

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH McLEOD,

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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Whole No. 743.

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JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Dec. 5, 1867.

## The Intelligencer.

### CHRIST TO THE CHRISTIAN IN THE FUTURE.

The turmoil, inequality and injustice of the present life will not always continue. There will be a time when order will be produced out of confusion, and every individual will appear in his true light and receive his due reward. The mere fact of the judgment disclosing every secret, bringing to light the character of every individual and serving as a common leveler of all ranks and conditions must be a theme pleasant or the Christian to contemplate. It must be such indeed, when he considers his present trying circumstances and his future glorious condition.

It must also be a precious thought to the Christian that Christ, who once partook of his weakness and infirmities, and still sustains to him the relations of teacher, friend and intercessor, is also to be his final Judge. He cannot but feel that no individual will receive the least injustice at the hand of such a being, and that although his own sins will appear in all their homeliness, they will not be chargeable to his account, for the Judge himself has borne them.

Has the Christian been in any degree alarmed in view of the judgment, and has he been accustomed to clothe the Judge in a forbidding aspect? If so, it may be in consequence of a deep sense of his own unworthiness, or because his sins so separate him from his Saviour as to cause him to dread to appear in his presence. He may be assured, however, that whatever the manner in which Christ shall deal with him may be, he will exercise no qualities inconsistent with his love and mercy, for these will be manifest even in his justice. There is, in fact, no true love nor mercy devoid of justice; nor, on the other hand, is there justice devoid of love and mercy. God is just only so far as he is loving, and he is loving only so far as he is just.

It is also a precious thought to the Christian that when he shall have passed the Jordan of death, stood acquitted at the judgment, and shall have entered upon his full fraction, he will enjoy the society of Him who redeemed him by his blood, instructed him in his ignorance, sustained him in temptation's hour, was his support in weakness and constantly watched over him and plead his cause with the Father. Not merely for a season will the Christian enjoy his society, but eternally. There will be no separation.

That same Being who has been so precious to the Christian in this life, upon the excellence and loveliness of whose character he has so often delighted to meditate, will constitute the chief attraction of the heavenly world, and when he shall have sung his praises for ages on ages, his preciousness will be in no degree or manner diminished, but will ever increase in fulness and intensity.—*Mor. Star.*

### THE ROOM IN THE OLD HOUSE.

Fifty years ago the Hon. George Nelson built himself a prodigious fine house. At all events, that is what the people of that generation called it. A tall thin man was Hon. George Nelson—eyes eagle-like, face striking, even among the nobles; frame willowy and elegant. What had he not that might not constitute a man's happiness? Friends, health, honors, wealth, wife and children, leisure to cultivate his aesthetic tastes—many a man envied the Hon. George Nelson.

But alas for the fair promise of fruit at whose core lies the worm that will surely destroy it! This man so affluent in externals, was at the heart an atheist. He had no belief in goodness—did not know the meaning of faith—sneered if a Christian axiom was spoken—loved argument for the sake of giving Christian people pain. Yet outside he was so fair. People would sometimes remark that amidst all his luxuries his wife often wore a look of care or sorrow. The poor soul through deep tribulation, known only to God and herself had found the pearl of great price. But she was forced to keep it as a hidden treasure. Many a time, when he had gone for a while, did she gather her children about her, read to them some sweet and sacred passages from the blessed book, sing a little song of Zion, and kneeling in their midst, pray as only a nearly heart-broken mother can pray. But alas! how often were beautiful exercises followed by the sad words—

"Children, you needn't say anything to papa about this."

"But why not?" the eldest would ask at first. "Because, my dear, it is my wish." Her gentle heart would not compromise her husband and father, and her word was law with her children. A brave and beautiful house it was, built under this man's constant supervision, and he was very proud of it, when, on its completion, he gave a supper and a ball.

"Long life and good fortune" was drank to the host, and he responded eloquently. He expected long life—all his ancestors had died at an advanced age; as to good fortune, it had always been his. That was the sum and substance of his reply.

