

Our Young Folks.

Folded Hands.

In Nuremberg, about the year 1486, lived two boys, Albrecht Durer, and Franz Knigstein. Both were near of an age, and both were about to enter the studio of Michael Wohlgemuth, a famous artist of that day.

The boys were Michael Wohlgemuth's steady, patient students through the appointed years of service; but the wandering years that Albrecht gave to Germany, Franz decided to pass in sunny Italy.

"Albrecht does well enough, but has not Franz the prize for perspective, even now?"

"Yes," said the old painter, smiling. "By Albrecht's grace, Albrecht knows it not. Albrecht did not choose to take it from him; that is all. If Franz sketches a cat, he must needs dissect it first, to be sure about the muscles; then he looks after each particular hair in Puss's tail; and yet, it is but a dead cat, after all. Whereas, five strokes from Albrecht make Katschen herself, back up, ready to spring!

"Well I never was a painter, and do not understand their notions," placidly returned the goldsmith, as he quitted Wohlgemuth.

Nuremberg heard from time to time of the art-students' journeyings. When the three years were ended, Franz came back to his proud father and the sweetheart who had patiently bided her time of waiting, and they were wedded.

As for Albrecht, you know how, his travels ended, he came home, married a shrew, and lived, labored and died in Nuremberg. Perhaps the man's suffering was the artist's gain; and if Hans Fitz's daughter cared nothing for that noble heart, it was all the freer for Art's unchallenged holding. But the contrast between the two friends' handiwork grew more marked as time went on. No matter how strange or far-fetched any fancy of Durer's, some heart rang to its touch; no matter how careful, how elaborate, —aye, how loftily and deeply spiritual, Franz's picture, it hung unsought and unregarded in his studio, till the disgusted artist put it out of sight.

In one of the many talks between the two friends, they found that both had been planning a series of etchings on the same subject—the Passion of our Lord. It was Franz who proposed that neither should hear the other's conception nor see his fellow's work in progress, until both had done, then they would compare results. And to the sincere, simple-hearted men, it was only natural to kneel and ask a blessing on the work of their hands before they parted.

I cannot tell you how much time the etchings took, but it was long enough to make Franz's face sharpen in a way that made his serene comrade think of Dante, whose cheeks the great poem made lean through so many years. To Albrecht, the work over brought peace and calm; it was well for him it did!

At last, both had finished; and Albrecht brought his work to Franz's room. In silence they laid out corresponding sketches, one by one, then stood regarding the well-covered table. Truly, the great subject had but shown Franz's lack of fitness for it. His etchings showed, beside Durer's, like a set of mocking, godless caricatures; and with one move of his arm, he swept them to the floor.

"Lie there," he said, bitterly. "Dost think that I would dishonor my God by such as ye are?"

He sat down, with his face between his hands. Ah, children fathers are hard at fifteen, but they are crushing at forty-five! Durer sat watching him, in great distress, yet not daring to say a word of comfort. How could he, when the only comfort worth having was praise of the work so rightly condemned?

There was a long silence, with one or two tearful, heart-wringing sobs to break it; then Franz said, "To-morrow, Albrecht, you shall know all my heart; but now—"

"You are best alone," returned his friend, gathering up his own studies, and heartily glad to be gone.

True to his word, Franz came in the morning. He looked like one worn by a long vigil, but yet his face had a serene, steadfast look, that surprised Albrecht, who had rather expected to see him—

"Let me see your etchings again," Franz asked, after the morning greetings.

Albrecht silently laid them before him. He looked at them, one by one; then he said:

"The good Lord bless them to others as He has to me; I can give them no better God-speed, Albrecht. For they have shown me how utterly useless my strivings have been; how truly my work has been dead work. I may be fit to build houses for our good Nuremberg folk, but I must let Art be."

He got up, and stood looking out of the window for a moment, then came back to the table where Durer sat, still speechless, and nervously working with his pencil.

