

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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The Intelligencer.

SKETCH OF IRISH HISTORY.

The affairs of Ireland are, at the present time, occupying a great deal of attention; it has been thought, therefore, that a brief outline of the history of that country might not be unacceptable to some of our readers.

The ancient history of Ireland is enveloped in considerable mystery and uncertainty. The first historians, like those of most other countries, pretend to great antiquity, but the accounts seem to be fabulous. The word Ireland was evidently derived from *oir*, which in the Celtic tongue signifies west. About 350 years before Christ the Belgæ crossed the Channel, invaded Britain, and so extended themselves over the kingdom that a great many of the inhabitants, who had gradually retired before the enemy, were obliged to pass over into Ireland, which was then uninhabited. These, during successive years, continued to be joined by others in similar circumstances, and in A. D. 150, the island is represented as being full of people who were distinguished among the Britons by the general name of *Scots* or *Scots*, meaning wanderers or refugees.

Saint Patrick, the great apostle of Ireland was employed about the middle of the fifth century in the propagation of Christianity through this land, and under his ministry the progress of the Christian faith was very rapid. He died in the year 493, more than a century before St. Augustine was sent to convert the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity. After this period, Ireland was occasionally invaded by the Saxons kings of England, and about the year 800 by the Danes and Norwegians, who appear to have been the first inhabitants that erected stone edifices in this country. The natives defended themselves with great bravery against the invaders, who were therefore prevented from exploring the interior of the country, and were long content to settle upon the coasts, where they built Dublin, Limerick, Waterford, Wexford, and Cork. By imperceptible degrees, however, they became masters of the whole island driving the original inhabitants to seek shelter in the Isle of Man and the Western Isles of Scotland, where they established a kingdom and became powerful. In the twelfth century, Ireland was subdivided into five separate kingdoms, viz., Ulster, Leinster, Meath, Connaught, and Munster. In addition to these, there were several petty principalities, which were subservient to the monarchs of the larger divisions of the country.

In the reign of Henry II., in the year 1172, Ireland was annexed to the English crown. Dermot Macmurogh, King of Leinster, having been expelled from his kingdom for carrying away the wife of one of the inferior princes, fled to England to solicit the friendship and support of Henry II., of England, offering to hold his crown in vassalage. Henry needed but little persuasion on this subject, and, therefore, in 1169, Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, with several adventures, was directed to attempt the conquest of the country. This expedition failed, through jealousies among the leading persons, and therefore, in 1172, Henry landed in person near Waterford. The Irish sovereigns were not long able to hold out against his invading force, and at last Rodric O'Connor, the King of Leinster, submitted to him. Henry held a Parliament in Dublin, and formed a civil administration for the government of the whole kingdom, as nearly similar as possible to the laws of England. King Henry gave the title of Lord-Lieutenant to his son John. The succeeding monarchs of England seem to have maintained their ascendancy in Ireland until the reign of Henry VIII., who, not being content, like his predecessors, with the title of Lord of Ireland, thought proper to assume that of king. This highly gratified the native Irish, and produced happier effects than any other in effecting the submission of the whole kingdom. In the reign of Elizabeth, a rebellion broke out, headed by Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone. He defied for some time the arms of Sir John Norris, the English commander, and defeated his successor, Sir Henry Bagnall, in a battle at Blackwater, where 1,500 men, with their general himself, were left dead on the field. The victory, so unusual to the Irish, roused their courage, supplied them with arms and ammunition, and raised the reputation of O'Neill. The English council, sensible that the rebellion was now come to a dangerous head, resolved to push the war by more vigorous measures, and the Earl of Essex prevailed upon Elizabeth to appoint him governor of Ireland, by the title of Lord-Lieutenant. He levied an army of 18,000 men, but Essex found himself unable to effect anything against the enemy, and by long, tedious marches, and by sickness, his numbers were reduced to 4,000 men. A cessation of arms was at last agreed upon, and Essex received from O'Neill proposals for a peace.

