

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER,

And Bible Society, Missionary, and Sabbath School Advocate.

E. McLEOD, Editor.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—PETER.

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Religious Intelligence.

[Continued from our last.]

Evangelical Conference in Paris.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

FRIDAY, AUG. 31.

The following report on Turkey and Greece, by the Rev. Dr. DWIGHT, of Constantinople, was read before the Conference, this morning, at the Church of the Redemption:—

Turkey contains numerous sects and creeds, the principal of which are, Mohammedans, Greeks, Armenians, Roman Catholics, Nestorians, Jacobites, Copts, Jews, Protestants. The Mohammedans form two-thirds of the population, but while they outwardly profess their religion—the penalty of death is still in force against apostates—many of them are freethinkers and care not a whit for the Koran. Public prayers and fasts are extensively neglected, much to the grief of the rigid Mussulmans. This has been produced by the contact of the Turks with European civilization, and the propagation of French infidel books. Twenty, or even ten years ago, a Turk would never have entered into discussion with a Christian; now such conversations take place daily in certain places. The Greeks in Turkey have remained stationary; their priests have unlimited power; and the people are wedded outwardly to their superstitions, although in the upper classes infidelity is thought to reign paramount, while it does not diminish their zeal for their church, or their enmity to all reform. They are proud of their birth, and fear any dereliction from national unity. Their clergy are extremely ignorant. The Armenians are in the most hopeful state, religious fervor seems natural to them, besides which, the Spirit of God appears to be influencing their mind. They are met with in all the principal towns, and travellers agree in stating that a spirit of inquiry prevails among them. Generally, their higher clergy oppose all discussion, and even use persecution to prevent their flock inquiring after the pure Word of Christ. Happily, by the blessing of God upon the efforts of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, liberty of conscience is guaranteed to the native Protestants of Turkey. The other sects show, at least some of them, a small beginning of life, and missionary effort among them is not in vain. Many religious societies of England and America bring their agency to bear on these masses. The British and Foreign, now aided by the American Bible Society, has spread abroad the pure Word of God in fourteen different characters and tongues, by means of missionaries and colporteurs; depots of the Scriptures are to be found in all the large towns and many villages of the empire. Twenty-five years ago the Bible depository in Constantinople was a little room of a dark (khan) in the pass by, and it was opened only once a week for the sale of books. Now it occupies three rooms in the centre and most public street of Constantinople, with a broad sign board in six different languages. A second religious book shop has been also opened at Pera. The American and lately the London Tract Societies, have had many books and tracts prepared and distributed. Two religious papers are also published periodically, one in the modern Armenian, and the other in Hebrew and Spanish. These books prepare the way for the missionaries, and the activity of demands for Bibles and tracts from the interior is daily increasing. The Turks begin to purchase the Scriptures. A clear idea of the condition of the missionary cause, let us leave Constantinople and travel eastward. We come to Nicomedia, the scene of Diocletian's first act of persecution. We had there a Protestant Armenian Church of forty or fifty communicants assembling under a native pastor. The formation of this Church is owing to a missionary having left there one single tract, "The Dairyman's Daughter." Twenty-seven miles further on we find Adana, another station of the American Missionary Society, extending its influence to the adjacent villages. Seventy miles south-west of Adana, is Broussa, where, if we may use such language, is a model pastor conducting a model flock. They have been greatly tried by fire and earthquake, and the last terrible shock destroyed their "Bee, and dispersed the Church. There is something remarkable in the ruin of this town. The Ottoman Empire commenced in the fourteenth century, by the conquest of Broussa, and for more than five hundred years the remains of the Sultans have rested on a rock forming the citadel in the centre of the town; now the rock, the tombs, and a great part of the city are mingled in one mass of ruins. Six miles further, and we come to the Greek village of Demirdash, where a little congregation of Protestant Greeks are now suffering persecution from the Greek priests. At Tokat where Henry Martyn died, 400 miles to the east, are two Armenian missionaries, surrounded by a regularly constituted Church; at Erzeroum and Trebizond the same is seen. At Anabik, far to the south, the interesting Armenian population are anxiously inquiring after the way of truth. At Casarea, two married missionaries reside in the midst of a Protestant Church established last year. At Marash, after having been rejected eleven times by a fanatical and ignorant population, the missionaries have been heard, and now a native Church is arising there. But the most numerous Protestant population is at Antioch, where lately from twelve to thirteen hundred persons came to witness the dedication of the place of worship. At Smyrna, and at Akhisar (Thyatira), there are churches and preachers of the Gospel. Returning by sea towards Constantinople, we find a native and married pastor at Rodosto, on the north of the Sea of Marmora, surrounded with a small but zealous flock tending to increase. At Constantinople, there are three na-

tive churches, four regular congregations of Protestant Armenians, and one Greek, assembling every Lord's day. At Bebek is a school for preparing candidates for the ministry, and wherever there is a Protestant church there is also a school.

