

then,' replied Miss Annie promptly. 'If there's anything I do despise, it's weak tea; and have you got any ice?'

Muriel nodded. She felt she could not speak.

'I'll take iced tea, then,' she added, as if she were ordering a meal of a waitress.

Muriel flushed a little again: then she took herself firmly in hand again. 'I'll make the tea strong enough, Miss Annie,' she said gently, as she went back into the kitchen.

Once in a while the old rebellion surged up again as she went about her task, but she tried her best to be cheerful; still, it did seem too bad. There was Beatrice waiting for her; there lay her pretty pink shirt-waist with its crisp collar, all ready for the wearing; and there in the next room sat Miss Annie, alert, expectant, and coolly critical; and, after all, she was nothing to her.

'Yes, she is, too,' thought poor Muriel. 'She's God's child the same as I am; and, if she hasn't much grace in her heart, why that doesn't excuse me. Perhaps he sent her here.'

When she went into the sitting-room again, Miss Annie had Muriel's hat in her hands. It was a pretty hat and Muriel's best one. Muriel had taken it from its box to wear that afternoon.

'You do have a sight of hats, child,' Miss Annie began as soon as Muriel entered. 'I don't see how your mother can afford it when your father doesn't get any more salary than he does.'

'Aunt Ellen sent me that one,' replied Muriel, biting her lips. 'I haven't many hats.'

She was growing angry when she took herself to task again. 'I musn't mind what she says,' she told herself. 'Mamma doesn't. She's old and queer and poor, and there's no one to really care for her, and I—I have everything.'

She called Miss Annie out to lunch a few minutes afterward. Muriel had set the table with especial care. The cloth was spotless: a folded napkin lay at Miss Annie's plate; and Muriel had opened a glass of mother's crab-apple jelly. A plate of cracked ice stood at one corner of the table; and there were bread, cold ham, and a dish of scrambled eggs.

Miss Annie took in the contents of the table at a glance. 'I'd have liked a fried egg better,' she announced, as she took her seat: 'but I guess I can make out.'

'Make out.' Muriel flushed again. This was all the thanks she would receive for the little lunch with which she had taken such pains.

'Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine  
Nor ever murmur nor repine,'

she whispered in her heart; then she felt herself a conqueror again.

'I think you'll like these, Miss Annie,' she replied gently. 'Mother taught me how to scramble eggs, and mother's such a nice cook.'

Miss Annie did not answer, but she managed to make an excellent meal. She drank three glasses of iced tea, and praised the eggs, after all.

When she had finished, she rose. 'Now, I guess we'll get to work on that dress,' she said briskly. 'You can just stack the dishes away and wash them after I am gone. There aren't so many. You can

commence on the skirt while I cut out the waist.'

Muriel got up from the table reluctantly. For a moment she battled with her better self again. Why should she sit and sew all that lovely summer afternoon? What if Miss Annie did need the dress? What if she were shabby? Wasn't Beatrice waiting for her? Wasn't she entitled to a little good time? Oh, why didn't Miss Annie come some other day? Then she thought again. Perhaps—perhaps it was God's way.

By waters still, o'er troubled sea,  
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.'

After all, Miss Annie did not come often, and yes, she would help her with her dress. For so young a girl Muriel was a beautiful needlewoman, and before long the machine was humming merrily. All that long summer afternoon Muriel sewed steadily. She tucked the skirt, got the proper length, fitted it nicely, and poor, shabby little Miss Annie looked quite a different creature in it. When she rose at last from the sewing machine, the skirt was nearly done. Then Miss Annie took the vacant chair. 'I want to tuck this front,' she added. 'You've done real well with that skirt, Muriel,' she added.

Muriel watched the bent little figure set to work. 'Are you sure you can see to do that tucking, Miss Annie?' she added a little anxiously. Now that the skirt was such a success, she did not want the waist to spoil it. 'You know tucking is pains-taking work.'