That night the soul fled shrieking from its tenement. In oversteering some part of the premises, a door forgotten by him, opened outward, and he was precipitated twenty feet, and his back broken. They say who watched the sufferer, that never was there seen a sadder deathbed than that of the man who looked for long life and happiness here, and for hereafter, nothing.

Three weeks ago I called at the same house. Its glory had long departed. It was reached from noisome alleys—its passages were choked with dirt, its costly ornaments defaced and broken. The shoemaker's tap, the splash of the homely landress, the click of the needle, were heard in many of the rooms. Filled with emigrants, it had sadly fallen to the level of a tenement house. How little did the princely owner anticipate this change!

I thought of this as I stood in the room where it was said, the rich man had died—where Benny's father was now dying.

Benny was a new-boy—one of those sharp-featured, old young-faced children, who do battle with the world long before they are able to carry its weapons. But Benny was a good lad—how could he be anything else with that father? For could I paint the countenance lying upon the coarse tow pillow, it would be that of a saint—ay,

an almost glorified saint. So constant was the heavenly presence, that one saw the lineaments of Christ reflected in the thin, worn features, the loving beauty of Divinity stamped on every feeble smile.

He held out his hand, with the words,—  
"I'm glad to see you. The heavenly shore is almost in sight."

"Tongue cannot express  
My sweet comfort and peace."

I very seldom talked much when I went to see Benny's father; I was rather a listener, a learner. Now I saw the face was stamped as only death can change humanity. I gazed round the large, airy abode, then felt the cross and groans of the dying abashed, then felt the soul-subduing calm that trust in Christ gives at such an hour.

The rich man lies under a costly marble monument, and Benny's father, who died in the same room, has neither head nor footstone at his grave. But better than marble for him, the lofty pedestal of faith in the Crucified—from which as from a stepping-stone, he passed into the portals of his Redeemer's house. The birds sing above his ashes—I know that loving angels guard them.—*W. & R.*

### THE BLESSED BIBLE.

In Scotland, during the time of bloody persecution, when Claverhouse was marching about the country, driving people from their homes, burning their houses, and putting many godly people to death, a pious father told his family that there were soldiers near, and they must hasten to the next village where there was a strong old church. The fugitives could use as a fort. So he told them to take the big Bible for her load, and that she must be very careful not to let it get wet, or lost by the way. "For we could not live," said he, "without the good book." So she wrapped a gown around the Bible and started with her father and mother, each of whom carried a child.

They had to cross a brook, but they did not dare to go by the bridge, lest they should be captured by the enemy. There was a place where they thought they could cross on some stepping stones, but on reaching the place it had become quite dark. So Jeanie's father waded across, and carried the others one by one, until she was left alone. Jeanie was much afraid to be left there by herself, so she started to cross after her father, stepping carefully from stone to stone. But presently her foot slipped, and down she went to the bottom. At the same time up went her arms, holding the precious burden over her head. The water came up to her waist, but bracing herself firmly against the rapid current, she walked bravely on across the stream, and had nearly reached the shore, with the dear old book lifted as high as she could raise it, when she met her father returning to bring her.

"Father," she cried, you told me to take care of the dear old Bible, and I have done so."

Just as she said this, they heard several pistol shots and the sound of approaching horsemen. They soon hid themselves in a little cleft of the rocks, and were not discovered.

Jeanie married in later years, and now has great-grandchildren living in this country. The old Bible became hers after her father's death, and in it were written the names of her seven children. It is still in a very good condition, in the possession of her descendants.

Jeanie never forgot that dreadful night when she carried the old Bible through the deep waters, and when she was dying, she seemed to be dreaming of it, and said:

"I am in the deep river—in the deep river, but I'll hold up the dear old Bible! I'll take the book! I'll take the book!" and soon she ceased to breathe.

