

Be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee.

Matth. ix. 2.

"CAN'T YOU PUT UP A PRAYER?"



A STRONG man, accompanied by a boy of some ten years of age, was engaged in felling a tree in the Australian bush some thirty miles distant from a neighbouring town. An accident happened, causing the bursting of a blood vessel. The man was stretched on the ground apparently lifeless, and the boy knelt moaning beside him. Recovering consciousness, he turned to the boy and said, in homely English accents, "*Davy, can't you manage to put up a prayer? A bit of a prayer just now would come in handy.*"

The boy was silent. What could he say? He had never been taught to pray. He had never seen the inside of a Sunday school. He knew little of the benefit and the power of prayer. Again that faint voice pleaded in vain for what he termed "a bit of prayer." Could you have stood there and seen the glimmering eye, the glistening tear, and the quivering lip, you would have known how intensely in earnest the man was, and how severe was the mental struggle through which he was then

passing. Presently his pale lips were parted, and the boy listened with surprise and awe to a few broken and gasping cries for mercy. That scene made a deep impression on his mind. He never forgot it, for it taught him the power of prayer.

Boys, do you know what it is to pray? I do not mean "Saying your prayers" merely, but true prayer. That which is truly "talking to God." Have you ever uttered the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner"? Remember that Boys need mercy, and God is full of mercy. So, arise and call upon Him. Don't put it off any longer. Now, come and learn what prayer is, and what it secures.

SOUND ADVICE.



AND remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around, my son, you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work, are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it's because they quit work at 6 P.M. and don't get home until 2 A.M. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals, it lends solidity to your slumbers, it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, my son; but the world is not proud of them. I does not know their names, even; it simply speaks of them as old-So-and-so's boys. Nobody likes them; the great, busy world does not know that they are there. So find out what you want to be, and do, my son, and take off your coat and make a dust in

Only acknowledge thine iniquity that thou hast transgressed.

Jeremiah iii. 13.