

learn more was too great, so, with burning cheeks, she lingered and listened.

"Why, she belongs to one of those old Boston families," the lady exclaimed, "and why shouldn't we care for her acquaintance."

"Well, she does well enough to talk with, and treat to ice-cream and confectionery, but she—well, she isn't the girl a man would like for a wife, or would like his sisters to choose for a companion. She's a little too loud—"

Lucile waited to hear no more. Hot with angry shame and humiliation, she fled to her room. And she had thought that George Martin esteemed her. She knew his real opinion of her now.

Wave after wave of wounded pride and mortification went over her as she recalled certain acts of her own; twice she had smoked cigarettes in George Martin's presence, and he had professed he had admired her "splendid independence," and all the while he was thinking her *loud!*

Lucile did not spare herself in this humiliating retrospect. "I never will do so again!" she cried, at length. "No one will ever have a chance to call me loud after this!"

Whether she keeps this resolution or not, Lucile Gregg will never think of certain events of that summer without a thrill of shame.

Without a thought of wrong, save in merry pursuit of a good time, many a young girl has been led to some foolish act which has left a stain on her reputation, and caused her hours of humiliation afterward.—*Youth's Companion*.

WAITING TO GROW.

LITTLE white snowdrop, just waking up,
Violet, daisy and sweet butter-cup;
Under the leaves, and the ice and the snow,
Waiting! waiting to grow.

Think what a host of queer little seeds,
Of flowers and mosses and ferns and weeds,
Are under the leaves and the ice and the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender, brown fingers about,
Under the leaves and the ice and the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Only a month, or a few weeks more,
Will they have to wait behind that door—
Listen and watch and wait below,
Waiting to grow.

Nothing's so small, or hidden so well
That God cannot find it and presently tell
His sun where to shine, and his rain where to go,
Helping them grow.

—*The Kindergarten*.

SMALL CORNERS.

GEORGIA WILLIS was rubbing the knives. Someone had been careless and let one get rusty, but Georgia rubbed with all her might; rubbed and sang softly a little song:

"In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine."

"What do you rub at them knives for ever for?" Mary said. Mary was the cook.

"Because they are in my corner," Georgia said, brightly. "You in your small corner, you know, 'and I in mine.' I'll do the best I can; that's all I can do."

"I wouldn't waste my strength," said Mary. "I know that no one will notice."

"Jesus will," said Georgia, and then she sang again:

"You in your small corner,
And I in mine."

"This steak is in my corner, I suppose," said Mary to herself. "If that child must do what she can, I suppose I must. If He knows about knives, it's likely He does about steak," and she broil it beautifully.

"Mary, the steak was very nicely done to-day," Miss Emma said.

"That's all along of Georgia," said Mary, with a pleased face, and then she told about the knives. Miss Emma was ironing ruffles. "Helen will not care whether they are fluted nicely or not," she had said; "I'll hurry them over;" but, after she had heard about the knives, she did her best.

"How beautifully my dress is done!" Helen said; and Emma, laughing, answered, "That's owing to Georgia;" then she told about the knives.

"No," said Helen to her friend who urged her to go with her somewhere. "I really cannot go this evening. I am going to the prayer-meeting; my corner is there."

"Your corner! what do you mean?" Then Helen told about the knives.

"Well," the friend said, "if you will not go with me, I think I will with you;" and they went together to the prayer-meeting.

"You helped us ever so much with the singing this evening." That was what their minister said to them as they were going home. "I was afraid you wouldn't be here."

"It was owing to little Georgia,"

said Helen: "she seemed to think she must do what she could, if it was only knives." Then she told him the story.

"I believe I will go in here again," said the minister, stopping before a poor little house. I said yesterday there was no use, but I must do what I can." In the house a sick man was lying; again and again the minister had called, and the man wouldn't listen to him; but to-night he said, "I have come to tell you a story." Then he told him about Georgia Willis, about her knives and her small corner; and the sick man wiped the tears from his eyes and said, "I'll find my corner, too; I'll try to shine for Him."

The sick man was *Georgia's father!* Jesus, looking down at her that day, said, "She hath done what she could," and He gave the blessing. Her father's heart was reached.

But Georgia knew nothing about all this; and the next morning she brightened her knives and sang cheerily:

"In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine."

—*The Children's Messenger*.

LITTLE SERVANTS.

COME, children, gather close around me, for I want to tell you something about a little brown-eyed boy I saw the other day holding on to the hand of a great, tall, white-haired gentleman. That was all—

"Nothing very strange in that," says little Sam, "I hold onto my papa's hand lots o' times," and "I!" "I!" and "I too!" cry loving Bob and sturdy Sam and pretty Sue.

Yes, but children, I was going on to say that was all I noticed at first, but as the wee boy and the tall gentleman came along I saw that the big hand seemed to be holding on to the little one, and the little boy, instead of skipping and bouncing about as boys usually do when they *try* to walk, came walking beside the tall man carefully watching every step, and when they came to the steps of the grocery and fruit market the little boy said:

"Step up, father," in a voice so full of sweet tender care that it sounded just like the dear mother's voice.

They walked around among the fresh vegetables and fruit, the little boy pointing out and telling the tall man about them, and when they had come to where the red and gold apples