

The Bible.



THE WIDOW'S SON AND HIS BIBLE.

There was a pious widow living in the north of England, who had a large family, consisting of seven daughters and one son, whom she endeavoured to bring up in the ways of religion.

Her efforts were crowned with success, so far as her daughters were concerned, but, alas! her boy proved ungrateful for her care, and became her scourge and her cross, and ultimately left her to go to sea.

When his mother took her leave of him, she gave him a New Testament, inscribed with his name and her own, solemnly and tenderly entreating him to keep it, and read it for her sake. Year after year elapsed without tidings of her boy. In whatever company she was cast, she made it a point to inquire for the ship in which her son sailed, if perchance she might hear any tidings of him.

On one occasion she met with a sea captain, of whom she made her usual inquiries. He informed her that he knew the ship, and that it had been wrecked; that he also knew a youth of the name of Charles —; and added that he was such a wicked lad that "it would be a good thing, if he and all like him were at the bottom of the sea." Pierced to her inmost soul, this unhappy mother withdrew from the house, saying "I shall go down to the grave, mourning for my son."

After the lapse of some years, a half-naked sailor knocked at her door to ask relief.

The sight of the sailor was always interesting to her. She heard his tale.

He had seen great perils in the deep, had been several times wrecked, but said he had never been so dreadfully destitute as he was some years back, when himself and a fine young gentleman, were the only individuals, of a whole ship's crew, that were saved.

"We were cast upon a desert island, where, after seven days and nights, I closed his eyes. Poor fellow, I shall never forget it." And here the tears stole down his weather-beaten cheeks. "He read day and night in a little book, which he said his mother gave him, and which was the only thing he saved. It was his companion every moment; he wept for his sins, he prayed, he kissed the book; he talked of nothing but this book and his mother; and at last he gave it to me with many thanks for my poor services."

"There Jack said he, 'take this book, and keep it, and read it, and may God bless you—it's all I've got.' And then he clasped my hands, and died in peace."

"Is all this true?" said the trembling, astonished mother.

"Yes, madam, every word of it." And then drawing from his ragged jacket a little book, much battered and time worn, he held it up, exclaiming, "And here's the very book too."

She seized the Testament, descried her own hand-writing, and beheld the name of her son, coupled with her own on the cover. She gazed, she read, she wept, she rejoiced. She seemed to hear a voice which said, "Behold thy son liveth."

Amidst her conflicting emotions, she was ready to exclaim, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." "Will you part with that book, my brave fellow?" said the mother, anxious to possess the precious relic. "No, madam," was the answer, "not for any money, not for all the world. He gave it me with his dying hand. I have more than once lost my all since I got it, without losing this treasure, the value of which, I hope, I have learned for myself; and I will never part with it, till I part with the breath out of my body."—*Band of Hope Review.*

LOVE FOR THE BIBLE.—A poor boy who was employed all the week in taking care of cattle, was so anxious to know the Word of God, that he used to take the Bible into the fields with him; and in the course of a year he committed to memory nearly two thousand verses.—*Ib.*

GEORGE III AND HIS BIBLE.

It has been stated, by those who had the means of knowing the fact, that of the few books which the king read, the BIBLE was constantly on the table in his closet. A pious female servant, whose office it was to arrange the library room, has been heard to say, "I love to follow my master in his reading of the Scriptures, and to observe the passages which he remarks. I wish every body made the Bible as much their daily study as my good master does."

Many persons complain that they "have not time" for searching the Scriptures and for prayer. What a good example such persons have in the conduct of this great monarch. Notwithstanding all his important duties in the government of his vast dominions, yet he could find time to study his Bible daily.

"Search the Scriptures."—*Ib.*

Temperance.

The License Law and the Law of Prohibition.

Facts are good to illustrate and enforce principles. Here is a case in point—a bar-room scene, standing in connexion with other home scenes, of a sort to throw any amount of desired light on the question upon the need of a law prohibiting the sale of alcoholic poison. It shows how the license law works, and always has worked. Shall we let this poison be sold at all for drink when we know the drinking of it makes most men brutal, and the selling of it makes the avaricious man a monster!—Think of the horrid selfishness of the rum-seller who coolly pockets the gold for his poison, and coolly looks on to see it burn down deep into the soul of the drunkard's wife and the drunkard's children, saying evermore, *What is that to me!* Shall we have a Maine Law in every State of our Union!—*Oberlin Evangelist.*

A Thrilling Scene.