'Of course I can,' was the quick answer. 'Haven't I tucked dresses all my life? I can't see quite as well as I used to, but it won't make any difference if the tucks are not even.'

Miss Annie set briskly to work, Muriel watched the proceedings with dismay; for some of the tucks were long, some short, some big, some little. With a sigh, at last Miss Annie stopped.

'Well, I guess I've done enough for one day,' she exclaimed with a tired sigh. 'Five o'clock. I'll take my dress and be going. I'll finish it some other day.'

Muriel looked at the littered floor. What a hard, disappointing day it had been! She stooped and picked up a piece of goods; then with a heroic resolution she made her sacrifice complete. 'Miss Annie,' she said, slowly, 'if you'll leave your dress, I'll finish it. It won't be much work.'

Miss Annie's sharp, weary little face softened. 'Will you really, child?' she cried relievedly. 'Well, I will be glad. I don't like to sew much these days. It tires me.'

Without a word Muriel took the dress. The piece of goods Miss Annie had tucked she separated from the rest. 'Why, she must be nearly blind to sew like that,' she thought, pityingly. 'I'll tuck a new front for her, and she'll never know the difference.'

A trim little figure darkened the window for a moment. Muriel looked up. 'Why, mother's come home again,' she exclaimed happily; then she thought to herself, 'Now there'll be supper to get, dishes to wash, and I—I didn't see Beatrice.'

In her room that night Muriel leaned out of the window. It was a starlit night, and a cool little breeze stirred the white curtains. Muriel sat down by the window, and thought it all over. 'It's been such a hard day,' she whispered, 'and I'm tired;

and yet I did right, I'm sure I did. Poor little Miss Annie! I do feel sorry for her.'

She saw again the little frail figure with its white hair. 'I'm so glad I stayed,' she added. 'She's old and poor, and nearly blind; and I helped her if she didn't thank me. She's one of God's children, the same as I am; and he'll be pleased, I'm sure he will, with the little self-denial I made.'

Again her sweet voice hummed softly the hymn she had sung so differently in the morning, that selfsame morning that had promised such a different day.

'Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,  
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.'

She sang it with her heart, for the day had not been an easy one. 'Yes,' she whispered softly, 'in disappointments and trials and little troubles and worries, as well as in happiness and joy, I can still sing, "He leadeth me,"'

### A Rich Boy.

'Oh, my,' said Ben, 'I wish I was rich and could have things like some of the boys that go to our school.'

'I say, Ben,' said his father, turning round quickly, 'how much will you take for your legs?'

'For my legs?' said Ben, in surprise.

'Yes! What do you use them for?'

'Why, I run and jump and play ball, and oh, everything.'

'That's so,' said the father. 'You wouldn't take ten thousand dollars for them, would you?'

'No, indeed!' answered Ben, smiling.

'And your arms, I guess you would not take ten thousand dollars for them, would you?'

'And your voice. They tell me you sing quite well, and I know you talk a little bit. You wouldn't part with that for ten thousand dollars, would you?'

'No, sir.'

'Your hearing and your sense of taste are better than five thousand dollars apiece at the very least; don't you think so?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Your eyes, now. How would you like to have fifty thousand dollars and be blind the rest of your life?'

'I wouldn't like it at all.'

'Think a moment, Ben; fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money. Are you very sure you wouldn't sell them for so much?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then they are worth that amount at least. Let's see now,' his father went on, figuring on a sheet of paper; 'legs ten thousand, arms ten, voice ten, hearing five, taste five, good health ten, and eyes fifty; that makes a hundred. You are worth one hundred thousand dollars at the very lowest figure, my boy. Now run and play, jump, throw your ball, laugh and hear your schoolmates laugh, too; look with those fifty thousand dollar eyes of yours at the beautiful things about you, and come home with your usual appetite for dinner and think how rich you really are.'—'Dominion Presbyterian.'

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