

A Little Woman.

She stood at the bar of justice,
A creature weak 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,
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—O was I stealing?—
The bread to give to them!"

Every man in the court-room
Gray beard and thoughtful youth,
Knew, as he looked upon her,
That the prisoner spoke the truth.
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,
Out from their eyes sprung 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.

—St. Louis Presbyterian.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

A Children's Day Story.

BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

"And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward."

This was the verse that Mr. Cline announced as the text from which he would speak to the children on the following Sabbath.

Looking over the rows of little heads before him, he said: "You know, my dear young friends, that next Sunday will be Children's Day, and that it belongs especially to you. I have told you what I intend to preach about, and I hope you will all begin to practice the text right away. Let every child try to give at least one cup of cold water during the week. Bring some little friend to the church with you, if possible."

That was indeed a gala week in the little village. Such delightful times as the children had rehearsing their pieces and practicing their beautiful hymns! Saturday afternoon they all went to the church to assist in decorating it for the morrow.

"Only think, Madge Graham has not succeeded in getting a single girl to go with her to-morrow, and she is the only girl in the class who has made no effort to carry out Mr. Cline's request. If I were in her place, I should hate it awfully."

This information Susy Lyman confided to the girls on their way home Saturday evening, not knowing that poor, sensitive Madge was within hearing of her unkind remarks. Vexed with herself and Susy, too, Madge lay awake for several hours, wondering what answer she could give her pastor, should he ask what effort she had made during the week to bring others to Christ.

"I do wish I was like the other girls," she sighed, dolefully; "but somehow I don't have courage to speak to people. I make up my mind I will, and then when the time comes my heart beats so fast and the words stick in my throat so, I cannot utter a syllable. I do hope I shall be able in the morning to overcome my cowardice for I would be so glad to take some one to the church with me."

This hope was realized, though in a way altogether unexpected.

Just after breakfast, while she was standing by the window watering her

plants, old Tom Bryant came shuffling down the pavement and stopped at the well to get a drink. A bright tin cup was usually kept on the pump for the accommodation of thirsty passers-by, but it was gone this morning, and the old man turned away much disappointed. He was a chronic drinker, and for the last two or three days had been on a spree; and that feverish thirst that almost consumes one when trying to sober up, was upon him.

"Now he will go down to the saloon and get something stronger," soliloquized Madge, watching his slow movements. But, instead, he seated himself on an old store-box at the corner of the alley, and the wretched, forsaken look on his face appealed powerfully to the little girl's heart. Heretofore she had looked upon the old tippler as a dreadful creature, to be shunned and avoided under all circumstances, but his utter desolation this morning made her think of the golden text for the day: "I was thirsty and ye gave Me no drink." "Here is a chance for me to give a cup of cold water," she said, as she ran to the cupboard for a glass. When she reached up for the shining goblet, her eyes fell upon a large, juicy orange which her father had given her the day before. She had heard that oranges would quench the thirst of drunkards, and so, though she was very fond of the delicious fruit herself, she determined to carry her present to poor old Tom.

Filling her glass at the pump, she carried the pure, sparkling liquid to the wretched creature crouching in the corner, and passing it to him, said, "There was no cup at the well when you stopped for a drink, so I have brought a glass of water, Mr.—Mr. Bryant."

"Tom—old Tom Bryant, you mean," gasped the friendless man. "Nobody calls me Mr. now, and nobody gives me cups of cold water, either. But I am ever so much obliged to you all the same," he added, as he took the glass from her hand and hastily swallowed its contents. "That tastes mighty good, I tell you, Miss. I was dreadful thirsty, but, thanks to your kindness, I feel better now."

"Here is an orange for you, too," said Madge, slipping the beauty into his shaking hand. "It will put a good taste in your mouth."

Poor old Tom looked at her in amazement for a minute, and then rubbing the tears from his eyes with his coarse sleeve, he said: "I have not cried before since my little girl died; but I am not used to people being kind to me, an old drunkard, and it breaks me up altogether to have you talk nice to me. It makes me feel like as if my own little Mary had come back. She always loved me—though God knows I was not worthy of her love. I have never had a friend since she went to her mother, and that was nigh onto ten years ago."

"Jesus would be your Friend if you would let Him," urged Madge.

"But I don't know anything about Him. My wife used to read the Bible to me, but since God took her and the little one from me, I have never opened its lids. You see I thought it harsh to take from a man all he had in the world, and I have hardened my heart so against my Maker that He forsak me, too."

"He will forgive you if you ask Him for pardon," Madge whispered. "Come to our children's meeting to-day, and the minister will explain all about the wonderful love of Jesus, who died for us."

"Where shall I go?" asked the old man, eagerly.

"To the church," answered Madge. "Mr. Cline is going to preach a sermon to the children, and it will be ever so plain."

"That would suit me," murmured the old man.

