

"I NEVER PRAY."

In the year 1827 a young man, then studying for the ministry, was requested to preach in a town in Kentucky. The meeting was held in the evening, in a private house. Knowing that two or three deists were present, some remarks were made upon the authenticity of God's Word. The president of an infidel club arose and interrupted the speaker, who mildly said to him, "Sit down, and after meeting I will talk with you."

When the services closed there was hardly time for conversation, and an appointment was made that the parties should meet at the house of a friend on the following morning. At the appointed hour the president, with several infidel books under his arm, and a large handkerchief full of pamphlets and papers, made his appearance, in company with two members of his club. No sooner were the parties seated, and the large table covered with his religious dissecting knives, than the infidel began, with much warmth, to pour out his contempt for the Bible.

"Stop, sir, stop," said the student; "let us commence right, and then we shall end well. Do you believe there is a God, who made all things? a God, who has a mind?"

"I do."

"Do you believe he created you, feeds, clothes, and watches over you and yours, without any reward?"

"Certainly I do."

"Well, sir, that we commence right, please lead in prayer. Ask the God in whom you believe, to direct us as to the rejection of that Bible, if it is false, and if it is true, to receive it. We do not want to be deceived."

The man hesitated, and said: "I never pray; I do not believe in prayer."

"Never pray, sir! do you not believe in prayer when your God has done so much for you? never thank him for his goodness? Have you a father?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you never thank him? If you had a child whom you had always blest, would he not thank you when you bestowed upon him some little trinket?"

"I suppose he would."

"Well, sir, commence right. Just pray; pray and thank God."

"I can't pray."

The student then turned to his infidel companions and asked them to pray, and they both declined. With indescribable feelings he knelt, and with great freedom poured out his whole heart to God. As he finished they all three arose from their seats. The president passed his fingers through his hair, and as he gathered up his books, said:

"I think we will talk no more. It will do no good."

The student waited on them to the door, and in a short time heard that the club had been disbanded.—*Louisville Journal.*

PASSING IT ON.

"How shall I thank you?" asked a lady of a friend, whose kindness and business forethought had been of great service to her in a time of perplexity.

"Do not try. I want no thanking, save that, finding another in the same difficulty, you should 'pass on' the kindness."

What a different world it would be if we all followed the advice! Let us not content ourselves with sighing, "Ah, what a different world, indeed!" Let us go to work and try to make it so.

You are pleased with some little courtesy, and your heart warms toward the one from whom you received it, but how often it ends there! Why not pass it on, giving another the benefit also?

If the day has been brightened for you by some little word of cheer, why not greet some one else with a smile, and so make one of the "Heavenly investments?"

If the little clipping that fell from your friend's letter was just the word your tired heart needed, why keep all the gladness to yourself? And when the Master speaks some sweet comfort thought to you, don't you suppose that he means that you shall make some other troubled one glad with the resting?

If the "joy of the Lord is your strength," why not see that some weaker sister is made stronger thereby? Said one friend, speaking of another, Hope looks sunward so often, I cannot help catching some of the reflection.

An earnest young worker in the great home-field of a city, speaking of a time of discouragement, said, "My word for the hour was, 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.'" Feeling so tired, I queried, 'My own are so heavy, however I bear those of others!' Then the words came, 'Casting all your care upon Him;' and the glad thought flashed into my mind, 'Why, that is just what the Lord wants me to do, carry my own burdens to Him, and leave them there, and then I shall have both time and strength to help others in their burden bearing.'

Finally, do not forget to "pass on" the glad invitation to earth's thirsting ones. It is said, many read no Bible save that which they find in the lives of the Master's professed disciples. Let us see to it, that the wording is clear print, easily understood, treating always of the one subject.

To do what seems right may involve an extra struggle sometimes, but one may be sure that in the long run it will bring the most happiness.