

A CONSECRATED LIFE.

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-stores.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

—Francis Kelly's *Haverhill*.

HOW PRUE SAVED THE CORN CROP.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

PART II.

Prue danced into the house. She had a bad habit of conversing with herself, and this was what she was saying: "Two hours yet before father will wait his breakfast: now for the notes! Let me see, twelve men for ten hours, that's some hundred and twenty hours. If they begin at six—and they easily can, if we have handed the tea at half-past five—and hoe till twelve, that's six hours apiece; six into one hundred and twenty goes twenty times. I want twenty girls, and I'll ask a few more, to make sure; I don't believe I shall have any regrets; but they mayn't all do their little best. There are four Haylitts, and three Robesons, that's seven, and five Wilsons, that's twelve, and two Oswalds, fourteen, and three Rudolphs, seventeen, and one Anderson—the Rudolphs can stop for her—that's eighteen, and four Rineharts, that's twenty-two, and I'm twenty-three; surely that will be enough. What a supper I'll give them! Bob would have raised all sorts of objections, but father's reasonable; and there's all those dear lemons, and nearly all my birthday cake, and heaps of tomatoes, and eggs, and potatoes, and a whole bottle of sweet oil! Left for the dressing, thanks be to praise! Of course everything must be cold, and ready beforehand, but the coffee and chocolate; and I'll have them ready, but not cold. Oh, what fun it's going to be!"

And Prue caught up an astonished kitten, and whirled around the room with it until they were both dizzy. Then she sat down to her writing desk, and proceeded with puckered forehead and lips, to compose the following note:

Dear Girls:

This is an appeal rather than an invitation. Will you all come to a hoeing party this evening? There will be a very elegant, and of course light, handed tea at 5:30; hoeing from 6 to 12; supper at 12 precisely. We are to imagine, when we sit down to supper, that we have been dancing. Particulars to be given on the premises. Sincerely yours,

PATRICK HENDERSON.

Of this note she made seven slightly varied copies, adding to the notes to her most distant guests an invitation to remain for the night. By the time she had finished it was nearly seven o'clock, and she made ready a dainty breakfast for her father.

"I'm getting too lazy for anything," he said when she took it up. "I believe I was well enough to come down this morning, Prue—you oughtn't to spoil me so."

"You're my only father, dear, so people will excuse me," said Prue, giving him the waiter and a kiss at the same time. She sat by the window till he had finished, then putting the waiter on a chair, she took his hands coaxingly, saying:

"I don't ever give you anything but good advice, dear, do I?"

"Not often!" said her father, smiling. "What reason are you hatching now, Prue? Out with it!"

So Prue unfolded her plan, and, to her delight, and somewhat to her surprise, he entered into it heartily. She would have had less pleasure in his consent, but would have prized it more, could she have seen the struggle which went on in his mind while she was speaking. He disliked putting himself under obligations to those who were not near and dear to him, and he was about to say so, when a happy second thought made him try to regard the affair as Prue and her friends would regard it. He knew that all the girls whom she proposed to invite were healthy, happy damsels, to whom an evening spent in hoeing would be no more exhausting than one spent in dancing. He knew that Prue would give them a royal supper at the end of their work, and that the friendly feeling which animated their little colony would make that work a pleasure. So he manfully suppressed every doubtful or ungracious word which occurred to him, and was surprised to find himself, as the day went on, planning and working with Prue as if they were two school-girls.

"I'm so sorry Bob can't be 'in it,'" said Prue, regretfully, as she sprang into the buggy, at eight o'clock with her basket of notes, "but you see—don't you, Fatherkin!—that all the pride of all the Hendersons would have blocked my way if I had breathed it to him, and then I do wish to see his face when he meets that corafield tomorrow evening! Now be good while I'm gone. I'll come back as soon as I can, for I've 'a great deal of trouble to see to' before this evening."

The bread had been baking while Prue was writing her notes, and the borrowed flour was to make some sour-cream-and-soda biscuit.

Prue planned and arranged, as she drove rapidly from house to house, leaving her notes at the doors, for she thought that if she stopped to talk and explain her morning would be gone before she knew it. "Fortune favors the brave," and the observant. At the first stopping-place Prue picked up a small but devoted friend of hers, who was only too glad, for the sake of the drive, to jump out and deliver the notes. He entered keenly into the spirit of the enterprise, and begged so hard to be allowed to come and "help," that Prue told him he might if his mother were willing. He came out, flushed with triumph, from the second house at which they stopped.

