

it, by receiving it, and praying in the faith of it. But the distressed doubter asks incredulously, "How shall I know that this promise is for me?" Well, then, for whom is it intended? God has spoken it. He never speaks in vain. He means it for some one. He does not offer it to the holy angels, for they never needed salvation. He does not offer it to the redeemed souls under the altar, who are awaiting the resurrection of their bodies, for they are already saved. He does not offer it to lost spirits in hell, for they are beyond the reach and scope of the promise, which extends only to them in a state of probation. He does not offer it to a careless and hardened world, which would only tread this precious pearl under swinish feet. For whom, then, can this glorious promise be designed, if not for you, who are deeply anxious in reference to your salvation, and are asking with many sighs and tears for a way of hope? Yes; it is meant for nobody, if not for you. Lay hold of this promise without hesitation or reserve, as your own proper possession. Seize it, and it is yours. You shall have eternal salvation just by the asking! You have only to take it as frankly as it is offered, and the blessed promise is all your own.—*Chris. Treas.*

THE PASTOR OF RESOLIS; OR, SEEDS SOWN BY THE WAYSIDE.

About a century ago, in one of the remotest districts of Scotland, there lived a pious clergyman, whose memory is still revered in the spot which witnessed his labors and retains his grave. Often, in the wild forests and glens of Badenoch, was the pastor of Resolis seen pursuing his solitary way to minister to the sick and dying of his scattered flock—a shaggy white pony the only companion of his wanderings.

On the occasion to which this story refers, this faithful animal had a more arduous journey to perform than crossing the defiles and mountain passes of its native Ross. It was near the end of the Month of May, when the good pastor was called to proceed to Edinburgh, to attend the General Assembly, (the yearly meeting of the clergy of the Church of Scotland.) And as, in these days, both public conveyance and roads in the Highlands were few and bad, and the expense of travelling considerable, he selected his trusty little steed to convey him to the Scottish capital.

Travelling at the rate of from thirty to forty miles a day, his journey would occupy a full week, and would frequently oblige him to pass the night in the then by no means comfortable inns upon the Highland road. It will not surprise any of my readers to be told that it was the invariable practice of that man of God to hold family worship in these houses, and to insist upon the attendance of every individual inmate. Reaching one night at a little inn amid the wild hills of Inverness-shire, he summoned, as usual, the family together for devotional purposes. When all had been seated, the Bibles produced, and the group were waiting the commencement of the devotions, the pastor of Resolis looked around him, and asked whether every inmate of the house were present. The landlord replied in the affirmative.

"All?" again inquired the minister.

"Yes," answered the host, "we are all here; there is a little girl in the kitchen, but we never think of asking her in, for she is so dirty that she is not fit to be seen."

"Then call in the girl," said the good man, laying down the Bible which he had opened; "we will wait till she comes."

The landlord apologized. The minister was peremptory. "The scullery-maid had a soul, and a very precious one," he said; "if she was not in the habit of being summoned to family worship, all the greater was her need of joining them now. Not one word would be utter until she came. Let her, then, be called in."

The host at length consented; the kitchen-girl was taken in to join the circle, and the evening worship proceeded.

After the devotions were concluded, the pastor called the little girl aside, and began to question her about her soul and its eternal interests. He found her in a state of the most deplorable ignorance.

"Who made you?" he asked, putting the usual introductory question to a child.

The girl did not know.

"Do you know that you have a soul?"

"No; I never heard that I had one. What is a soul?"

"Do you ever pray?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Well, I am going to Edinburgh, and I will bring you a neckerchief if you promise to say a prayer that I will teach you. It is very short, there are only four words in it:

"*LORD, SHOW ME MYSELF.*"

and if you repeat this night and morning, I will not forget to bring you what I have promised."

The little kitchen-maid was delighted; a new piece of dress was a thing she had rarely witnessed. The idea was enchanting; the condition was easy; the promise was given with all the energy of young hope; and the pious traveller, after explaining, no doubt, the meaning and force of the prayer, retired to rest, and the next morning resumed his journey.

We need not follow him in the rest of his journey. On reaching Edinburgh, his thoughts and time were fully occupied with the duties which had taken him there. Nevertheless, he did not forget the Highland inn and its little menial, but, relying upon the fulfilment of her promise, purchased the trifling present that was to make her happy.

Again, then, we accompany the devoted minister to the wild mountains of Badenoch, and at the close of a mild June evening, reach the lonely Highland inn. The white pony, now sleek and shining with better fare and a whole fortnight's idleness, is safely housed, and the minister, ere he permits supper to touch his lips, summons the household to the worship of God. Again, however, the little kitchen-maid is absent, and again he inquires the cause. But it is now a different reason that withholds her.

