

Our Young Folks.

"Only a Penny."

(Concluded.)

"I don't know how it is, Anthony," said Mr. Hackett, one day, when they were talking about future plans, "I don't want to put off your marriage; but, somehow, I have not much money to spare, and beyond your hundred pounds, you, of course, have none."

Anthony did not speak, and Hackett went on. "I never had so much difficulty in keeping my accounts straight and well-paid up; and the fact is, I don't think I can spare anything out of my business to set you and Kate up with."

"I would not want much, sir, to begin in a small way," the young man ventured to say. "But Mr. Hackett would not listen to this. 'You young fellows,'" said he good humoredly, "think you are going to drive every thing before you. If you can but get married, that's all you want; you can live upon love afterwards. But it won't do; you can't go into business without capital; and, where that is to come from is the question now. I can't think how it is, he continued, rubbing his head, like a man perplexed; "I used to think I should have five hundred pounds to give the girl when she married, if 'twas according to my liking; but I can't do it, Anthony; and without something like that, you can't begin business."

Anthony knew where to put his hand upon two or three hundred pounds, at once; but to have tried to say so would have choked him.

"We'll see about it, Anthony. We'll take stock, my boy, and then see what's to be done. I ought to be pretty well off," he continued, speaking more to himself than to young Archer; "but somehow, business doesn't seem to be so profitable as it ought to be. I can't make it out."

Anthony was glad to get away after that. Hardened as he was, he could not stand it; and on the evening of that same day, as it afterwards proved, he paid his mother and sister a visit.

"Here, Annie," he said to his sister, as they were by themselves, "I wish you would take care of this for me;" and he put into her hand a small packet, closely sealed.

"What is it, Anthony?" "Nothing but a book. I—I don't want it opened till the day I am married. I'll ask you for it then."

And Annie, thinking it to be, perhaps, a wedding gift intended for Kate, or it might be for Anthony's mother or herself, put the book or the packet in one of her drawers, locked it up, and thought no more about it until—until her brother was forever lost to her, and she and her mother were broken-hearted and desolate.

I have said that Mr. Hackett was a slovenly tradesman. He rarely took stock; it was such a disagreeable job, that he was in the habit of putting it off from time to time. But now he set about it.

"I can't make it out," he said again, when all was over, and his books were balanced; "I am poorer than I thought I was;" and he looked the picture of perplexity, as he sat smoking his pipe by the fire, with Anthony and Kate as his companions.

"Perhaps, sir," faltered out Anthony, "there may be a mistake in the books." "Go over them yourself, then, Anthony." The young man proffered to do so; but while his eyes were wandering over volumes of figures, his thoughts were turned inward. "What a fool I have been! What a labyrinth I brought myself into for nothing!" We may well imagine that these were his reflections.

"I tell you what, Anthony," said Mr. Hackett, at last, as though an idea had entered his head; "you see, the business is no great thing—not so profitable as it ought to be; but it may be made better, I think; and if you and Kate like to marry out of hand, and on the strength of it, I'll take you in as partner, and we'll rub on together for awhile."

What a relief was this to the guilty young man! It did not require many words to conclude the bargain; and that evening all preliminaries were settled—time and everything.

But while everything seemed bright and promising to the infatuated sinner; while poor Kate was thinking of bridal dresses and wedding favors; while Annie Archer was rejoicing at the thought of her brother's prospect; and while their mother, now that her long day dream seemed ready to be accomplished, was flattering herself with other bright visions of the future—a storm was gathering and ready to burst upon them all.

As not material, hitherto, to our story, nothing has been said of old Ambrose, a poor half-witted man, who had, more than a quarter of a century, filled the position of porter, shoe-cleaner, gardener, and general jobber, in Mr. Hackett's small establishment. He must come forward now. A little, hump-backed, monkey-faced, club-footed, and sadly distorted piece of humanity was old Ambrose. Ignorant, in many things, as an infant he was, too; and, like an infant, he could not speak plainly. He loved his master, however, who had, in kindness and charity, first employed him; and though his wages were small, his wants were as limited as his knowledge.