"Here," said Franz, folding his hands, "I give it all up. The good Lord gave me not an artist's hands, so He never meant them to do artist's work; but may He bless, day by day, the homely labor He has given me to do!"

He stood, leaning against the table. As Albrecht dared at last to look up into his friend's face, the folded hands caught his eye.

"Franz, he quite one moment!" he exclaimed. "Don't stir!"

Wenry with his long struggle, Franz cared not to ask the why or the wherefore of his friend's abrupt command, but stood passive until he was released.

"That will do now," said Durer. "Franz, old comrade, I can say nothing, but that you are nobly right."

A few days later, Franz was again with Albrecht, and a sketch of two folded hands was the latest addition to the treasures of the studio.

"Dost know them?" asked the artist. Franz looked closer.

"I should; they are my very own. Was that what thou wast doing the other morning?"

Albrecht nodded.

"I have great faith in those hands. But the spirit that is in them is thine, not mine; I did but set it forth. Thou shalt see whether they go not to men's hearts!"

Franz shook his head in doubt.

"Were not the sketch the better of an inscription? say a scroll coming from between the hands. 'Piat voluntas tua'?"

The artist smiled his own sweet, far-sighted smile.

"Nay, Franz," he said. "Where the spirit of Ho'y Writ is so plain, there needs not the graver letter. I may err; but I think, in resigning art, thou hast done at last true artist's work!"

It proved so, indeed; for Durer made many copies of the sketch before men ceased to call for them. How much comfort Franz Knigstein, master-builder in Nuremberg, had from that picture the chronicles of the quaint old city do not tell; but the tradition is, that wherever Franz Knigstein's Folded Hands go, they bring a blessing with them, for the artist's skill has stayed the spirit of the living creature that was in them—of humble owning that work is to be done where and when and as God pleases; and where that spirit is, the work of the hands cannot but prosper, whether, to our eyes, it fail or it succeed.—St. Nicholas for June.

Sabbath School Teacher.

LESSON XXIV.

June 14, 1874. THE TRUE PROPHECY. Deut. xviii. 1-16.

COMMIT TO MEMORY, v. 15, 16. PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Acts iii. 22; Heb. i. 1, 2.

With v. 9, read Deut. xii. 29, 30; with v. 10, 11, read Isa. viii. 19; with v. 12, read Lev. xviii. 24, 25; with v. 13, read Matt. v. 48; with 14, read Ezek. xxi. 21, 22; with v. 15, Matt. xvii. 5; with v. 16, Heb. xii. 19.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Christ is that I prophesied. LEADING TEXT.—We have found him of whom Moses in the law, and prophets, did write.—John i. 45.

The leading persons of the Jewish people would naturally be the Levites, the priests and the prophets; and of all these, some notice is taken in this chapter, with a view to the guidance of the people in relation to them. The last named order is spoken of prospectively, just as kings are in ch. xvii. 14, 15, "when thou art come into the land." The wise forethought of their Heavenly Father is apparent here. O that they had hearkened unto him! Let us profit even by their folly. Two things assumed here are amply confirmed by all history. (1) That man wishes to forecast the future and communicate to the supernatural. He cannot help it. He feels weak, is afraid, wishes to know the worst or the best, cannot stand alone, feels after the invisible. God provides for this in the revelation of himself. Men who will not have Scripture on hand, must have something else. Throwing away the Bible is not throwing off the other world. From infidelity men swing into superstition. Rejectors of the Scriptures will believe a "medium."

(2) The nations had exhausted their ingenuity in this line, and were punished for their abominations (v. 9, 12, 14). The rites of the ancient Egyptians as portrayed in Wilkinson, of the Assyrians as seen in Layard, the omens and auguries of the Greeks and Romans (Homer and Virgil), the ceremonies of the Druids, the fortune-telling of the gypsies (originally it is thought from India) are the proofs. Nor is this a harmless curiosity. God hates and punishes it for reasons we shall see. Wreckers, to allure a ship to ruin on their "iron shores," hand out false lights. So has the Devil done from the beginning. Here we have the false lights and the true. Error is manifold, truth is one.

