

## "HOW LOVE I THY LAW"

"Christians do not study the Bible enough," said the excellent Wilberforce in his last illness. "In all my troubles I never read any other book, nor felt the want of any other. It has been my hourly study, and my knowledge of its doctrines and teachings has been derived from the Bible itself. Books about the Bible may be very useful, but they will not do instead of the simple truth of the Bible."

How many make an excuse for not reading the Scriptures every morning, "I am so busied with my other cares, I forget it!" Yet they would think a person almost insane, who forgot to take his daily food. Can the soul live and grow, without its proper nourishment, better than the body? O! if we only realized the value of spiritual, as we do of temporal blessings, we should not so lightly forego the means of securing them. Make the daily reading of God's word a habit, and you would no more think of neglecting it, than of going about your daily business without your morning meal. He who can truly say, "How love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day," has in his bosom a well-spring of happiness, which no burning drought of earth can affect.

I called on a friend one day, and found her, as usual, engaged with her needle-work, an expression of joy and peace resting upon her countenance. On the chair before her lay a coarse-print copy of the Testament and Psalms, so placed that when she raised her eyes a moment—it might be, to tie a knot in her thread, or to pick up her scissors—she could read a precious verse, to think about as she went on with her work. It was no hindrance to her labour, but rather a sweet stimulus, and a gentle solace to every care. I do not doubt that her busy fingers moved quicker for such resting, for we can work fast when the heart is light.

What an excellent safeguard, also, against vain thoughts, those hourly "tempters of the mind!" If Christians would only keep the Bible at their hand, that they might read a passage now and then, in the intervals of labour, how their souls might grow in spiritual knowledge! The deeper we drink of these healing waters, the keener will be the relish. A lady, who had long

loved and studied the Bible, used often to come back to her table once more, when about to lay her head on her pillow, that she might read still another precious passage before she went to sleep. "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth."—*Presbyterian*.

## BE DECIDED.

Two gay and careless young men were walking together one Sabbath evening, and passing a church they thought they would go in. On entering they found it so much crowded they were compelled to stand by the door. The preacher took for his text, "Mine iniquities have gone over my head as a heavy burden; they are too heavy for me." One of the young men was struck to the heart, and felt himself to be a vile sinner in the sight of a holy God, and he resolved by the help of God he would seek the salvation of his soul. His companion observed that he was serious, and determined to dissipate his impressions; so, on leaving the church, he spoke in a careless, indifferent manner, and ridiculed his seriousness. The young man paused; this was the time to make a decision which to choose—heaven or hell, life or death. Turning to the tempter, he said, "We must now understand our position in regard to each other. I feel myself to be a great sinner and I am resolved to try to be a Christian, and you must let me alone."

They parted. One of these young men is now a merchant in the West, prosperous in his worldly affairs, but an infidel, and living without God in the world. The other, who so bravely decided to seek the Lord, is now one of the most useful ministers of the gospel. *Be decided*, young men and women; when the Spirit calls, look those in the face who would ridicule you, and bravely say, "You must let me alone, for I will try to be a Christian."—*American Messenger*.