"Miss Prue, dear Miss Prue, we're in such luck!" he exclaimed; "here's Mr. Haylitt's team going right past Oswald's and Wilson's, on his way to Warrenton and he says he'd back his horse to beat yours, any day, and to just give him the notes, and he'll have 'em there before you could, and he says you're the pluckiest girl in the country, and I said I knew that this great while!"

Prue's knight stopped for breath, and she handed him the notes laughing and blushing.

Mr. Haylitt came to the door with a word of hearty encouragement, a regret that he could not go with "the girls," and a promise to send them along in good time.

The two other notes were soon delivered, for Prue determined not to be discouraged, left the answers to fate and hurried on.

"I'll tell you what, Phil," she said, as they neared Mr. Rudolph's, on their homeward way, "I'll let you get out here, and you can run on and ask your mother just to let you come home with me, if you're not needed to-day, and you can bring some 'greens' from the swamp and dress up the barn, and help me set the table, and do all sorts of things!"

Phil sprang from the buggy almost before she stopped speaking, and by the time she reached his gate stood there panting, with his Sunday suit rolled into a ball under his arm.

"It's to wear to-night," he explained, throwing it under the seat as he jumped in; "drive on quick, Miss Prue, or they'll all be at you at once!"

Sure enough, Mrs. Rudolph's motherly face appeared at a window, and the three smiling faces of her daughters at the door, and a threefold shout of "Wait, Prue! Wait! We're coming, of course, but what does it mean?" was wafted into the buggy as Prue drove rapidly away.

She was home by eleven, and then she "flew 'round." Sandwiches, for which a ham had been boiled the day before, cake and lemonade and tea were to complete the elegant light repast at 5.30. Mr. Hen-

derson "went on cutting bread and butter" until his arm ached, but he would not stop until it was decided that the "handed tea" would be elegantly heavy if people ate more than three sandwiches a-piece, and that the six dozen which Prue proudly counted would be enough. Then he reclined on a luxurious couch composed of hay and old quilts on the barn floor, and directed Phil's zeal, which was not entirely according to knowledge, until the barn "looked like a ball-room," Prue declared. The kitchen stove seemed to have caught the spirit of the times, Biscuit and cake came out "done to a turn," and the coffee was browned to nicety. Phil ground it as soon as it was roasted, and was like another pair of hands and feet to Prue, so that by three o'clock all was in readiness excepting what must necessarily be left until the last moment. Prue had time for "forty winks" before she went to put on the clean gingham dress which she had decided would be suitable to the occasion, and Mr. Henderson was induced to lie down, although he declared that it was quite unnecessary—he had not felt so well for weeks.

The curiosity which Prue's invitation had excited made her guests unfashionably punctual; by half-past five they were all there, "taking off their things" in the spare room. Prue explained the situation in a few words, and the hearty sympathy and approval with which her explanation was greeted warmed the cockles of her heart. They were impatient to begin, and the light refreshment was disposed of as quickly as might be, though not without a flattering appreciation of the lemonade.

Then one of the Rudolphs, whose father had been "in the war," shouldered her hoe, saying briskly, "Shoulder arms! Forward, march!" and away they marched to the corafield to the tune of "John Brown's Body." There was not a house nor a high-road in sight; they might sing and laugh to their heart's content! The captain gave them their orders, they fell into line, each at the end of a row, and then began a race for the other end. Nobody could have told which flew fastest, tongues or hoes. Mr. Henderson sitting on the front porch, from which he had received a twenty-four-fold order "not to stir," smiled to himself when the sound, as of innumerable blackbirds, came to him on the breeze. Then the chatter suddenly stopped and there was a chorus of clear girl-voices in "Here we go round the mulberry-bush!" other songs, old and new, followed, with intervals of merry talk between. Prue had "adapted" the vision of that most genial gardener, Charles Dudley Warner, and as each girl came to the end of her row, she found Phil waiting for her with a bright tin dipper of lemonade. Twilight fell, and the full moon rose grandly in a cloudless sky. The girls had settled steadily to their work, and it was plain now that there would be a handsome margin of time before the supper hour. The sweetness of the evening subdued the talk and laughter, and when after a brief silence, Mary Rudolph softly began the Evening Hymn, every voice joined hers. Hopes and plans and aspirations were talked over as the girls worked side by side, and not a few good resolves and strengthened purposes dated from that helpful evening. They finished, in a glow of enthusiasm, a little after eleven. Prue had put her coffee and chocolate on to boil as she saw them nearing the end, and with so many willing hands to help it, the supper was soon on the table. Cold chicken and tongue and ham, "dressed" tomatoes, potato salad, piles of buttered biscuit, Prue's birthday cake, cut in slices and skillfully spread, so that last night's subtraction should not spoil its roundness, sponge-cake and jumbles, canned peaches, and a great dish of fresh blackberries which Phil had gathered, made a goodly show. There were various small side-dishes—egg-sandwiches, pickled beets and cucumbers, dried beef and cheese; and Mr. Henderson, who had flatly refused to go to bed, and declared his intention to carve the chickens, smiled to himself as he looked at the loaded table, with mental prophecy that it would take at least three days to eat the remains. He smiled again, at the fallaciousness of his prophecy, as they rose from the table. Hoeing as these young women had hoed that evening would have qualified them for a supper far less tempting than that which Prue had set before them.