One day, it might be a week after the summing up of the stock-taking accounts, young Archer went out for the day, on business, and Kate "minded the shop," while her father was superintending old Ambrose whom he had sent to knock up some old sugar hogsheads, and with the slaves to construct a new pigsty. For a while the work went on in silence. At last the old porter looked up in his master's face; "Missy Kate isn't a be Missy Kate much longer. Her n-b-a Mr. Archer? ho? Old Ambrose know all about it."

Mr. Hackett nodded and smiled. "Missy Kate lucky; marry rich man; gentleman. Old Ambrose know."

"N-b-a very rich, Ambrose," returned Mr. Hackett, who had no objection, on a score of dignity, to chat with the old por-

ter; "not too much money, Ambrose; but a good cloyer lad."

"Very cloyer, he, Mr. Archer; very good natured, too. Rich, too; plenty of money, a great bag. Missy Kate lucky. Old Ambrose know."

"Nonsense, Ambrose! you know nothing about it."

"What you say, master?" said the old man, suddenly standing as upright as he could, which was not very, and looking provokingly knowing. "Old Ambrose know," he added, as usual.

"I don't lay wagers, A-brose, you know; but I'll lay a farthing cake, and have the first bite, that you know nothing of what you are talking about."

"Done, master!" shouted the poor idiot, with sudden alacrity. "Come along with me, Old Ambrose know." He threw down his hammer, and led the way to the corner of the warehouse in which the conversation had been carried on. It was a crafty hiding place. None but a half-witted being, with the prying faculty of a magpie, or a police officer, would ever have discovered it. Shillings, half-crowns, crowns, half-sovereigns, and sovereigns, there they were.

The idiot chuckled out, "There! Old Ambrose know! Mr. Archer rich man. Miss Kate lucky. Old Ambrose know!" But it was lost upon the bewildered grocer. Muttering a prayer that his wits might be preserved, he turned to old Ambrose; "What do you know about this, old man?"

Terrified by this unexpected change in his master's tone and aspect, old Ambrose explained, as well as he was able, how that he had a month or two before, found out this hoard, ingeniously as it had been hidden; that he had watched, and more than once had seen Mr. Archer resorting to it.

"But don't tell of me, master," said the old man; "Mr. Archer, he-a-be mad with me, mayhap. Rich man, he master. Missy Kate lucky. Old Ambrose know." A blank look then came over his countenance. "Another note some-a-where, master. Old Ambrose don't know."

"Another!" gasped the poor grocer, holding in his trembling hand the recovered treasure. "Whose? and what do you mean?"

"There was, more than a month ago," old Ambrose said, "another bag." "I need not describe, I could not; if I were to try, the distress of mind which fell upon Mr. Hackett, on making those discoveries."

"Say nothing about it, Ambrose," he gasped; and hastening to his chamber, he shut himself in. He tried to count the money, but he couldn't, and he threw himself on his knees; in an agony of grief.

An hour or two later, and he was in close conference with his daughter. "Kate," he said kindly, but peremptorily, "Anthony shall have fair play; but if it is as I fear it must be, there must be no marrying."

A few hours later and Archer returned. It was early in the evening, but the shop was closed. He went round to the back door and entered the parlor that way. Mr. Hackett was there alone.

"My dear sir, is anything the matter?" asked Anthony. He might well ask, such a change had a few hours' agitation of mind wrought in the usually calm and undisturbed old man.

"D, you know anything of this, Anthony?" he honorably whispered the grocer; and he uncovered a heap of money on the table, and held up a thick canvass bag.

No need for another accuser. Pale as a corpse, the unhappy young man staggered to the door, and essayed to speak, but his bloodless lips refused their office, and his tongue seemed to cling to the roof of his mouth. He opened the door.

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed his employer, not unwilling, even then, to be deceived, if he could be. "S'op, Anthony, stop!"

But Anthony was gone. He never came back again; but a week or two afterwards came a letter from him, written apparently in an agony of remorse and despair, which put the question of his delinquency beyond a doubt. The first act of dishonesty, he declared, was when he pocketed a penny which he found behind a tub of rice, under the counter. There was a packet, he said, of his sister's keeping, containing some blank notes between the leaves of a book; but she did not know what was in it. That, and the hoard which Mr. Hackett had found, was the bulk of what he had ever taken; and, if not quite all, there was the hundred pounds, his grandfather's legacy, which was in his mother's hands, that would more than cover it. There was a scrap of writing, almost illegible, enclosed for Kate. That was all.—Day of Days.

"Scriptural Small-Pox."

A contemporary says: "There is nothing more pestiferous in a household than a religious paper unsound on the great cardinal doctrines of the Gospel. If some one should come into your house and throw over your chair a coat that was tainted with some disease, how quickly you would fling it out of the window; but it is more dangerous to have a newspaper in your household that has been in contact with some 'spiritual small pox.' Seek, above all, a thoroughly evangelical newspaper. It is no hard thing to find; there are scores of them."

We commend the above to the attention of those who may have been thinking that it matters little what sort of a paper they admit into the family, so it be entertaining and claim to be religious. We are persuaded that in thousands of evangelical households, faith has been unsettled, perverted views have been imparted, and a loose morality inculcated, by such sheets as *Bowen's Independent*, and *Beecher's Christian Union*. It is a hopeful sign that, doubtless owing to the developments of the Beecher-Tilton trial, the circulation of these two papers have greatly diminished. Decent, orthodox people have had the conviction forced upon them that spiritual good and religious culture are not to be looked for from such sources.—*St. Louis Presbyterian*.

Your conversion was not the result of your education, though it might have been through the medium of your education.

Sabbath School Teacher

LESSON XLV.

Nov. 14, 1875. JESUS INTERCEDING. { John xv. 15-21.

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 20, 21. PARALLEL PASSAGES.—1 John ii. 1; 1 Peter i. 2; 1 Cor. xv. 6.

SCRIPTURE READINGS.—With v. 15, compare Ps. iv. 6; with v. 16, read 1 John iii. 1; with v. 17, read John xv. 9; with v. 18, compare Matt. xxviii. 18-20; with v. 19, read Heb. ii. 14; with v. 20, compare Rom. x. 18, 14; with v. 21, read Gal. iii. 28.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He ever liveth to make intercession for them.—Heb. vii. 25. CENTRAL TRUTH.—Jesus is our great High Priest.

This chapter is literally matchless in Scripture. It is a prayer, after a sermon, and a communion, in view of shame and death. It is a high priestly prayer for "the people." It is the prayer of the second person of the Godhead "made man," to his Father, for his disciples, uttered aloud that they might know the manner of his intercession. It allows us to see within the Holy of Holies (Heb. ix. 7). We can here "consider the High Priest of our profession" (Heb. ii. 1).

We need not try to fathom this prayer, nor to make logical division of it. Prayer is not tried by method. It is a model for us. Only Jesus could thus pray (v. 21). Let us study our lesson from it humbly, earnestly, thankfully, and may the Holy Ghost lead us into its meaning!

(V. 15.) It would have been natural for the twelve to desire, as Christ left the world, that they might go also. The petition of v. 15 regards the state of mind. It is not Christ's will that they should be "taken out of the world." There are three ways in which this can occur.

(a) By voluntarily going out of it as into a convent, or the wilderness, as good but mistaken men early did. Such seclusion is not his will. He does not wish their candles under a bushel (Matt. v. 14-16).

(b) By translation, as with Enoch and Elijah; both taken away in a time of unbelief, to show men (in the absence of the Bible) that there is another world, and how God regards his servants.

(c) By death—the usual way. So we should think of it. The cause may be fever, pneumonia, old age; the end is to "take out of the world." It is the Father who does it with his children. Therefore they need not fear (Ps. xlii. 4).

Christ would have his disciples remain in the world. (1) To gain victory in his cause and service; to do good in his name; (2) To gain experience of his faithfulness and power, the memory of which will be a perpetual joy in heaven. Would the three "Hebrew children" now wish they had never been in the furnace? or Paul that he had never been a prisoner? So with the tired and afflicted saints; (3) That they may reprove and benefit the world, which weak as Christians are, is yet the better for their presence (Matt. v. 14).

But the Master prays that his disciples may be kept from the evil. This implies that the character of the world is bad (1 John ii. 16); that it is dangerous, infectious (Matt. xvii. 23); that disciples cannot stand alone, but need to be "kept" (1 Peter i. 6). How does God keep them?

(1) By keeping them under the influence of his Word.

(2) By surrounding them with defences. Parents guard children. Poverty guards many a young man. Hard work defends many. Kind Christian friends whom we would not grieve defend many.

(3) By strengthening them by his grace, that is his Holy Spirit, when they are tempted.

How does it appear that they are kept? When they do duties faithfully, bear trials patiently, bring forth fruit abundantly (Rom. vi. 22).

(V. 16.) One reason for this petition is that they are "not of the world," if they were, the world would love them, and the god of it, would let them alone. But like Christ they are not of it—are above it, in conflict with it. They are separate from it, not for separation's sake, but because they are lifted up above it, and (Col. iii. 1, 2) dead to it. Let Christians be holy and the world will soon leave them "separate."

(V. 17.) Mere local separation from the world is not an end or an object by itself. Christ asks for his disciples positive holiness. They were his in faith and love. They were pardoned and accepted. They are to be made by a continuous process, never ending till they enter heaven, holy unto the Lord. The will is to be made to choose good, the affections to love it, the conscience to distinguish and approve it. The whole man is to be brought under the truth and spirit of God. See 1 Thes. v. 23. This is not union with Jesus, or absolute surrender to him by a momentary act of the mind. It is a process in which God works according to the laws of our mind, but not so as to shut out our working together with him as a teacher instructs and we learn.

The agent is the Holy Ghost; the instrument is the word, "thy truth," pictures of realities, God, man, heaven, hell, life, death. The devil and man's natural heart deal in lies, dreams, phantasms, and are deceived. God makes men holy by showing them and keeping them under the truth, his truth (as in last lesson John xvi. 13). Historical, moral, scientific truth is not meant, out "thy truth," which God has revealed for sanctifying ends. "Thy word is truth." The disciples know what the "word" meant. So do we. Hence the need of teaching Scripture, or the believers learning it more and more, and of keeping their minds in contact with it (Ps. i. 2; ex. 9, 33).

(V. 18.) The plea for this petition is that as Jesus came to make men holy, the disciples had in their place, a corresponding mission; and it was fit that they should be examples, "living epistles," like Christ, like God (1 Peter i. 16). See the dignity of the ministry, and of the Scripture teacher. See also their obligation to be sanctified or holy.

(V. 19.) The nature of the case proves

that "sanctify" applied to Jesus has a different meaning from that which it has when applied to men. An imperfect being to be consecrated to God wholly, must be set free from corruption. A perfect being is free, and can at once take up God's work and do it. This is the meaning of Jesus, "I consecrate myself." Among other reasons "for their sakes" to give them (1) a motive; (2) a power; and (3) an example. See the practical result in Phil. ii. 5-8. Ho "died to make men holy."

(V. 20.) The prayer teaches much indirectly, as audible true prayer must needs do. We, through the inspired record, are put as nearly as possible in the place of the company who heard it. We now come to the part which shows our interest in it.

"Neither pray I for these" disciples "alone"—though they, first and most, required grace, for they traveled a way in which they had none to go, before them as we have. They made the road, in a sense, on which we walk securely. Hence their honour (Eph. ii. 20).

"But for all believers;" of whom there are not two kinds, namely, believers without the word, and by it. They are all "through the word," written or spoken. All saints are here, high and low, in the first ages and in this.