I. THE FALSE. Moloch was the God of the Ammonites, called Chemosh in Moab, the fire-god worshipped with human sacrifices, gods of calibacy and virginity, and established among the old Canaanites. Children were made to pass a purification between two fires; but in other cases they were burned to death. See Ps. cxxxvii. 36, and Jer. vii. 31. This idolatry was wide-

spread and enduring, as Baal-worship. (See the word *bale-fire*, from the Saxon "bael-fyre.") The bon-fires of St. John's Eve in Roman Catholic countries, are regarded as the continuation of these fires. God forbids this worship v. 10. (See Lev. xviii. 21.)

"Divination" is the use of omens, soothsayers' tokens, like Balaam's in Jer. xiii. 22, Num. xxiii. 1-3; looking into entrails in the classic and "cup-tossing" in modern times. "Observers of times" are probably those who told of "lucky" and "unlucky" days (Lev. xix. 26). The "enchanter" possibly correspond to the serpent-charmer of India, one who used incantations, and the "witch" to the sorcerer of Ex. vii. 11 for whom by jugglery, supernatural power is claimed, the ignorant concluding that the gods must do the things, since they do not know how they are done. The "charmer" is of the same general character (see Ps. lvi. 4, 5; the consulter with familiar spirits is seen at Endor 1 Sam. xxviii. 8). The "wizard," affects miraculous wisdom, and practices magical arts, and the consulter of the dead, who them questions—the spiritualists of old letheism. So Saul wished to consult Samuel.

All the words are employed that describe magical arts, so as to leave nothing out, as we do in legal forms still ("heirs, administrators, assigns, &c.")

How little the devil has invented! His power is limited. He revives old devices. All this is forbidden. God drove out the nations of Canaan for these things (vs. 12 and 14). Why so wrong? (1) The unbelief in these things clothes imaginary creatures, with divine powers, and so robs God of his glory; (2) lays men open to all manner of selfish deceit; (3) draw them into atrocious crimes connected with magical rites (4) keeps them from dependence on the true God; and (5) brings them under the sway of demons. 1 Cor. x. 20.

II. THE TRUTH, v. 15, which knowing human need, God provides.

When the people came into new circumstances, and did not know their duty, God, as at the times of the Judges and Samuel, raised up a prophet, who had a commission to speak for him to the people. (The singular noun, used collectively, would yet keep up a hope of the great Prophet). Their resemblance to Moses lay in this, that God put his words in his mouth, as in Moses'. So He did with Isa. ii. 1; Jer. i. 1.

These officers were to be—as priests and Levites were—for the benefit of the people; the people need not resort to heathen devices, having them (1 Kings i. 8, 6, 10), and they could be distinguished from the false prophets by a test given in 20-52, which applies to human prophets, like Jonah and Eljah, but not to Jesus Christ. We infer, therefore, that the whole line of prophets is referred to here, though the main and crowning fulfilment is in the blessed Redeemer, who is pointed to by all prophets, as he is by all foregoing priests.

We are not left to guess this. The New Testament proves it in Acts iii. 22, and vii. 37, which show not only what Peter and Stephen were taught, but what the Jews of that time would count proof. So the Samaritans believed, John iv. 15, and they only received the Pentateuch. So Christ says Moses wrote of him, and where else than here?

So all the Fathers, and almost all recent authorities render it, the Jews of the Middle Ages only, trying to make it the prophetic order, and nothing else, and sometimes applying to it individuals, Joshua, Jeremiah or David.

Did Moses understand by his words, one or many? We cannot tell, 1 Pet. i. 11. Nor does the answer, if we could give it, affect the meaning. It is the fulfilment that interprets prophecy.

