

"GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY."

HE stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In feature 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 Maguire, if you please, sir."
"And your age?" "I am turned fifteen."
"Well Mary," and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read—
"You are 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 her sole reply,
But she dried her tears in a moment,
And looked in the judge's eye:

"I will tell you just 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 the 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 Johnnie'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 beard 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,
As 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 simple question,
Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered,
When at last these words were 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,
Himself, the "guilty" child!

SIXTY MILES AN HOUR.

BY HARRIET ELLIOT.

THE express train has reached its
utmost speed, and you will soon be at
your destination. I do not know you,
reader, but I see a traveller whose face
beams with joy as he catches a glimpse
of home with its sacred attractions,
and thinks of the welcome awaiting
him there, and I see another with
downcast eyes and sullen mien, who is
not going home, but to prison, for he
is under sentence of condemnation.

Which of these do you resemble?
for you too are on a train—a through
train, which will not stop until you
reach your destination—a home in
Heaven, or a prison in Hell. Listen
to the ticking of the clock, sixty
seconds in a minute, or note the
beating of your heart, and try to
realize the solemn fact that now, while
you read these lines, you are on the
train for eternity, and you do not
know how soon you will be there.

I once saw a man who had got upon
the wrong train. He thought he was
going west, but in reality he was going

south. At first he could not be
convinced of his mistake, and settled
down for a comfortable nap; but when
it was made plain to him that he was
going the wrong way, he did not think
of sleeping any longer, but was
anxiously impatient to be put on the
right train.

Reader, which train are you on?
It is time to enquire, for already you
have gone a long way on your journey,
and you cannot go back. If you are
on the wrong one, the only thing for
you to do is to get off now, and take
that other road which goes through
the valley of humility to the foot of
the cross, from whence you will get a
clear view of the heavenly city. But
perhaps you don't want to get off, you
say: "I am just as safe as my fellow-
passengers." Ah! my friend "There
is a way that seemeth right unto a man,
but the end thereof is the way of
death." Prov. 14. 12.

If you go with them they will have
no power to ameliorate your condition,
or you theirs, for "no man can by any
means redeem his brother, nor give to
God a ransom for him." Psa. 49. 7.

Are you perplexed?—then listen
while I show you the way of escape.

Here you are, clothed in the filthy
rags of your own righteousness; no
doubt you think them very fine, but
God says they are filthy rags, and it is
with him that you have to do.
Perhaps you say you are a just man,
and your friends think so too, but God
says "There is not a just man upon
earth," Eccl. 7. 20., so there again
you are mistaken; or you plead that
you are a Church member, and trying
to keep the commandments. That is
well, but God says, "Whosoever shall
keep the whole law, and yet offend in
one point, is guilty of all." James 2.
10. You may be the most degraded,
or the most moral of human beings,
I know not which, but one thing is
certain, you are a sinner of some
degree, and as a sinner you are
condemned to die, for God says, "The
soul that sinneth, it shall die." Ezek.
18. 4.

You cannot enter heaven with sin
upon you, not even the smallest
particle, for it is loathsome in the
eyes of God. Then what is to be done
about your sins? Reader, this ques-
tion was settled at Calvary, nearly two
thousand years ago, when God laid
upon Jesus the iniquity of us all, and
he became our surety, by satisfying
divine justice. But you must be
willing to accept the favour if you
would receive the benefit of the act.

If you were owing a large sum of
money, which you were unable to pay,
and a friend came and told you that he
had taken the debt upon himself, you
would either acknowledge your in-
debtedness to him, feeling that he had
a claim upon your gratitude, or you
would say that you were too proud to
be under obligations to him. Now
this is just your case, with one excep-
tion,—you might be able to pay the
debt of money, but you never can
atone for sin in the past, or give up
sinning in the future.

"Can the Ethiopian change his
skin, or the leopard his spots? then
may ye also do good, that are accus-
tomed to do evil." Jer. 13. 23. And
it is because you can neither save, nor
keep yourself, that Jesus has redeemed
you for himself.

The atonement is complete, for
when he said, with his dying breath,
"It is finished," he had done all that

was necessary for your adoption into
his family. Reader, will you accept
the benefit of his atonement? For did
he not say with his dying breath, "It
is finished." Remember you are
dealing with a personal Saviour, and
he is waiting for your answer. You
are a free agent, for although you
cannot save yourself, you can choose
life, or death, and before you lay this
paper down you can say from your
heart, "Lord, I accept the redemption
which Thou hast purchased for me,"
and then you may rejoice, knowing, on
the authority of him who cannot lie,
that you will never perish, but have
overlasting life.

ORILLIA, ONT.

STANLEY'S FAITH.