(V. 21.) And this is the basis of their oneness, they are believers in common of God's Word. They are of the same nature, born unto God of the word (1 Peter i. 23, 24). They feed in the same pastures (Ps. cxvii. 1). They are gathered into the same flock and fold (John x. 16), by the same good shepherd (John x. 14). They have the same enemies (1 Peter v. 8), and the same defences (Rom. viii. 38, 39; Ps. xli. 1). The model and ideal of this union is that between the Father and the Son, two distinct persons, but one nature, one mind and purpose, one character, one controlling disposition.

The effect of this on the world will be to break down prejudice, to conciliate, to impress it with regard for that religion of Christ which can heal divisions, conquer self, and make all one in aim and in love.

LESSONS: (1) How much we owe to Christ's intercession! (2) How well he knows our wants; how truly he states our experience! Many, in moments of anguish, have wished to die. See his wish concerning us. (3) He would have us kept from the evil. Let us aim at this. (4) He would have us sanctified. Let us "watch unto prayer" and "through the truth" let us know, study, meditate on it. (5) He would have us one with all his saints, "in brotherly love continue." Let us work together in united Christian effort, as "Uniform Lessons," Evangelical Alliance, etc. (which teachers might explain to pupils with advantage). (6) Let us also intercede for all saints.

SUGGESTIVE TOPICS.

The features of this prayer—by whom offered—when—in whose presence—for whom—state of disciples' mind—referred to—how—how men go out of the world—the will of Christ—why he would have them remain—why they need to be kept—their relation to the world—how determined—their need of sanctification—means of it—nature of Christ's "sanctification"—for whose sake—unity of believers—how produced—how to be exhibited—the moral effect of it—examples.

"My Mother's God."

At a fashionable party, a young physician present spoke of one of his patients whose case he considered a very critical one. He said he was "very sorry to lose him, for he was a noble young man, but very unnecessarily concerned about his soul, and the Christians increased his agitation by talking with him and praying for him. He wished Christians would let his patients alone. Death was but an end less sleep, the religion of Christ a delusion, and its followers were not persons of the highest culture and intelligence."

A young lady sitting near, and one of the gayest of the company, said, "Pardon me, doctor, but I cannot hear you talk thus and remain silent. I am not a professor of religion; I never knew anything about it experimentally, but my mother was a Christian. Times without number she has taken me to her room, and with her hand upon my head, she has prayed that God would give her grace to train me for the skies. Two years ago my precious mother died, and the reason she loved during life, sustained her in her dying hour. She called us to the bedside, and, with her face shining with glory, asked us to meet her in heaven, and I promised to do so. And now," said the young lady, displaying deep emotion, "can I believe that this is all a delusion? That my mother sleeps an eternal sleep? that she will never wake again in the morning of the resurrection, and that I shall see her no more? No, I cannot, I will not believe it." Her brother tried to quote her, for by this time she had the attention of all present. "No," said she, "brother, let me alone, I must defend my mother's God, my mother's religion."

The physician made no reply, and soon left the room. He was found shortly afterwards passing the floor of an adjoining room, in agitation and distress of spirits. "What is the matter?" a friend inquired. "Oh," said he, "that young lady is right. Her words have pierced my soul." And the result of the convictions thus awakened was, that both the young lady and the physician were converted to Christ, and are useful and influential members of the church I God.

Young friends, stand up for Jesus at all times and in all places, wherever you hear His name reviled, or his counsels set at naught. Rather let the language of your heart be, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."—*Cheering Words*.

Down the dark future, through long generations, The record of war grows fainter, and then ceases; And like a bell with golden, sweet vibrations, I hear once more the voice of Christ say "Peace! Peace! and no longer from its orizon portals, The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies: Be joyful as songs of the immortals: The holy melodies of love arise.—*Longfellow*.

Miscellaneous.

SNOW FIVE inches deep has fallen in Pennsylvania.

THE PAST DAY in Scotland is to be abolished.

A FAMILY OF SEVEN persons have been assassinated on St. Pierre Island. Mr. BRIGHT says that girls have the same mental power that boys possess. THE STATUE OF LORD BYRON is to be erected in a conspicuous part of London.

