

## Our Young Folks.

THE STORY OF EDDY, WHO NEVER WAS READY.

Once on a time lived a dear little boy, moreover, a very queer little boy, who always was calling "Please wait!" He was never ready for morning prayers, he was last to rise, and last upstairs; at breakfast, dinner and lunch his head tumbled into the room when the grace was said.

He was always a little too late; And all the time it was, "Hurry up, Eddy, You're sure to be late, you never are ready!"

He went in undignified haste, pell-mell, into the school at the tardy bell, forgetting his book and his slate; He walked to church and to Sunday school, Because to ride it was always the rule, To be on time. It was mother's dread

He'd not get in till the lesson was read, Because he was always too late; And every Sabbath 'twas "Hurry up, Eddy, You're sure to be late, you never are ready!"

Vacation time came, they were going abroad, Harry and Susy and Nellie and Maud; They went through the steamer's gate, The plank was drawn in to the grief of the flock, When Eddy rushed breathlessly out on the dock

His father said from the deck, "We room, But you must spend your vacation at home, For this habit of being too late." And the waves seemed to mock him with "Hurry up, Eddy, You're always late, you never are ready."

He grew to a man; but habits are things That boys must battle, they do not take wings.

He never was useful nor great. They plucked him at college, in business you'll find He never succeeds who is always behind.

The girl that he loved had patience sublime, But was won by the man who was always on time.

She said, "You're a little too late, For Cupid don't wait for a laggard, Eddy."

The will that achieves is prompt and is steady, The world moves ahead if a man isn't ready."

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.  
JOHN DAWSON.

A CANADIAN STORY, BY GEO. W. ARMSTRONG,  
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### CHAPTER II.

#### BROTHER TOM AT TEA.

Mr. Sinclair was a wholesale merchant, and did a large trade, both at home and abroad. He had much anxiety and care, as all men have who have the responsibility of an extensive business on their hands. He was what is called a shrewd business man, and had made the position he now occupied for himself; but, like many men of a similar stamp, he allowed his business to absorb almost his entire thought. He set his family a good example of patient perseverance, promptness and strict integrity, but beyond this he seemed to take little interest in it. True, he liked to hear his daughters play a lively piece on the piano in the evening, but even while this was going on, his thoughts would be upon his next day's business and the profitable speculations he would probably make. If any questions were put to him by his children, he would speak kindly to them, and refer them to "Mamma." "Don't trouble me, my child, I'm thinking about something else," was his invariable reply.

Tom, his eldest son, had left school some two years ago, and was now in the warehouse with his father to learn the business, with the view of ultimately succeeding to it. But Tom, like many young men, born as the saying is, with a silver spoon in his mouth, was learning something else besides his father's trade; he was engaged in a species of moral agriculture, "sowing wild oats."

He was no longer a school boy, but as he was now in business, he was a complete man; hence he was cultivating those habits which many other young men besides Tom have found out, to their sorrow, were not as they supposed, "manly habits," viz., smoking, drinking, billiard playing and stopping out late at night.

When Katie got into the room where tea was provided, to her astonishment Tom—whom she had never seen before—was sitting at the table; a formal introduction took place, and Katie seated herself at the tea table. Annie, who took a special pleasure in teasing her brother, was the first to speak.

"Tom, I am sure your chin must be sore with such constant rubbing; your beard won't come out any quicker for all your rubbing."

Tom, who had not even the appearance of anything coming in this particular, was somewhat annoyed at his sister's reference to this habit of his, and, had not Katie been present, would probably have retorted sharply. As it was, he managed to keep his temper, and addressing Katie, said:

"Do you talk to your brothers in that way?"

To which she replied: "I have but one brother, and he is younger than I, and I don't suppose he ever thinks about a beard."

"But our Tom's been thinking about his ever since he left school, two years ago, and there is no more appearance of it now than there was then," chimed in little Pollie.

"You have a brother, then?" asked Mr. Sinclair. "How old is he?"

My brother John, sir, is fifteen; he goes to school, but father wants to get him a situation, as he thinks he is about old enough to begin work," replied Katie.

Tom asked, "What school does he go to?"

"The Collegiate," said Katie.