"Indeed, sir," replied the hostess to the pastor's inquiry, "she has been of little use since you were here; she has done nothing but sit and cry night and day, and now she is so weak and exhausted, that she cannot rise from her bed."

"Oh, my good woman, let me see the girl immediately," exclaimed the minister, instantly suspecting the reason of her grief.

He was conducted to a hole beneath the stairs, where the little creature lay upon a straw bed, a picture of mental agony and spiritual distress.

"Well, my child," said the amiable man, affectionately addressing her, "here is the neckerchief I have brought you from Edinburgh. I hope you have done what you promised, and said the prayer I taught you."

"Oh, no, sir, no; I can never take your present; a dear gift it has been to me! You taught me a prayer that God has answered in an awful way. He has shown me myself; and oh, what a sight that is! Minister, minister, what shall I do?"

I need not say how rejoiced the faithful man of God was to see that the Spirit of Jehovah had been dealing with this young soul, and that, although still operating as a "spirit of bondage," in the production of a true, though partial and imperfect faith, there were yet such hopeful signs that, ere long, he would exhibit himself as "the Spirit of adoption," leading her to cry, "Abba, Father." But whence had this child derived, in the course of little more than a fortnight, and

through the use of such a prayer, this acquaintance with her own heart? Read the Bible, she could not; her lot was cast in a careless household. Whence, then, that mysterious ray which all at once shone into her once darkened heart, and exposed in all its barrenness the deformity of SELF? It was the "Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him;" but she knew him, for he dwelt *within* her, and was in her. In no other way can we account for the fact that one, but a few weeks ago so totally ignorant that she had asked, "What is a soul?" should now have been able to pursue that most difficult of all tasks—to know her own heart. Ps. cxxxix. Who that reads this simple narrative, can deny the absolute necessity of the special work of the blessed Spirit, sent forth into the soul in answer to the prayer,

"*LORD, SHOW ME MYSELF.*"

After some further conversation, the pastor of Resolis opened up to the distressed girl the great Gospel method of salvation, and closed the interview by recommending the use of another, and equally short prayer:

"*LORD, SHOW ME THYSELF.*"

Next morning, the minister was once again on his way to his still distant home. But he had "cast his bread upon the waters;" did he ever "find it again after many days?"

Many years have passed since this memorable journey, and the vigorous man of God, who could ride forty miles a day for a week, without fatigue, was now become an old and feeble man, worn out in his Master's service, scarcely any longer "spending," because already "spent," for Christ. One day his servant intimated that a stranger was desirous to speak with him. Permission being given, a respectable matronly woman entered the study, carrying a large parcel in her hand.

"You will scarcely know me, sir," said the person with a modest, deferential air.

The minister replied that he certainly did not recognize her.

"Do you remember a little scullery-maid at — inn, in whose soul you once took a deep interest upon your journey to Edinburgh?"

The aged clergyman had a perfect recollection of the events.

"I was that little girl. You taught me two short but expressive prayers. By the first I was brought to feel my need of a Saviour; by the second I was led to behold that Saviour himself, and to view Jehovah in the character of a reconciled God and Father in Christ. I am now, respectably married, and comfortably settled in life; and although the mother of a numerous family, have travelled far to see your face, and to cheer you, by telling with my own lips the glorious things which, by your means, the Lord has been pleased to do for my soul."

Before parting with the good pastor, she entreated his acceptance of the parcel she carried, which contained a large web of linen of her own spinning, made long before for the purpose of being presented to the blessed and beloved old man, should she ever be permitted to see his face in the flesh once more.

She lived for many years, not only a consistent character, but an eminently holy Christian.

Reader! I have one short question for thee ere I close. Has thou ever seen THYSELF? Has the hideous pollution of thy inner SELF ever been disclosed to thee in any of its real intensity and guilt? If not, thou hast never felt thy need of a Saviour from sin, and we have yet to begin with thee at the ever starting point, experience, and to teach thee the prayer,

"*LORD, SHOW ME MYSELF.*"

Reader! I have one closing request to thee. Try the power of the shortest prayer. In the case of this poor Highland girl, how beautifully did God fulfil his own promise, and the promise remains for thee also, "HE SHALL DELIVER THE NEEDY WHEN HE CRIETH; THE POOR ALSO, AND HIM THAT HATH NO HELPER." Ps. lxxii. 12.

* Of course, the conversation is to be understood as having been carried on in Gaelic. This will account for the correctness of the language used by the little girl; for in Gaelic, not even a child commits a grammatical error.