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How to Enjoy Religion.

(By the Rev. Alexander Dallas, in 'British Messenger'.)

One Saturday evening, a good many years ago, a clergyman landed at Southampton, from the Cowes steam-packet. As the hour was late, he lost no time in inquiring for the public conveyances to Winchester, having engaged to preach on the following morning for a friend in that city.

To his surprise and vexation, the London night coach was full; and although a stage would leave Southampton early in the morning, he was unwilling to travel on

would only be in his society a few hours that evening, and then, perhaps, might never meet him again. It was strongly impressed on him, 'be instant in season, out of season.' Accordingly the following conversation took place:—

'What is your name, my good friend?'

'My name is John Butler.'

'Have you lived long at Southampton?'

'Yes, sir; I was born there, and never lived anywhere else.'

'And have you always been in this business—that is, a driver?'

'Yes, I was brought up in the stables.'

'Did you ever go to school?'

in these hard times, he has to work every day, and all the day. Why, I am obliged to be out with my horse and chaise all day; though, to be sure, I can't always get hired. When I get back to-night, I shall just be able to rub down my horse, and give him a feed of corn, and then go to bed. And I must clean my harness and wash the chaise to-morrow; for perhaps somebody will want to go out with it, and I can't take people out in a dirty chaise; they would not like it.'

'Of course not; but you could leave the harness and chaise till Monday morning, and—'

'Oh no, sir! that would be impossible. What would people say if I should refuse to go out with them? They would say they would not have me any more; and then I should lose all my custom; and what would become of my family?'

'You had better offend your customers than break God's commandment to keep holy the Sabbath-day. But if you were to refuse those who came to hire you, and were to go to church and learn to read your Bible I am sure you would succeed much better in the week, and be a much happier man.'

'Ah, sir! it is very easy to talk about being religious, but when a man has to get his bread in these hard times he cannot keep at home on Sundays.'

'But do you not know that you are sinning against God by thus neglecting His Word? Do you ever pray to God?'

'Pray? I don't know how to pray, or what to pray for; not but what they used to tell me I ought to pray.'

'Suppose now I were to give you a prayer, would you always offer it?'

'Really, sir, I've no time for saying prayers; I've always too much to do. I cannot make that promise.'

'Oh yes, you can! the prayer I shall give you, you can say at all times. When you are in the stable cleaning and feeding your horses, when you are waiting to be hired, and even when you are driving along the road, you can pray the prayer I shall teach you.'

'Well, sir, I cannot recollect prayers, I never had a good memory. I'm sure I shall not be able to say this prayer you talk about.'

'Oh yes, you will! for I shall give you a very short prayer. There are only ten words in it:

"O God, for Christ's sake, give me Thy Holy Spirit."

'Well, that is short enough, to be sure. Let me see—what is it?'

'I shall divide it into three parts for you. Now say it after me. 'O God,'

"O God."

"For Christ's sake."

"For Christ's sake."

"Give me Thy Holy Spirit."

"Give me Thy Holy Spirit."

'Now try if you can say the whole.'

"O God, for Christ's sake, give me Thy Holy Spirit."

'Now do you know for what you are to pray? You are to say "O God" because He made you, and gives you daily your



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the Lord's day. After some consideration as to the best course to be pursued under these circumstances he rang the bell for the waiter, and sent him for a gig.

In a short time the waiter reappeared, and announced that the vehicle was at the door. Accordingly the gentleman took his seat, and being very weary, wrapped his cloak around him, and leaned back to compose himself to a quiet nap. They had not, however, advanced far before this injunction of holy writ came powerfully to his mind, 'be instant in season, out of season.'

The clergyman was accompanied by a stranger, and that stranger a servant: he

'Yes, sir; my mother sent me to the charity school for a month or two; but I never took much to books, and so she gave it up. After that I went along with my father into the stables, and helped him a little.'

'I suppose you often read the Bible at school?'

'I never learned enough to read much, and I quite forget what it was we used to read.'

'But you have heard the Bible read in church, of course?'

'I can't say that I have, sir, for I don't often go there; I've too much to do for that. When a man has to get his bread