In the reign of Charles I., another rebellion took place. A gentleman named Roger More, much celebrated among his countrymen for valor and capacity, formed the project of expelling the English, and engaged all the heads of the native Irish in the conspiracy, especially Sir Phelim O'Neill and Lord Maguire. The commencement of the revolt was fixed on the approach of winter, that there might be more difficulty in transporting forces from England. The Irish, every where intermingled with the English, needed but a hint from their leaders and priests to begin hostilities against a people whom they hated on account of their religion, and envied for their riches and prosperity. The houses, cattle, and goods of the unwary English were first seized. After rapacity had fully exerted itself, a universal massacre commenced. No age, no sex, no condition was spared. But death was the slightest punishment inflicted by those rebels; all the tortures, which wanton cruelty could devise, all the lingering pains of body, the anguish of mind, the agonies of despair, could not satiate the revenge of the Irish. Amidst all these enormities the sacred name of religion resounded on every side. The English, considered as heretics, abhorred of God, and detestable to all holy men, were marked out by the priest for slaughter; and, of all actions to rid the world of these declared enemies to Catholic faith and piety, was represented as most meritorious. The English colonies were totally annihilated in the open country of Ulster, whence the flames of rebellion diffused themselves in an instant over the other three provinces of Ireland. In all places death and slaughter were not uncommon, though the Irish in these other provinces pretended to act

with moderation and humanity. But cruel and barbarous was their humanity! Not content with expelling the English from their homes, with wasting their cultivated fields, they stripped them of their very clothes, and turned them out naked and defenceless to all the severities of the season. The heavens themselves, as if conspiring against the unhappy people, were armed with cold and tempestuous to the climate, and executed what the merciless sword had left unfinished. Dublin alone was saved, which preserved in Ireland the remains of the English name. The number of those who perished by all these cruelties is variously estimated at from 40,000 to 200,000.

In the time of Cromwell, Ireland was reduced to total subjection. He treated it entirely as a conquered province, and his administration, in its terrible violence and severity, was at least equal to the previous severities and cruelties of the Romanists.

The Crown, from the Norman invasion of England, enjoyed the power of appointing bishops. It possessed rights of presentation to livings where it had been the private proprietor, and it acquired further similar rights by forfeiture. The appointment of Irish bishops previous to the Reformation lay in the Crown, with the sanction of the Pope. Queen Mary removed five of Edward VI.'s bishops, and Queen Elizabeth removed two of Queen Mary's, who refused to take the oath of supremacy to her. Upon the succession of Queen Elizabeth the bulk of the bishops and clergy conformed to the principles of the Reformation, and remained in possession of the revenues they had previously enjoyed. The argument so often adduced, that the Irish Reformed Church, despoiled the Roman Catholic—this argument, if of any force, is equally applicable to England, but it is not sustained by fact. The hierarchy and clergy of the Church in both countries adopted the principles of the Reformation, and remained in possession of the revenues. No attempt was made to establish a separate church in Ireland in connection with the Sea of Rome until the Synod of Drogheda, held in the reign of James II., A. D. 1613. It is unfortunate that the Irish Reformed Church did not adopt the Irish language for its service and preaching. The use of the English language created a barrier between the people and the clergy which has never been got over.

In 1801, the Parliaments of England and Ireland were united. This union had for many years been discussed as a speculative question, but recent disturbances in Ireland had forced it upon the serious attention of the Government. The King (George III.), on opening the Parliament (Jan. 22d, 1800), alluded to the subject, and a few days afterwards, William Pitt brought forward a series of resolutions, which were carried after considerable debate. A bill embodying these resolutions passed both Houses in the following May. The main provisions were that 100 Irish members should be added to the English House of Commons, and 32 Irish peers to the House of Lords—four spiritual and 28 temporal—whose seats were to be for life. The measure also passed both Houses of the Irish Parliament, and it was agreed that the Union should commence on Jan. 1st, 1801. On that day a council was held, consisting of the most eminent dignitaries of Church and State, including the royal princes, &c., by which proclamations were issued for making the necessary changes in the king's title, the national arms, and the liturgy.

During the debates on the Union, the Irish Catholics had remained almost neutral, and what little feeling they displayed was in its favour. This is attributable to their hatred of the Orangemen, the warmest opponents of a union, as well as to the expectation that their demands would be more favourably considered in a united Parliament than by a separate Irish legislature. One of the most important acts of the Union was one relating to the union of the Church of England and the Protestant Church of Ireland. This was provided for in the following way:—

ARTICLE 5 (ACT OF UNION, 39 AND 40 GEORGE III.).