The mission has altogether twenty-two churches, and about 500 communicants, all of whom have been very carefully examined; nearly 3,000 persons are enrolled as Protestants, while many are so in heart, but have not yet mustered sufficient courage to face the scorn of the unbelieving. Diabekir and Mosul are evangelized by the Assyrian Mission of the American Board; about 200 meet to worship. Armenians and Jacobites, at the former, and a smaller number at the latter place. At Thessalonica, the missionary is employed among the Jews. In Syria, the American Board has seven stations—Beyrout, Acheh, Tripoli, Aleppo, Sidon, Hasbaya, and Rhamdoun; the population in Arabian, and divided into Mohammedans, Druses, Maronites, and Greeks. Twenty-three schools containing 600 pupils, are attached to this mission. Last year an association of Christians of different denominations was formed in London, to aid the missions in Western Asia, and sent £200 to the American Mission, which altogether employs in Turkey ninety-one American missionaries, men and women, and seventy-five natives. The nomination of a Protestant bishop at Jerusalem created no little sensation, and his labours, and those of many Church of England missionaries, of the London Jews' Society, the Presbyterian agents, and the Scotch missionaries, are all effectual in the one object of converting souls to Jesus. The Free Church of Scotland has seven agents in Constantinople, who direct their attention especially to the Jews. In the capital, an Englishman may, on the Lord's day, find his accustomed form of worship, and excellent preaching, at the Anapassador's chapel; a Scotchman will find a Free Scotch church; an American, an American church; a German may hear three German services; an Italian will find a Protestant Italian service; and a Frenchman will find a French church at the Dutch Ambassador's. When the oldest missionary first went to Constantinople he found one service on Sunday, with a few attendants, at the English Embassy; now twenty-one sermons are preached every Sunday in ten different languages. Twenty-five years ago there was not a single Protestant school, now there are thirteen. We dare not speak of the influence of the war; it would be premature. A few words respecting Greece. At Athens, the American missionaries are in the field; the Episcopal have especially directed their efforts to the young people, forming schools, some of which contain 600 or 700 children of all classes; and others turn their attention more to preaching and distributing books. But as yet few souls seem spiritually inclined.

At the conclusion of the reading of the report, M. SCHAUFFLER alluded to the wonderful series of events by which God in his providence had been smoothing the way for the Gospel in Turkey. In 1826, the formidable Janissaries were ready to take the life of any who attempted to preach the truth. In three days they had disappeared. Then the plague prevented people from congregating together, either in schools or places of worship. During 1837, in three or four months, 107,000 died of it. In 1838, a quarantine was established, and the plague ceased. When in 1839 Sultan Mahmud began to persecute, his life was cut short. Then came the struggle between the English Ambassador and the Turkish Government respecting conversion from Mohammedanism to Christianity; it was long, and the last word on the part of the Turks was, "It is our religious duty to put them to death." The Ambassador opened the Koran; he fell on his sword, "If a man cease to be a believer, his body dies, and his soul is lost for ever." "It is not your duty to slay him, but to let him die," and thus the scale was turned. Then, the rapidity of travelling is facilitating intercourse. M. Schaffler added that he had met a Turkish priest, and spoken to him of the beauties of nature and the power of God. "The fear of God is with you," was the reply, "not with us." When the earthquake destroyed the Greek quarter at Broussa, the Turks gloried, for they had many dissensions, but a few days after, and the second shock overturned the mosques, and all the tombs of the Sultans were dashed in pieces. When the war burst out, the Turks said, "It is the beginning of the end; our book is finished!" The thought that every religious creed is founded on a book where the end is come when prosperity ceases. "Thank God," we replied, "our Book is not done, nor even will come to an end." He then spoke with praise of the French army; and of many young men in it of good family, correct habits and intelligent minds; hundreds of Testaments have been distributed amongst them, and received with respectful and friendly feelings. Special reference was made to the intolerant law which condemns to death every Mohammedan who shall renounce his idolatrous creed, and avow himself a disciple of Christ; and it was urged as a duty binding upon the Protestants of England and America especially, to use their best efforts at the present juncture of affairs, to get it entirely repealed. He believed that there was every probability of such endeavors, if made in good earnest, being crowned with success.

