

Consecration Service

Prayer for Strength.

BY MISS IDELL ROGERS.

Speak low, to us, dear Master, low and sweet,
The month has quickly passed, and now we meet
To give into Thy hand our records each
Of bygone days, of good and ill, and reach
A hand out in the silence for a grasp of Thine.
In sweet compassion graciously incline
Thine ear to usward, listen to our prayer.
These pages, giv'n by Thee, once pure and fair,
We render back; but some are blurred and soiled,
For, missing Thee, at times we blindly toiled
Wearied, alone. Great Helper, take our sheet bedight
With good resolves, but incomplete and weak in deed.
Hallow and use the good. For Christ's dear sake we plead
Blot out the ill. 'Neath His uplifting cross we bow
To give ourselves into Thy keeping now.
Baptize afresh with pardoning grace to-night,
Arm us with faith and courage, Lord, to do the right.

Cobourg, Ont.

A Daughter Worth Having

TWO friends, gentlemen who had been parted for years met in a crowded city street. The one who had lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight, he said:

"Well, I'm off. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to-morrow at dinner. Remember, two o'clock sharp. I want you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other.

"Only one," came the answer, tenderly. "A daughter; but she's a darling."

And then they parted, the stranger in the city getting into a street car for the park. After a block or two a group of five girls entered the car; they all evidently belonged to families of wealth; they conversed well; each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch basket; each was well dressed. They, too, were going to the park for a picnic. They seemed happy and amiable until the car again stopped, this time letting in a pale-faced girl of about eleven and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and on their faces were looks of distress. They, too, were on their way to the park. The gentleman thought so; so did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say, with a look of disdain:

"I suppose those ragamuffins are on an excursion, too!"

"I shouldn't want to leave home if I had to look like that, would you?" This to another girl.

"No, indeed! But there is no accounting for tastes. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this was spoken in a low tone, but the gentleman heard it. Had the child, too? He glanced at the pale face and saw tears. He was angry. Just then the exclamation, "Why, there is Nettie! Wonder where she is going?" caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-faced young girl stood beckoning to the car driver. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"Oh, what lovely flowers! Who are they for?" said another.

"I'm on my way to Belle Clark's. She is sick, and the flowers are for her."

She answered both questions at once, and then glancing toward the door of the car saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes, and then, forgetting she wore a handsome velvet skirt and costly jacket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well-fitting gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little one. She laid one hand on the boy's thin cheeks as she asked of the sister:

"This little boy is sick, is he not? and he is your brother, I'm sure?"

It seemed hard for the girl to answer, but finally she said:

"Yes, miss, he is sick. Freddie never has been well. Yes,

miss, he is my brother. We're going to the park to see if 'twont make Freddie better."

"I am glad you're going," the young girl replied in a low voice, meant for no one's ears except those of the child. "I think it will do him good; it is lovely there, with the spring flowers all in bloom. But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a ride."

Over the little girl's face came a flush.

"Yes, miss, we ought to, for Freddie's sake; but you see we didn't have any lunch to bring. Tim—his other brother—he saved these pennies so as Freddie could ride to the park and back. I guess, maybe, Freddie'll forget about being hungry when he gets to the park."

There were tears in the lovely girl's eyes as she listened; and very soon she asked the girl where she lived, and wrote the address down in a tablet which she took from a bag on her arm.

After riding a few blocks she left the car, but she had not left the little one comfortless. Half the bouquet of violets and hyacinths were clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with radiant face, held in his hand a package, from which he helped himself now and then, saying to his sister in a jubilant whisper:

"She said we could eat 'em all, every one, when we get to the park. What made her so good and sweet to us?"

And the little girl whispered back:

"It's because she's beautiful as well as her clothes," the gentleman heard her whisper.

When the park was reached the five girls hurried out. The gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car across the road to the park, the sister with a heart full of gratitude following. He paid for a nice ride for them in a goat carriage; he treated them to oyster soup at a restaurant.

At two o'clock sharp the next day the two gentlemen, as agreed, met again.

"This is my wife," the host said, proudly, introducing a comely lady; "and this," as a young lady of fifteen entered the parlor, "is my daughter."

"Ah!" said the guest, extending his hand in cordial greeting, "this is the dear girl whom I saw yesterday in the street car. I don't wonder at you calling her a darling. She is a darling and no mistake. God bless her."

And he told his friend what he had seen and heard in the street car.—*Farming World.*

The Very Least Qualifications

One correspondent asks for a list of these, saying: "Tell us in the ERA about the irreducible minimum of qualifications for a superintendent." By this, we presume the query is as to the very least necessary for a Junior League to be successfully conducted. Analyze the following little outline, and see if it does not contain the whole outfit for either a large or small League. Less than it suggests, we cannot catalogue; more is only a matter of quantity. The "irreducible minimum" is here. The maximum of excellence is hereby made possible. Looked at from the standpoint of the superintendent, the Junior League consists of:

MYSELF—The Important One. Know. Want to teach. ENDEAVOUR—Many or few matters not. Interested. EXERCISE—FLASK—Convenience the first requisite. MATERIALS—The fewer and simpler the better. METHODS—Adapted to time, place, and members. Suitable. MONEY—Not much needed. Home-made materials best.

A Junior League may exist and do good work with just one adult, one child, and one Book. But the adult must seek to know the child, to know the Book, and know the best way to introduce the Book into the child. And all this for both character and service. To know, to be, and to do. If, therefore, you are willing to start with this "irreducible minimum" you will probably grow in both knowledge and usefulness. A Junior League superintendent does not need to know everything; but the few essentials must be known practically rather than theoretically, and be worked out in the child's life rather than merely stored away in the child's head.

WHICH is the greater triumph of Divine Grace,—the salvation of an old sinner's soul or the construction of a young disciple's character?