This great Prophet is to be a Jew, Rom. ix. 4, 5; to instruct the Jewish people, Rom. xv. 8; to be of the people, "from the midst of thee," Ps. lxxxix. 18; and to have a paramount claim on their attention "unto him," &c. See Matt. xvii. 5. He is to be like unto Moses, yet greater than he, see Heb. iii. 2, 8. And yet he strictly resembled Moses in two points:

(1) He revealed God, otherwise unknown to men, v. 16, and John i. 18.

(2) He did not speak his own words, but those which God gave him to utter, v. 18, and John xvii. 8.

And we should remember, that as it was ruin to break Moses' law, it was still more dreadful to disregard Christ. Heb. x. 29, 28.

ILLUSTRATIONS. A PROPHECY.—Let us search all the records of universal history, and see if we can find a man who was so like to Moses as Christ was, and so like to Christ as Moses was.—Jortin.

ABOMINATIONS UNTO THE LORD.—Let those that give heed to fortune tellers, or go to wizards for the discovery of things secret, that use spells for the cure of diseases, are in league with familiar spirits, know that they can have no fellowship with God. \* \* \* It is amazing to think there should be any pretenders of this kind in such a land and day of light as we live in.—Henry.

SUGGESTIVE TOPICS.

The leading persons among the Hebrews—duties of Levites—priests—prophets—how God provides for man's wants—how heathenism tries to provide—examples—some false lights—Moloch—other names—where worshipped—how—the remains of this worship—divination—sorcery—the present forms of these superstitious—why so many words—little invented by Satan—the wrong of these things—particulars—the beings honoured in these rites—the true light—meaning of prophet—use of example—incapable to seek elsewhere—example—test of true prophet—the great prophet—New Testament reference to—how the Samaritans felt—value of this proof—the marks of the great prophet—a Jew.

You cannot tell the size of a flower by the size of its seed. Nay, a grain of mustard seed, "included the least of all seeds, but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs." The secret lies in that mysterious gift of growing.—Richard G. rect.

Scientific and Useful.

STEWED RHUBARB.

Wash and peel the rhubarb stems and cut into pieces not far from three fourths of an inch square. Place in a porcelain-lined saucepan and fill the pan nearly full of cold water. Let it boil up once, and then drain off the water and set it aside. Then put in water again enough to nearly fill the pan, and stew until the rhubarb is tender. Sweeten to the taste and serve warm or cold for breakfast, dinner or supper. Rhubarb stewed in this manner requires less sugar than if the first water were not turned off, and it will be quite tart enough to be agreeable.

A GOOD WAY TO COOK ONIONS.

It is a good plan to boil onions in milk and water; it diminishes the strong taste of that vegetable. It is an excellent way of doing up onions, to chop them after they are boiled, and put them in a stew-pan with a little milk, butter, salt and pepper, and let them stand about fifteen minutes. This gives them a fine flavor, and they can be served up very hot.

FOR HANGING BASKETS.

Line the basket with moss, with a little soil attached. Place in the centre a small pot, containing a showy plant of upright habit; fill up the surrounding space with rich woods and old hot-bed soil; fill in with plants of a climbing or trailing habit; when the centre fades you can replace it by a fresh plant. In filling a basket, select plants of a similar nature—such as like shade and moisture—the Fuschia, Lobelia, Ivy Geraniums, Ives, Linaria, Pansium, Balsam, gold and silver Vinca, Ferns. A basket for a hot sunny situation should be filled with Coleus for the centre; also, Petunia (double), Solanum, Convolvulus minor, Nasturtium, Begonia, Mignonette, for trailing. A carnation will make a complete blooming centre—a Coleus a brilliant one.—American Farmer.

THE BAMBOO A DANGEROUS POISON.

