

## PUT A BIBLE THERE.

I was of a social turn, and had drawn about me a considerable number of what are called *clever fellows*. We spent a good part of every day, during the dull seasons, in idle conversation and sport. By and by, I found, that although my companions were perfectly respectable, their company was not calculated to improve my mind or raise me in the estimation of the good. I came to the determination to turn over, as the saying is, a new leaf, but how was I to get rid of the loungers? I could not say to them, 'Gentlemen, I am sick of your company'—this would be very uncivil.—I gave them broad hints, disposed of my extra chairs, and affected to be very busy in posting my books; but all would not do. Loungers never take hints. One day I disclosed my case to a very shrewd friend of mine, and begged him to tell me, if he could, what I should do. Do? said he, shrugging up his shoulders, I will tell you what to do—*put a Bible there*. I immediately bought me a large Bible, and placed it upon the table, and waited the result. The next day my friends, as usual, came dropping in, one after another; I was busy with my papers, yet I saw them start back at the sight of the Bible. Some of them took it up as if to ascertain what book it was; but immediately laid it down again, and withdrew in silence. On the day following I observed them looking in occasionally—but the Bible lay on the table. In short, I was never troubled with loungers afterwards.

Reader, are you a merchant, and do you find yourself almost overwhelmed with temptations to make false representations respecting your goods? Are you surrounded with neighbours who do not stick at a few *white lies* in order to effect a sale? Is your shop beginning to be deserted because you are too honest? And

are you half inclined to give up your integrity for the sake of getting a living? *Put a Bible there*.

Some of our wise merchants have said, 'never suffer a *book* to be brought into your shop,' lest your clerks should begin to read and neglect business. But I tell you, *Put a Bible there*.

Are you a mechanic, and do you find that your apprentices are beginning to talk of plays and parties, and are also beginning to grow loose in their conversation, frequently interlarding it with an oath, and is the business of the shop neglected? *Put a Bible there*.

Are you, even, a professor of religion, and do you find your heart growing cold, or can you see sinners around you and not desire their salvation, or do your actions show you to be as much in love with money, as those who make it their God? If you have any place, which you visit more than any other, *Put a Bible there*.

## ILLUSTRATION OF MAL. iii. 3.

A few ladies, who met together in Dublin, to read the Scriptures and converse on their contents, came to this chapter. One of the ladies gave it as her opinion, that the Fuller's Soap, and the Refiner of Silver, were the same image, both intended to convey the same view of the sanctifying influence of the grace of Christ; while another observed,—there is something remarkable in the expression in the *third verse*—"HE SHALL SIT AS A REFINER AND PURIFIER OF SILVER." They agreed that possibly it might be so, and one of the ladies promised to call on a Silver-smith, and report to them, what he said on the subject. She went, accordingly, and without telling the object of her errand, begged to know from him the process of refining silver, which he fully described to her. But, Sir, said she,—Do you sit while the work