

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper).

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—Something prompts me to tell you the story of a quarrel this morning. Big talks sometimes quarrel as well as boys and girls. We all need to remember very often that Jesus says, "Little children, love one another."

My story is about two pretty farm-houses near together. Mr. Archer and Mr. Sherwood and their families had been good friends for many years. The little gate between the two orchards was used every day for some errand of kindness. When Lizzie Archer was sick, Johnny Sherwood's mamma helped take care of her, and all rejoiced together when the little girl was well once more.

But a change came. One day part of a stone wall lying between the two homes was found broken down. Nobody knew who did it. Mr. Sherwood was sure that the horses of his neighbor had run against it. Mr. Archer was sure that Mr. Sherwood's cows were to blame. Both men were rich enough to have the wall built up again, but neither was willing to do it. The families took part in the quarrel, and the little gate in the orchard was closed for many long days. One little heart refused to be comforted. Johnny and Lizzie had been playmates from their babyhood, and could not understand why everybody was so cross when they wanted to play together now. One Sunday Johnny's teacher was trying to interest the infant class in missionary work, telling them of many ways in which children could help.

"Now, how many of you will ask your little friends to help you in this work?" she asked, and a host of little hands came up for answer. Johnny's curly head went down in his hands and he began to cry so bitterly. After the rest of the children had gone into the big school-room he told kind Miss Neal all about his trouble: "I haven't any little friend any more when I can't play with Lizzie. The old stone wall is down, and my papa is 'justly indignant,' mamma says, I don't know what that means, but Lizzie thinks her papa has got it, too, for they both act as we children did when we were awful cross. Nobody speaks to anybody. Things seem queer and crooked, but I do want Lizzie so much."

Miss Neal advised Johnny to try and be a little peace-maker, to pour oil on the waters when he had a chance, and be patient and gentle for a little while. "Do you think that would do any good?" asked Johnny with his bright eyes wide open. "I think it will, dear, only you must be careful not to do or say anything disrespectful to older people; just watch your chance to work quietly and softly," was his teacher's reply.

Johnny walked home with a big plan in his busy little head. Next morning he was up very early for Miss Neal told him to begin softly, and he did not want anybody to make him explain. So taking his mamma's big coal-oil can, he went through the little gate once more and emptied all the oil into Mr. Archer's well. Bridget, the servant, saw him but did not know what he was about. Breakfast-time told the story, for all the water in the well tasted of coal oil. Bridget said she had seen Johnny Sherwood at the well that morning, so off went Mr. Archer in a great rage to see Johnny's papa about it. Angry, bitter words were spoken on both sides before Johnny crept out of his hiding-place to explain with many sobs, "Nobody sent me to pollute your well. It was just oil for the waters. I love Lizzie, so I do, and we want to play together. We are tired of having everybody so cross. I cried about it in Sunday School and Miss Neal told me

to be a little peace-maker, and pour oil on the waters. So I chucked our whole canful of coal oil down your well—so there!" and Johnny was crying at his disappointment at things not coming all right. The gentlemen both laughed and then shook hands over the whole matter. Each owned that he had been wrong to get so angry over a few stones: The wall was re-built, both helping, and the families were friends again.

Next Sunday Johnny whispered to Miss Neal, "I tried, and it did it, too! Lizzie and me's going to have a missionary hen together and raise chickens to sell for the heathen."

I wish every quarrel, especially between the Lord's people, could have as happy an ending, don't you?

SISTER BELLE.

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Consecration.

In the bustle and confusion of our endless activities, our anxieties about training and qualifications for work, the earnest appeal of Paul, the great foreign missionary, falls unheeded on our ears: "I beseech you therefore brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God which is your reasonable service." Or, having heard it we have failed to understand the import of the charge, and have thought it sufficient to present or set ourselves apart for service in a general way, forgetting that we need the consecrating touch of our great High Priest. He himself must set us apart,—body, soul, and spirit—for service. Without this consecration we are but unlighted candles, dark in ourselves, radiating none of the glory of the divine nature; or as Phillips Brooks beautifully puts it, we are are but silver lamps, wrought with wondrous skill, and filled with rarest oil, but untouched with fire. It is not surprising that oftentimes we have experienced failure and defeat. The wonder is, how such grand results have been achieved by our feeble efforts. Had we been fully, completely consecrated, we might have brought many sheaves from the great harvest field of the world to lay at our Master's feet.

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