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**A YOUTHFUL AGNOSTIC ELUCIDATED.**

A suggestive scene took place lately in a railroad car that was crossing the Rocky Mountains. A quiet business man, who had been slowly watching the vast range of snow-clad peaks, seen for the first time, said to his companion;

"No man, it seems to me, could look nt that scene without feeling himself nearer to his Creator.

A dapper lad of eighteen, who had been chiefly occupied in cressing his moustache, pertly interrupted, "If you are sure there is a Creator."

"You are an atheist?" said the stranger, turning to the lad.

"I am an agnostic," said he, raising his voice. "I am investigating the subject. I take nothing for granted. I see the mountains, I smell the rose, I hear the wind; therefore I believe that mountains, rose, and wind exist. But I cannot see, smell or hear God. Therefore—"

A grizzled old cattle raiser opposite glanced over his spectacles at the boy.

"Did you ever try to smell with your eyes?" he said, quietly.

"No."

"Or to hear with your tongue or to taste with your ears?"

"Certainly not."

"Then why do you try to apprehend God with faculties which are only meant for natural things?"

"With what should I apprehend Him?" said the youth, with a conceited giggle.

"With your intellect and soul; but—I beg your pardon," here he paused; "some men haven't breadth and depth enough of intellect to do this. That is probably the reason you are an agnostic."

The laugh in the car effectually stopped the display of any more atheism that day.

But this is a question which cannot be laughed or joked away. Every thinking man in his youth must face for himself that terrible problem of life, "What is God?" and "What is He to me?" As a young man decides that question, his future life takes shape.—*Youth's Companion.*