

LITTLE FOLKS

What Gracie Decided.

(By Adele E. Thompson, in 'Christian Intelligencer'.)

"Bear ye one another's burdens," what does that mean, Miss Dean? Is it to carry things for other people?" asked Allie Grey.

'What a stupid,' whispered Bell Dyer to the little girl who sat beside her in Miss Dean's Sunday-school class, 'I know better than that,' and she put up her hand.

'What do you think it is, Bell?' asked Miss Dean.

'It's to do things for those who are having a hard time; my mamma told me so.'

'Yes,' said Miss Dean, 'to help others, to be ready to help, is the true meaning. For there are many kinds of burdens, and many ways in which we can help to carry them.'

'We can give things to poor people,' suggested Edith Corlett.

'Yes,' answered Miss Dean, 'when poverty is the burden we can help in that way. But that is only one way, for sometimes even a smile, a word of sympathy, will make lighter the burden of sorrow. Or a cheery visit, a few flowers, a magazine or a note, something that says "you are remembered," will make easier the burden of those who are sick or shut-in. At home, too, when mamma has a headache, by keeping quiet or amusing baby, you will help with her burden of pain; indeed if you will keep your eyes open you will all the time be finding ways by which you can make the burdens of those around you the easier. You will see, too, that the verse also says "and so fulfil the law of Christ," so we may always know that this is what Jesus wishes us to do. I am glad Allie asked the question, and I hope each one of you will be watchful to see what she can do to help bear the burden of another.'

Then the bell rang for the Sunday-school to close, and of the six girls in Miss Dean's class each one promised herself that she would try to help others whenever she could.

Grace Pryor had not forgotten this when a few days later she met one of her schoolmates who asked,



Two Little Boys.

(For the 'Messenger'.)

Two little baby boys,
Two little brothers true,
Two little boys who share their joys
And all their sorrows too.

Two little baby boys
Playing the whole day long,
With never a care their sweet faces
to wear,
And never a thought of wrong.

Two little boys, at night,
Kneeling at mother's knee,
Saying a prayer they both may
share,
Then sleeping as sweet as may be.

Two little baby boys—
Dreaming of play and fun—
Oh! may their way all the rest of
their days,
Be happy and pure as begun.
L. L. J.

'Did you know Marion Adams has sprained her ankle? Mrs. Adams told mamma that she has to sit with her foot in a chair, and the doctor says she can't step on it for ever so many days.'

'O, how dull that must be for Marion,' exclaimed Gracie. 'She loves to run and play so well.'

'Yes,' said the other, 'and she'd planned to have such a good time this vacation.'

Gracie kept thinking of poor Marion, so the next afternoon she asked her mamma if she might go and see her, and soon was on the way, a dainty little figure in her fresh white dress, with her blue eyes and sweet round face. As she skipped along, holding her hat by the strings as it slipped back on her shoulders, she heard a voice calling, 'Gracie!' and Kittie Bemis came running down the steps of her home.

'I was just going to send for you. Cousin Dora is here and we wanted you to come over. We're going to

have a party for the dolls out in the play-house, and Jane has made sandwiches for us, and little cakes, and tarts and lemonade. I'm so glad you've come, and we will have lots of fun.'

Gracie stopped. Of all her playmates not one had such beautiful things as Kittie. She knew they would have a good time and to stay with her, and gay little Dora was a great temptation.

'I'd love to, Kittie,' she said hesitatingly, 'but I was going to see poor Marion Adams, with her sprained ankle.'

'Oh, you can go there any day,' urged Kittie, 'and Dora will only be here this afternoon.'

Gracie stood very still for a moment, with her eyes on the ground and her finger on her lip, as she had a way of doing when thinking hard. 'No, Kittie,' she said, 'I'm going to grandpa's to-morrow, and if I don't go and see Marion to-day I can't for a long time. She isn't