

better off, than he would be with all the learning and all the books in the world without the Bible. There is nothing else which can so expand the intellect, so elevate the mind, so sublimate the affections, so prepare men for the duties of life, and the enjoyment of the world of spirits.

Again, how important and benevolent a work is that, whose aim is to put the Bible into every family of our country and of the world. It will put a new intellectual aspect on every destitute family and district that receives it, and studies it. It will change and improve the moral character of all who make it their counsellor. It will raise from degradation and sin, and inspire with immortal hopes.

Those who have the Bible should bind it more closely to their hearts, should be more grateful to God for it, should make it the basis of all their principles and conduct, should breathe its pure spirit, practice the benevolence it inculcates, and cherish its immortal hopes. There is a price put into their hands to get wisdom; may they have a heart to improve it.—*Christian Mirror*.

“I WANT A CHART.”

I was one day standing in the shop of my master, behind the counter, when an old sailor entered, and looking seriously at me, accosted me thus: “Young man, I want a chart!” “Yes, sir,” I replied, “you shall have one; do you want St. George’s, or the Bay of Biscay, or round Ireland, or the Mediterranean, or—?” “Stay, young man stay!” said the old sailor: “youth is always in a hurry. I want a chart, but I don’t want either one you have mentioned; they are useless to me. I want a chart which shall guide me to heaven, for I have lost my old one. Now, young man, do you understand me?”

I immediately conjectured that he

wanted a Bible; so I took down a few, and showed them to him; when he selected one, evidently much pleased at my readiness to serve him; inquired the price, and paid the money. After a few moments’ pause, he turned round suddenly, and asked me whether I understood *that* chart? I told him that I could read it, and did so very often. “Of that,” said the old man, “I have not the least doubt; but recollect, *that* is not sufficient: you must have it in your life and conversation; before you will receive any benefit; you must love this chart: you must make it your sole guide through life’s maze; and, in entering into the dark and narrow, and, to many thousands, dreadful strait of death, you will find it beneficial—then it will be found indeed a treasure and joy. Therefore, make yourself acquainted with it intimately; lose no time, or a water-spout may burst on you, or a tempest arise, and you are hurried into that strait, whether you know it or not! Good afternoon!” Then looking on me very kindly, and offering me his hand, he rejoined, “We shall meet again.”

For a few moments I was speechless, such an effect had the old sailor’s speech on me; but when I had regained my recollection, I began to question myself as to the truth of what the old man advanced. I could not deny it; no, not a syllable of it. I was conscious that it was true; I felt myself, for the first time, as a sinner; and determined to live more righteously. Alas! here again I erred; I was for substituting my own fancied righteousness for that blessed righteousness of my Saviour—building on a sandy foundation, which soon, at the first attempt of the enemy, tumbled down; need I say that I often endeavored to build again on the same foundation, and as often found my attempts fruitless? I now began to despair; but God, who watches intently all his creatures,