That brave girl wading through the waters and holding up the Bible, is like the Christian Church marching through rivers of persecution and streams of blood, ever holding up the Word of God, that it might be kept and safely handed down to the generations following.—*S. S. Visitor.*

### COMMERCIAL HONOR.

If all laws for the collection of debt were abolished, we believe it would be vastly better for the commerce of the world. Only men of Christian honor and integrity could then obtain credit, litigation would be diminished, and financial crises would be unknown. The *Watchman and Reflector* has the following bearing upon this subject:

Two centuries ago it was thought an insult in the Highlands of Scotland to ask a note from a debtor. It was considered the same as saying: "I doubt your honor." If parties had small business matters to transact together, they stepped out into the open air, fixed their eyes on the heavens, and each repeated his obligation with no mortal witness. A mark was then carved on some rock or tree near by, to be a remembrance of the compact. Such a thing as a breach of contract, we are told, was then very rarely met with, so highly did the people regard their honor, and so truly did they fear Him beneath whose eye they performed such acts.

When the march of improvement brought in the new mode of doing business, they were often pained by these innovations. An anecdote is handed down of a farmer who had been to the Lowlands and learned worldly wisdom. On returning to his native parish, he had need of a sum of money, and made bold to ask a loan of a gentleman of means, named Stewart. This was cheerfully granted, Mr. Stewart counting out the gold on his library table. This done, the farmer took a pen and wrote a receipt, and offered it to the gentleman.

"What is this, man?" cried Mr. Stewart, sternly eyeing the piece of paper.

"It is a receipt, sir, binding me to give ye back yer gold at the right time," replied Sandy.

"Binding ye?" Well, my man, if ye canna trust yerself I'm sure I'll na trust ye! Ye canna ha' my gold!" and gathering it up, he put it back in his desk and turned his key on it.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the canny Scotchman, bringing up an argument in favor of his new wisdom, "and my sons might refuse it to ye. But this bit o' paper wad compel them."

### POPEY AN ENEMY OF GOOD MORALS.

Some, perhaps, may be inclined to account for the increased prevalence of crime in Roman Catholic countries by assigning other causes than the presence and influence of the Romish church. But certainly human nature is the same in all lands; and while external influences and modifying circumstances may indeed in some measure affect the state of morals, it is inconceivable that these should universally operate, in all climates and in every age, to the evident greater deterioration of lands under the rule of the Pope. The conclusion is irresistible that these gross immoralities are the result, the natural fruit of Rome's teaching. The whole system tends to produce exactly this state of things. The people are taught to believe that sins can be forgiven by the priest, and are thus actually encouraged to yield to the promptings of a corrupt heart. When the favor of heaven can be purchased for a few pence, why should men endeavor to secure it by a life of self-denial and virtue?—why follow the despised, humble and meekly attired Jesus, in the narrow way, with few companions, when taught from early infancy to believe that the gay, the worldly, and even the immoral multitude, being within the church, are sure of entering into the bliss of heaven? With no just sense of the heinousness of sin as a violation of divine law; with no fear of the righteous indignation of Almighty God, in fact, with conscience thoroughly debauched by the teachings of the priest, what shall restrain them from the commission of any crimes they may desire to commit? Whatever be their sin, money paid to the priest can secure absolution. Could any system be devised better adapted to spread vice, disorder and crime; to dissolve the bonds of civil society? If men were left without any religion, it is believed that even the natural conscience, unlightened by divine revelation, would prompt to a purer code of morals than that of Rome. It could devise no worse. Popery is Satan's masterpiece.

Another powerful agent in producing these abominable immoralities, there can be no doubt, is the confessional. The influence of this can be bad and only bad, both on the minds of those who recount all their sins to the confessor and on the mind of the priest. The heart of Father Confessor is a receptacle for all the villanies and immoralities of an entire congregation. If these do not corrupt even one who holds his office under the authority of St. Peter, he must be more than human. But, alas! we have innumerable evidences all around us that the priests are men of like passions with others. And being thoroughly defiled in mind by becoming familiar with all forms of sin, their influence must be pernicious. The listener becomes the tempted one, the tempted in time becomes the tempter. The community, which was to be led by him to virtue and holiness, first familiarized him with sin, then taught him to pity it, then to love it, then embrace it. He becomes to his flock a minister of death, feeding the soul on falsehood, and luring the sinner on the broad road to perdition, by exhibiting to his astonished gaze the glittering baubles of self-righteousness, obtained by the observance of certain ceremonies.