The Straits Times, a Japanese journal, publishes some novel information on the poisonous properties of the bamboo, which heretofore has been considered one of the most inoffensive of vegetables. The natives of Java use the poison against their enemies, and obtain it by cutting the bamboo at a joint, and detaching from the saucer shaped cavity, formed by the cane at such portions, some small black filaments, which are covered with almost imperceptible needles. The filaments constitute the venom, against which no remedy has been found to act. When swallowed, instead of passing it to the stomach, they appear to catch in the throat and work their way to the respiratory organs, where they immediately produce a violent cough, followed by inflammation of the lungs. The poison, tried upon dogs, produces loss of appetite, severe cough, burning thirst, and gradual emaciation. The animal froths at the mouth, and finally dies by suffocation, as if under the influence of a deleterious gas.

MANAGEMENT OF CARPETS.

All kinds of carpets will wear much longer if fine straw be spread evenly on the floor, about half an inch thick, before they are fastened down. When they lie on the bare floor, the gritty dust wears through them to the floor, and as they are pressed down on and among it, they will be worn out much more than when kept from it by straw. To aid in drawing carpets close up to the base board, preparatory to nailing them, drive eight or ten small nails into a piece of wood, allowing them to extend about three-eighths of an inch beyond the surface, similar to a weaver's stretcher, and file them to a sharp point. With such an instrument as this, having a long handle, one person can thrust to the side of a carpet up close to the base board, and hold it with ease till it is nailed. There is some science also in the manner of sweeping carpets correctly. Instead of inclining the ladle of the broom forward, and rolling the dirt along and pressing it into the carpet, by bearing down on the broom, the handle should be held nearly erect, and the dirt brushed along by touching the carpet very lightly. In this way both broom and carpet will be worn less, and the sweeping be done better.—American Agriculturist.

ADULTERATION OF CHOCOLATE.

Chocolate is one of those articles of food which are rarely sold in an unadulterated condition. These adulterations are so considerable that frequently the spurious chocolate is a mere imitation, containing every ingredient except the principal one, the pure cocoa. Particularly is this the case with the important material from France, a fact very evident considering that the poorest chocolate is sold in that country at wholesale for some three cents a pound, when the cocoa alone sells for 21 cents. The imitation chocolate is a mixture of cocoa shells finely pulverized, burnt flour, beef marrow, and a little spice, and such is the composition of much of the stuff for which medals have been awarded at fairs and expositions. The purity of the chocolate can, however, be determined by very simple means. One part of the material to be tested is warmed with ten parts of water. The solution is allowed to cool; and on being thrown on a blotting paper filter, leaves a reddish brown deposit. The liquid should pass through promptly, and be of a clear red, having an agreeable cocoa taste. The material on the filter should also on being dried yield a light powder of very little coherence. If, however, the chocolate is adulterated, the liquid passes through the filter slowly, and is of a yellowish color, having a sweet taste. A viscous mass remains on the paper, which dries slowly into a solid form. The more viscid the residuum, the more burnt flour the chocolate contains. Glucose is often substituted in the viscous material for cane sugar.

"But I am not sure if I am looking in the right way." Be sure you look. "You cannot be worse than those to whom God said, 'Hear ye deaf, and look ye blind, that ye may see.'" Isa. xlii. 18.

Any sinner may come (John vii. 37), and every sinner must come to himself, the church, the minister, his friends, cannot come for him.—Acts vii. 37.

Random Reading.

All lives have their prose translation as well as their ideal meaning.—Charles A. Chester.

Only what we have wrought into our character during life, can we take away with us.—Humboldt.

The beloved of the Almighty are the rich who have the humility of the poor, and the poor who have the magnanimity of the rich.—Saadi.

Every one must think in his own way in order to arrive at truth. But the ought to keep himself in hand; we are too good for pure instinct.—Goethe.

Words are things; and a small drop of ink falling like dew upon a thought, produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.—Byron.

The world is an old woman that mistakes any gilt farthing for a gold coin; whereby, being often cheated, she will henceforth trust nothing but the common coin.—Carlyle.