"And the children are going to sing, and oh, the church is all decorated with the most beautiful flowers!" Madge replied.

"What's that for?" asked the man, wondering. "When I used to go to meetin', posies were left outside."

"They didn't have Children's Day then, but every year now on the second Sabbath of June, the whole day is set apart for the children. The preachers tell the story of Jesus' love, and the children all take a silver offering which is to be used in starting new Sunday-schools in places where the boys and girls do not know about Jesus."

"No doubt it's very nice, very nice," said the old man.

"And you will be there, won't you?" urged Madge.

"I think I'll go, little one—not to hear the music or the preachin', but because you have asked me. Kindnesses are not so plenty that I can afford to throw them away," he said, as he shuffled away to put on his better suit. "I'll not disappoint you," he called back after he had crossed the alley.

And he didn't, for he reached the church full half an hour before the people began to gather. Slipping quietly into a back pew, he listened eagerly to that sermon which, in the hands of the loving Father, was destined to change his whole after life. Never before had he heard such simple earnest preaching. He could understand it, every word.

In the vestibule, when Madge came out, he bent his head and whispered in her ear:—

"I came, as I said I would, and I am glad I did."

"So am I," answered Madge, softly. "There are lots of cups of cold water to be given in this world, and no hands are too little to carry them," he said with a smile that brought tears to the child's eyes.

The good seed sown in old Tom's heart had not fallen in stony ground, for, poor and ignorant as he was, it took root, and springing up brought forth much fruit, as his after life fully proved.

"Madge did more than any of the rest of us, after all," admitted Susy, a few weeks later, when Tom signed the pledge and made known his intention of joining the church.

"It is not those who boast the loudest that accomplish the most," replied her mother, gently. "Madge made her offering unconscious of doing anything more than her simple duty. If you have an opportunity of presenting a cup of cold water to a needy brother sister, do so without stopping to inquire whether or not you will be rewarded. Jesus has declared 'Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water in My name shall in no wise lose his reward.'"

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The Craving for Immortality.

That death does not end all—that the grave is not the goal of humanity, but only the gateway to a new existence of vaster range; this is surely the greatest discovery that the annals of the word record. It is a discovery, or a faith in immortality universal? This is a question which has been discussed. The truth I believe to be this: The longing immortality is, like the thirst for knowledge or any other of the supreme wants mentioned to-day, native to human nature; but it does not follow that in all ages, or in all countries, it must have been keenly felt. An instinct may be native to the soul, and yet long be latent; we can tell in what age, for example, and among what race the passion for wisdom first arose. It is not so easy to tell where the longing for immortality first decisively asserted itself. It does not seem, however, to have been in any of the three historical peoples of antiquity already mentioned—the Greeks, the Romans, or the Hebrews. His torians speak rather of Egypt and Persia—two countries lying on the dim borderland between the bright circle of civilization and the surrounding continents of darkness—as the places where man first came to full consciousness of this demand of his nature.

But once having asserted itself, the sense of this want can never die out of the human soul. Now and then, indeed, men may be heard speaking as if mankind might give up this hope, and be perfectly content to die as a dog dieth. In the same way, last century, Rousseau and others advocated a return to a state of nature, in which there would be no more curiosity for knowledge or passion for wisdom than in the minds of savages. It is just as unlikely that the passion for immortality will die out of the minds of men as that the intellectual thirst which first grew keen in Greece will disappear and trouble men no more. And the calamity, if it were possible, would be an even more degrading one.

It requires, indeed, special experiences thoroughly to evoke this longing.

It may be invoked by the sense of the inequalities of this life, which a more perfect world needed to redress. Perhaps no one can feel the passion for immortality fully who has not known what it is to love intensely—to love wisdom, or to love moral perfection, or to love another heart. It is as your whole being goes out to an ideal object that it becomes intolerable to think that death is to interpose and end the development which has promised to be so vast, but has only commenced. Sometimes it is while standing by a deathbed, on which lies one whose physical frame is worn to a shadow and on the verge of dissolution, but whose mind, instead of decaying with the body, seems only to be disengaging itself from obstructions and beginning to expatiate in its native strength, that one is pierced with the conviction that the spirit does not die with the body. But perhaps the most authentic intimation we receive from immortality is from conscience—it is that dread of something after death which accompanies the commission of crime, and gathers round the

soul, as on the eve of dissolution it looks back to the unpardoned sins of a lifetime. In that dread hour men know that they have not done with their sins yet, but will have to face them again beyond the veil.

Thus immortality is not only a great hope, but also a great terror. We passionately long for it, and yet at the same time we recoil from it in guilty fear. Who can reconcile this contradiction? Our Bible gives the answer: "Christ is made unto us redemption."

He is both our redemption from death, and our redemption from sin in one. In him the great hope of immortality receives its justification, and in him the great terror is transmuted into immortal joy. —Rev. James Stalker, D. D.

Ill Temper.

