

not be the same to me as that, for you know I have a *right* to do things in my father's house, and it is expected of me."

"Quite so, and also you have a *right* to do things in your *Heavenly* Father's house, and it is expected of you: It belongs to each one of us, and if we love the Master of that house as we ought, we should never tire in making it beautiful, or grudge the time spent in keeping it clean. The best of our flowers, the best of our work, the best of our music, in fact, the best of everything would go there, and then we should only feel that the best was not worthy of being offered to Him."

"Lottie looked triumphant, for the Vicar had put her own thoughts into plain words, but she was a little puzzled on one point; he had twice spoken of keeping the church *clean*, as well as keeping it beautiful, so she asked him what he meant, to which he replied by another question—

"Do you like to see your house dirty?"

"Certainly not," said she, with much vigour.

"Well, and how is it kept clean?"

"By the servants, of course; we pay them to do it."

"Very true, and who ought to keep God's house clean?"

"Why, old Martha *ought* to, but she doesn't; the dust always makes a mess on my dress when I kneel down."

"And so you think old Martha is the only servant that God has in this place, as you own that it is the servants' place to keep their Master's house clean?"

It was Lottie's turn now to color up and look confused, however she

tried to make good her argument by saying, "She's *paid* to do it."

"Yes, and I think God always pays all His servants, even if they neglect His work; He gives us *everything* we have, but I fear we do not always do the work He expects of us."

"Do you mean then, that it is the work of all who go to Church to keep it clean?"

"Most assuredly I do, and we ought to look upon it as a sacred privilege to be a servant in that House, and be called to do a servant's work there."

"But just think of all the people who go to Church and have to work hard all the week round."

"Yes, and just think of all the people who go to Church and have nothing to do but please and amuse themselves all the week around."

Lottie's last argument was broken down, so she looked shyly up at Mr. Stanley, and said—

"Do you think I ought to help to keep the church clean?"

"Yes, if you don't think it ought to be dirty," said he.

Ethel was standing with wide open eyes. It was such a new idea to her that the people who went to Church had anything to do with it in any other way. She had always looked upon it as "the Parson's" Church, and she remembered how, not long before Mr. Stanley was appointed Vicar, her father had come home one Sunday morning very angry, because he thought he had been "preached at," and he said, "I'll never go to that man's Church again," and he never did till Mr. Stanley came. Therefore, feeling that she must be true to the creed she had been brought up in, she said—