

## JUST IN TIME.

A few years since, during one of the mission seasons in London, a lady was waiting outside the door of the place of worship where a mission service was being held.

While waiting there she saw a young woman coming along the street, and she went up to her and invited her to come in to the service.

The girl "had shopping to do, and had no time." "Will it not do after the service is over?" said the lady. The girl said it would, but after several other excuses she said, "I have no Bible with me, and I won't go to church without one." The lady said instantly, "Here is mine; take it." It was a Bible which she loved, a precious Bible hallowed by many sacred and divine associations; but the love of souls was uppermost in her heart, so she handed it to the stranger, never expecting to see it again. The girl accepted it and went in. She there heard the message of mercy and of peace, believed it, and at once accepted it. She went home and wrote a long letter to her mother, telling her the change that had come over her, and all the circumstances connected with it. She implored her mother to follow her example, and never rest till she had found Christ.

This lady was in the habit of visiting a hospital, and on going there the following day she was met by the nurse, saying, "Oh, ma'am, it's so strange, but I found your Bible in the pocket of a patient this morning." The lady recognized her Bible at once, and anxiously inquired about the patient. She heard that she was *dead*! It seemed that on that very same afternoon, after the service, and after writing to her mother, the girl met with a fearful accident, and was carried to the hospital to die. The lady asked if she said anything particular before her death. "No," said the nurse, "but her last words were: '*Thank God this did not happen yesterday.*'"

SELECTED.

—O—  
SAVE THE GIRLS.

The following letter was published in the *Union Signal* some time ago.

"Let me beseech of you, Christian women, to educate the girls. Ignorance is *not* innocence. I know of what I am speaking, because through the silence of the one whose right and duty it was to tell me of the sin that walks through this land, I am to-day a *ruined* girl. Do you wonder that I entreat you to educate the girls, and if they fall it will be with eyes wide open, and walk blindly into the snares laid for their purity and goodness.

Many, many girls would thankfully receive this knowledge, and will you sit calmly by and allow them to go on until perhaps they discover it from their bitter, bitter experience, as I did, and like me, be ready to curse the mother that would not warn them before it was too late?

It costs me a great deal to write this but I want to extend my thanks to the grand superintendent and her valuable assistants in this very necessary department.

You will find that it is not always the poor and ignorant that need attention, but more often in the refined, intelligent homes, where the daughter is guarded tenderly and grows up in the belief that all men are as good and pure as her father and brother. These young girls need instruction, because on them the shame falls so heavily, and disgrace is so bitter that death, if suicide were not cowardly, is preferable.

Hoping your work will prosper, with kind wishes I remain,

"BLASTED" AT 17.

## "ANCHORAGE."

While in Chicago I visited "The Anchorage," an institution very much like our W. C. T. U. Sheltering Home.

Go where we will, the same terrible evils confront us, the same need is felt for earnest, untiring labor in rescuing the fallen, and bringing about a more righteous public opinion on the moral questions which are agitating the christian world to-day.

At Toronto, on my way back, I addressed a meeting of W. C. T. U. workers whose hearts were burdened with the same sins and sorrows in their city, and also spoke to a large congregation Sunday evening on the subject of Social Purity.

I have hardly reached home ere I am overwhelmed with the sad cases needing attention and shelter. Only this morning before leaving the house, hearing that a young girl wanted to see me, I went down stairs, and there in the hall, stood a mere child in a short dress, who had come some three hundred miles to be sheltered and to hide her shame.

It is an old story, fatherless, motherless, her own way to make in the world, surrounded by temptation she had plunged down the awful abyss that separates her forever in this world—(and who shall draw aside the curtain that veils the world beyond?) from those who, surrounded by the loving influences of home and friends, stand to-day at such a distance from this poor lost child.

Who is to blame? I answer that to me it seems that the whole fabric of society, and the christian church, will have to bear a large share of blame when we come to stand before the Righteous Judge of all the earth.

Ah! fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, there is something radically wrong, when every one who takes up this work finds that the sorrowful cases are of daily occurrence, here and everywhere!

We are picking up the individual threads, but the farther we unravel the tangled web, the more sure we are that the fabric must be re-made, socially, legally, and in the church of God.

—O—  
GO AND SIN NO MORE.—JOHN VII: 11.

The guilty one whose guilt is known,  
By sinning mortals hither led,  
Now stands before the Lord alone;  
The conscience-stricken men have fled.

O moment sad with shame and grief,  
From consciousness of deep disgrace,  
O years condensed to moments brief,  
Sin and Purity face to face!

The trembler waits to hear Him speak,  
Oppressed with fears and bitter woe;  
How will he chide the sinner, weak?  
Hear, Pharisees, if ye would know.

He speaks—the voice is sweet and mild,  
In love the fallen would restore—  
"Neither do I condemn thee," child,  
But, "Go, and sin no more"—no more.

Ye Pharisees of modern date,  
A lesson learn from this one's sin;  
Ye cannot help the weak by hate,  
For love alone, to God can win.

O, holy love! O, love divine!  
That reaches down to one so vile,  
And bids the light of God to shine,  
Where all was darkest gloom the while.

O, holy love! O, love divine!  
On us thy bright effulgence pour;  
In our sin-darkened souls new shine,  
And help us all to "Sin no more."