

HEAD LIGHTS.

XI.

THE OBJECT OF THE SOCIETY.

There is one, and only one, object of the young people's society—the salvation of souls. Every member should be so indoctrinated with this thought that his every thought and act shall be governed by it.

The reason for your trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength is not to be strong in self, for the church, for the society, but for immortal souls, which must be met at the bar of God.

In your promise "to strive to do whatever he would have you do," you do this that it may shape your every desire for the fulfillment of this our great controlling motive of the heart—reaching souls.

You promise "to make it the rule of your life to pray always," not primarily that you may lay your own needs before God and thank him for the great blessings of life, but that in knowing how to commune with God you may the better talk with sin-sick souls. Reading "the Bible every day" should mean far more to you than the fact that you can know more of the Word by thus doing. Far above this is the thought of getting the messages for those needy ones—being able to rightly divide the Word of Truth. Read it with this in view, and see how it will grow and how you will grow under its teachings.

To promise "to support your own church" means that these "beacon lights" might be multiplied and kept burning for those out on the ocean of life who are in danger of the awful rocks, and are sailing unknown seas without compass or pilot. Keep this before you and the church will be more to you than simply a place to go on Sundays. Your "attendance at the Sunday and mid-week services" is simply a means to an end, and that end is to reach and lead souls to Christ.

Exalt the object of your society. Live it for his glory. Practise it for the sake of the multitude of the unsaved ones around you, never forgetting that you are ambassadors of the kingdom of God.—*John H. Wolfe.*

"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 service 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 appointment 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 forth 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. 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, compare 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 disbanded.—*Louisville Journal.*



THE HEART'S HIGHEST ALTITUDE.

When the late Frances Willard was dying, she looked up into the face of a friend, and said: "I have crept in with mother." She was a child again. All that she had been able to do for the world, and for which it will always be better and purer; all the love and esteem she had won from innumerable hearts by her own wonderful life, were forgotten, and as the sounds of earth grew fainter and fainter, and lights were being put out one by one, she hungered for the mother-touch.

The human heart has no higher attribute than its power to love and be loved, so truly, so faithfully, that years may come and go, sweeping away our treasures into eternity, and still we hold that love sacred, unchanged to the end. They are ours still, and there is no veil of death dense enough to shut out the sound of their voice or hide from us completely the dear face. And now we associate them with the heaven of our faith, or of our dreams! No matter how far removed we may feel from that heaven, still it is the home of the ones we loved here so dearly; and because of that faith, somehow we know the time will come when we shall find them again.

When Father Taylor, the Seamen's Bethel preacher in Boston, lay dying, he imagined that his daughter bending over him was his mother, who had been in heaven many years. He reached out his hand to her, saying: "Come, mother, hear me say my evening prayer;" and with his daughter's hand in his, he whispered his first prayer—"Now I lay me down to sleep,"—and he went home with that mother to be her boy again, and learn from her the secrets of the new life.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

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