To be concluded.

Bunyan's Alarm at Sabbath-Play; or Sin and Hell Inseparable.

BY REV. JAMES BARBOUR JOHNSTON.

The Spirit of the Lord, whose blessed work it is to arouse careless souls, had begun to deal with Bunyan. His wife had brought him two godly books; it was all her portion. These he sometimes read, and though they failed to convince him of his sad and sinful state, they led him to desire to reform his vicious life, and fall in with the religion of the times. He tells us that he went to church twice a day, and said and sung as others did. Yet he retained his wicked life. All this while he was not sensible of the danger and evil of sin! He did not know that sin would damn him, what religion could he follow, unless he was found in Christ. Nay, he says, he did not think whether there was such an One or no.

But one day his minister preached upon the sin of Sabbath-breaking, when a vision came home with much power. His conscience fell under the sermon, as if it had been made on purpose to show him his evil-doing. He felt guilt as he had never done before, and went home greatly burdened in

spirit. But these feelings did not last. Ere he had well dined, the trouble began to go off his mind, and his heart returned to its old course. And he was glad that it was so, glad that the fire was put out, and that he might sin again without control. He shook the sermon out of his mind, and, Lord's day as it was, he betook himself to his old custom of sports and gaming with great delight.

But it was well for him that he was in the hands of One who would not let him alone. He had sounded an alarm in his conscience, and he would sound another, and another, until he should find no rest in the way of sin, and be driven, under deep pressure of wretchedness and misery, to the blessed Saviour of souls. He went out, glad to escape, as he thought, from his disquietude; and he was soon in the midst of the play. None more eager than he—none more ready to join in the uproarious laugh. But God's eye was upon him, and He would speedily make him hear His voice. Bunyan was going on with his game; all thought of God and His holy laws was out of his mind. He was about to strike again, when, he tells us, "A voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?'" Doubtless it was the voice of the Spirit of God speaking home to his conscience, and so powerfully that, to a mind like his, it seemed as if the voice actually sounded aloud from heaven. He was "put in an exceeding maze" for a time. He trembled before the Lord, as if His wrath was about to fall upon him. But alas! he speedily fell under a deceit of the wicked one. He saw that he had been a great grievous sinner, and he conceived that it was now too late to look for pardon from Christ—a very specious, but most common and successful, lie of the enemy of souls. And it served Satan's purpose in Bunyan's case, for conceiving that hope was gone, he returned desperately to his sport again!

But though his alarm failed then to turn him from his evil ways, it might well have done so. It indeed covers a very terrible truth, which should lead the most hardened sinner to consider his ways and turn unto the Lord. We are hastening on to the eternal world. We know that in a few years, which will soon speed past, we shall have passed away from time, and all its pleasures and pursuits. It may be, we are now approaching the confines of time. Well, beyond lies our eternal existence. In what state? In one or other of these two—in heaven or in hell—in a state of happiness altogether inconceivable, or in a state of misery altogether inconceivable. The thought may well arouse the most careless.

Well, here comes in the great principle which arrested Bunyan—sin and hell are inseparable. If we are determined to hold by our sins, then we must have hell too; if we would have heaven, then we must part with our sins. We must make our choice between these two, sin and heaven; we cannot have both. We may have hell and sin, and not have, if sin be our choice; but we cannot have heaven and sin, for these two are quite incompatible. Nothing can be plainer than this, not only from God's testimony, but also from the nature of the case. And yet thousands live in sin all their days, and nevertheless speak of going to heaven when they die; and friends tell of their patience and of their peace, and say they are in glory!

