

washes like a pocket-handkerchief so long as you don't let any soda go near it, but it won't show every speck like pure white does, and nothing looks so cheerful as a good bright red in a window. The light coming through it seems like as if the sun were always shining.'

Alice had made the curtains before her marriage, with a deep open hem at the top through which she ran a long bamboo cane, and supported it on three hooks—one in the middle and one at each end of the small window, draping them back on either side. It was astonishing, the different look these curtains gave to the room. It seemed warm and cosy directly. She had a pretty red and blue tablecloth which would wash well, and this she put on a small table in the window, and placed thereon a few pots, fuchsias, geraniums, and ferns which had been her pets at the Vicarage, and spoke of her skill and care. The lovely britannia-metal teapot was the centre ornament of the little dresser, but Alice did not at all like the look of black saucepans and frying-pans in her room.

'At the Vicarage these things were kept in the scullery, but I have no scullery. What can I do?' she thought. 'Suppose I stand this rough case in which some of the goods came up on end, get Tom to plane it over and make a shelf in the middle, then paint it with some cheap paint, dark red or blue. I could keep all them unornamental articles in there, and hang a curtain of washing chintz over the front.'

Alice felt much happier when she had decided this point. She loved a neat, pretty room, and saucepans were in her opinion very ugly, though very necessary articles. Of another box she decided to make a kind of ottoman in which to keep her needlework, which would soon get dirty if it were left lying about. She would nail coarse calico over the whole box, get Tom to put a couple of hinges to join the lid to the other part, stuff the top with some flocks or wool, and then make a loose cover to throw over all with some more Turkey twill.

The bedroom Alice did not decorate

much. She was too prudent to spend more of her savings than was necessary, and the room really looked very nice with its neat chest of drawers which served as a dressing-table and had a clean cloth over it, a small looking-glass and a very fat pin-cushion (one of Alice's presents), the handsome bed covered with Mrs. Bent's large quilt, washstand, and a set of hanging pegs protected by a little curtain lest the dust should spoil the best clothes. Alice, however, put up a small bracket to hold a figure in plaster of 'The Good Shepherd,' and nailed underneath a text Miss Celia had painted for her, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, therefore can I lack nothing.'

'Perhaps you may lack many things,' Miss Celia said when she gave the text, 'many things you would like and think that you ought to have in the years which lie before you. But if you will say this text morning and evening it will remind you that after all what you are wanting is as nothing compared to what the Good Shepherd has in store for you if you are His sheep and follow Him. The "green pastures and the waters of comfort" shall be yours some day, even if you have to reach them by hard and stony paths, so long as you keep true to your baptismal promise and continue "Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto your life's end."'

There were the books, too, to be unpacked and arranged on the top of the coal-box which Tom had made with some wood he picked up, just as Mrs. Bent had suggested. Tom and Alice had a good many books between them, partly presents and partly what they had from time to time bought. All useful and interesting, for they were not the people to spend their money on trash.

It was between three and four that afternoon. Alice had spread a large newspaper over her deal table to prevent it from getting dirty. On it stood a small piece of board with carrot and turnip cut into dice, and upon the fire was a frying-pan, the contents of which Alice was carefully stirring. Suddenly there was a knock at