

“PROVE THAT THERE IS A DEVIL.”

HAVING to make a short journey recently, I took a second class passage. There were six of us in the compartment. I felt in my pocket for some tracts but only found four, these I distributed among my fellow passengers, and then began to read a little book.

The man who was seated at the end of the bench on which I was sitting, and who seemed a person of some social rank, received one of the tracts. Taking out his gold pencil case, he read several lines until he came to the word “Satan,” this he underlined, and wrote in the margin: “I do not believe that there is a devil,” and handed me back the tract. I said nothing, but taking out a piece of India rubber I effaced what he had written and put the tract back in my pocket; then I went on with my reading.

This was too much for my travelling companion. He started up quickly, and cried out:

“I do not believe that there is a devil.”

Then he launched out in a torrent of abuse against those who believed in an evil spirit.

“Sir,” said he to me, “I defy you before these persons,” who were looking at him with astonishment: “I defy you to prove that there is a devil. Which way would you begin?”

“Nothing is easier Sir,” I said, raising my eyes from my book. “Nothing is easier, I will begin with yourself. Your impassioned language,