

WHEN ALICE'S EYES WERE OPENED.

Alice sat on the floor of the attic busily engaged in hunting over an old trunk for some garments for one of her mission scholars, and some bits of colored cloth and silk for one of her old ladies who was making crazy quilts.

"I should think that the quilts would make crazy women," she laughed softly to herself, "but then, if it amuses them, it serves a purpose. I will go up to the Home and take these to-morrow; this afternoon I must visit my mission children and take these clothes; on Friday I am going to the reading club, and Saturday is sewing school." And gathering up her "spoils," as she called them, she ran lightly down the stairs and into her own room; so lightly, in fact, that the sound did not reach the ears of her brother, chatting with a friend in his room just across the hall.

She went over to her bed, out of sight from the door, and spreading out the dresses that she had brought, and arranging the bits of cloth and silk in piles, stood contemplating them.

"The brown one will do for Sarah, and the green, with little trouble, can be made to fit Dora. I hate to sew, it puts out my eyes, but I'm willing to do it; I suppose it shows the real spirit when one is willing to do what one does not like to do." And the small head set itself a little more complacently upon the pretty shoulders.

"I say, did you get that school flag?"

The question came, in clear boyish tones, across the hall. But Alice knew it was not addressed to her, and went on with her meditations. "I don't have as much time for reading as I would like, but I can comfort myself with the knowledge that the time is better spent in doing for others."

"Why not? You said you had saved up money enough for the silk."

"So I had, but mother has been sick and could not make it."

"Why doesn't your sister do it? Mine made mine for me, and a dandy one, too! Why, you'll not have it for the game."

"I'm afraid not; but I can't ask mother; she never says so, but I know that sort of sewing makes her head ache."

"Then why don't you ask your sister? She's a dandy sewer. Why, I saw some of the things she made for the fair, and you couldn't find the stitches."

"Oh, my sister's too busy. She's a terri-

bly important person. Her clubs and societies and bands and classes and schools don't leave her any time to bother about such little things as flags."

"My! I'm glad my sister isn't important. She always has lots of time to do anything I ask her. I wish you could see how she's been fixing up my room. She's put curtains in it, and I've promised, honor bright, not to twist them up or tie them in knots. And she's made the dandiest couch out of a cot, with a cover over it; and there's a fine big scrap basket which she says she's going to take away the first time she finds scraps or shavings on the floor. But she'll not find any. Come along over and see it. No, I'll not be home to-morrow; for I'm going into town with Helen; or rather, she's going with me, to see that big new engine. 'What does she want to see that for?' Why, I don't know; why shouldn't she? I think an engine's the most interesting thing in the world, and when I asked her if she wanted to go and see it, she said she did, straight off. So you'd better come over and see my room now, while it's all fresh and new." And the next moment there was a sound of feet clattering down the stairs.

Alice had not intended to "eavesdrop," but it had all come so suddenly that she could hardly have helped herself. There was a hot flush burning in her cheeks, to say nothing of a disagreeable lump in her throat.

Only yesterday she had asked Helen Wallace to take a class in the mission school and had received her reply—that she could not afford the time—in a manner which must have left the girl in no doubt as to her—Alice's—opinion of such an excuse.

"I belong to five charities," she said, rather stiffly, as she rose to go; "but I suppose that I must take this class also if you refuse."

And Helen, with a slight lifting of the eyebrows, which at the time she had hardly noticed, but which now returned to her with meaning, made answer:

"I am very sorry; I should enjoy doing it so much, but nevertheless I must refuse. I have already all the outside work that I ought to undertake."

And so this was the reason that she refused to do more "outside work"—that she might be at liberty to accompany that eager young brother of her's to inspect engines (of which, by the way, she knew no-