When Bob came home the next afternoon Prue hurried him into the house, as soon as he had emptied the wagon and put up the

horses, and kept him there, upon one pretext or another, until after tea; he lingered, talking with her about the poor little woman at the mill, until she had washed and put away the tea-things; then, as they came out arm-in-arm to the porch, Mr. Henderson said:

"Children, if you'll each give me an arm, I would like to walk around a little and take a look at that corafield."

Bob's face grew gloomy at once, but he silently walked his arm to his father, and they walked slowly down the lane. When they reached the bars Bob rubbed his eyes. "Why, Prudence!" he said, and stopped looking bewildered. There smiled the corn, not from a tangle of weis, but from the brown, freshly-turned cart—not a weed to be seen!

"How in the world," began Bob, and stopped again.

Mr. Henderson laughed as they had not heard him laugh for many a day.

"You owe your sister a hat, my boy," he said, "and if you'll do the square thing you'll write to your Aunt Prudence for the prettiest bonnet in Boston, when that corn's sold. 'Man has his will, but woman has her way.'"

Bob turned to Prue for an explanation, and Prue explained.

"I take back what I said the other day about women's voting, my dear," said Bob, when she had finished; "or—no, I don't either, come to think of it; you'd vote for each other every time, and the poor inferior man, would be left out in the cold altogether. You good little soul!" and he kissed her with a fervor which would have endangered a less genuine blush than the one which covered her face at his loving praise.

Prue, true to her name, utterly declined "the prettiest bonnet in Boston," but Aunt Prudence executed a commission for Bob in her usual satisfactory manner just before the ensuing Christmas, and, no matter with which of her numerous neekerchiefs Prue adorns herself, it is always fastened with a little golden ear of corn.

There have been many merry-makings since the practical one of which I have told, but the jealous youths in that neighborhood declare that the girls always follow up their approval of the most successful "handing" with, "Oh but it doesn't compare with Prue's 'Hoeing Party'!"—*Christian Union*.

THE GIRLS' PRAYER MEETING.

A TRUE STORY.

"Well, Beth, there's no use in our trying to do anything of the kind here; perhaps your plan worked well in Willington, but it never could be carried out in Hamden," and Emma Blake drew down her good-natured face to as doleful a length as possible, and gazed mournfully out of the window.

Both Wakeman, sitting in an easy position on the other side of the cheery coal fire settled her eye-glasses and laughed.

"Don't you know, Emma, everything that's distant always seems a great deal easier to do than what is close at hand? Willington hadn't half the advantages that Hamden has in reality; there weren't as many girls to begin with, and not a bit more interest than there is here."

"But the idea of proposing a girls' meeting to any of them; they would turn up their noses at the very suggestion. Why, we can hardly have a young people's meeting, there are so few to take part, and what can we expect of one entirely by ourselves?"

"But it's just because the girl's don't know they can speak, and this would be a sort of training school for us. That's the way it looks to me."

"Well, you are sanguine, Beth, because you've been away from it all so long; but you sit through as many awful pauses at prayer meetings as I have, and you'll feel differently. But there, Beth, you know I don't want to throw cold water on the plan, and one thing we can do, we can pray for it anyway, and I think 'twill help us to have the same time every day, to think and pray for each other and our work."

"Yes, we can do that; and to-morrow let's see Mrs. True and ask her how to begin."

"The very thing, and then we'll see the girls as soon as we have a chance—probably those we expect the least of will help the most."