The practice of the popes in dispensing with oaths, obligations and contracts, and absolving subjects from allegiance to their lawful sovereigns in cases where kings rebel against the authority of Rome, has had no little influence in producing immoralities, and in proving popery utterly devoid of any sense of right. It is a cardinal principle with Rome that "no faith is to be kept with heretics." Gregory IX. decreed, "Be it known to all who are under the dominion of heretics, that they are set free from every tie of fealty and duty to them; all oaths and solemn agreements to the contrary notwithstanding." Pope Innocent VIII., in his bull against the Waldenses, gave to his nuncio "a full and entire license to grant to every one of the soldiers of the crusade, a permission to so and fully possess the goods, moveable and immovable (of the Waldenses), and to absolve all who are bound by contract to assign and pay anything to them."

Gregory VII., in a solemn council held at Rome, enacted: "We, following the statutes of our predecessors, do, by our apostolic authority, absolve all those from their oath of fidelity who are bound to excommunicated persons, either by duty or oath, and we loose them from every tie of obedience." Martin V. says: "Be assured thou sindest morally if thou keep thy faith with heretics."

And this regular dogma of Roman infallibility has on several occasions been practically interpreted by the representatives of the only true church on earth! John Huss was conducted to the Council of Constance under the solemn pledge of protection from the Emperor. The council, however, condemned the reformer as a heretic, and ordered him to be burnt at the stake. In vain the Emperor interposed, pleading his pledged word of honor. It was solemnly declared: "The person who has given the safe conduct to come hither, shall not, in this case, be obliged to keep his promise, by whatever tie he may have engaged," and poor Huss perished in the flames! Did ever faithlessness and satanic ingenuity in devising rules of casuistry excel that? It is only equaled by the treachery of Judas. Even he, however, did not attempt a deliberate defence of his utter want of fidelity; conscience was not utterly seared. In the bitterness of remorse he exclaimed, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood!" But to this day from the lips of the Romish church no single word has escaped expressive of the slightest regret in having—not merely on this occasion, but on hundreds of others—deliberately broken faith and consigned to the rack, the dungeon, or the flames, those whose only crime was, that they loved Christ, the Bible, and a pure Christian life more than the Scarlet Mother on the seven hills of Rome.

In the remembrance of such deeds it is with a sense of holy satisfaction that the follower of Jesus reads, "Her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities." And the prayer of the devout soul is, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," to the deliverance of the struggling church; vindicate truth and justice; let the voice of the angel be heard above the waves of earth's turmoil, saying, "It is fallen, it is fallen, Babylon the great."

And the maxims laid down for the direction of confessors in the discharge of their duties, with the faithful, are worthy of a passing glance. "After a son has robbed his father of a compensation, the confessor need not enforce restitution, if he has taken no more than the just recompense of his

labor." "Servants may steal from their masters as much as they judge their labor is worth more than the wages they receive." There would seem to be some virtue in doing the deed secretly. Perhaps, like the Spartans of old, they deem theft honorable if so adroitly done as to escape detection. And how convenient the standard by which to determine how much may be taken without sin—as much as the Holy Catholic judges his or her labor more than the wages received. Some servants, under such instruction, would no doubt learn to put a very high estimate on their services; but no matter, they have the authority of an immaculate, infallible church for so doing. Not only are servants allowed to steal from their employers, but even wives may steal from their husbands. "A woman may take the property of her husband to supply her spiritual wants, and to act as other women act."

For the practical carrying out of their cherished principle, "the end justifies the means," the injured Catholic is told, "If a calumniator will not cease to publish calumnies against you, you may kill him, not publicly, but secretly, to avoid scandal." Again, "It is lawful to kill an accuser whose testimony may jeopard your life and honor." And to make Satan's code of infamous morals as convenient as possible to those retaining some slight traces of undemonized human nature it is further affirmed, "In all the above cases when a man has a right to kill any person, another may do it for him, if affection move the murderer." We know it may indeed be said these precepts are not widely known, nor generally practiced; they are only found in Rome's books—and are in fact merely a portion of the legacy of the dark ages, and to hold Rome to account for them is in every sense and to the highest degree unfair. No, not unfair, for a church which assumes the right to place its ban on every immoral issue from the press, to tell the world what to believe, what to read and how to act, and has gone to the most distant publishing houses of the civilized world to drag thence for condemnation the principles of Protestantism, surely might take the trouble to expunge these and similar teachings from books written by her own sons, and believed to have her sanction.

