

Cast yourself as a guilty sinner at His feet. Trust His power and love.— Confess your sins. Give yourself up entirely to Him; and, being “justified by faith,” you shall have “peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” The love of Jesus shall be shed into your heart, and sweetly constrain you to obedience; and your one desire henceforth shall be, “to live not unto yourself, but unto Him who died for you.” Then all the commands of the Saviour will be dear; the very joy of your life will be to do His will; and then from new motives, and with higher aim, you will seek to “feed His lambs.”—*Tract Magazine.*

### —SPOILED FOR LIFE.—

A little boy, well acquainted with the Bible, was about forty years ago proceeding along the road from Manchester to A—, when he met an old man, with whom he entered into conversation. After a few preliminary observations, the boy said,

“Old man, what age may you be?”

“What makes you ask that?” said the old man.

“Because I thought you had lived a many years, and must have seen a great many things; and I thought you could perhaps tell me something good.”

“What do you mean, my little boy?”

“I mean something about God, Jesus Christ, and the Bible.”

“Hush!” cried the old man: “I do not believe a word of the Bible!” At this the little fellow was quite astonished; for in the simplicity of his heart he thought every one believed the Bible he so much loved.

“However,” he thought, “I will try to make you believe it.” And he commenced repeating texts of Scripture relating to Christ; but he was soon silenced with, “Hush! I told you that I did

not believe the book you call the Bible. Those nettles are God; that thorn-bush is God; those docks are God; nature is God, and there is no God besides.”

The little boy could only speak from the Bible, and of the Bible; and this the old man would not hear.

They walked on some time, until they came to a new house by the way.

“Old man,” said the little boy, “what would you say if I said, ‘See, look at that architect?’ Would you not say, ‘No, my boy: that is the work of an architect, but it is not the architect?’”

“Yes, I suppose I should.”

Gaining courage by this answer, the boy said, “Well, then, how can you say that the nettles, docks, and thorn-bush are God? These are the works of God, as the house is the work of the architect. These show that there is a God who made all things, and teach us to look from ‘nature up to Nature’s God,’ to admire the work, and adore the Workman.”

“My lad, you’ve been amongst the Methodays, haven’t you?”

“Yes,” replied the little champion for truth; “I have.”

“Ah! I thought so. They’ve spoiled thee for life, spoil thee for life.”

After that interview they saw each other no more; but the little boy has grown to be an old man. Just as he was entering his teens, he took a class in a Sunday-school; and as he looked round upon his little charge, he thought: “I will spoil you for life.” He is now doing his utmost, as Superintendent of a very flourishing school at A—, to spoil for life some of the numerous children committed to his care.

If all the members of the Wesleyan church would follow the example of this old man, and spoil for life one child, England would soon become, indeed, “a praise in the earth,” and “a glory among the nations.”

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