



The Bible.

THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE.

In the southern states of America, there lived a pious lady and gentleman—they were very rich and had a little daughter, of whom they were very fond. They brought her up with much tenderness and care. This little girl grew to be a woman, and was married. She lived in very comfortable circumstances for many years. But at last her much loved father and mother died; their property was left to her, and among other things which were valuable, there was one thing which was most precious to her, and that was, "The old Family Bible." She esteemed that book, because when she was a little girl, her father and mother used to read out of it to her, as she sat, on a winter's evening, by the warm fireside, and instructed her in those things which would make her happy in this life, and "wise unto salvation."

However, time rolled on, and the possession of this Bible was both pleasant and profitable to her when advanced in life. But she lost her husband—she became a lonely widow—her property was soon reduced—she got into debt—her creditors were very cruel towards her, and ordered her goods to be sold by auction. So they had large bills printed, to let every body know that on such a day, and at such a time, the goods of this poor widow would be exposed for sale, and that whoever would give the most money should have them.

Well the day came—the goods were all removed to the auction room. A great many people came. The auctioneer went into the desk, and his man stood upon the table to show the company the goods, and the people said, how much they would give for the goods. So a great many were sold.

Only think what the poor widow must have felt, when she saw the people buying her furniture, and knew that she should be without a bed to lie on, a chair to sit upon—nothing but an empty room to live in! Well, so things went on, and presently the old Family Bible was put up for sale. This was more than the poor widow could bear. She begged with tears that the Bible which she valued more than all the rest might be spared to her. But the officer, who was an unfeeling man, sternly refused her request—and so the good book was held up by the man on the table. The auctioneer was asking the people how much they would give for it, and it was going for a few shillings, when the poor, almost heart-broken widow, snatched at it, declaring she would have some relic of those she loved. The thread that held the brown linen cover broke, and it fell into her hands, and along with it two flat pieces of dirty paper. Surprised at the circumstance, she examined them, and what was her joy and delight to find that each was a £500 Bank of England note! On the back of one, in her mother's hand-writing, were the following words: "When sorrow overtakes you, seek your Bible." And on the other, in her father's hand: "Your Father's ears are never deaf." The sale was immediately stopped, and the much-valued old family Bible given to the faithful owner. What a sudden change must this have been in the circumstances of the poor widow! Her tears of sorrow were exchanged for tears of joy, and her poverty for comfort, and all this sprang from her love for her Bible.

Dear children! Do you love the Bible? If you do, strive to buy one—try to learn to read it—pay attention to your teachers that you may understand it—and never part with it—sooner, like this poor widow, part with everything else; for it is able to make you "wise unto salvation."—*Our Children's Magazine.*

THE BIBLE.

Oh, may we love this precious book,
In mercy to us given;
Its blessed truths, how bright they shine,
To lead our souls to heaven;
A lamp it is, our feet to guide
Through every devious way,
Until we reach the golden gate
Of an eternal day.

THE BIBLE IN A COAL MINE.

In one of the coal-mines of England, a youth, about fifteen years of age, was working by the side of his father, who was a pious man, and governed and educated his family, according to the word of God.

The father was in the habit of carrying with him a small pocket Bible; and the son, who had received one at the Sunday school, imitated his father in this. Thus he always had the sacred volume with him, and whenever he enjoyed a season of rest from labour, he read it by the light of his lamp.

They worked together, in a newly opened section of the mine, and the father had just stepped aside to procure a tool, when the arch above them suddenly fell between him and his son, so that the father supposed his child to be crushed. He ran towards the place, and called to his son, who at length responded from under a dense mass of earth and coal.

"My son," cried the father, "are you living?"

"Yes father, but my legs are under a rock."

"Where is your lamp, my son?"

"It is still burning, father."

"What will you do my dear son?"

"I am reading my Bible, father, and the Lord strengthens me."

These were the last words of that Sunday scholar, he was soon suffocated.—*Band of H. Review.*

Ministerial Reminiscences.

THE WOMAN WHO HAD NO FEELING.

At a time when the Lord was pouring out his Spirit upon my congregation, I observed one morning, in my meeting of inquiry, a young lady, who was not in the habit of attending my church. I sat down by her, and told her I was happy to meet her in that place, and hoped she had come to inquire the way to her Saviour.

She replied, "I have no particular anxiety about myself. I came here this morning to gratify a friend, who was very anxious that I should accompany her to your meeting."

"But how is it, my dear girl, that you have no anxiety about yourself; do you not know that you are a lost sinner?"

"O yes, I know I am a sinner, and I know, too, that if I do not become a Christian I must perish; but some how, I cannot feel any particular anxiety about my situation."

