

one hundred and twenty already had Christian churches, and teachers were at once found for all the rest.—*Youth's Companion.*

### Guilty or Not Guilty.

She stood at the bar of justice,  
A creature wan and wild,  
In form too small for a woman,  
In features too old for a child;  
For a look so worn and pathetic  
Was stamped on her pale young face,  
It seemed long years of suffering  
Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name," said the judge as he eyed her,  
With kindly look, yet keen,  
"Is"—"Mary McGuire, if you please, sir."  
"And your age?" "I am turned fifteen."  
"Well, Mary," and then from a paper  
He slowly and gravely read;  
"You're charged here, I am sorry to say it,  
With stealing three loaves of bread.

"You look not like an offender,  
And I hope that you can show  
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,  
Are you guilty of this, or no?"  
A passionate burst of weeping  
Was at first the sole reply,  
But she dried her eyes in a moment,  
And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you how it was, sir;  
My father and mother are dead,  
And my little brothers and sisters  
Were hungry and asked me for bread.  
At first I earned it for them  
By working hard all day,  
But somehow times were hard, sir,  
And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment,  
The weather was bitter cold,  
The young ones cried and shivered—  
(Little Johnny's but four years old)—  
So what was I to do, sir?  
I am guilty, but do not condemn,  
I took—oh, was it stealing?  
The bread to give to them."

Every man in the court room—  
Gray bearded and thoughtless youth—  
Knew as he looked upon her,  
That the prisoner spoke the truth.  
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,  
Out from their eyes sprang tears,  
And out from old faded wallets,  
Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study—  
The strangest you ever saw,  
And he cleared his throat and murmured  
Something about the law;  
For one so learned in such matters—  
So wise in dealing with men,  
He seemed on a single question,  
Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered,  
When at last these words they heard:  
"The sentence of this young prisoner  
Is, for the present, deferred!"  
And no one blamed him or wondered,  
When he went to her and smiled,  
And tenderly led from the court room  
Mary, the "guilty" child.

—Selected.

### Grandpa's Plan.

ON the first day of the new year, Grandpa Bogardus stamped the snow from his feet and inquired for Howard. Howard was the more pleased to come when he saw a package in the hall nicely tied up. Certainly it must be for him, as grandpa had taken his seat beside it and called for him, but what could it be?

Howard had begun to dream about being a man, but when he counted and counted the years of his age, he could only make them eight. Certainly it might have been thought that Grandpa Bogardus, in bringing a New Year gift for Howard, would bring a toy; almost any grandpa would have done so, but Grandpa Bogardus had a way of his own, and drew the boy between his knees for a moment's chat.

"I have a great work to be done, Howard," he said gravely, "a great work to be done; do you think you would be willing to do it?"

"I might try," replied Howard, a little astonished.

"It is a very important work for somebody; the trouble is to get the right boy; a boy who, when he begins, will be a man about it; a boy who knows how to keep a promise, a boy not afraid of work."

Howard's eyes shone quite brightly under the gas-light, and he straightened himself up with a little pride, and wondered if the work had anything to do with the package.

"Is it very hard work, grandpa? I am turned of eight."

"Well, yes; I may say it is hard—hard in one way. It will take time, patience, and resolution; it is something which will take a great while to do, and I am very much afraid of getting a boy to do it who will grow tired and out of patience, and want to neglect it."

"How long will it take, grandpa?"  
"I will allow three years; just three years from to-day."

"Three years! Why, grandpa, what can it be?"

"It is something which if once begun must be continued; it will not do to stop, and that is why I am so anxious to get the right boy."

Howard looked restless and anxious.  
"I cannot do this work myself and I am very anxious to have it done; what do you say, Howard?"

"Grandpa, it must be something dreadful; I would like to help, only I am afraid to promise."

"I have three handsome book-shelves here which I bought to give to the right boy," said grandpa, "for you know a boy who does not earn a book-shelf should never have one. I would like to give these book-shelves to you."

Howard looked seriously up in grandpa's face, but did not quite know what to say.

"The boy to whom I give that book-shelf must promise to fill it with books; to fill it with books is not an easy task."

"Do you think so, grandpa? I have a great many already, and I am sure papa would give me more," replied Howard, confidently.

"But how many of those books have you read? No books must stand upon these shelves but those you have read."

Howard looked troubled enough.  
"Only two, grandpa, all through by myself; you know it is so much easier to have some one read them to me."

"No one must read for you the books which go on these shelves: to have them you must earn them; to earn them you must fill them; to fill them you must work."

"Then is the work to read the books, grandpa?"

"That is the work. Every time there is a new book put on the shelf I shall expect the boy who owns it to tell me as much as possible about it, and I shall expect to see a new book go on the shelf quite often. Some of these books I will give myself, but any nice book, of which papa and mamma approve, will answer if it is read entirely through alone. I shall expect the shelves filled in three years. If they are filled in that time they will belong to the boy: if they are not filled at the end of the time they will belong to me. Now you see why I said I wanted a boy who would be a man about it, and why I cannot do the work myself, and why it will not do to stop if once begun."