Love is like war in this, that a soldier, though he has escaped the week complete of Saturday night, may nevertheless be shot through his heart on Sunday morning.—Stearn.

Moral life is no creation of moral phrases. The words that are truly vital for good or evil are only those which, as Pindar says, "The tongue draws up from the heart.—Whipple.

Our life is determined for us; and makes the mind very free when we give up wishing, and only think of bearing what is put upon us, and doing what is given us to do.—Eliot.

The extent of a man's earthly horizon varies with his position. He may himself enlarge or diminish it a few degrees. But to all the same wide heavenly hemisphere is revealed.—Mrs. Lowell.

There are moments when, by some strange impulse, we contradict our past selves—fatal moments, when a fit of passion, like a lava stream, lays low the work of half our lives.—George Eliot.

A politician thinks of the next election; a statesman of the next generation. A politician looks for the success of his party; a statesman for that of his country. A statesman wishes to steer; while the politician wishes to drift.—F. Clark.

One very common error misleads the opinion of mankind universally; that authority is pleasant, submission, painful. In the general course of human affairs the very reverse of this is nearer the truth. Command is anxiety; obedience, ease.—Pascal.

A coin doesn't grow in value by passing from hand to hand, and getting worn and clipped. Going about and undergoing all sorts of experiences won't make a man wise if he was a fool to begin with.—Edward Garrett.

Hast thou now a sweet temper; whereas thou once wast passionate? Boast not of it; thou wilt be angry again yet if He leaves thee. Art thou now pure, whereas thou wast once unclean? Boast not of thy purity; it is a plant, the seed of which was brought from heaven; it never was within thy heart by nature; it is of God's gift and God's alone.—Spurgeon.

Mere logic will lead itself to error as well as to truth, and will lead to any depths of falsehood, if the premises are wrong. The more closely a man reasons, the further he goes astray. It is like a compass vitiated by the ship it which it is placed; and the more dangerous, the more it is trusted. Logic and compasses need constantly to be rectified by observations outside of themselves.

That was a noble speech made by Dr. Petri, the only Old Catholic member of the German Parliament. On the motion to grant a subsidy of \$10,000 thalers to Bishop Koinkens, he argued that the Bishop was a true Catholic. The reasons of the Old Catholic movement he thus stated: "That which drove us into the field was the outcry of our Catholic consciences; we would have no universal Bishop who exercises jurisdiction over all other Bishops; we would have no Pope who 'enshrines all rights in his own breast,' and for the security of this dictation dogmatically claims omnipotence; for us Popery is no divine institution, but an historical incident, which passes away as all else does. We do not identify religion with the Church and Popery; we hold sharp lines of demarcation between them. I will say it out openly, our fight is with Rome; it is against the bondage with which Rome has enslaved Christendom. We will not have a Church which is only a machine; we want a living organic Church. We do not desire a state Church, but a national Church, just such an one as that Gallican Church which Rome has destroyed."

Presbytery of Bruce.

This Presbytery held a special meeting at Hawon on the 29th inst., for the induction of the Rev. Mr. McQueen into that pastoral charge. The Rev. A. Grant, of Ashfield, the former pastor of the congregation, being present, was asked to sit and correspond. Messrs. Davidson and Ferguson preached suitable discourses, the former in Gaelic, the latter in English. Mr. Cameron narrated the steps taken in the call, offered the induction prayer, proposed to the pastor elect the questions usually put to ministers before their induction, and inducted him; he then delivered to him a pointed and solemn charge. Messrs. Grant, Davidson and Forbes addressed the people relative to their duties and responsibilities. Mr. McQueen received a hearty welcome from the members of his new charge, and entered on his pastoral duties in that interesting and important field under encouraging circumstances.

Grace is a glory militant, and glory is a grace triumphant; grace is glory begun, glory is grace made perfect; grace is that first degree of glory; glory is the highest degree of grace.