"That it be the fifth article of union, that the churches of England and Ireland, as now by law established, be united into one Protestant Episcopal Church, to be called the United Church of England and Ireland; and that the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government of the said United Church shall be, and shall remain in full force forever, as the same are now by law established for the Church of England; and that the continuance and preservation of the said United Church, as the Established Church of England and Ireland, shall be deemed and taken to be an essential and fundamental part of the Union; and that in like manner the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government of the Church of Scotland shall remain and be preserved as the same are now established by law, and by the Act for the union of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland."

As this Union is not yet seventy years old, and was effected by Parliament, it is clear that it is within the power of the Parliament to dissolve it. In 1829, Sir Robert Peel introduced the Catholic Relief Bill. By this measure a different form of oath was substituted for the oath of supremacy; and there were no offices from which Roman Catholics were now excluded, except those of Regent, Lord Chancellor of England and of Ireland, and of Vicar of Ireland. By way of security, the franchise in Ireland was raised from 40s. to £10, and certain regulations were made respecting the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion. The bill was carried through both Houses with considerable majorities. It was not attended, however, with all the beneficial consequences which its supporters had confidently predicted. The Irish Catholics soon proceeded to use the new political power which they had obtained more for the interests of the Catholic Church than for the good of the empire.

In 1831 there were great disturbances. Daniel O'Connell, the great advocate of the claims of the Irish Roman Catholics, raised a cry for the repeal of the Union; and frightful nocturnal disorders and even midday murders, became frequent. There were regular engagements between the police and the peasantry. To remedy this state of things the Government introduced a coercive bill, which while it provided a remedy for many of the grievances complained of, enabled the Lord-Lieutenant to prevent all public meetings of a dangerous character, and to place disturbed districts under martial law. In 1843, when the influence of O'Connell was at its height, he was arrested in

consequence of having used some seditious expressions at a meeting of the Repeal Association. He was condemned of conspiracy and sedition by the Court of Queen's Bench in Dublin. The judgment was afterwards reversed by the House of Lords; but the blow was irreparable, and O'Connell never regained his former influence. His health began visibly to decline, and he died at Genoa in 1847, on his way to Rome, with the double object of benefiting his health and asking the Pope's blessing.

The history of Ireland since this period is within the memory of persons now living. Since O'Connell's death there has been a great exodus of the agricultural population to the United States, so that there are now one-fourth less inhabitants than were found in the island twenty years ago. The disposition to conciliate and pacify Irish discontent has led to various proposals of recent years, the most notable of which is the proposal to disestablish the Irish Protestant Church.—*From the Methodist Recorder.*

DANGERS OF POPULARITY.

Obscurity is generally safety. To be unknown is to avoid danger. When a man becomes conspicuous, acquires popularity as philosopher, politician, author, or preacher, lives in the world's eye, is in every one's mouth, is feted, praised, testimonialized, looked up to, he is in danger. Spiritual pride—against which every Christian man should narrowly watch—is apt to creep upon him, to entwine itself around his soul with its unhealthy fibres, and to lead him to say or do something which will hurt him from the fickle pedestal of popular favour, lay in food for bitter sorrows, and injure the cause of which he was the champion and the advocate. He who knows himself best knows that to walk circumspectly, to cultivate humility, to live under the consciousness of perpetual danger, and to take no step upon which he cannot ask the whole world to look steadily, is the wisest policy of human life. You may have the applause of mankind to-day, but ere nightfall you may do that which will too effectually rob you of it to-morrow. The praise may be speedily turned into reproach, the confidence into suspicion, the admiration into dislike. Your friends will be grieved, the cause you advocated will suffer reproach, and years of past usefulness and honour, instead of redeeming the fatal mistake, will only add to the disaster, and mark it off in deeper and more mournful colours. The idol of yesterday is the shattered, ruined thing of to-day. A sun quenched, a star fallen from heaven, a great light put out by the wiles of the devil, how sad, how painful, how distressing! But is the thing so rare that there is no need of a word of Christian warning, so infrequent that kindly caution is superfluous? Would that it were! We have seen too much of human life to come to any such pleasant conclusion. Shipwrecks do occur, notwithstanding beacons on the dangerous coast, and great men, richly laden with the gifts of God, truth and light, sometimes disappear in a thick cloud, leaving to those who once admired and loved them only the bitter reflection, "Lord, what is man!"

