followed grandmother into the sitting-room. But when they got there both were surprised, for sitting in the big rocker was Beth, her eyes full of tears.

'I wish I was a boy, same as Bobby,' she said sorrowfully. 'I'm tired as anything dusting rooms. Boys don't have to dust or mend stockings or do anything. Oh, dear, dear, dear!' and Beth hid her curly head in the duster and sobbed.

'Well, I never did!' exclaimed grandmother. 'Suppose you do Bobby's work to-day and he will do yours. I know that he will be delighted to exchange work with you.'

But would you believe it? Grandmother was mistaken, for Bobby shook his head.

'I'm going to feed the hens myself,' he said decidedly.

Beth wiped her eyes in a hurry. 'Girls never fill wood-boxes,' she murmured.

Then they both laughed and stopped grumbling for that day.—Our Sunday Afternoon.

### Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, \$3 a year.

'Weekly Witness,' post paid, \$1 a year.

'World Wide,' post paid, \$1 a year.

'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.

Chicago keepers of restaurants with bar attachments are tired of giving away a quarter's worth of lunch with a nickel drink. They have decided to start a legislative crusade against the free lunch.

### The Way of Truth.

(Cora S. Day, in 'American Messenger'.)

'Now, Miss Curtis, some dictation, please,' and the business man wheeled around in his revolving chair, and pulled out the slide of his desk, ready for his stenographer's notebook.

'Yes, sir,' she replied, promptly, and laying aside the work over which she was busy at her own desk, she crossed the office and was soon making her nimble pencil fly, taking down in queer lines and pot-hooks, the letters her employer dictated.

Quite a bunch of them there were; for this man was the head of a large business house, and every day the mails brought many letters to be answered.

The days were filled to the utmost with work for Miss Curtis. But she was too glad to have the position with its liberal salary, to complain at the amount of work she was called upon to do, so long as it did not really overtax her strength.

Aside from the salary, she liked the position best of any she had filled. Mr. Brown was kindness and courtesy personified, and in many little ways made the rather exacting position of his stenographer a pleasant one. She often thought with relieved satisfaction, that he was agreeably different from a former employer who had told her once that he considered her in exactly the same light as he did the machine she manipulated so deftly—that she and it represented to him only the capacity for so much work, and that the thought that she might have personal views or feelings in regard to that work, had never occurred to him, until she protested against some unjust demand upon her time and services. She had resigned, at that, and was glad of it now that she had obtained this better position. Mr. Brown, too, expected her to do good and faithful work. But he did not put more into her hands than she could do without overwork; and when there came a day when there was a little less to do than usual, and she finished before closing time, he very kindly suggested that she go home early.

It was rather an ideal position, she had decided in the two weeks she had been there. She hoped to hold it for a long time, and work up a thorough knowledge of the business, so that she might become more and more valuable and indispensable. Mr. Brown picked up the tenth letter to be answered, glanced over it thoughtfully, and began to dictate as follows:

'Kirk, Freeland & Co.,

'Gentlemen: In reply to your letter of the 17th inst., making inquiry in regard to goods recently consigned to our house, I would say that—' and the business man went calmly on making a statement which Miss Curtis knew to be false. She paused involuntarily and glanced up.

'Too fast for you?' asked Mr. Brown, pleasantly.

'No, sir. But that last sentence—' and she hesitated. How could she tell him that she did not wish to write it, knowing as she did that it was not true? And yet how could she write a lie? He misunderstood her meaning. Thinking she had not heard it, he repeated the offending statement clearly.

Still she hesitated, and a little puzzled frown was between his brows as she looked up into his face again.

'But, sir,' she faltered, 'that statement