Al! what a terrible delusion in this? How sad in its results! how palpable in its nature, and yet how common! Why, it would appear that most think that sin should be no barrier whatever to heaven. This is evident from the fact that sin universally confessed, and yet few seriously think that they are hurrying downwards to hell. Doubtless the thought of eternal things is not much before the mind; but so far as they are thought of by them, and however sensible they may be of their backslidings and godlessness, heaven is still the goal they hope to reach at last. They do not seriously think that there is anything in the course they have pursued, which unless it is wholly reformed, must inevitably bar heaven's door against them. And yet if they must but consider their ways, they will see that it must be so.

Just think of the state of heart which the choice of sin involves, and you will see that if we would go to heaven, we must leave our sins; and if we are determined to have them, we must go to hell. God and sin are entirely opposite. The choice of the one must be the rejection of the other. If we cleave to our sins, our hearts are wholly opposed to God. We cannot love both. If we love sin, then, we hate God, and all that belongs to God. Disguise it as we may, whatever may be the outward manifestation of our sin, we are earthly, sensual, devilish. What folly then for us to dream of heaven. Heaven! why do not our hearts and lives declare that we hate all that peculiarly belongs to heaven; all, indeed, in which its happiness lies?

I might also ask you to think how sin strikes at God's government—His very throne, indeed—and must necessarily draw down His vengeance. As surely as God is powerful to maintain His own kingdom, so surely will He punish those who are found by Him in a state of rebellion. There is no possibility of escape if we are determined to hold by our sins. We must take the portion of evil-doers; those who would not have God to reign over them—those who would not love, or serve Him, and that portion is with the devil and his angels.

There is no avoiding this conclusion, whatever the men of the world may say, or however our vain hearts may deceive us. We may not think of these things at all, or we may think, as blind men do, that all will come right at last; but we shall find that, as surely as there is a God, so surely will He avenge Himself upon His enemies. Why, who should be cast into hell, if not those who choose sin instead of God? To think otherwise is to say that there is no hell; and that though God hath threatened, He will never put His threatnings in execution.

If thou wouldst have heaven, then, reader, thou must get quit of thy sins; and there is but one way in which this can be accomplished. Thou canst not do it. All thy reasonings cannot do it. Thou canst only whiten the outside of the sepulchre, while all remains rotten and foul within. Thou canst never break out terribly some future day. O be surely dead to this poor soul! Thou must away to Jesus, the Saviour, whom God in His free mercy hath provided for thee. He only can set thee free from the bondage of corruption. He only can give thee a new nature—God-loving, holy, heavenly. He

only can cleanse away thy guilt. O call upon Him to have mercy upon thee. He has come near to save thee—He is even now saying to thee, *Will thou be made whole?* Entreat His healing power. Beseech him to make thee a child of God—to cast out Satan, and to give thee His good Spirit to dwell in thy heart, and to enable thee to love and serve God. Then thou shalt find that, having parted with thy sin, thou hast got God; and that having God, thou hast unspeakable joy here, and art assured of heaven hereafter.

Violated Vows.

Men do not seem to be aware of the guilt they contract by making promises to God, and failing to keep them. They forget that to the guilt of the transgression is added the guilt of a violated vow. Some are more careful to keep their promises to men, than their promises to God. There are some who are constantly promising that they will repent and break off from their sins and as constantly failing to do what they promise. Indeed they can quiet their consciences, and gain their own consent to remain impenitent, only by a system of promises made but to be broken and renewed. Thus one who is often anxious about his soul, may become more guilty than one who remains careless and unconcerned.

Mr. E. was an intelligent farmer, who had received a religious education and was a tolerably regular attendant at church. His wife was a pious woman, who prayed for him, set before him an example of Christian conscientiousness and meekness, but could never overcome her constitutional timidity so far as to speak to him plainly and pointedly respecting his eternal interests. She confessed with many tears, after his decease.

Mr. E. was taken ill, but not so seriously as to alarm his friends. He however was alarmed and sent for his pastor. He expressed to him his fear lest he should die, and his great anxiety respecting his soul. He confessed that he had kept promising God from time to time that he would repent. He now renewed and repeated his promises. If God would spare his life and restore him to health, he would repent.

The pastor endeavored to impress upon him the duty of repenting at once, instead of promising to repent at a future time without success. God was pleased, after bringing him to the borders of the grave, to raise him up and to permit him again to go in and out among the living. His pastor reminded him of his promises made in the hour of distress, but his remarks were received in silence.

