

any other boys," Dick added. "But I studied the lesson real hard so I could keep up."

The members of Mr. Murray's class looked at one another. Harrison looked at the floor, and a flush stole over his face as Mr. Murray answered, half smiling, half sighing:

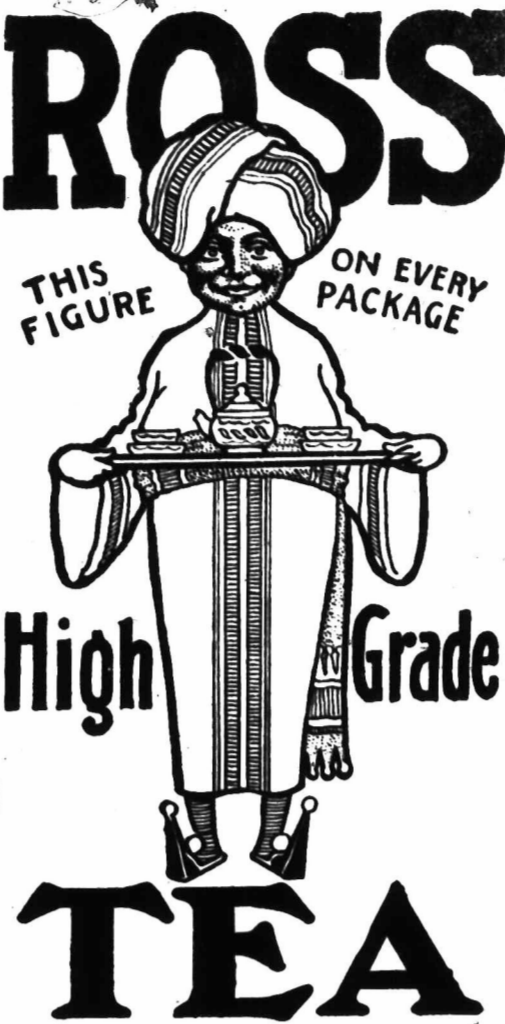
"I guess you won't have any great trouble in holding your own, my lad." And for some reason during the next five minutes several of the boys improved the opportunity to glance over their lesson.

It was a Sunday of surprises. When the bell rang for the opening exercises, and the boys stood in a wavering row, everyone was waiting expectantly for Harrison to begin the performances which made Mr. Murray's class sometimes spoken of as "the storm centre" of the school. But Harrison had found the place in his lesson and kept his eyes glued to the page, though he did not join in the reading. At last Jerry Thompson gave him an inquiring poke in the back, but as Harrison looked up he met Dick's honest eyes, and he only scowled, greatly to Jerry's astonishment.

It had been a long time since Mr. Murray's boys had really had a chance to think about the Sunday-school lesson. Between Harrison's mischief, and the teacher's efforts to keep order, the time was pretty well occupied. But on this particular Sunday there was such an unaccustomed quiet that, before they knew it, they were really interested in the lesson story. Mr. Murray had been right in thinking that Dick would not have any difficulty in keeping up with the class. The little fellow had the lesson at his tongue's end, and even though the older boys

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smiled at one another over the top of his yellow head, they looked a little ashamed to fall so far behind him. When Mr. Murray told of some of the strange customs which are still followed in the land where Jesus lived, Dick asked such eager questions that Jerry Thompson quite forgot where he was, and as the circle of heads came closer, and one after another interested face was raised to his, Mr. Murray knew that he was teaching better than he had ever done before.

It was a good day for the Sunday-school altogether. The classes near Mr. Murray's, having nothing to distract their attention, were earnest and attentive. The peaceful interest crept to the furthest corner of the big room. The superintendent smiled as he went from class to class. And when the minister gave his two-minute talk at the close of the school, there was a hopefulness in his voice which had not been there before for a long time.

Just as the closing song was finished, Mr. Murray laid his hand lightly on Harrison's shoulder.

"Bring your cousin again," he said. "I like to have him with us."

Harrison glanced up quickly. He himself could hardly have explained why on this particular Sunday he had been unwilling to follow his usual custom of making a little disturbance. But the truth was that little Dick looked up at him with such loyal confidence that somehow he could not bear the thought of reading wondering disapproval in those big blue eyes. And as the minutes passed he had found himself enjoying the hour, and listening with interest to all Mr. Murray had to tell.

"Dick's going to stay all winter," said Harrison, fingering his cap. "I guess he'll come with me right

along. He likes it, and I like it, too." He wanted to go on and say that he was ashamed of himself and meant to do better, but the words stuck in his throat. But as he walked down the aisle with Dick close behind him, he made up his mind to show Mr. Murray that a boy of his size was not going to be outdone by a little fellow like Dick.

"I can learn my lesson just as well as he," thought Harrison, setting his teeth. "And I can behave just as well, to. And I will."

THE LAZY MAN'S LOAD.

"There!" exclaimed Helen Mayo, in a tone of discouraged relief, laying on the neatly kept table an armful of her "circulating library."

Aunt Emily looked up enquiringly for when "There!" was uttered with that peculiar shade of emphasis, she knew it was the key note to forthcoming discouragement.

"Didn't the sewing circle have their aprons properly hemmed this time?"

"Better than last week. But you should have seen their button-holes—no one made two the same size, and I didn't have time to show them as they should be taught. It's 'precept upon precept,' underscored, and many times multiplied with them, before they seem 'to get the knack of it,' as Amanda Merrill says, auntie. And I didn't have time to make one button-hole for them before I had to give my baking lesson. To tell the truth I'm all discouraged. I'm willing to work, but with all I've done, I see very few encouraging results."

Helen Mayo had been out of college six months, and during that time has been exceedingly active in her "private social laboratory," as Aunt Emily called her work among the laboring families of a large manufacturing village, trying to solve some of the many problems that had suggested themselves to her during the course in sociology and economics.

"I'm afraid dear," said Aunt Emily, "you are trying to carry a lazy man's load."

"A—lazy—man's—load? repeated Helen questioningly. "I—I'm afraid you have little idea how hard I—"

"Indeed, I know you work hard—too hard," interrupted Aunt Emily. "You don't understand me."

She moved her chair closer to Helen's. "When I was a little girl—not more than eleven—mother asked me to go across the road and bring in the clothes. I'll never forget how many there were! Instead of making two or three trips as I should have done, I attempted to gather them all up at once. Mother noticed them dropping from my arms—towels, handkerchiefs, pillow-cases—right into the sandy road, and hurried down to save them from the necessity of another washing. 'You've a lazy man's load, Emily,' she said, as she took part of the clothes. And I've always remembered it when I've been tempted to undertake more than I could do, and do well, just to save time."

"But, auntie, I've so much laid out!"

"Yes; but if in your haste to accomplish so much in a short time, you fail in the desired results, of what value is your energy and exertion? Let us see how much you are attempting. There are the sewing circle for the girls, cooking club for the women, your kindergarten work, your reading clubs, and the housekeepers meetings. The trouble is, you're trying to do too much. No wonder you get discouraged, and the results are not what you would like. Now, dear, instead of attempting to carry on all you've begun, take only a part for the next few months. Give these all your time, and when this work is so far accomplished that they can do for themselves, without your direction, you can take up some of the other lines."

Before winter was over, Helen came in one evening, and exclaimed, radiantly: "Every single girl can hem and tuck, make button holes as well as I can, and do—oh, wonders. So can the housekeepers—you ought to see the change in their homes. And it's all because you—"

"Suggested a lazy man's load!" interrupted Aunt Emily smiling.

—He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself, for every man has need to be forgiven.

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