

## THE GIFT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

*I will put my Spirit within you.*—Ezek. xxxvi. 27.

Many years ago a good clergyman wrote a tiny prayer, so short that no one could help remembering it if he once heard it. God seemed to set that little prayer "upon wheels," so that it could run everywhere. It was printed on large cards and hung up, and it was printed on small ones and kept in Bibles and pocket-books. It was taught to classes and schools and whole congregations, and now thousands upon thousands pray it constantly. It is a prayer which must be heard, because it asks for what God has promised to give, and it asks for this through Him whom the Father heareth always. It is this:

"O God, give me thy Holy Spirit, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

Will you not pray it too? Begin this morning, and go on—not just saying it, but praying it—till you get a full answer for you are quite sure to get it. Here is God's own promise: "I will put my Spirit within you;" and he has promised it over and over again in other places.

Perhaps you will not know at first when the answer comes. Can you see the dew fall? No one ever saw a single drop come down, and yet as soon as the sun rises you see that it has come and is sparkling all over the fields. It came long before you saw it, falling sweetly and silently in the twilight and in the dark. So, do not fancy God is not hearing you because you have not felt any thing very sudden and wonderful. He is hearing and answering you all the time. You would not go on asking unless the dew of his Spirit were already falling upon your heart and teaching you to pray. The more He gives you of His blessed Spirit the more you will ask for; and the more you ask the more He will give.

"Thou gift of Jesus, now descend,  
And be my Comforter and Friend;  
O Holy Spirit, fill my heart,  
That I from Christ may ne'er depart.

"Show me my soul, all black with sin,  
And cleanse and keep me pure within;  
O, show me Jesus; let me rest  
My heart upon His loving breast."

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

**DID YOU NAIL HIM THERE,  
MA?**

"It would seem but right and natural

that parents should lead their children to Jesus, but where this is neglected God in his goodness often makes leaders of the children. A clear case of this kind occurred not long since in connection with the meetings held by Moody in Edinburgh, Scotland. It is related by a Scotch minister who stated that a few nights before he had dealt in the inquiry meeting with a lady who was very anxious to be saved. All his endeavors to guide her into the light failed, and she went to her home, twenty miles from Edinburgh, in anguish of soul. A day or two later her little boy aged four years, was looking at a picture-book and his attention was attracted by a picture of the Crucifixion. He asked what it was, and was told that it was the Saviour nailed there by sinners. With childish curiosity he immediately asked, 'Did you nail him there, Ma?' The question went to her heart like an arrow, and hastily rising from her seat she hurried to her room there to give vent to her emotion. The little fellow, wondering yet persistent, now turned to his father and said, 'Did you nail him there, Pa?' Again the question pierced the heart, and the father likewise hastened from the room. Joining his wife, they mingled their tears and joined their cries to God for mercy, and were not long afterwards led to simple trust in the Saviour who had been nailed to the cross by their sins. God sends many messages of love through infant lips and makes them ministers of righteousness for his glory. The effectual preachers of this world are not all in the pulpits. Some of our best ones have not left their mother's knee. 'And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.' 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength.' 'And a little child shall lead them.'"

## A SILENT SERMON.

Mr. Harvey was riding slowly along the dusty road, looking in all directions for a stream, or even a house, where he might refresh his tired, thirsty horse with a draught of water. While he was thinking and wondering, he turned an abrupt bend in the road and saw before him a comfortable looking farm-house, and at the same time a boy ten or twelve years old came out into the road with a small