

tyn, whom nothing could hinder from abounding in this duty. Why do I not follow so good examples?

Moreover, I have not been without experience of the pleasure and profit of calling on the Lord. I must say that when I have had most of the spirit of prayer, I have seen my happiest hours. Some answers to my prayers have been speedy, merciful, and well suited to lead me on to further cries for supplies. Yet I have not been aroused to such earnestness or to the formation of such habits of devotion as might have been expected. Why do I pray so little?

I read many great promises made to prayer; not one of them can fail. They are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus. "Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you," are but specimens of the sure engagements of the Lord. Why do I not more heartily believe His word, and trust His grace?

Nor do I regret any time that I ever spent in hearty prayer. I have often been refreshed in the duty. It has been a relief to tell all my sorrows to my sympathising Saviour. Indeed, but for prayer I should long since have perished by the hand of mine enemies. I should have been drowned in sorrow, or swept away by temptation, if I had had no access to the mercy-seat. Why then am I so little inclined to prayer?

I shall need much more than I have yet received. I shall need a good foundation against the time to come. I shall need grace to die the death of the righteous. My sanctification must be carried much further, or I shall still have spots and blemishes that will exclude me from heaven. I must grow more in the divine image and in confidence in Christ, or I cannot have boldness in the day of judgment. Lord, increase my faith and every grace. I am surprised that I pray so little, when I have so great, so solemn events before me, while my preparation for them is at best but scant and partial.

Why then do I pray so little? I see no good cause for such strange neglect. My reluctance to abounding in supplication must be based in unbelief, in that mystery of iniquity which I never can solve. O Lord, melt, subdue, purify my heart. Help me to call on thee. Teach me to pray, as John could not teach his disciples. Give me "the Spirit of grace and supplication."

GOD DOES NOT FORGET.

Many years ago, an old man, a devoted Christian, commenced a prayer-meeting, which is still continued, having resulted in many and glorious fruits. As a pastor, it was my privilege to be with him, particularly during his last illness. In several visits made to his house, I found him on the Mount, looking over the land of promise. Finding nothing seeming to mar his comfort or interrupt his joy, I determined to satisfy myself whether there was nothing that gave him any trouble of heart. On entering his chamber, I asked him, in simple terms,

"How are you this morning?"

"O, sir," he said, "I am well; why should not I be well? I am near home. Yes, I am near home—near heaven."

I took the opportunity to ask him.

"My dear sir, has there been nothing of late resting upon your heart as an occasion of trouble?"

He spoke not a word, but turned his face towards the wall, and lay so between five and ten minutes; then he rolled his head back upon his pillow, with his face towards me, and I saw the tears streaming down his cheeks.

"O yes, sir," said he, "there is one great trouble."

"What is it?" I enquired. "Speak your whole mind to me freely."

"Well," said he, "I have ten children, and I have prayed to God for more than thirty years, that I might see some of them converted before I died; but he has denied me. They have grown up, as you know, but are not yet Christians."

"How do you get over that trouble?" I asked.

"Ah!" he replied, "I get over it as I get over all other troubles—by rolling it over upon Christ. I know that God means to answer my prayers, but he means to wait till I am gone. But he will do it; I know he will; my children will be converted."

This man has been in his grave for fifteen years, and I have watched his children ever since his death; and now to-day I am able to say, that seven out of ten have been born into the kingdom of God, and that the eighth has also just experienced conversion. This is the answer to his prayer! God did not forget: he only waited. And, in like manner, he will answer the prayers of all parents who pray in faith for the conversion of their children. Let us take courage, and lay hold upon the precious promises of God.—*Dr. Taylor.*