



been told her sad story. Full of her kind thought, she did not hesitate to knock at the door of the strange house, and when Susy answered she went promptly in.

"I've come to lend you one of my dollies, 'cause you are sick," she said.

"Oh!" cried Susy; "you are so good. I never had a nice dolly."

Her thin face brightened, and her eyes were fastened on the pretty Christmas doll. Midget saw this, and asked, "Do you like this one the best?"

"Why, yes; but, then, you don't want to lend me that one!"

"Yes, I will; I can play with Bella," and Midget placed the doll in Susy's arms. Then, as if afraid the tears would come, she said "Good-by," and ran away.

Did little Midget understand about Lent? Perhaps not, very much, but surely she understood about the true Lenten offering.—*Selected.*

#### THE STORY OF A SMALL DISCIPLE.

**D**ORIS would not have told anybody for the world; but in her blank-book in which she wrote "things," she had written opposite her name: *A disciple.* "Doris Malcolm a disciple." Perhaps it was written like this in God's Book of Remembrance.

Every Saturday morning she had something disagreeable to do; it was the most disagreeable thing she had to do in all her round of duties; it was darning stockings; for there were so many stockings to darn, and some of them had such big holes, *immense*, she called them. Teddy wore short trousers, and, of course, his stockings were always gaping wide on both knees; and her father wore rubber boots, and everybody knows, at least people who live in the country and mend stockings know, that rubber boots are very hard on stocking heels. There were baby's, and mother's, and Bessie's, besides her own;

and, when any were left over from last week, oh, deary me!

It was "Oh, deary me!" this Saturday morning of which I write.

The small disciple's forehead was all in a pucker, and the brown eyes were so filled with tears that there was not room enough in her eyes for them; one tear kept pushing another down over her cheeks; they even rolled over her lips and tasted salt.

On the top of her work-basket were laid four new cards of darning yarn.

"I should think I *did* need new ones," said Doris. "I should think I needed a hundred."

"Don't waste your time, Doris," called her mother's brisk voice, "don't dawdle; that never helps."

"I would like to know what does help," muttered the small disciple.

"So, Doris, dear, you have new yarn," said grandmother, in her sympathetic voice.

"Yes," muttered Doris, "and I wish I had a new needle that would sew itself."

"New things *are* a help," said grandmother, bringing her own mending, a white apron for Doris, and taking the armchair near Doris.

"What is that name on your new yarn?"

"Superior quality," read Doris, in a drier voice, taking up the top card of wool.

"No; on the top."

"Dorcas," read Doris.

"Dorcas. Whom is that for?"

"The name of the man who made it," replied Doris, stopping her dawdling and threading her long needle.

"I think not."

"His little girl's name, perhaps," ventured Doris.

"It may be, for aught I know; but I do not think that is the name of the wool."

"Then I don't know," said Doris, interestedly, forgetting how wide the gap was in Ted's knee.

"I know something, and I will tell you. A long, long, long time ago, there was a little girl; I think she learned to sew when she was a little girl, for she knew how to sew beautifully, and her work was strong and did not rip easily. Perhaps she began by darning stockings, and then went on to other things, until she learned how to make coats and garments for children and grown-up people. Her name was Dorcas."

"Did the man who made the wool into yarn know about her?" asked Doris.

"I think so. Almost everybody does."

"I never heard of her before. Is that all?"

"No; that is only the beginning. She was a disciple. And disciples always love each other and work for each other."

"Do they?" asked Doris, her face glowing.

"And she worked for widows and perhaps for their little children, and they loved her dearly. But she died, and oh, how they