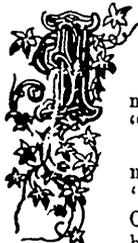


THE STOLEN MONEY.



"T'S no use," said a young man, kneeling in an inquiry room ;
 "I can't get the feeling that my sins are forgiven. I must have it.
 "O God, help me !"
 "God will help you," said the man who kneeling by his side.
 "Come, Dick, I've proved Jesus Christ to be a loving Saviour. You haven't to pray God into a willing to save you."

"I know, I know," was the reply ; "but I can't get converted." And the beads of perspiration burst out upon his brow. He groaned in agony.

An experienced evangelist came up at the moment, and, after listening for a few minutes, said, "My friend, is there anything you ought to confess?"

"How—how do you know?" stammered the seeker.

"Then there is?"

"Well, I didn't attach any importance to it, but—"

"If there was a wrong done, and it blocks your salvation, depend upon it, it is not unimportant."

"True, true ; I see it. I will tell you what haunts me. Some years ago, when employed by a provincial firm, I used to extract sums of money from the till—small sums, I grant, but still, there is the fact,"

"Did they not notice the loss?" asked the evangelist.

"No, the manager trusted me absolutely ; how the affair escaped attention, I don't know. Perhaps—as I used to look after the shop while he was away billiard playing—he felt responsible, and made the money right from his own pocket. That I can't say, but—I had the money."

"How much?"

"About five pounds in all. But, though I would pay the money back, I don't see how I can, for the firm has retired from business, and I believe none of the partners are alive."

"Is there no other reason ? Is there not the fear of the police court and the jail ? Be true. Trust the Lord. Commit your way unto Him. The salvation of your soul is the important matter."

"It is, it is," groaned the young man. "I confess you have touched the sore spot. Oh, what

shall I do ? Think of the disgrace of a confession. And to whom shall I confess ?

"Is there no living heir of either of the partners?" queried the evangelist. "If so, write and tell him everything, for your soul's sake."

"Yes, I will," was the reply.

At that very moment he was able to pour out his soul to God in prayer. The Lord answered and saved him. He wrote to the son of one of the late partners, explained the circumstances, returned the money, and begged forgiveness. The reply came in the words of Scripture, "Go in peace, and sin no more."

Truly, he that covereth his sins shall not prosper ; but, "if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—The Family Friend.

 JOHN'S BAD COMPANY.

"Do you know the kind of company that John is associating with?" said Aunt Jane to her married sister. "He spent last evening with some of the most vulgar and profane fellows that I ever heard of."

"Why, what do you mean ? The boy was in his room reading a book that he borrowed from one of his schoolmates. He is a great reader, and I am glad of it."

"Perhaps you would not be so glad if you knew what he was reading. I picked up the story that he was so interested in, when I was doing his room this morning, and it made me sick. The characters in it were from the slums, and their talk was slangy and vile. It was one of the popular realistic novels. Its author thinks it his mission to describe human nature as it is, no matter how degraded, and to make it interesting. For my part, I cannot see much difference between bringing a bookful of thieves and gamblers, of rogues and harlots, into a boy's room, and letting the boy go into their dens. If he enjoys their society at home, he may be tempted to seek them in their homes. If our boys are great readers, we ought to know what they are reading."

And Johnnie's mother said that Aunt Jane was right, and she was.—Senex Smith, in Herald and Presbyter.