

"Yet," replied the mate, "you believe Bowditch's *Navigator*, and rely upon its statements."

"Of course I do, because I have tested their correctness by actual experience."

"And for the same reason I believe the Bible: and so will you, sir, when you come to Christ, and learn of Him the truth."

"Come to Christ?"

"If you retire to your state-room alone, sir, and throw yourself upon your knees, and implore Him with your whole soul to enlighten and receive you, I will be answerable that you will not pray long in vain."

"But you must first convince me, Briggs, that the Bible is true, before I make a fool of myself in any state-room."

"My dear captain," replied the mate, "I cannot convince you; that is the work of the Holy Spirit: but I can, and often do pray for you. Yet let us recur to Bowditch's *Navigator*. Both of us believe the *Navigator*; and though neither of us know thoroughly the principles by which all its numerous tables have been calculated, we use them every day without question. If we make a bad landfall, or, at the end of a day, discover that we have made a wrong course, we do not attribute the errors to Bowditch, but to our own miscalculation. The Bible is my *Navigator*; I believe it the fountain of living truth, endeavour to shape the course of my life by it; and when I err, I look for the error in myself, not in the Bible?"

"Avast, Briggs!" interrupted the captain, "your comparison is not pat; the truth of Bowditch has been tested by thousands in all parts of the ocean, and never found faulty; but it is not so with your religion. Look at the numerous sects into which it is cut up, most of them quarrelling with one another, and all contending