

LITTLE FOLKS

How Alice Helped.

'Alice got up one morning fully determined to help her mother in every possible way that day. It happened to be an exceedingly busy day, and after breakfast, when baby was asleep, Alice followed her mother out to the kitchen, and begged eagerly for something to do.

'Run away now, dear; I'm too busy to have you here,' said her mother; but seeing how disappointed Alice looked, she added: 'Do you really want to help me?'

'Yes, indeed, mamma; I can do

morning as a baby could be. In the afternoon she took him out in his little carriage, and after that had some little friends to tea, and so all day long she had no time, as she imagined, to help her mother. And yet when night came she heard the pleasant words, 'You have been a great help to me, Alice; I don't know what I should have done without you.'

Wasn't that better than if she had teased to be allowed to help in the way she wanted to, and so had been a trouble and a hindrance?

I think we may all, children and

so trivial, will accomplish more than we can now imagine.

Compared with what we desired, or with what some other lives appear to us, we may feel that we have done nothing; but when the day of toil is over, if we have really tried to do our best, we shall hear our Master say, 'Well done, good and faithful servants.'

What One Boy Disciple Did.

(By Sarah Elma Thayer.)

Frank Lee was walking home from Sunday-school all alone. This was unusual for him. The boys in Miss Steven's class were all the best of friends, and lived near one-another, and so when Sunday-school was over they were in the habit of going home together.

On this Sunday, Frank had been very much impressed by something Miss Steven said in the lesson talk, and he wanted to think it over. When the signal bell for closing the lesson rang, asking Miss Steven to excuse him, he slipped quietly out of the room. Frank did not want the boys to-day, he wanted to be alone.

Shall I describe Frank? He was not a handsome boy, but he was tall and strong for his twelve years. His dark brown hair was thick and curly, he had big, honest, grey eyes and a firm mouth.

He lived not far from the little church, in a small but pretty white cottage over which the ivy grew. The tiny lawn was well kept, and there was a profusion of sweet-smelling old-fashioned flowers, for Frank's mother loved flowers and always had them about her, both in summer and winter time.

Frank was walking very slowly, but thinking harder than he had ever thought before in his life.

The lesson had been about the first disciples of Jesus, how as soon as they had found the Saviour, they had brought others to him. Philip brought his friend to Jesus, and Andrew brought his own brother, Simon Peter. Miss Steven said: 'That is what Jesus wants us to do when we have learned to know and love him. He wants us to tell others how we have found him, and what Jesus has done for us. We can tell them that he has forgiven our sins, that He is with us every day, encouraging and giv-



TEA ON THE LAWN.

ever so many things, Please let me stay.'

'If you really want to be useful, I should like to have you sit by baby and rock him if he stirs, and amuse him if he wakes.'

'Oh, but I want to help you make cake and pies!' said Alice.

'You cannot help me here, for I shall be too busy to see to you, and you must really run away now.'

So Alice went and sat down by the cradle, but with a very sober face. 'Here I have to sit doing nothing,' she said to herself, 'when I wanted to help mamma so much; and I can't even sew for her, for there is no work ready.'

At last baby awoke, but Alice amused him so well that he forgot to cry, and was as good all the

grown-up people, learn a lesson from this. We long to do something for the glory of God and the good of the world, and think how happy we should be if we had some great work to do—if we could go on a mission, or preach the gospel, or devote our lives to the relief of the poor and suffering like Florence Nightingale or Mrs. Fry. But God, in his providence, forbids this, and we have to spend our time in things that seem to us trifles, work that must be done, but which seems far below our powers, and is certainly far below our desires and aspirations.

Let us remember that to do well the work given us is truly the highest life. If we desire and aim to please God, these lives, which seem