Did space permit we might easily prove that unblushing atheism is one of the natural fruits of Popery. In every Catholic country of the present day the more intelligent classes of society are either infidel, or if possible worse still, atheistic. Without pausing to ascertain whether Popery is condemned or taught in Scripture, but presuming that it is all it claims to be, the only form of religion having the sanction of the Bible, they deliberately reject God's revealed will as a guide to morality, holiness and happiness. To receive as a boon from our Father in heaven, a book which it believed, wrongly indeed, yet firmly believed, sanctions such enormities, crimes and hypocrisies, is justly considered an asperser on the Creator. Accordingly they look upon it as a cunningly devised fable, admirably adapted to bind the fetters of despotism on an ignorant people, precisely fitted to uphold and enrich an arrogant priesthood, but no guide to the sin-burdened soul on the way to peace and eternal favor with God. Some, however, of the educated in Romish countries, perhaps the greater number, do not pause short of atheism. In rejecting a system of religion which cannot command even common respect, they also reject also the true Jehovah, who although worthy the devout homage of every heart, is so dishonored by those who profess to serve him, as to be despised by those outside of the church claiming to be his. By the excesses of Popery they are drawn away from the Bible and God and driven to atheism. Consciously or unconsciously they have reasoned, if this be the only true religion of the only true God (and they who claim talent, knowledge and piety so affirm), then we deliberately prefer to believe there is no God. The atheism, which in the bloody excesses of the French revolution disgraced humanity, was the legitimate offspring of Romanism.—*Norwood.*

### THE SILENT CLERK.

A gentleman of high position and great wealth in the city of Pittsburgh was converted some years ago. He was a man of much earnestness and admirable social qualities. From the moment of his conversion he took a decided stand for Christ and his cause. He wrote letters to all his impenitent friends, informing them of the change he had experienced, and inviting them, as Moses did Hophy, to join him journeying to the "good land."

It was my pleasure to ride with this gentleman in his buggy, soon after his conversion to Washington, Pa., a distance of twenty-six miles. During that journey he gave a full and most interesting account of his religious experiences. At the close of it, I said to him: "Mr. M., what, in your judgment, has contributed most to the happy change you have just related to me?" He promptly replied: "The example of one of my clerks." His answer interested me deeply, and I begged him to explain himself more fully. To this request he responded substantially as follows:

When I commenced business some eighteen years ago, I employed a gentleman as bookkeeper who was a member of the Associate Reformed church. He was a quiet, but holy man. His religion was in his life, rather than on his tongue. He soon won my profound respect, and his example became a power over me.

"I was profane at that time, and uttered oaths on the slightest provocation. My clerk never reproved me for this, but I saw that every profane expression of mine gave him pain. Out of regard to his feelings, I gradually laid aside the habit of profane swearing, until I ceased to utter oaths on any occasion.

"I was also at that time very irascible; and if one of the men employed by me—in any way provoked me, I had no hesitation in letting him instantly feel my foot or my fist. I could not but observe that this was extremely painful to my book-keeper, though he uttered no word to that effect.

### HYMNS.

"I love to steal awhile away."

The circumstances under which this beautiful hymn, justly a general favorite, was written, may not be known to all our readers. Its author, Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown, was an intelligent, pious woman, who labored industriously to support a large family of children. She was wont, after the toils of the day were over, at the quiet twilight hour, to ramble to a neighboring grove, where, alone and unobserved, she might spend an hour in meditation and prayer. A wealthy lady, who lived near Mrs. Brown, seeing her go often to this retreat, without knowing her object, censured her severely, in the presence of other persons, for her "rambles," and told her "she had better be at home with her children." Mortified at being charged with neglecting her family, and deeply wounded that her retirement for communion with God had excited evil surmises, Mrs. Brown remained at home that evening, and, with her babe on her knee, wrote her "Apology for my Night Rambles." A friend found this beautiful gem among her manuscripts and sent it to Dr. Nettleton, who inserted it in a collection of hymns he was then preparing. Mrs. Brown was doubtless successful in bringing up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, as one of them, we are informed, attached to the Dutch Reformed Church, was the first American missionary to Japan.—*Religious Herald.*

### RANDOM READINGS.

OBSERVED duties maintain our credit, but secret duties maintain our life.

