

## Little Corners.

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GEORGIA WILLIS, who helped in the kitchen, was rubbing the knives. Somebody 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 little corner, and I in mine."

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

"Because they are in my corner," Georgia said brightly. "'You in your little 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 little 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 s'pose I must. If he knows about knives, it's likely he does about steak," and she broiled 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 red face, and then she told about the knives.

Miss Emma was ironing ruffles; she was tired and warm. "Helen will not care whether they are fluted nicely or nor," she said; "I'll hurry them over;" but after she heard about the knives she did her best.

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

"No," said Helen to her friend who urged, "I really cannot go this evening. I am going to 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, perhaps I will with you," and they went to the prayer-meeting.

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

"It was owing to our Georgia," said Helen; "she seemed to think she must do what she could, if it were 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, but he wouldn't listen to him; but to-night he said, "I have come to tell you a little story." Then he told him about Georgia Willis, about her knives, and her little corner, and her "doing what she could," 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." And 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.

"I believe I won't go to walk," said Helen, hesitating. "I'll finish that dress of mother's; I suppose I can if I think so."

"Why, child, are you here sewing?" her mother said; "I thought you had gone to walk?"

"No ma'am; this dress seemed to be in my corner, so I thought I would finish it."

"In your corner?" her mother repeated in surprise, and then Helen told about the knives. The door-bell rang, and the mother went thoughtfully to receive her pastor. "I suppose I could give more," she said to herself, as she slowly took out the ten dollars that she had laid aside for missions. "If that poor child in the kitchen is trying to do what she can, I wonder if I am? I'll make it twenty-five."

And Georgia's guardian angel said to another angel, "Georgia Willis gave twenty-five dollars to our dear people in India to-day."

"Twenty-five dollars?" said the other angel. "Why, I thought she was poor?"

"Oh, well, she thinks she is, but her Father in heaven isn't, you know. She did what she could and he did the rest."

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 little corner,  
And I in mine.

—*The Pansy.*

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