

Helpful Gracie.

Little Gracie was tired out with play. She had made the most lovely chain of daisies, and had also gathered a large bunch of buttercups, and now she was glad to rest a little while by mother's knee, and thread her needles for her.

Gracie was a very loving little girl, and her great delight was to be of use to those whom she loved,

When I go to heaven, I shall ask if He will let me help Him.'

'You need not wait till then, my dear little Gracie, to be of use to Him, for every time you do a loving helpful action for others, God sees it from heaven, and He is pleased,' answered her mother softly.

Gracie was quite content, and in a few minutes she was again playing in the meadows, her loving little heart full of thought as to

Nan threw back her curls she noticed Grandma Allen standing in the doorway.

'Tut! tut! my little girl,' reproved grandma, gently; 'if we do the best we can, we are not the ones to measure the good we do—we can't!'

'I—suppose—so,' said Nan, slowly, 'but then, what can a girl no older than I do? If I had money, I might establish reading rooms for the poor, or lunch counters, where poor working-girls could get a nice warm lunch without paying anything for it, or something else really worth doing; but, grandma, it takes means, and all that I have in the world would hardly buy one magazine, or a single plate of doughnuts.'

'Never mind, child, there are things you can do just as worthy as those you mention—things, too, that perhaps nobody else could possibly do.'

Just then the warning bell rang, and with a good-by kiss Nan gathered up her books and hurried away to school.

All the morning she kept thinking of grandma's remark: 'Things that perhaps nobody else could possibly do.'

'I wonder what they can be,' and Nan rested her serious little face in her hands, with her elbows on the desk.

As she was standing near the cloak room door at recess, she overheard Maud Atkins refer to Beth Johnson's grief at her mother's death.

'I pity her,' said Maud, 'but I don't feel that I can do anything for her; she's not of our set. Her mother has done our washing for years, you see—that's how I happened to know her.'

Nan turned, and as she did so she saw Beth, who hadn't left her seat at recess, with a mournfully pinched face, fondly regarding a tiny plain gold ring, worn dangerously thin.

'Her mother's,' thought Nan.

Quietly slipping to her side, Nan took one little hand in hers, and when the girls came back to their seats at the ringing of the bell, Beth's face wore its first smile since her mother's death.

All the remainder of the session Nan felt happy. 'I guess it's what grandma meant,' she thought.

The next day, and the next, she



THREADING MOTHER'S NEEDLES.

and many times she would spare mother's steps by running to do some little errand for her.

'Mother,' said Gracie, 'I want to know something.'

'Well, darling, what is it?'

'I want to know who holds the sun up in the sky?'

Mother was silent for a moment, thinking what was best to say to her little girl.

Without waiting for an answer the child added,

'I s'pect God does, mother.'

'Yes, dear,' said her mother with a smile, 'you are quite right.'

'How His arms must ache!

how she could best help those around her.—'Our Little Ones

Nan's Sympathy Bureau.

Nan was in the cosy sitting-room, her rosy face resting in her hands, watching the bright tongues of flame in the cheerful fireplace, now darting up in spiral beauty, only to fade away again in a tiny volume of smoke.

'I'm just like them!' she exclaimed, slowly. 'I try to do something to be useful, and—well, I'm just like you, little flames; somehow I can never accomplish anything.'

The last was said aloud, and as