The truth is, Satan is constantly on the watch, studying, like a wily tactician, the weak points of a man's character, and the peculiar circumstances of his daily life and position. We cannot guard the citadel too vigilantly; we cannot pray too fervently. "Lead us not into temptation;" we cannot obey too implicitly the precious precept uttered within view of our danger: "Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand." Popular preachers are usually the subjects of powerful—yes, often of terrible temptations; and, perhaps, none have greater need than they to use the Apostle's exhortation:—"Brethren, pray for us."

"BRING TO THE FOUNTAIN A VESSEL UNCLOSED."—Near the home of my youth stood a running fountain. It was very ancient, the date 1537 being roughly carved on its stone, and above it hung gracefully a willow-tree quite arched, the records of the city asserting that the archbishop who owned that estate before the Reformation had planted it three centuries ago.

I loved that spot; there I would come, and resting on the edge of the granite basin, I would watch the little birds receive in their slender bills the drops which dripped from behind the jet; there too grew some modest flowers fond of shade and moisture, and some ivy which we children had planted, and which seemed very slow in its progress.

One day my father found me there, lost in childish musings. He had in his hand a fastened vial, and to my surprise he bade me hold it under the jet.

"But, father, it is corked; nothing can get into it," I exclaimed.

"And, my child, is not this the very same thing we do, we poor children of men, when we come to the throne of grace and offer petitions without a living faith? The stream is abundant, ever and ever flowing, but they are corked vessels we place under it, hearts hardened and fastened by unbelief. Think of this, my child, and bring to the fountain a vessel unclosed."

Years flow by, and I was no more a child when I witnessed what recalled still more forcibly those words which I never could forget. We were in the high Alps, that crowning creation of the Almighty, which reminds one continually that its Maker found His work "good." After having for several days been transported from one enchanted spot to another, till so much glory had become almost painful to behold, one morning we entered a region so wonderful that every pen has failed in attempting to describe it. Our hearts were full; our minds, released prisoners, felt near heaven—at last they breathed their native air; our souls adored and loved so much the more that Father who had left on this earth such an impress of His might.

Just as we were going down the most beautiful pass, we noticed climbing heavily a number of mountaineers carrying on their shoulders a litter. We drew near, and saw, as we feared to see stretched there some unfortunate traveller. No; it was only a man asleep!—asleep in the presence of what angels would delight to contemplate!—asleep when, had he looked, even his clogged heart must have been stirred and have felt a thrill of life. I then remembered the words of my

father; for was not this man even as he who did not uncork his vial? Were not both an image of the Christian who stands surrounded by the fullest promises, but does not take hold of them? He sleeps, sleeps in indifference, in coldness; sleeps in doubts, when, did he but lift up his eyes, he would behold enough to fill his soul with eternal gratitude.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

Let the world imagine to itself a magnificent Deity, whose government is only general. We adhere to the Lord God of Elijah, and rejoice in his providential superintendence of the *smallest* affairs.

And this God still liveth, a living Saviour, who is always to be found of them that seek him, and is nigh unto them that call upon him. Mighty hosts are encamped about his servants, and when he saith, "come," they come—or "go," they go. And there has been no end to this wonderful providence, even to the present day. Who else was it but the Lord God of Elijah, who but a short time since, in our very midst, so kindly delivered a poor man out of his distress—not, indeed, by a raven, but by a poor little fugitive singing bird? You are all well acquainted with the circumstance. The poor man was sitting at his front door, early in the morning—his eyes red with weeping and his heart crying to heaven, for he was expecting an officer, that very day, to come and sell his property for a small debt, which he could not pay. Whilst sitting thus, with a heavy heart, a little bird flew through the street, fluttering up and down as if in distress, until at length, quick as an arrow, it flew over the good man's head into his cottage, and perched itself upon an empty cupboard. The good man, little imagining who had sent him the bird, closed the door, caught the bird and put it in a cage, where it immediately began to sing very sweetly, and it seemed to him as if it were singing the tune of a favorite hymn, viz., "Fear thou not when darkness reigns;" and as he listened to it, he found himself much soothed and comforted by its melody.