"Love is not easily provoked." We are inclined to look upon bad temper as a very harmless weakness. We speak of it as a mere infirmity of nature, a family failing, a matter of temperament, not a thing to take into very serious account in estimating a man's character. The peculiarity of ill temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. You know men who are all but perfect, and women who would be entirely perfect but for an easily ruffled, quick-tempered, or "touchy" disposition. This compatibility of ill temper with high moral character is one of the strangest and saddest problems of ethics. The truth is, there are two great classes of sins—sins of the body and sins of the disposition. The prodigal son may be taken as a type of the first, the elder brother of the second. Now society has no doubt whatever as to which of these is the worse. Its brand falls without a challenge upon the prodigal. But are we right? We have no balance to weigh one another's sins, and coarser and finer are but human words; but faults in the higher nature may be less venial than those in the lower, and to the eye of Him who is love, a sin against love may seem a hundred times more base. No form of vice, not worldliness, not greed of gold, not drunkenness itself, does more to unchristianize society than evil temper.

For embittering life, for breaking up communities, for destroying the most sacred relationships, for withering up men and women, for taking the bloom of childhood, in short, for sheer gratuitous misery-producing power, this influence stands alone. Look at the elder brother, moral, hard-working, patient, dutiful—let him get all credit for his virtues—look at this man sulking outside his own father's door.

"He was angry," we read, "and would not go in." Look at the effect upon the father, upon the servants, upon the happiness of the guests.

Judge of the effect upon the prodigal, and how many prodigals are kept out of the kingdom of God by the unlovely character of those who profess to be inside! Analyze, as a study in temper, the thunder-cloud itself as it gathers upon the elder brother's brow. What is it made of? Jealousy, anger, pride, uncharity, cruelty, self-righteousness, touchiness, doggedness, sullenness—these are the ingredients of this dark and loveless soul. In varying proportions, also, there are the ingredients of all ill temper. Judge if such sins of the disposition are not worse to live in, and for others to live with, than sins of the body. There is really no place in Heaven for a disposition like this. A man with such a mood could only make heaven miserable for all the people in it. Except, therefore, such a man be born again, he cannot—he simply cannot—enter the kingdom of heaven; for it is perfectly certain—and you will not misunderstand me—that to enter heaven a man must take it with him.

You will see, then, why temper is significant. It is not in what it is alone, but in what it reveals. This is why I take the liberty now of speaking of it with such unusual plainness. It is a test for love, a symptom, a revelation of an unloving nature at bottom. It is the intermittent fever which bespeaks the unintermittent disease within; a sample of the most hidden products of the soul dropped involuntarily when off one's guard; in a word, the lightning form of a hundred hideous and unchristian sins.

Hence, it is not enough to deal with the temper. We must go to the source and change the inmost nature, and angry humors will die away of themselves. Souls are made sweet, not by taking the acid fluids out, but by putting something in—a great love, a new Spirit, the Spirit of Christ. Christ, the Spirit of Christ, interpenetrates ours, sweetens, purifies, transforms all.—Professor Henry Drummond.

God reaches us good things by our own hand.—Ruskin.

The worst disease—Dyspepsia. The Best Cure—K. D. C.

The Master Motive.

"Great deeds are born of great motives." It is no less true that little duties, persistently and faithfully performed, require the inspiration of some great motive. To save a child from a burning house, at the risk of one's life, requires less true manhood or womanhood than to train that child patiently and unwearyingly for God and heaven. To jump into the swift current and pull the drowning man to the shore is no such test of character as to attempt, patiently and persistently, to save the drunkard caught in the swift and circling eddies of strong drink. For all such work there must be some "master" motive to give strength and courage and patient continuance in well doing.

There is only one such motive in the universe of God—love for Christ and for the souls for whom Christ died. It is because that which may live forever in bliss or which may die the second death, that which was worth the agonies of Gethsemane and Calvary, is not for us to dissect and sneer at, but for us to cherish and prize. This makes a man willing to labor for his fellow-men. This motive alone makes the true philanthropist.

A banker knows a golden eagle, though it is nicked, and hacked, and covered with dirt, and does not throw it away because it is imperfect, but hoards it because it is gold. So the Christian does not pick out the moles in another's soul, and pronounce it worthless because of them. He sees through the moles and foul specks, and they are as nothing to him, because God's image is stamped there.—Golden Rule.

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7.10 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John, and intermediate points. Vanboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west. St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.

10.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east, McAdam Junction.

4.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.

From St. John 6.25, 7.30, a.m.; 4.30 p.m.; Fredericton Junction, 8.25, a.m.; 11.45, 5.55 p.m.; McAdam Junction, 7.00, 10.00, a.m.; 2.00 p.m.; Vanboro, 9.40 a.m.; St. Stephen, 5.55, 7.45, a.m.; St. Andrews, 5.10, 7.20.

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9.25 a.m., 12.55, 6.40 p.m.

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