

food and clothes, and keeps you alive. If He chose, He could this instant take away your breath, and then you would immediately die. And He can make you happy, and deserves your love, and has a right to your obedience.

'He will not only take care of your body, but will take care also of your soul; and because He loves your soul He has written the Bible, that you may know what to do to be quite happy in this world and the next.'

'Was the Bible, then, written, sir, to make us happy? I am sure I did not know that.'

'Yes, it certainly was; and the Ten Commandments, if you were to obey them, would make you perfectly happy.'

'Ah, sir, those Ten Commandments, I've not obeyed them, and I'm sure no one ever could do all they bid us to do. Now I've heard one of those people who read their Bible say, that if we should only wish to do wrong, we have broken the commandments. Why, sir, it is impossible to keep them so.'

'The person who told you that was quite right; and if you pray as I tell you, you will find that he is quite right.'

'Then I cannot see how we are to be saved.'

'When God saw that man could not keep the commandments, He sent Christ into the world that men might be saved, not by the works of the law,—for if we offend but in one point we are guilty of all; and though we may think that we keep that law, and obey it perfectly, yet what is our obedience—our fancied righteousness—in the sight of a pure and holy God! How, then, can we be saved? Not by the works of the law, but by faith in Christ—by believing on Him coming to Him; for Christ died on the cross to save sinners, and if we believe on Him we shall be saved.'

'I wish you also to ask God for the Holy Spirit, because the Holy Spirit will teach you of Christ, and will show you how sinful you have been, and how necessary it is that you should flee to the cross of Christ for salvation; for, remember, by Christ alone can we poor sinners be saved: "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," but the name of Jesus.'

'This Holy Spirit, too, will help you to do what is good; for we are by nature so sinful that we can of ourselves do nothing good. He will also make you love your Bible, love prayer, and love all that is good.'

'And why do you say "For Christ's sake"?''

'Because Jesus Christ told His disciples before He left this world, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do"; and "all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer believing, ye shall receive."

'God is displeased and angry with men on account of their sins; so much so, that Christ said, "No man cometh unto the Father, but by Me." Christ is our Friend, and He is God's Son; if, therefore, we ask God in the Name of His Son, He will, out of love to His Son, grant us that which we ask Him for.'

'I am very much obliged to you, sir, and shall try to say this prayer over and over again, as often as I think of it.'

Having thus attempted to satisfy his conscience, the clergyman leaned back in the gig, and prayed earnestly that the seed he had been scattering in the heart of his companion might take deep root there, and bring forth abundant fruit to the glory of

our Redeemer, and the salvation of an immortal soul. He knew that there lay in his path ten thousand obstacles—long and fixed habits of sin, utter darkness, and the society of evil and ungodly men.

But he knew that God's power had converted Paul from being a persecutor of the church, to one of its boldest and most zealous defenders; and he had himself experienced the same power in changing his own heart, and giving to him a love of Christ, and repentance for sins, and a desire of holiness, when he was a careless and indifferent sinner.

Besides, God's promise had been given, and His attribute was truth, and His nature was unchangeable. He besought Him, therefore, for His own name's sake, for His own Son's sake, in fulfilment of His promise, that this poor man's prayer might be answered, though he offered it almost in ignorance of the purport of its language. In these prayerful meditations this servant of our Lord passed the rest of his journey.

Thus musing, they entered the city of Winchester, when John suddenly said:

'Do you know, sir, that prayer you gave me I've been saying a great many times, and I've got it now quite perfect; and, I've been determining in my own mind to say it as often as I can.'

'I am glad to hear you say so, John; and I have been praying for you, that you may do so, and that God will hearken to your petition, and give you that which will make you a more useful, a happier, and a better man. He will not forget you if you do not forget Him. May He bless you!'

With these words they parted.

Several years had passed since the night in which this conversation took place, when the clergyman had occasion once more to visit Southampton. Passing through one of the streets, he saw, written in large letters, over the door of a neat-looking house, 'John Butler, licensed to let gigs, chaises, and saddle-horses.'

The conversation he had held with the driver on the Winchester road suddenly crossed his mind; and, wondering whether this could be the same individual, he walked up to the house, and, tapping at the door, inquired of a plainly dressed but respectable looking woman for John Butler.

'He is not at home, sir, but I think he may be in the stables. Johnny, go and see if your father is in the stable, and tell him a gentleman wants to speak to him directly. Make haste, go as fast as you can.'

The little boy was just running out, in obedience to his mother's order, when John Butler came in; and gazing for a moment on the stranger, he then rushed forward, and seizing both his hands with most affectionate earnestness, exclaimed:

'Are you not the gentleman I drove over to Winchester some time ago? You taught me that short but blessed prayer, "O God, for Christ's sake, give me Thy Holy Spirit."'

'Yes, John, I am; and I hope you found that all I said was good, and all I foretold was true.'

'Oh yes! the Lord bless you, I have through the grace of God. I am a happy man now, sir, and all my family, thank God, are happy too; and all through that good advice you gave me, and the prayer you taught me.'

'Well, I am glad of that. How did you first become really serious—when, that is, did you begin to enjoy religion?'

'You shall hear all about it, sir. I used

to say this prayer over very often to myself, and said it, as you told me, while I was at work, and at all sorts of times. And so I went on for some time, till one Sunday it happened I was not hired, and I was loitering near the church, and, as I had nothing to do, I thought I would go in and see what was going on; and the prayers were just over.

'The minister took his text, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." And then, sir, he proved to me how great a sinner I was, and that if I was not washed clean in Christ's blood I never could be saved; and I began to think a good deal about my soul.'

'So next Sunday I went again, and persuaded my wife to go too; and ever since then we have always, and I never afterwards went out on a Sunday with any one; never found that I wanted bread or clothes, and my wife will tell you how happy we have been ever since. And we always read a Bible which we have bought, and pray every night with our dear children, and God has indeed blessed us.'

Then his wife joined with him in thanking the clergyman for his precious advice, and the sweet little prayer he had given her dear husband.

The clergyman blessed God for His faithfulness, and thanked Him for His mercy, as the happy little family knelt around him, while he addressed the throne of grace on their behalf before they parted.

Reader, pray this prayer; and may God grant you an answer, for the sake of our Redeemer, Jesus Christ!

Use Me.

Make use of me, my God!

Let me not be forgot;

A broken vessel cast aside,

One whom Thou needest not.

I am Thy creature, Lord,

And made by hand divine;

And I am part, however mean,

Of this great world of Thine.

Thou usest all Thy works

The weakest things that be;

Each has a service of its own,

For all things wait on Thee,

Thou usest the high stars,

The tiny drops of dew,

The giant peak and little hill;

My God, O use me, too!

Thou usest tree and flower,

The rivers vast and small,

The eagle great, the little bird

That sings upon the wall,

Thou usest the wide sea,

The little hidden lake,

The pine upon the Alpine cliff,

The lily in the brake,

The huge rock in the vale,

The sand grain in the sea,

The thunder of the rolling cloud,

The murmur of the bee,

All things do serve Thee here,

All creatures great and small;

Make use of me, of me, my God,

The meanest of them all.

—Bonar.

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN EXODUS.

Feb. 18., Sun.—Keep the Sabbath . . . for a perpetual covenant.

Feb. 19., Mon.—My Presence shall go with thee.

Feb. 20., Tues.—And I will give thee rest.

Feb. 21., Wed.—I know thee by name.

Feb. 22., Thurs.—Observe thou that which I command thee.

Feb. 23., Fri.—Six days thou shalt work.

Feb. 24. Sat.—The glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle.