

Carpo Diem.

BY MARGARET K. SALE.

WHEN is the golden time? you ask—
The golden time for love;
The time when earth is green beneath,
And skies are blue above;
The time for sturdy health and strength,
The time for happy play.
When is the golden hour? you ask;
I answer you, "To-day."

To-day, that from the Maker's hand
Slips on the great world sea
As staunch as ever ship that launched
To sail eternally;
To-day, that waits to you and me
A breath of Eden's prime,
That greets us, glad and large and free—
It is our golden time.

For yesterday hath veiled her face
And gone as far away
As sands that sweep the pyramids
In Egypt's ancient day.
No man shall look on yesterday,
Or tryst with her again,
Forever gone her toils, her prayers,
Her conflicts and her pain.

To-morrow is not ours to hold,
May never come to bless
Or blight our lives with weal or ill,
With gladness or distress;
No man shall clasp to-morrow's hand,
Nor catch her on the way;
For when we reach to-morrow's land,
She'll be, by then, to-day.

You ask me for the golden time—
I bid you "seize the hour,"
And fill it full of earnest work,
While yet we have the power.
To-day the golden time for joy
Beneath the household eaves;
To-day the royal time for work,
For "bringing in the sheaves."

To-day, the golden time for peace,
For righting olden feuds;
For sending forth from every heart
Whatever sin intrudes;
To-day, the time to consecrate
Your life to God above;
To-day the time to banish hate,
The golden time for love.

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

BUT the dreaded day came at last, when Euclid and Mrs. Linnett, and poor Bess herself, were compelled to appear at the sessions and give their evidence against David and Blackett. Mr. Dudley had engaged counsel to defend David, that every fact in his favour might be made public, and his sentence, in consequence, be mitigated. There was not the shadow of a hope of an acquittal.

When Bess stood up in the witness-box, she saw only two faces clearly. There was David, pale, abject, frightened, with bent head, and dim, mournful eyes fastened upon her; and there was the judge opposite to her, calm and grave, with a searching keenness in his gaze. As she told her name, David's lips moved a little, as though he was repeating it to himself.

Unconsciously, merely answering the questions put to her, Bess told the story of David's two first convictions, and the sorrow they had wrought.

"He was always a good boy to mother and me," she said, sobbing; "and he's good to me still. He'd never be told where I lived for fear he'd spoil my life. Oh Davy! Davy!"

She burst into tears, and stretched out her arms to him, as if she would throw them about his bowed-down head, and cling to him in face of them all, in spite of his deep disgrace. David laid his head on the bar at which he stood, and shook with the sobs he forced himself to control.

He did not look up again till Euclid was taking the oath. The old man appeared many years older than he had done before the murderous attack made upon him. His gray hair was quite white and his cheeks and temples had fallen in like those of a very aged man, but he smiled at David, and nodded affectionately. So far as the cruel assault upon himself went, he completely cleared him; it was Blackett alone that had maltreated him.

"David Fell never lifted up his hand against me, my lord and judge," said Euclid warmly and energetically. "He fought for me, and I'd ha' been a murdered man this minute but for him. Why, I've known David ever since

he was this high, and he'd ha' made a good man if he'd had a chance. He hadn't a chance after he'd been sent to jail, and his mother was as good a woman as ever you see."

At the mention of his mother, David's face grew as pale as death, and his lips quivered. He fancied he could hear her voice calling his name. For years past he had tried to deaden the memory of her; but now it seemed as if he could see her plainly, sitting by the dim, red light of a handful of embers, talking to him and Bess about their father. To work hard and honestly as his father had done had been his mother's religion,—the simple code of duty she had tried to teach him. Thank God, his mother was in her grave, and knew nothing of his guilt and shame!

His brain grew weary, and he ceased to take notice of what was going on after Euclid disappeared. Different men stood up and spoke,—some for a minute or two, others for longer; but he did not understand them: their speech was as a foreign tongue to him. His previous convictions had been very summary, and the proceedings now appeared complicated and perplexing. Why were they so long over this trial? Everybody knew he had broken into the house for the purpose of robbery. His first two trials, when he was a young lad, had not occupied five minutes each. Why were they so much more careful of him now when it was too late?

At last his wandering attention was caught by the utterance of his mother's name. He turned his eyes to the speaker, and never withdrew them from his face until he ceased to speak. It was the counsel whom Mr. Dudley had engaged for him.