"Do you not know that Jesus Christ is just such a Saviour as you stand in need of; and that he has been waiting long, and is waiting this morning, to save your guilty soul from condemnation and eternal ruin?"

"Yes, I know it, but what can I do without feeling?"

"You can act like a rational and accountable being, with whom God has a controversy, and to whom He is making overtures of mercy. You can contemplate your lost condition, and look at the terms upon which Jesus Christ will interpose in your behalf."

"But I have always understood that we must be awakened and convicted, before we can be converted, or become Christians."

"But are you not accountable this morning, for the manner in which you treat your precious Saviour?"

"Yes, I suppose I am."

"Is He not this morning waiting to be gracious to you; and does he not tell you that now is the accepted time?"

"Yes, but is it not true, that I must have more feeling than I now have, before I can become a Christian?"

"The Bible does not tell us how much we must feel in order to become Christians, but it does tell us, 'To day, if we hear Christ's voice not to harden our hearts, by refusing his overtures of mercy.'"

"My heart is so hard already, that religion makes but little impression upon my mind."

"Well, my child, you admit, that your want of feeling does not release you from responsibility to your righteous Sovereign, and it cannot absolve me from the duty of laying the Gospel message before you. I must, therefore, as an ambassador of Christ, beseech you in his name, to be reconciled to God. Will you give up your controversy with your Maker, and become reconciled to him this morning?"

Here she became more serious, and inquired with evident emotion, "What shall I do?"

"You know what you ought to do, and I will tell you what you must do. You must either accept Christ, as he is offered to you in the gospel, and go home a child of God; or reject him again, and go away in a state of condemnation, with his wrath abiding on you."

She now appeared to feel the full weight of her responsibility, and with tears exclaimed, "What shall I do?"

I told her that the duty was plain, and the question, whether she would go away a justified child, or a condemned sinner, must be decided by herself, and would be decided before she left the house.

I left her to make up her mind, and conversed with some other anxious persons; but before I dismissed the meeting, I returned to ask her, what answer I should give to him who sent me, when, to my great joy, I found her full of that peace which the world cannot give nor take away.

At a proper time she united with the church, and it was my mournful privilege, seven years after the morning of which I have been speaking, to sit by her death-bed, and see her ready to depart and be with Christ.

Sinners are not only often kept away from Christ by the opinion that they have nothing to do until they shall undergo a process of awakening and conviction; but Christians sometimes feel that little can be done for them until their minds are awakened to a sense of their guilt and danger. But from my own experience, I would advise my brethren always to treat the impenitent as free, accountable creatures, whose eternal well-being may depend upon the decision of the present moment. If we can get them to look at their condition, without regard to their feelings, they will be more likely to become convinced of sin, and come to Christ, than if we allow their real or supposed stupidity to keep us from urging the gospel message upon them.

It is true the sinner must be convinced of his lost condition, before he will feel his want of a Saviour; but nothing will be more likely to convince him of this, than to have us treat him as one involved in a personal controversy with his Maker, which, if not terminated now, will certainly become more aggravated, and may be put, by the providence of God, beyond the reach of reconciliation.

I have often sat down by an impenitent sinner, who professed to have no particular anxiety about himself, and yet, when pressed with the gospel message, he has become feelingly sensible of his lost condition, and before I have left him, has bowed his neck to the yoke of Christ. The doctrine of the Cross is to those "who perish, foolishness, but to those who are saved, it is the power of God and the wisdom of God."—*Incidents in the Life of a Pastor.*

THE GIRL WHO WAS AFRAID OF HER PARENTS.

Among the individuals who were present, on a particular occasion, in one of the meetings for conversation, was a young woman who was in very deep distress. On inquiring the cause of her anguish of mind, she said she was a lost sinner, and was afraid of the wrath of God.

I inquired if she did not know that Jesus came to save lost sinners.

She replied that she did, and had long known that fact.

"And why then," said I, "do you not go to him and be saved?"

"I am a stranger in this place. My mother and her husband who is my step-father, are both angry at me for attending these meetings, and if I should become a Christian they will turn me out in the streets."

"And is this all that keeps you away from Christ?"

"I think it is all that prevents me from being a Christian."

"But you must remember the words of the Lord Jesus; that those who esteem father or mother, or even their own lives, more than him cannot be his disciples; and that if you are more afraid of the displeasures of your earthly parents than you are of the righteous displeasure of God, you must remain in a state of condemnation and death."

"O, I cannot do that," she exclaimed, the tears streaming down her cheeks, "I cannot do that."

"Well, Miss; you must either do that, or you must be willing to be cast out from house and home for Christ's sake."

She remained for some time in great agony of spirit, and then, with a smile of joy shining through a profusion of tears, said, "I will be the Lord's."