"Oh, he gets his education cheap, then. I went"—

"Hold your tongue, sir, will you. The school you went to does not seem to have taught you manners, I am sure. Katie's brother, if anything like her, would know what good behaviour is, which evidently you do not!" said Mr. Sinclair.

This reprimand silenced Tom, who, however, seemed deeply interested in Katie, and was mentally exclaiming, "She's a jolly, nice girl. I wish I had not promised those fellows I'd stop in to-night."

But in spite of promises made to "those fellows," stop in he did, to the astonishment of everyone.

"I think you said your brother was about leaving school, and wanted a situation. Do you think he would like to enter my warehouse?" asked Mr. Sinclair. "I should not need a boy, but my son Tom is so careless, I cannot trust him with anything, and I want a smart boy to do what he should do."

"I can mention it to father when I get home," replied Katie.

"And if he is agreeable, ask him to step up to my office, and bring John with him," said Mr. Sinclair.

"Thank you," said Katie, "I will."

Tea being over, the conversation dropped, and the young folks, including Tom, repaired to the drawing room. Tom paid every possible attention to Katie, and what with playing, singing and talking, a very pleasant evening was spent. Time had passed by rapidly, for it was nine o'clock, and Katie must go home; but before she went Mr. Sinclair wished her to take a glass of wine and a biscuit. The wine was poured out, but Katie declined, saying, "If you don't mind, I'll take the biscuit, but not the wine; father prefers that we do not take wine;" and so the wine was left untouched by her. Katie went upstairs to put on her "things" and when she returned, to her utter surprise, saw that the wine glass was empty, and Tom being alone in the room, strongly suspected that he must have drunk it.

"I'll go home with you, Katie, if you like," said Tom.

"Thank you, I'm not afraid," replied Katie.

But Tom put on his hat and went. When they were alone, Tom said: "You were silly not to have had that wine. I like it; you don't catch me refusing it."

"I'm afraid you drank the glass poured out for me; did you?" asked Katie.

"Of course, I did," said Tom. "Mamma would think you had it, and will never know unless you tell her." And here Tom took out a cigarette.

"So you smoke as well as drink, do you?"

"Of course, I do," said Tom, "everybody smokes in these days."

"Do they? I think you are mistaken there, for my father never either smoke or dinks," said Katie. I heard him say only to-day, he was thankful he did neither, for had he done either or both, he would never have been able to have his children educated. 'There's a curse in drink,' he always says. On reaching the cottage where Katie lived, Tom forgot himself and remarked:

"Why do you live in a little crib like this? I should have thought you would have lived in a house like ours. Good night."

What a sentence to utter! Spoken doubtless without thought; but the effect it produced, was little suspected by the speaker. It roused all Katie's feelings of envy and pride, turned all her happiness into misery, and the evening that had passed so pleasantly away, ended in bitterness and envy, that is, so far as Katie was concerned. Tom turned away, but not to go home; he joined "those fellows" at the hotel, and had a game at billiards.

(To be continued.)

### FAITHFUL.

When Mount Vesuvius was pouring down its torrents of destruction upon the city of Pompeii, there was a sentinel whose post of duty was the chief entrance to the city. Towards him—beside him—around him—flowed the terrible stream of molten lava. Every one who could do so, fled—fled for their lives. He stood unmoved, and perished, faithful to his high trust.

Sixteen hundred years rolled away, and the ruins of Pompeii were excavated. There, at the gate of the city, perfectly preserved by the exclusion of air, stood the soldier in full armour—there, after so many centuries, a monument of fidelity to duty, a faithful sentinel dying at his post.

At a critical moment in the battle of Waterloo, word was brought to the Duke of Wellington, that unless the troops at an important point could be reinforced, they must soon yield.

The Duke sent back, by the courier, a short command: "Stand firm!"

"But we shall all perish," said the officer.

"Stand firm!" again thundered the Iron Duke.

"You will find us there," called the soldier, as he galloped away.

And there, at the close of the day, they were found, for nearly every man of that brigade had fallen bravely at his post!

Quite recently, a Christian officer went into the Soudan with his life in his hand.

"I will do my duty, or die at my post," was his determination. And somewhere beneath the torrid African sky, General Gordon—the Bayard of modern history—has been faithful to his trust.

