

man who by violence or otherwise can take away your life here is a man you need not fear. "After that" he can do nothing. The only one a person has really any reason to fear is God. How apt we are to look upon death as the worst thing that can happen to us! How hard it is to realize that life is so small a matter, and that the eternity which stretches out beyond Christ's "after that" is what we want to think most about, and consider most carefully!

It was my duty recently to spend some days in a court room where a young man was being tried for his life, and partly because the scene was an unusual one I was very deeply impressed with the solemnity of the scene—the judge seated in solemn state, the various court officials, the crown prosecutor, the jury sworn in, and, not the least impressive, the prisoner at the bar, in a kind of cage, standing there alone, to be tried for his life. It is hard to conceive a more impressive scene. I wondered how I should feel if I stood in that little box instead of him. How eagerly we listened to the points made by the crown prosecutor; how we watched the various links as they tried to weave a chain of circumstantial evidence round the prisoner; how we waited for the summing up; with what eager interest each point was noted, whether in favor of the prisoner or against him! Now the jury retires, and the hours pass wearily while we wait to hear the verdict, "guilty" or "not guilty." At last we hear that they have come to a decision, and the prisoner is placed in the dock once more. He is white and anxious. The jury are asked for their decision, and as the foreman stands up the surging crowd in the court are breathless, all eagerly stretching forward to hear.

One could hardly be present at a scene like this without his thoughts being carried forward to the greater judgment day. The great white throne, before which the crowd in the court, the witnesses, the man who is pronounced "not guilty" by his earthly tribunal, the crown prosecutor, yes, the very judge himself, all, will stand.

Dear reader, have you ever faced it? There is one thing absolutely

certain in this world, more certain than death itself, and that is that you must stand before that judgment seat and answer for the things done in the body, but thanks be to God there is a way of escape, though there is only one. We read, "There is now, therefore, no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus"; "being justified by faith we have peace with God." The great accuser will in that day try to bring accusations against the children of God, but the Judge will say they are justified, or made just, because they accepted Christ as their substitute. The prosecutor will try to make out that they have sinned, but God will show that the sin has been atoned for, and He is too just to punish them and Christ as well. Is it not a wonderful thing that no one will be condemned because he has sinned, but because he has rejected the One who came to save him from sin? No man need be condemned in that day. Have you ever faced the question personally? You have sinned. Do you know Christ as your personal Saviour, as the one who took your place? Do you know the joy of being forgiven? If not, it is my privilege to invite you to know even now that if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins. God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son that you should not perish. I plead with you to accept that Saviour now. C.

UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.

Years ago a young, fair-faced, golden-haired English girl who had struggled through an experience of restless and unsatisfied desire, and at last had found peace through the blood of the cross, sat down and wrote some verses. She read the manuscript over, but her eyes were holden that she could not see its worth. She says: "I was so little impressed with it that I threw it on the fire, thinking it not worth preserving; but a friend sitting by rescued it just in time to save it, and after it had lain away in my friend's portfolio for a year or two it was brought out and given to the world."

That young girl lived on through years of useful, pleasant, happy ser-

vice, till she died in June, 1879, at the age of forty-two years. She sang sweet songs, she composed many poems, she wrote numerous volumes, her name is known around the world; but nothing she has ever written is so widely known or will be so long remembered as that little scrap which she valued so lightly, that she committed to the flames; for the hand that snatched that paper from the fire preserved to us the hymn of Frances Ridley Havergal:

"I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?"

"My Father's house of light—
My glory-circled throne
I left for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for me?"

"I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?"

"And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?"

So little do we know what our true work in this world is! The things upon which we pride ourselves turn to dust and ashes before us. Things on which we bestow labor and pains wither and pass away; but some word spoken, some deed done under the promptings of a divine impulse, though we may not recognize its importance or its value, yet has in it the breath and power of the living God. It is the token of the inward energy of "God which worketh in" us "both to will and to do of his good pleasure." And the work of God abides. We may do it with indifference, the world may look upon it with contempt, but the ages shall know its virtue, and eternity shall reveal its worth.—*The Christian*.

Truth may be defined as the shortest possible distance from one point to another.