Suddenly a knock is heard at the door. "Ah, it is the officer," thought the poor man, and arose to open it with fear and trembling. But no, it was the servant of a respectable lady. He said that the neighbors had seen a bird fly into his house, and he wished to know if he had caught it. "Oh, yes," answered the poor man, "and here it is." In a few minutes the servant returned, and said: "You have done my mistress a great service, for she sets a high value upon this bird. She is much obliged to you, and requests you to accept this trifle with her thanks." The poor man received it thankfully, and it proved to be neither more nor less than the very sum for which he was sued. Soon after the officer came; the poor man handed him the money, saying, "Here is your money—God has kept me; now leave me in peace."

—*Dr. F. W. Krausmacher.*

THE FLAW HUNTERS.—There are people who have a preternatural faculty for detecting evil, or the appearance of evil, in every man's character. They have a fatal scent for carrion. Their memory is like a museum. I once saw at a medical college, and illustrates all the hideous distortions, and monstrous growths, and revolting diseases, by which humanity can be troubled and afflicted. They think they have a wonderful knowledge of human nature. But it is a blunder to mistake the *Negative Calendar* for a biographical dictionary.

A less offensive type of the same tendency leads some people to find apparent satisfaction in the discovery and proclamation of the slightest defects in the habits of good men and the conduct of public institutions. They cannot talk about the benefits conferred by a great hospital without lamenting some insignificant blot in its laws, and some trifling want of prudence in its management. Speak to them about a man whose good works everybody is admiring, and they cool your ardor by regretting that he is so rough in his manner, or so smooth—that his temper is so hasty, or that he is so fond of applause. They seem to hold a brief, requiring them to prove the impossibility of human perfection. They detect the slightest alloy in the pure gold of human goodness. That there are spots in the sun is with them something more than an observed fact—it takes rank with a *præsumptio* and necessary truths.

There are people, who, if they hear an organ, find out at once which are the poorest stops. If they listen to a great speaker, they remember nothing but some slip in the construction of a sentence, the consistency of a metaphor, or the evolution of an argument. While their friends are admiring the wealth and beauty of a tree whose branches are weighed down with fruit, they have discovered a solitary bough, lost in the golden affluence, on which nothing is hanging.

Poor Hazlitt was sorely troubled with them in his time. "Littleness," he said "is their element, and they give a character of meanness to whatever they touch. They creep, buzz, and fly-blow. It is much easier to crush than to catch these troublesome insects; and when they are in your power, your self-respect spares them."—*Good Words.*

MISSIONS BELONG TO YOU, CHRISTIAN.—In the sphere of Missions all things are yours, Christian. All the new relationships into which grace has introduced you, all the new affluences which grace has constituted, all the eternal prospects which grace has set before you conspire to make Missions a consecrated object of your personal interest and regard. The Missions which go forth are your messengers. The converts are yours also. Do Missions gather the sons of God from the world? They are your brethren. The family of which you are a member is enlarged, and its joys enhanced, by every accession. Are they introduced into the inheritance of the "Saints in light"? They are your fellow-heirs, with whom you are to enjoy eternity. On the other hand, are there any disasters, deletions, apostasies, if they injure your cause, are there any losses, trials, persecutions? They are of your fellow-members, with whom, and for whom, you cannot but suffer. Your future glory is bound up with theirs. Your anticipations of heaven will be all the more joyous from your knowledge, however partial, of those who are gone before you. The better land is receiving one and another occupant from every tribe, and people, and tongue, with whose histories you are conversant, and whose very entrance into glory you seem to have traced from an intimate acquaintance with the records of Missions. It is nothing to you that you will meet with babes in Christ as well as fathers? The first-fruits of an eastern

continent or a southern isle, as well as the matured glory be all the more glorious because shared by a Leang Afa of China, or a Krishna of India, or a Rafaravavy of Madagascar!—*Rev. W. Clarkson.*

HAVE YOU THANKED HIM?—Have you thanked the Lord Jesus Christ for dying for you? You know you are a great sinner!—that the will of God has not been done by you!—that year after year from childhood till now, you have preferred to follow your own desires, and so have madly broken the laws of your Creator! A consciousness of this fact makes you miserable. You know God hates sin, and will punish it, and so you believe you are in danger of being lost! Terrible thought! too dreadful to dwell on! To be shut out from the joys of heaven for ever and ever! But you say that you believe "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;"—that He has died for you,—that you have confessed your sins to God, and besought Him to pardon you for the sake of Christ; and yet you are miserable! you are without peace! How is this? Have you thanked the Lord Jesus for dying for you? Have you thanked Him for buying pardon for you with the price of His precious blood? If not, perhaps this is the reason why you are so unhappy. Follow-sinner, cannot you praise Him for pouring out His life's blood on your behalf? You say He bought pardon for you on the cross! cannot you thank Him for that pardon? Just try to do so now, and your heart will be filled with joy unspeakable. "Now unto Him who loved us, and hath washed us from all unrighteousness in His own blood, to Him be glory."

