

devices, your means must be lavished upon every freak that she may happen to introduce as the "newest thing out." Her devotees have no time to read missionary papers that tell of the trials and triumphs of the cross; not even a talent wrapped in a napkin have they, to return to the Master and no means to send the Gospel of peace to the benighted of earth. Hence our missionary treasuries are empty and our agents are constantly pleading for money.

If the shackles of this cruel bondage, which holds as the merest slaves so many misdirected women, could be broken, then the tone of whole communities would be changed. Not only time, talent and means would be consecrated to the Lord, but children would be dedicated to Him, and no longer would we hear the plea for more workers. From many homes would sons and daughters go forth to carry the unsearchable riches of Christ to heathen lands. Perhaps, if the author of this grave charge will study this side of the question as he has the woman who "figures in public meetings," he will find the true cause of neglected homes and children.—*Sallie K. Yancy, in Apostolic Guide.*

SOMETHING WRONG.

I CANNOT believe that we can have earnest piety amongst ourselves unless we feel that these blessings which we ourselves possess we must impart to others; and unless they are like fire in our bones that can set others alight with the same blessed fire—that fire which Christ came to kindle upon earth. I believe that when a church renounces missionary work, or when a church is not expanding in missionary work, there is something fatally wrong in the heart.—*Archbishop Trench.*

FORGIVENESS.

NOTHING is harder than to forgive a malicious wrong, a harm done us, in a matter where we know we are right.

Sir Eardley Wilmot was an English baronet, widely known as a leader in social life, and a man of great personal dignity and force of character. Having been a distinguished chief-justice of the Court of Common Pleas, he was often consulted by friends as to perplexing social questions.

On one occasion a statesman came to him, in great excitement over an

injury just inflicted on him by a political leader. He told the story with warmth, and used strong epithets in describing the malice which had inflicted the wrong.

"Is not my indignation righteous?" he asked, impetuously. "Will it not be manly to resent such an injury?"

"Yes," was the calm reply. "It will be manly to resent it, but it will be God-like to forgive it."

The answer was so unexpected and so convincing, that the statesman had not another word to say. He afterwards confessed to a friend that Sir Eardley's words caused his anger to suddenly depart, leaving him a different and a better man.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

Boys and Girls' Corner.

THE NEWSBOY'S FORGIVENESS.

THE average boy, however rough he may appear, usually has a good big heart that will bring him out on the right side in the end.

He was a bit of a boy not over eight years old, but he followed me so persistently and kept up his cry of "Paper, sir!" so continuously, that I turned on him in a way I afterward regretted. He felt hurt and insulted, and as he disappeared in the darkness I heard him calling:

"Never mind, old man! I'll grow up and give you the awfulest licking a man ever got!"

We have met almost daily for the past year, and on each occasion there has been no evidence of unbending. A dozen times, at least, I have heard him remark in an aside:

"There goes a fellow I am going to lick if it takes me fifty years."

The other day I was surprised to receive a call from my young enemy. Although he looked no older or stronger, I was wondering if he had come to carry out his awful threat, when he extended his little "paw" and said:—

"Say, let's quit."

"I'm agreed."

"I said I'd lick you, and I meant it all along, but—but—"

"What's happened to change your mind?"

"Mother's dead—died Monday," he gasped, as he sat down, "and I don't

want to fight nobody nor nuthin'. If you'll forgive me, I'll forgive you."

And so we shook hands and made up, and I know we both feel the better for it.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

CONSECRATION HYMN.

Jesus, our Lord, to Thee
We render praise;
We consecrate to Thee
Our youthful days;
Wilt Thou accept us now:
While we in homage bow.
Sealing our solemn vow.
Jesus, our Lord?

Jesus, we follow Thee.
O give us power,
That we may faithful be
In every hour;
Courage to do or dare,
That we a crown may wear—
When we Thy triumph share,
Jesus, our Lord.

Jesus, Thy grace bestow
On every heart,
That we thy ways may know
Nor e'er depart:
If Thou our hearts dost fill,
Gladly we'll serve Thee still,
Gladly we'll do Thy will,
Jesus, our Lord.

—*Golden Rule.*

THE LITTLE WALL FLOWER.

FLO JENNER came home from Amy's party with downcast eyes and a pensive little mouth. She walked silently home by Mary's side instead of dancing along, as she had done when the kind maid escorted her to Mrs. Green's at five o'clock.

Mary was privately certain that her pet had not been properly treated at Mrs. Green's. "An' sure," she said, it's hard-hearted they'd be that wouldn't be good to little Miss Flo, bless her."

The dejected face and drooping air were perfect tell tales to the keen observation of mamma, who generally read her darling's countenance without much difficulty.

"Didn't my dear little daughter enjoy herself?" inquired Mrs. Jenner, lovingly. "Wasn't the party a pleasant one?"

"Not very pleasant, mamma. The children at Amy's house were not very polite."

"Indeed! What did they do, dearie?"

"O, it wasn't so much what they did, mamma," confessed the little ten-year-old; "it was that they all knew one another and they didn't know me, and so they talked and played at games,