A VIOLENT gale did much damage on the coast of Nova Scotia on the 19th inst.

TWENTY THOUSAND people have been rendered homeless by floods in Guzerat, India.

ACTIVE STEPS are being taken to stock French waters with Californian salmon.

HEAVY GALES are reported on the British coast on the 14th inst. A number of lives were lost.

THE EMPEROR OF Germany in company with Von Moltke, has been visiting Victor Emmanuel at Milan.

THE TORONTO ABORTIONISTS, DAVIS and his wife, have been sentenced to be hung on the 8th of December.

A HEAVY fall of snow occurred in Toronto and other parts of Ontario on Sunday the 17th.

THE ARCTIC exploring steamer *Pandora* arrived in Portsmouth from Be'lot's Straits, on the 16th inst.

A PETITION for the commutation of the death sentence passed on Mrs. Davis is being circulated in Hamilton.

THE FLOODS in England are so great that the River Don forms a lake half a mile wide and fifteen miles long.

AN EXHIBITION of the works of David Cox, in all periods of his practice, will be opened early in November, in Liverpool.

THE DEATH of J. G. P. Fischer, miniature painter, at the age of ninety years, is announced. He was court painter to George the Fourth.

The skeleton of a Mastodon has been discovered in Binghamton, N.Y. The humerus is said to be thirty feet long.

IN ALL AMERICA more than a million of persons are supposed to be carried away, killed, or made broken-hearted by the slave trade.

THE BOAVICCA was launched at Portsmouth on the 16th inst. She is a sixteen gun screw corvette, constructed of iron, but cased with wood.

THE EMPRESS Eugonin has been denied the privilege of spending twenty-four hours in Paris in the strictest incognito.

AN APPEAL is expected to be made to the Government for aid to obviate distress among the miners in Cape Breton.

A MEETING was held at the Synod Office, Toronto, on the 16th inst., of those interested in the Diocese of Algoma. The Archdeacon of York presided.

THE MARQUIS of Lorne has declined to be nominated for the Lord Rectorship of Aberdeen University, and recommends Mr. Carlyle.

THE NEW Roman Catholic Cathedral in London will cost, according to Cardinal Manning, one million pounds sterling, and will require one hundred years for building.

A LADY on St. John River, Queen's Cou. N.B., died on 16th inst., from the effects of poison received from a dead body through a cut in her finger a fortnight before.

THE PARTY engaged in surveying Palestine have been assailed near Carmel by a Mohammedan mob of 200 persons, who used clubs and stones, as is done elsewhere.

SPECIAL SERVICES were held in the Churches in London, Ont., on the 24th inst., being the day of thanksgiving appointed by the Bishop. These Churches will also observe the 28th inst.

INTELLIGENCE has been received of the death of the Rev. W. E. Jelf of Oxford, author of the Greek Grammar and an edition of Aristotle's "Ethics," also of the death of the Rev. Dr. Hook, Dean of Chichester.

A FEARFUL HURRICANE was experienced by the steamship *Lake Nepigon* just arrived at Quebec. The captain was lashed to the mast fourteen hours directing the vessel during the gale.

MR. CARLYLE has refused the honorary degree offered him by the Harvard University. He seems to hold company with the "line of pompous little fellows hobbling down to posterity on the crutches of two or three letters of the alphabet." It is replied that if Mr. Carlyle never hobbles into worse company than Guizot, John Stuart Mill, Washington Irving, Sir C. Lyell, Henry Hallam, etc., he will be fortunate.

THERE is nothing that interests you that is too little to confide to your God in the solitude of closet-prayer. You may enter into your chamber, and shut your door, and secure of a kindly hearing, you may tell your Father, which is in secret, of all things that worry and vex you, and return a little in your spiritual life, which are yet a little that you would be ashamed to confess to your nearest friend, how great a space they filled up in your heart. Fix it in your mind that there is no duty, however little, which we can do without God's grace, and no temptation, however small, which we can resist without God's grace.—*A. A. H. Boyd*.