Quite a number of years passed. E. was still impenitent. His attendance on the means of grace was becoming infrequent. Occasionally he visited a neighbor on the Sabbath or wandered over his farm. Again he was taken ill. His life was soon in danger, and his anxiety for his soul great. His pastor was again sent for. With bitter self-upbraiding he confessed his sins, and especially his broken promises. He entreated that prayer might be offered for his recovery, renewing his promise that the first moment of returning health should be employed in the work of repentance. Again his spiritual advisers urged the duty of immediate repentance, and again without success. The disease made progress and reduced the sufferer so low that his recovery was deemed impossible. Still God was pleased to give him his life as a prey, and after a few months he was seen again in his usual haunts. For a time he attended public worship regularly, and was occasionally seen at the prayer meeting. But the former tenor of his life was soon resumed.

After a season he was again taken ill. It seemed at once to be the general impression that he would not recover. A godly woman who knew of the vows he had made at former visitations, suggested that God had twice spared him, and given him time to perform his promise, and that now, the severing of the thread of life would no longer be delayed, though his prayers and promises were renewed. The event accorded with the expectation above noticed. His mental distress was great till his death, the pastor who had twice witnessed his uprisings from the borders of the tomb, was now laboring in another part of the country. Vows made in the day of trouble are often forgotten when the trouble is removed. Reader, has your own experience corresponded in any measure to his whose history has been given above? Are there noted against you in God's book of remembrance, violated vows as well as other sins of omission and wilful transgressions? Is there no reason to fear that their continued violation will bring the day of grace to a speedy termination?—V. E. Observer.

Dr. Duff's Farewell.

This eminent laborer in the mission field in India, gave a parting address previous to his departure in the Free High Church, Edinburgh, on Thursday, the 11th of October. The speech was long, and eloquent. The following is the concluding portion:—

"And now, this my home work being for the present finished, while exigencies of a peculiar kind appear to call me back again to the Indian field, I cheerfully obey the summons; and despite its manifold ties and attractions, I now feel as if, in fullness of heart, I can say farewell to Scotland, to Scotland! honored by ancient memories and associations of undying glory and renown!—Scotland, on whose soil were fought some of the mightiest battles for civil and religious liberty!—Scotland, thou country and home of the bravest among undaunted Reformers—Scotland, thou chosen abode and lasting resting-place of the ashes of most heroic and daring martyrs!—yet farewell, Scotland!—farewell to all that is in thee! Farewell,—from peculiarity of natural temperament, I am prepared to say, Farewell ye mountains and hills, with your exhilarating breezes, where the soul has at times risen to the elevation of the Rock of Ages, and looked to the hills whence alone aid can come. Farewell, ye rivers and murmuring brooks, along whose shady banks it has often been my lot to roam, enjoying in your solitude the sweetest society! Farewell, ye rocky and rugged strands, where I have so often stood and gazed at the foaming billows, as they surged everlastingly at your feet! Farewell, ye churches and halls throughout this land, where it has been my privilege so often to plead the cause of a perishing world; and when, in so doing, I have had such precious glimpses of the King in his beauty, wielding the sceptre of grace over awakened, quickened, and ransomed souls. Farewell,

ye abodes of the righteous, whether manses or ordinary dwellings, in which this weary, pilgrim body, has often found sweet rest and shelter, and this sacred spirit the most genial Christian fellowship. Farewell, too, ye homes of earliest youth, linked to my soul by associations of endearment, which time can never efface. Aye, and farewell ye graves of my fathers, never likely to receive my mortal remains! And welcome India! Welcome, India!—with thy benighted, perishing millions; because, in the vision of faith, I see the renovating process that is to elevate them from the lowest depths of debasement and shame, to the noblest heights of celestial glory. Welcome your majestic hills, the loftiest on this our globe; for though cold be your summits, and clothed with the drapery of eternal winter, in the vision of faith I can go beyond, and behold the mountain of the Lord's house established on the top of the mountains, with the innumerable multitudes of India's adoring worshippers joyously thronging towards it. Welcome, too, ye mighty, stupendous fabrics of a dark lowering idleness, because, in the vision of faith, I can see in your certain downfall, and in the beautiful temples of Christianity reared over your ruins, one of the mightiest monuments of the triumph and glory of our adored Immanuel. Welcome, too, thou majestic Ganges, in whose waters, through every age, such countless multitudes have been engulfed in the vain hope of obtaining thereby a sure passport to immortality, because in the vision of faith I behold the myriads of thy deluded votaries forsaking thy turbid though sacred waters, and learning to wash thy robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb. Welcome,—if the Lord so wills it,—welcome sooner or later, a quiet resting-place in the sunny banks, and the Hindoo people, for whose deliverance from the tyrannic sway of the foulest and cruellest idolatries on earth I have graved and travelled in soul agony. Fare ye well, then, my revered fathers, and beloved brethren and sisters in the Lord,—fare ye well in time; fare ye well through all eternity! And in the view of that bright and glorious eternity, welcome, thrice welcome, thou resurrection morn, when the graves of every clime and every age, from the time of righteous Abel down to the period of the last trumpet sound, will give up their dead; and the ransomed myriads of the Lord, ascending on high, shall enter the mansions of glory—the palaces of light—in Immanuel's land; and there together in indissoluble and blissful harmony celebrate the jubilee of a once groaning but then renovated universe!—Farewell! Farewell!"