"ONE faith against the whole world's
unbelief," sings a poet, and the poet
only echoes the doctrines of the great
Teacher. Have a right purpose in life,
and faith in that purpose. Purpose
and faith are destiny.

A leaf from the journal of a great
explorer vividly illustrates this truth.

In the heart of Africa, years ago,
two white men met. One was old,
gray-haired and ill; the other young
and enthusiastic.

The elder man was one whose fame
as an African explorer was world wide,
but for years the civilized world had
lost sight of him. Scientific associ-
ations were asking vainly, "What has
become of Dr. Livingstone?"

As a correspondent of the New
York Herald, the younger man had
distinguished himself for indomitable
perseverance, rapid decision and ster-
ling common sense, and in 1870 he
was chosen by Mr. Bennett, its pro-
prietor, to find Livingstone. His story
is well known. "Draw a thousand
pounds now," said Mr. Bennett, "and
when you have gone through that,
draw another thousand, and so on, but
find Livingstone."

On January 6, 1871, Henry M.
Stanley started from Zanzibar for the
interior of Africa, and for eleven
months he and his party toiled through
swamps and jungles, exposed to count-
less dangers from wild beasts and
pestilential atmosphere. Worn by
fatigue, surrounded by insubordinate
natives, a less resolute man than
Stanley would have given up the
unequal contest with circumstances and
gone back, but this, Stanley never
thought of doing.

He had faith in God, in himself and
his purpose. In his journal he wrote,
and the words glow with an energy
that is sublime, and deserve a place
in the memory of every young man.

"No living man shall stop me;
only death can prevent me. But
death—not even this; I shall not die
—I will not die—I cannot die!
Something tells me I shall find him,
and write it larger, FIND HIM!
FIND HIM!"

Full of the intensity of conviction,
a faith born of faith in God, Stanley
pressed on, heedless of hardships, till
one day he, with his party, came in
sight of Lake Tanganika, and a little
later he stood in the presence of the
great traveller, who for years had lost
tidings of his native land, and had
almost ceased to look for aid from his
countrymen.

But for the faith of Stanley, Dr.
Livingstone might have died of star-
vation, and the world remained ignorant
of his fate.

The subsequent career of Stanley
has brought into still greater promi-
nence his sublime faith and the resolute
persistence which is satisfied with
nothing but the attainment of his
object, and which has already placed
the world deeply in his debt.

The leaf from the journal repeats an
old lesson. Faith is power.

"Endurance is the crowning quality
And patience all the passion of great hearts;
These are their stay, and when the leader
wells
Sets its hard face against their fearful thought,
And brute strength like a conqueror
Plunges its huge mail down on the other
scale,
The inspired soul but flings his patience in,
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous
globe.
One faith against a whole world's unbelief,
One soul against the flesh of all mankind."
—Oscar Ray Adams.

HOW HE LOST HIS SITUATION.

"EXPERIENCE keeps a dear school."
It is a pity that young people will not
believe it when others tell them so,
without going to the expense of testing
it for themselves. A gentleman asked
his nephew, "How came you, James,
to lose your place?"

"Well, I'll tell you," was the reply.
"I had an easy berth; got my seventy-
five dollars a month; had an assistant,
didn't have to get down until eight in
the morning; left at five; had a
chance to take life easy, but gradually
began to take it too easy—didn't get
down until nine in the morning instead
of eight; waited to smoke two cigars
instead of one; grew careless of my
money—used four dollars where I had
been using two. First I knew my
salary was cut down a little, and then
a little more; but I couldn't take the
hint, but fretted about my poor situa-
tion; and one morning I waked up,
after a single night's spree, and lo! I
didn't have any situation at all. But
I tell you what I did have, uncle—I
had my experience."

That youth is working at forty-five
dollars a month now instead of seventy-
five, but he already has six hundred
dollars in the bank. Would that
more of our youths might be profited
by his experience.

"THE PICKET-GUARD."

It is composed of eight boys. It
meets quarterly in the pastor's study.
A map of the village, the population
of which is four thousand and two
hundred, is divided into eight parts,
one part being assigned to each boy.
It is his business to know who lives
in every house in his district, and
what church each family attends. At
the meeting he reports changes of
residence and other facts which he
may think the pastor would be glad to
learn. The houses on the map are all
numbered, and lists correspondingly
numbered are made of the families.

This plan interests the boys in the
work of the Church. It saves the
pastor much labour, and makes him
well acquainted with his field. It brings
the boys to the study, where, aside
from the work of the evening, they
have a social visit and slight refresh-
ments. The opportunity is afforded to
give instruction upon some religious
topic, and to engage with them in
prayer. The plan having been tested,
it is confidently recommended to those
in similar circumstances.