"Elizabeth Fell was left a widow at the age of twenty-four, with a boy and a girl to provide for. What aid did we offer her? We told her she might take refuge in our workhouse, among the outcasts and profligates of her sex, where we would take from her her children, who were as dear to her as our children are to their mothers, and bring them up apart from her. If she refused such an offer, we would leave her to fight her battle alone. She chose drudgery and hunger—a terrible disease, and death itself—rather than take our aid on our terms."

"When she lay dying, gnawed by famine with a mere pittance of out-door relief, her son, a lad under fourteen years of age, ventured to go out and beg for his mother. He was ashamed to beg, willing, on the other hand, to work, having an ambition to tread in the steps of his father, the honest and skilful artisan. What did we do for Elizabeth Fell's child? We arrested him, dragged him before a hurried and over-worked magistrate, omitted to investigate his statements, and, after a brief trial of four or five minutes, sent him to jail for three months. This was in England!

"David Fell hastened home, when his first imprisonment was ended, to find his mother still alive, but on her death-bed. In her dire extremity she had parted with the most sacred treasure she possessed,—her wedding ring, and she and her young daughter had literally starved themselves to redeem this sacred symbol. It was redeemed the day after David Fell's release from jail; but the ring given back by the pawnbroker was not the familiar, precious relic, so perfectly known to them all. It had either been sweated by the dishonest pawnbroker, or exchanged for another and a thinner ring. The lad, in a passion of mingled grief and resentment, rushes away to secure his mother's own wedding-ring. The man assailed his dying mother's good fame; and, utterly reckless of all consequences, David Fell sprang upon him in a frenzy of hot resentment, and felled him to the ground. The pawnbroker was a householder and ratepayer. Once again there was no investigation made. No credence was given to the boy's angry and bewildered statements. We committed him a second time to jail for three months."

"These were the two first steps—two long stages—on the road to ruin,—the road which has led him to this bar to-day. Who is to blame?—the lad, willing to work, but untaught and awkward, with no training but that of the street, whom no man would hire for his want of skill and dexterity? or the magistrate, overworked with a pressure of serious business? or the police, with their legion of juvenile criminals, whose statements are mostly falsehoods? The magistrate cannot give the time, the police cannot give the trouble, to investigate cases like David Fell's."

"The boy was like other boys, our sons, with high spirits and heedless heads. Have we never known our sons beg—ay, and beg importunately—for what they want? Do they not fight at times on a tenth part of the provocation this boy had? I will go further. Have none of them ever been guilty of some small theft? Would you send those thoughtless, passionate lads of yours, who are to come after you in life as citizens standing in the places you win for them,—would you send them, for such crimes as David Fell committed,—begging for his dying mother,

and defending her good name,—to the black shadow of a jail, and the deep brand of imprisonment? Would you bind your boys hand and foot, and cast them into a gulf, and, if they crawled out of it, crush them down again, because they brought with them the mire and clay of the pit? Yet this is what we do with our juvenile criminals."

"The prisoner is guilty of burglary. He is not yet nineteen years of age, and he has been already four times in jail. I ask again, Whose fault is it?"

"He must be punished? True. But let the penalty—too well deserved this time—be tempered with mercy. We have tried severity. We have confounded his sense of right and wrong: it is we who have extinguished the feeble glimmer of light his poor mother had kindled in his conscience. I ask you to remember the prisoner's sad career, his devotion to his mother, his love for his young sister, his defence of the old man from the murderous attack made upon him. I ask you to remember, that whilst he was yet a child, in this Christian land of ours, we sent him once and again to jail as the fitting penalty for childish faults."

David heard no more, nor had he fully understood the words he had listened to. His throat was parched, and his sight was dim. The count seemed filled with mist, which blurred all the faces around him. He stood at the bar for a very long time yet before the policeman next to him nudged him roughly, and bade him attend to his lordship.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?" asked the judge.

"Nothing; only I'd ha' drowned myself before I'd ha' hurt little Bess or old Euclid," he stammered.

In a few minutes after, he was led down a staircase into a room on the floor below the court, and policeman was sitting him with handcuffs.

"What are they going to do with Blackett and me?" he asked.

"Didn't you hear the sentence?" rejoined the policeman.

"No," he answered. "I can't see nor hear nothin' plain."

"Ten years for Blackett," was the reply. "and two for you. You re let off pretty easy."

(To be continued.)

EUPHRASIA.