A few years ago, I was in company with a gentleman who had just returned from the city of L., in New England. He said he had put up at a hotel, and for some time took his seat in a bar-room. The door opened suddenly, and a woman stepped in. She was the very picture of agony—her hair disheveled, her dress negligent, her eye unsteady, and her movements eccentric. She seemed to hesitate at first, but at length, gathering courage, she moved up to the bar and said: "Landlord, don't sell my husband any more rum. You have already ruined us! You know that before he came to your bar he was a sober man. He was as kind a husband as ever any woman had. We had a good home, a good farm, and every comfort. But you sold him liquor until he had no money to pay.—Unbeknown to me, you got a mortgage on his farm; you sold it, and turned me and my helpless children out of doors! My husband lost his health, his character, and his reputation. He became cross and abusive to me, whom he once tenderly loved. He turns me out of our wretched hovel into the cold and storm! He comes home from your tavern infuriated like a demon! My once kind and amiable husband and the tender father is a madman when he is in liquor. He beats me and my children cruelly, and threatens to murder us! Oh! don't give him any more liquor!" and the tears gushed from her eyes, while the landlord stood speechless.

In the midst of these entreaties, which should have broken a heart of adamant, a man stepped into the bar-room, and, with the vacant stare of an inebriate, moved towards her. Instantly the pleading wife threw herself between the man and the bar, and, with one hand against his breast, and the other stretched out imploringly to the landlord, she said, "Oh, don't! my dear! don't drink! You'll break my heart!" and bursting with agony, she turned to the landlord and said, "Oh, don't let him have it, don't! don't!" And while this scene was passing, heart-rending and awful beyond description, the landlord walked deliberately out from behind the counter, and, taking the woman rudely by the arm, said, "This is no place for women;" and violently tore her from her husband, and, pushing her out, shut the door against her. The wretched inebriate staggered up and drank his dram, placed a piece of money upon the counter; the landlord wiped it off complacently into the drawer, and the drunkard passed out, maddened with the

draught, to renew his brutal attacks upon his defenceless wife and children.

No one defends such barbarous cruelty as this. No one apologizes for it. All agree to pronounce the landlord a brute. But there was one fact deserving special attention. The whole transaction was under the sanction of law! For the sale of every glass of that ruinous liquor, which reduced an honest man and a good citizen to the lowest degree of suffering and infamy, he could show a "license" from the officers of justice, under authority solemnly conveyed by grave Senators and Representatives, signed by the Governor, and bearing the seal of the State!

There was no redress in law for this suffering lady. She had been robbed of her home, and her comfort, of her husband, and the blight of despair had been thrown over her whole family; but the law protected the destroyer, and left her to endure her anguish without the hope of relief!

The people of that State have changed the law on that subject since, so that the rum-seller cannot take away the home of the helpless, and ruin a man with impunity. *Have they done right!*

TEMPERANCE.—There is no better or more forcible description of intemperance, than that given by St. Augustine, who calls it, "A distemper of the head; a subversion of the senses; a tempest in the tongue; a storm in the body; a shipwreck of virtue; a loss of time; a wilful madness; a pleasant devil; a sugared poison; a sweet sin; which he that has it, has not himself; and he that commits it, doth not only commit sin, but he himself is altogether sin."

"Intemperance has been aptly called," saith Flavel, "the devil's bridle, by which he turneth sinners which way he pleases; he that is overcome by it, can overcome no other sin."

Among the heathen he was counted the best man who spent more oil in the lamp than wine in the bottle.

Tertullian says of the Primitive Christians: "They sat not down before they prayed; they eat no more than might suffice their hunger; they drank no more than was sufficient for temperate men; they did so eat and drink, as those that remembered that they must pray afterwards."

Ministerial Reminiscences.

[Under this head we shall give a variety of Incidents and Sketches, by different Ministers of Christ, which will not only be found deeply interesting, but eminently instructive.—*Ed.*]

HE THAT WATERETH SHALL BE WATERED.

The writer of these reminiscences was called to take the pastoral charge of the congregation that was fourteen thousand dollars in debt, with their church edifice very much out of repair, and with some very unpleasant divisions and heartburnings among the members of the church.

At the first monthly concert after he commenced his labors in this new field, though there was a pretty good attendance, to his grief and disappointment, only seventeen dollars were contributed for the furtherance of the noble cause which had brought them together. He took an early opportunity the next morning to get two or three of the leading members of his church together, to whom he stated his feelings, in view of the smallness of the collection on the preceding evening. He felt that though a rich congregation might afford to be penurious, a poor one could not, and that the only hope for the one of which he had just taken the charge was in the promise, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself."—Prov. xi. 25.

The brethren with whom he conversed sympathized with him in these views, and set themselves to work, and before night added sixty-four dollars to the contribution of the preceding evening. From that time to the dissolution of the pastoral relation between us, which was four years, the collections at the monthly concert averaged over fifty dollars, and the whole amount contributed for the different benevolent enterprises of the day averaged four thousand dollars a year, over and above what was done for liquidating their debt, repairing and furnishing their house, and supporting the gospel at home.

In the meantime the Spirit of God was graciously shed down upon the congregation: the misguided individuals, who had made the trouble, were reclaimed, and brought to repentance, and the