

Such an High Priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners.—Heb. vii. 26.

### AN UNANSWERABLE QUESTION.

**G**OOD minister, when journeying on the cars, was accosted by a young man, apparently a stranger, who said "Good morning, Mr. L——. I was at your church the other night."

"Ah, indeed?"

"Yes, sir, I heard you preach. I don't take much stock in religion." This was said in a half boastful manner.

"No?" questioned Mr.——. "And what have you been reading?"

"I have been studying Thomas Paine, sir."

"And he has made you wiser, has he?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I don't believe in Christians now, or Christianity."

"So, then, you believe that all Christians are hypocritical?"

Yes, sir; Christianity is a sham; nothing else."

"Well, let me ask you, young man, have you had a mother since your infant years," said Mr. L——

"Oh, yes, sir."

"And was she a professor of religion?"

"Yes, sir," said the other unhesitatingly.

"And did she live consistently with her profession?"

"Oh, yes; I believe mother was a good woman."

"Well, then, you either believe that your mother lived in communion with Christ, or else you believe that she was a hypocrite. Which was it?"

"Hold on!" exclaimed the young man.

"Which?" cried Mr. L——, with emphasis.

"I—I—didn't—mean—like—that; wait and hear me," stammered the excited young stranger.

"Which?" again solemnly asked Mr. L——; and when no answer came, he said, "For shame, young man, to fling at your sainted mother that she was a hypocrite! You know from her life that Christianity is real."

The sceptic was silenced; and afterwards Mr. L—— saw him in the Fulton Street prayer meeting, trembling under a sense of guilt.

Christians if we live up to our profession, our lives will be an unanswerable argument in favor of religion. The sceptic cannot but admire consistency; and lives that speak of Christ preach more effectually than words can do.

### FOUND WANTING.

**W**ASHINGTON ALLSTON spent more than twelve years attempting to paint the scene of Belshazzar's Feast, and then left the work unfinished.

It is said that the chief difficulty, which the artist's genius could not overcome, was that of depicting the despair of the doomed king. Well it might be so; for it was the despair of a lost soul brought suddenly face to face with the retributive judgment of God, written by a mystic hand from another world. What art *can* pourtray it in the look of a human face.

Belshazzar had been long familiar with a knowledge of a true God. He had had miraculous evidence of it in the experience of his father. "Thou knowest all this" is the faithful reminder which the prophet gives him. Yet he had persisted in a life and reign of extreme and unblushing guilt. "O, Belshazzar, thou hast not humbled thine heart; but hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of Heaven." Then appeared the fearful writing on the wall, the purport of which was too plain to admit of doubt. That night the king was summoned to the bar of God.

**A** GOOD old farmer one day standing in the hay-field, with a rake in his hand, was asked what he thought of a certain preacher. "Oh, he's very good," he replied; "but he rakes with the teeth upside instead of down. He smooths it nicely over, but he gathers nothing in."

We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.—Heb. iv. 15.