The Inconsistent, Backsliding Professor of Religion.

He is not dead to sin; he is not living to righteousness; his light does not shine; he is not bearing faithful witness for Christ; he is not growing in grace; he is paralyzing his own influence for good in the church, and to the world where he was placed that he might be a light to enlighten, and as salt to savor and preserve it. The conduct, the condition, the guilt of such an one, is vividly set forth in the following allegory.

"The devil," says the allegory, "once held a great anniversary, at which his emissaries were gathered from every part of the world, to report what they were doing in his service, and how far they had been successful. 'I, said one, who came out of the desert on a whole caravan of Christians, and whose bones are now bleaching on the sands.' 'What of that?' said the adversary, 'their souls were all saved.'"

"And I," said another, 'drove the hurricane against a ship freighted with Christians, and they were all drowned in the sea.' And what of that? again said the adversary, 'you did but shorten their way to glory; for they too were all saved.'"

"And I," said another, thinking he had done a more acceptable work, 'I kindled persecution against a little band of disciples, and as they refused to abjure their faith, they were all burnt at the stake.' 'Fool,' said the adversary in his anger, 'you only sent them to a brighter crown in heaven.'"

"And I," said another, 'cannot boast of much; for I have been ten years trying to get a single Christian asleep; but at last I have succeeded, and he is slumbering still.' 'Well done,' cries his master, 'that is indeed a feat worth achieving; and a smile of satisfaction arose to his lips.'"

"And I," said still another, 'I underly influence and little temptations and gradual backslidings, have finally got the great mass of a church asleep, so that they live on about as the world live; and what is more, they do not seem alarmed at their state.' At that the devil shouted, and all the night-stars of hell sang for joy. —Ch. Almannack.

The Preacher and the Beggar.

"Hath not God chosen the poor in this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the Kingdom which he hath promised to them that love Him." (James ii. 5.)

A great divine prayed to God during the space of eight years that he would show him to a man who might teach him the true way to heaven. It was said to him at length, "Go to such a church porch, and there shalt thou find a man who will instruct thee in the spiritual life." Accordingly he went, and found a poor beggar, very meanly clad. He saluted him in these words, "God give you a good day my friend!" The poor man answered, "Sir, I do not remember that I ever had an evil day." The doctor said, "God give you a good day and happy life!" "Why say you that?" replied the beggar, "I never was unhappy." "God bless you, my friend," said the doctor; "pray tell me what you mean." He replied, "That I shall willingly do. I told you first I never had one evil day; for when I have hunger, I praise God; if it rain, hail, snow, or freeze, be it fair or foul; or if I am despoiled or ill-used, I return God thanks; so I never had an ill day. Nor have I ever been unhappy since I have learned always to resign myself to his will, being very certain of this, that all his works are perfectly good; and therefore I never desire anything else but the good pleasure of God." Then, said the doctor,—"but what if the good pleasure of God should be to cast you hence into hell?" "If He would do so," replied the other, "I have two arms to embrace Him with; the one whereof is a profound humility, by which I am united to His holy humanity; the other is love or charity, which joins us to his divinity. Embraced with these two arms, he would descend with me thither, if either He ordered me; and there I had infinitely rather be with Him, than in paradise without Him." Hereby the doctor