

## NO THANKS.

"How lovely our church looks," said Lottie Lee to her companion, Ethel Walters, as they walked home together on Easter morning.

"Y-e-s," said Ethel slowly, "I suppose so, but I did not take much notice of it."

"Ah! that was because you did not come to make it look lovely. Why did you stay away?"

"Well, you see, I *did* go to help decorate the Church for Christmas; I gave up going to Mrs. Smith's party on purpose, but I got no thanks for it."

"No thanks," said Lottie in surprise, "what do you mean?"

"Why neither the Vicar nor Mrs. Stanley even said 'thank you,' they only said how nice it looked."

Lottie looked up with a twinkle of fun in her eyes, and said—"When I went to see you the other day, the flowers in your little sitting room looked lovely, you had arranged them so nicely, who thanked you for doing it?"

"Oh! nobody of course, its my own room, and I don't expect anybody to thank me for keeping my own room nice. I like to see it look pretty, and that's quite enough for me."

"Well, dear Ethel, and isn't the *Church* your own 'too?"

"No," replied she promptly, "its Mr. Stanley's Church, and Mrs. Stanley is his wife, and she might have thanked me for helping to decorate her husband's Church."

"But this time last year Mr. Stanley was not here," said Lottie, "and I was: in fact I have never been to any other Church, for I was baptized when a baby, in the very same Font

I was decorating yesterday, so I think I certainly have a *longer* claim to it than Mr. Stanley; but here he comes, so we will ask him about it."

"No, no," said Ethel, but it was too late, for he had heard his name mentioned, and as he joined them, he asked on what subject his opinion was required.

"Miss Waters felt hurt that you did not seem to appreciate her efforts at Church decoration at Christmas," said Lottie.

"Oh, but indeed I did," said Mr. Stanley. "I thought you arranged the Christmas roses and ivy on the Chancel stalls beautifully."

"But you never thanked her," said Lottie bluntly.

Ethel turned very red, and Mr. Stanley looked at her in some surprise, saying—

"Why should I thank you? I hope you did not think you were doing it for *me*."

"Oh, please do not say anything more about it," said Ethel, looking very much vexed and confused, "only you know papa and all of us liked you so much that I was only too pleased to do anything for you."

"Oh dear!" said the Vicar, "I am very grieved to think that people did anything for God's house because they liked me."

"Well, but it's *your* Church," said Ethel.

"And *your* Church also," replied he. "I am only one of the servants there, it's just as much yours as mine: it is our Father's house, and we ought all to love to make it clean and beautiful; who thanks you for making your earthly father's house pretty?"

"That is just what Miss Lee asked me," said Ethel, "but Church can-