Howard looked thoughtfully toward the floor, and the parcel, and up at Grandpa Bogardus.  
"Well, little man, what do you think about it," inquired the latter; "do you know of any boy who will help me? Do you think you will like to try?"  
A great many boys would have consented in a minute, and have had the polished shelves hung on the wall, and forgotten ever to keep the promise about filling them until the time came to lose them; but Howard was more of a man than this, if he was not yet nine years old.  
"It would be very little books I could put on the shelf now, grandpa; but please let me tell you before you go home, I want to think about it."  
Grandpa opened the package. He held up the bright cords with the shelves. Howard was delighted. How glad he would be to have such a set of shelves just for himself, and certainly mamma would be proud. He examined them on all sides, and had a thousand questions to ask grandpa. I think he had already decided within himself, but he was always careful about making a promise, but when it was made he was generally man enough to keep it. He brought all the books he owned and stood them along to see how far they would go toward filling it, but when squeezed together they did not cover half of one shelf. He stood up the two which he had read—scraps of things—what did they amount to toward filling a shelf? He lay down on the rug beside them, with his face resting on his hand, and thought and thought.  
Grandpa came out in the hall and found him there. "Well, little man, have you decided?" inquired grandpa, better pleased to see the matter viewed as of so much importance than he would have been to have had it decided upon in a hurry, to be perhaps repented of afterward.  
"I think I have, grandpa," replied Howard, rising to his feet and standing before the shelves; "I shall soon be nine, and then ten, and I can do more after a while; three years is a long while."  
Grandpa was pleased that he had found the right boy, and the shelves were hung up. They did look very empty in spite of their bright cords and polished surface. Howard asked if he might be allowed to put on them the two little books which he had read, and was pleased enough to see them there. He did not fill the first shelf before the next new year. The second year he did better, but there was a whole shelf and a half yet to be filled; still the habit of having some useful little book at hand, of whose contents he was to give an account, had begun to grow. He was obliged to work this last year, but the task was completed in time, and Howard was entertained and improved quite as much as grandpa had hoped.  
At the end of the appointed time, grandpa sent Howard a very pretty book-case as a New Year gift, to be filled in the same way, by books which Howard had read, only with this, there is no limited time. And who will doubt that the boy who has thus mastered his task for three years, will continue the like pursuit until he grows to be wiser and wiser each year, and will remember gratefully the empty shelves and the hard task and grandpa's helpful, loving plan.—*N. Y. Observer.*

### It is Coming!

Do you hear an ominous muttering as of  
thunder gath'ring round?  
Do you hear the nation tremble as with  
quake shakes the ground?  
'Tis the waking of a people—'tis a mighty  
battle sound.

"The great thing in the present crisis is the undeniable fact that the people of this country want to get rid of whiskey. They may so desire from a great variety of motives, they may prefer many different methods of bringing about the desired result, but the man who does not see plainly that the great majority of Canadians desire to rid their country of the liquor traffic is blind as a bat. There may be a slight reaction, there may be more than one reaction, there may be changes in the methods of working, but the will of the people must rule in the end, and the traffic must go."—*Canada Presbyterian.*

Do you see the grand uprising of the people  
in their might?  
They are girding on their armour, they are  
arming for the fight,  
They are going forth to battle for the  
triumph of the Right.

For the power of Rum hath bound us and  
the power of Rum hath reigned,  
'Till baptismal robes of Liberty are tarnished,  
torn, and stained,  
Till the struggling nation shudders as its  
forces lie enchained.

It hath trampled o'er the hearthstone and  
hath left it desolate;  
It hath slain the wife and mother, it hath  
filled the world with hate;  
It hath wrecked the noblest manhood, and  
hath laughed to scorn the great.

"Yes there they are, men and women, harlots and burglars, and brutal; blaspheming God and cursing their own souls. They crowd each other down, sinking, with a hell within, to a darker hell beyond; and yet, though they perish at the rate of thousands every year, the supplies are continued; and I see coming from our homes those who shall fill their places and follow in their steps. On every breeze I hear the hoarse voice of the destroyer crying in his demonic thirst for souls, 'Wanted! wanted! wanted! Fathers, mothers, teachers, pastors, listen to that cry. Wanted! Wanted! what? Our sons and our daughters to fill the places of the drunkards, who are rushing this year over the dark precipice of ruin. Wanted, ten thousand fair girls to fill the places of those now dying in misery and shame. Wanted! twice ten thousand of your bright-eyed boys, to supply the mad-house and the jail. Wanted! aye, and mind you, unless we at once rise and stand between them and ruin, they will be had!"—*Rev. Chas. Garrett.*

Shall it longer reign in triumph, longer wear  
its tyrant crown?  
Shall it firmer weld the fetters that now  
bind the nation down?  
Shall this grand young country longer bow  
and tremble 'neath its frown?

No! let every heart re-echo; rouse ye  
gallant men, and true!  
Rouse, ye broken-hearted mothers! see the  
night is almost through;  
Rouse ye, every man and woman—God is  
calling now for you.

—*M. Florence Nov.*

THE Scottish Episcopal Church has begun its first mission at Ounda, in the Central Provinces of India.

LIFE being short, and the quiet hours of it few, we ought to waste none of them in reading valueless books; and valuable books should, in a civilized country, be within the reach of every one.—*Ruskin.*