"Every idle word!" O blessed God! what shall become of those who love to prate continually!—*Jeremy Taylor.*

To live nobly, we must be noble; and we become noble by resolutely banishing every unworthy thought and feeling.

Some persons are above our anger, others below it. To contend with our superiors is indiscretion, and with our inferiors is dignity.

We should never go in the way of temptation for the purpose of trying the strength of our virtues. If Achan handles the golden wedge, his next work will be to steal it.

ENEMIES are as necessary to the proper development of the full grown man as friends. When lived that man that can stand to anything but could count his enemies by the scores!

If those who sneer at practical religion would only seek it for themselves, and make a fair trial of it, their lips would be sealed to scoffs, and only opened in grateful praise. I never heard of a sincere Christian who pronounced Christianity an imposture or a failure. Have you?

The philosopher Anaximander effectually provided for his not being forgotten, when, being asked by the magistrates at Lampsacum, where he had resided, what they should do to honor his memory, he made the seemingly small and simple request that the boys might have leave to play on the anniversary of his death.

DR. BELLINGS writes from Berlin to the *Liberal Christian*: "The education to cleanliness, decent manners, good carriage and respectful behavior, which this great cultured Prussia secures, is something most instructive to see. The soldiers do not look brutal, coarse, or sensual. There is some secret about their training which neither the French nor English have caught."

FLOWERS "the poetry of nature and the beauty of the sweet spring-time, are left us as mementoes of the ancient paradise. They speak a language, and that is the language of purity and love. They also serve to show us the vanity of all things terrestrial. These beautiful emblems of purity act as so many finger-pointers, to point us back to Eden's lovely bowers, intimating to us the happiness of that place, and to point us to the lowly plains of the paradise yet to come.

Worship—true worship—is to pour out the whole heart in fervent prayer unto thy God; to be prostrate before him both in body and spirit. The Bible everywhere represents the worshippers of the Divine Being as either kneeling or falling prostrate before him during the time of worship. The practice of standing or sitting in time of prayer is utterly without warrant in the Holy Scriptures, and contrary to the whole genius and spirit of the Christian religion. The spirit of inspiration saith: "On! come let us all bow down together; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker."

REMARKABLE TREE.—In the birch-wood of Caladen, Scotland, there is a remarkable tree, well worthy of note. About thirty years ago a young giant of the forest was blown down, and fell across a deep gulch or ravine, which it completely spanned, and at the top, branches took root on the other side. From the parent stem no less than fifteen trees have grown up preponderantly, all in a row; and they still flourish in their splendor, while the parent stem evinces no token of decay. Several of the trees are not less than thirty feet high. The tree is a birch.

AN INCONVERTIBLE CROWN.—A French officer, who was a prisoner upon his parole at Reading, met with a Bible; he read it, and was so impressed with its contents that he was convinced of the folly of skeptical principles, and of the truths of Christianity, and resolved to become a Protestant. When his gay associates rallied him for taking so serious turn, he said in his vindication: "I have done no more than than my old school-fellow, Bernadotte, who has become a Lutheran."

"Yes, but he became so," said his associates, "to obtain a crown."

"My motive," said the Christian officer, "is the same; we only differ as to the place. The object of Bernadotte is to obtain in Sweden; mine is to obtain a crown in heaven."

WHAT CAN YOU CALL YOUR OWN?—A little heathen child was asked by her teacher if there was anything she could call her own. She hesitated a moment, and, looking up, very humbly replied "I think there is."

"What is it?" asked the teacher.

"I think," said the child, "that my sins are my own."

A sight of Christ's glory while we are here in this world is a good preparation for our sufferings with him, as these are preparations for the sight of his glory in the other world. Paul, who had abundance of trouble, had abundance of revelations.—*Matthew Henry.*