OBSCURE PASSAGES IN THE BIBLE.—A gentleman, who visits with great regularity the Philadelphia Penitentiary, the inmates of which his piety prompts him to instruct, had given a Bible to a convict, who would ask him at each visit, with much shrewdness, some difficult questions formed from passages of that sacred volume; each time declaring that he would not go if this was not first explained to him. The gentleman was unable to persuade him that it was best for him first to dwell upon those passages which he could easily understand, and which plainly applied to him in his situation. After many fruitless trials to induce the convict to this course, his friendly teacher said:

"What would you think of a hungry man who had not eaten a morsel of food for the last twenty-four hours, and was asked by a charitable man to come in and sit down at a richly covered table, on which were large dishes of choice viands, and also covered ones, the contents of which the hungry man did not know, who, instead of satisfying his exhausted body with the former, raises one cover after another, and insists on finding out what these unknown dishes are composed of; in spite of all the advice of the charitable man to partake of the more substantial dishes, he dwells with obstinate inquiry on nicer compounds, until overcome by exhaustion, he drops down. What would you think of such a man?"

"He was a fool," said the convict, "and I will be no longer. I understand you well."

BE COURTEOUS.—"You had better mend your ways, and go to church," said one citizen to another, whom he met one Sabbath morning.

"What matter is it of yours?" was the curt reply, with a resolve not to be scolded into the church.

Soon after the tones of Mr. Jordan's accented him: "What a beautiful morning! so pleasant, I thought I must get out to church to hear Dr. Charnock—did you ever hear him? They say he is a fine speaker; suppose you go with me."

"I have no seat," was the reply.

"Plenty of room in mine. Come." The man hesitated, but he could not resist the politeness; and he went, not only that Sabbath, but he became a constant attendant upon the house of God, and that day was the beginning of "better things" for himself and his household.—*Messenger.*

A FAITHFUL CHARGE.—A celebrated and faithful preacher, in a charge which he delivered to a young minister at his ordination, thus addressed him: "Let me remind you, sir, that when you come into this place, and address this people, you are not to bring your *little self* with you. I repeat this again, sir, that it may more deeply impress your memory; I say, that you are never to bring your *little self* with you. No, sir, when you stand in this sacred place, it is your duty to hold up your Great Master to your people, in His character, in His offices, in His precepts, in His promises, and in His glory. This picture you are to hold up to the view of your hearers, while you are to stand behind it, and not let so much as your *little self* be seen."

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN.—Rev. Rowland Hill once visited a poor man, of weak intellect, and on conversing with him, said, "Well, Richard, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"To be sure I do; don't you?"

"Heaven is a long way off," said the minister,

"and the journey is difficult."

"Do you think so? I think heaven is very near."

"Most people think it is a very difficult matter to get to heaven."

"I think heaven is very near," said Richard again, "and the way to it is very short; there are only three steps there."

Mr. Hill replied, "Only three steps?"

"And pray," said the pastor, "what do you consider those three steps to be?"

"Those three steps are out of Self, unto Christ, into Glory."

A FEARLESS PREACHER.—Mr. Dod had preached against the prohibition of the Sabbath, which prevailed in his parish, and especially among the more wealthy inhabitants—the servant of a nobleman, who was one of them came to him, and said, "Sir, you have offended my lord-to-day." Mr. Dod replied, "I should not have offended your lord, except he had been conscious to himself that he had first offended his Lord; and if your lord will offend my Lord, let him be offended."

A very eminent writer has said, that although we seem aggrieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age; then to be a man of business; then to arrive at honor; then to retire. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and the next quarter day; the politician would be content to lose three years of his life could he place things in the posture that he fancies they will occupy after such a revolution of time; and the lover would be glad to strike out all the moments of his existence that are to pass away before the next meeting.