A LEGEND connected with the Church of St. Sophia is recalled by "An Idle Woman in Constantinople, and as it contains a moral fragment of truth, it may well be held in perpetual remembrance. When the basilica was finished, the Emperor Justinian gave orders that an inscription in letters of gold should be placed about the dome, "Justinian dedicates this church to the glory of God." But on the day of the public opening the emperor looked up at the dome, and saw with amazement, that the inscription ran, "Euphrasia dedicates this church to the glory of God."

"What is the meaning of this mockery?" he asked, pointing upward; and turning to the Patriarch sitting beside the throne, he said, "Did I not command you to have my name engraven on the dome?"

"Who is Euphrasia?" called the Patriarch. "Who knows a woman bearing such a name? If anyone can answer, let him speak."

From the priests to the lowest of the assembled thousands the question, "Who is Euphrasia?" ran round the church. No one answered. At length, when the emperor sat mute and amazed, a miserable fellow who cleaned the marble floor stepped forth, and said:

"Imperial Caesar, to whom I am unworthy to raise my eyes, I know such a woman with such a name, but she is almost bedridden. She lives in a little house near one of the walls of the church."

"Bring her hither," commanded the emperor, and straightway pages and chamberlains rushed out and soon reappeared, carrying an aged woman who trembled in every limb.

"Is your name Euphrasia?" asked the emperor.

"Yes, mighty emperor, it is."

"What do you know of that inscription?" and he pointed aloft to the large letters on the vault.

"Nothing, my lord, nothing!"

"But see your name on the church. It stands there instead of mine. What have you done toward the building of the church?"

"Great king, nothing. My lord mocks his poor servant."

"Not at all," replied the emperor.

"They tell me you live near. Think! Have you done nothing, spoken nothing, thought nothing to give you this claim?"

"Majesty," she said, "there is a little act, but it is so small I am ashamed to trouble my lord with its mention."

"Speak, I command you," said Justinian. "Fear not! Tell me all."

Then she told how, as she lay on her bed in her little house, she heard with sorrow the travail of the oxen and mules, carrying the marble and brick and beams up the steep hill, and her heart was sore within her; and how, when she grew better, the thought struck her.

"Who knows if I cannot do something to ease their pain, the poor dumb beasts, so patient in their woes! At least I will try."

So she took her bed, and bore it into the road, and scattered the straw from it on the steep ascent. It was but a little, but to her as she worked, the straw seemed to grow and multiply and cover the whole road, and from that time the oxen passed pleasantly with their loads, and she heard no more distress.

The tears were in Justinian's eyes, and he said in a gentle voice:

"Let the name of Euphrasia stand, she is more worthy than I, for of her little she gave all she had."

BE KIND TO THE HORSE.

THE Arabians never beat their horses; they never cut their tails; they use them as friends; they never attempt to increase their speed by the whip, or spur them, but in cases of great necessity. They never fix them to a stake in the fields, but suffer them to pasture at large around their habitations; and they come running the moment they hear their master's voice. In consequence of such treatment these animals become docile and tractable in the highest degree. They resort at night to their tents, and lie down in the midst of the children, without hurting them in the slightest manner. The little boys and girls are often seen upon the body or neck of the mare, while the beasts continue motionless and harmless, permitting them to play without injury.—*The Economist.*

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRACTICAL WORK.

THE methods in use in this department do not differ materially from those of temperance work. It is advisable, however, to make all the exercises of an instructive character. As in the Department of Temperance Work, the exercises may be either general or special. After opening exercises, consisting of missionary hymns, prayer, and responsive Scripture reading, divide the League into classes by bell taps and marching. A programme of readings, recitations, and singing, or a talk from an invited guest from month to month, is the order in some Leagues.

VACATION.

It may be well to repeat here that it is not wise to carry on the work of all the departments during the whole year. During June, July, and August let work be suspended in all but the Devotional Department. This department generally includes the Junior League prayer-meeting, usually held at some hour on Sunday; this should continue during the whole year.

ENTERTAINMENT.

Two or three times during the year a Junior League Social will be in order. Appoint the night two weeks in advance. Announce it in the Sunday-school and in the League. Arrange a programme of recitations and music by members of the League. Solicit cakes for refreshments from members of the League. Provide lemonade by a draft on the treasury or by a special collection; other expenses can be provided for in the same way. A committee from the Seniors will wait upon the tables. Let the children invite their parents as visitors. After the children have entertained those present announce a "social hour" begin and close early. Remember the sick members with flowers or cake. Socials of this simple character can be held in the Sunday-school room; they will help to sustain the interest of the League and recruit new members.

"Well, Johnny, did you have a good time Christmas?" "A good time? Well, I should think I did. Ma had to sit up with me for the next three nights."