More recently still, another soldier of Christ has died at his post. Far away from home and friends, without either wife or child, Bishop Hannington laid down his life. His Master said to him, "Go." Intrusted with the post of danger, leading the vanguard of missionary enterprise into the heart of the Dark Continent, the young bishop "stood firm," and was faithful unto death.

"Whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it," speaks once again in these pages from ancient and modern history. The sentinel at Pompeii lost his life, but it is preserved in the annals of to-day. The brigade at Waterloo stood firm, and their bravery is spoken of at the present time. General Gordon laid down his life, but he lives in the memory of thousands of his countrymen. Bishop Hannington has died at his post, but his name is written in the Lamb's book of life, and engraven in the minds of those who would follow him.

## Teacher and Scholar.

Oct. 15th, 1893. } JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH. { Rom. vi. 1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—Rom. v. 8.

Paul has set forth in succession the need and the nature of justification. Now he goes on to set forth the fruits of justification.

I. Peace and joy resulting from justification. Directly connected with and issuing from justification, is peace with God. This is the inward tranquillity and serenity, connected with the consciousness that God is now at peace with us. This peace is only for the justified. There may be in others the quietness of a hardened heart, or of indifference, but not that inward restful satisfaction whose basis is the friendship of God. This may not always be experienced, hence the exhortation to have it (R.V.) which is by appropriating all that is contained in justification. It comes through Him who has given to each believer access into the grace of being justified by faith, who thus both provides the grace of free justification, and opens the way to share in it. A further fruit is hope of an interest in the glory of God. The glory of God is all which manifests Him as He really is. The believer can congratulate himself that he will yet look upon and share that glory, beholding the face of God and bearing His likeness. Yet another result is the changed aspect which tribulations bear. Trial and suffering are transfigured, so that they also now become a ground of joy. They call into exercise the strength and firmness, which mark perseverance in, and faithfulness to duty. Thus they work out the power of patient endurance. This patience issues in a character, approved as the result of trial, established by experience. It works out probation (R.V.), that is the patience developed by affliction, furnishes proof of the force and steadfastness of a character actuated by principles which grace imparts. This experience thus strengthens and confirms the hope which accompanies justification.

II. Sure character of these results. That the hope of attaining the divine glory is not a vain one, is guaranteed to the believer by his consciousness of God's love to him, produced by the Holy Spirit. The hope of glory begotten in him who knows that he is justified, has a sure foundation in the overflowing communication to him of the fact that God so greatly loves him. The Holy Spirit floods the heart with this consciousness by bringing before the mind the great evidence that God so loves us, found in Christ's death. He died in our behalf and in our place. This evidence of love was enhanced by our helplessness. It was further magnified by the utter want of anything in us to call it forth. We were disinclined to give the honour due to God. It showed the Father's love, for the time had been appointed by Him (Gal. iv. 4; Eph. i. 10). Its greatness and fulness is shown by contrast with the love of man in a state of nature. A man strictly just, giving exactly to each his due, while admired and venerated, will hardly so win the love of others, than any will die for him. For one who is actively benevolent, giving more than is due, kind and compassionate, some may be found who will venture to die. But God's own love is set forth in death for those whose sinful character was repulsive to His pure nature. The hope of God's glory is hereby assured, because what has been already done by His love is a guarantee for what remains to be done. First, since His love has wrought the greater work, it cannot fail in the less. Through it we have already been justified. God's holy opposition to the sinner has been removed. The dominion of sin in the heart has been shattered. Much more will He not fail in what yet remains, until hope is realized in the blessedness of heaven. Again, while His work of grace in justification was wrought on enemies, what yet remains has to be wrought on friends. Since His love reached over all that unloveliness, much more will He complete His work in those reconciled, in whom He now finds something to love and delight in. The third particular regards Christ's efficacy in carrying on His work to the end. Reconciliation was accomplished in His death, much more will salvation be assuredly completed in His resurrection life. His life increases the assurance of His death. It is the pledge that God has accepted His claims and work (ch. i. 4; viii. 11). It is a continued presentation of the efficacy of His death in intercession (Heb. vii. 25). It is the life of one invested with all power in heaven and on earth (Mt. xxviii. 18). The recognition of the reconciliation received through Christ; gives further cause for joy in God through Him,