

SUNDAY READING.

Prayer in the Morning.

While a mother was sitting at her work in her parlor, she overheard her child, whom an older sister was dressing in an adjoining bed-room, say repeatedly, as if in answer to his sister, "No, I don't want to say my prayers."

"How many believers, in good standing," thought the mother to herself, "often say the same thing in heart, though they conceal, even from themselves, the feeling!"

"Mother," said the child, appearing in a minute or two, at the parlor door; the tone and the look implied that it was only his morning salutation.

"Good morning, my child."

"I am going to get my breakfast."

"Stop a minute; I want you to come here and see me first."

The mother laid her work down in the next chair, as the boy ran toward her. She took him up. He knelt in her lap and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair backward and forward.

"Are you pretty well this morning?" said she, in a kind gentle tone.

"Yes, mother, I am very well."

"I am very glad you are well. I am very well, too; and when I awoke up this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you?" said the boy, in a low tone, half a whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at work.

"Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down, and setting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

"No, but I have felt mine."

"Well, don't you feel mine now? how it goes beating?"

"Yes," said he child.

"If it should stop beating, I should die at once."

"Should you?"

"Yes, I cannot keep it beating."

"Who can?"

A silent pause.

"You have a pulse, too, which beats in your bosom boy, and in your arms and all over you, and cannot keep it beating, nor can you. Nbody can but God. If he should not take care of you, who could?"

"So when I awoke up this morning, I thought I would ask God to take care of me; I hope he will take care of me, and all the rest of us."

"Did you ask him to take care of me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I thought you would ask him yourself. God likes to have us all ask for ourselves."

A long pause ensued. The deeply thoughtful and the anxious expression of countenance showed that the heart was reached.

"Don't you think you had better ask for yourself?"

He knelt again in his mother's lap, and uttered, in his own simple, broken language, a prayer for the protection and blessing of Heaven.

A Word Fittingly Spoken.

The following incident shows the importance of speaking a word in season for Christ. "a word fittingly spoken, how good it is!" How it fastens itself upon the conscience and heart and brings forth fruit in due season!

More than fifteen years ago when called to watch with an old gentleman eighty-two years of age, who had been a devoted Christian for more than fifty years, who was totally blind, and suffered constantly with intense pain. I found him patiently bearing all, leaning on Christ. I was about sixteen years old, and as I entered the room, the lady introducing me, he said:

"I want to take your hand in mind.—And so you have come to sit up with me? I should think by your hand that you were a young man. I want to talk with you some more by and by."

When the family had retired, he asked me to place my hand again in his, and said:

"I want to ask you a few questions.—Are you a Christian?"

I thought I must answer honestly, and I said, "No."

"Do you mean to be some time?"

"Yes!"

"Well, then, what are you waiting for?"

I was speechless. But the questions were daily in my mind until I gave my heart to Christ.

Beautiful Thoughts.

Beyond all credulity is the credulousness of the atheist, who believes that chance could make a world when it cannot build a barn.

Be not proud of riches, but afraid of them, lest they be a silver bar to cross the way to heaven. You must answer for riches, but riches cannot answer for you.

There is hidden thunder in the stores of heaven ready to burst with burning wrath, and blast the man who owes his greatness to the ruin of his neighbor.

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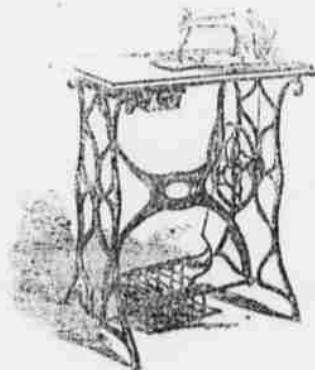
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