

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.]

Vol. XV.—No. 9.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1868.

Whole No. 737.

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JOHN THOMAS.
Fredericton, Dec. 5, 1867.

The Intelligencer.

THE DOUBLE BLESSING, AND HOW IT CAME.

Deacon Gray had a habit, and he carried it through life with him, of making the wants and sufferings of others in some sort his own. The habit, or whatever else it might be called, certainly increased with his years—and his worthy helpmeet, during the long period of their wedded life, through the influence of assimilation, and above all, the heavenly fruits of a sanctified sorrow, had grown to be modeled very nearly after the same pattern.

So when the Deacon sat down, one wild, stormy evening, paper and spectacles in hand, and related the "news"—which was in everybody's mouth, as they seated themselves around cheerful tea-tables and blazing fires, or gathered in social knots at the village store—Mrs. Gray ceased to rock back and forth in her arm chair, cushioned with hen's feathers, and dropped her knitting work, quite regardless of the little black and white kitten at her side, which instantly put the ball to the use a feline fancy suggested.

"And what will become of Jerry?" Fifty other people that day had asked the same question; but coming from good Mrs. Gray's honest, motherly heart, the very words sounded differently, like the same tune played in dissimilar keys.

The Deacon's eye, as it sought the open paper, fell on the shipping list; but it was quickly withdrawn, as if the glance pained him. His answering remark, most persons would have thought a very decided digression from the subject.

"It is just three years to-night, Mary, since we heard our boy was drowned. We were expecting him home from that long voyage, and you put on your best silk dress that he bought for you in Canton, and set the table with the china set."

Mrs. Gray's eyes sought the burning embers, which flashed and flickered, and glowed, as they did on that never-to-be-forgotten night; and pines made another tangle in the yarn.

A pain, sharp, bitter, choking, strangled her reply. William was their only son, the pride of their hearts, a bright-eyed merry boy. But he was born within sight of the sea, and from his earliest childhood, when he built mimic ships, that made wonderful voyages over mimic oceans, all his thoughts and desires centered on the blue heaving waves, with a strange fascination which his fond parents, much as they loved him could not resist.

So William went to sea. It almost broke his mother's heart, but when he came home from his first voyage, looking so handsome and manly, with the rich healthy color flushing his bronzed cheek, it throbbled with such pride and joy as only mother's hearts know.

He had a story to tell. Far away from home, but with all its sweet influences hovering around his path like so many guardian angels, pacing the deck in the starry tropical night-watches, God had met him; not in flame, nor in the earthquake, nor the whirlwind, but in the "still small voice" of love. The prayers of Deacon Gray and his wife were answered, and William went back to his ship, that most noble sight on God's earth, an open-handed, open-hearted Christian sailor.

Then came the shock. It traced broad furrows on the good Deacon's kindly face, bowed his tall, straight form, and silvered his wife's brown hair; but we draw a veil over that fearful night, so fresh in the memories of both. Theirs was a sacred sorrow, and it yielded "the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

"Do you think any of our William's clothes, that you keep in the red trunk, would do for Jerry, with a little fixing?" inquired the Deacon, clearing his voice which had grown husky.

We will not transcribe gentle Mrs. Gray's reply, nor relate the long conversation which followed, extending into the "wee small hours" of the night. Suffice it to say that on the morrow, the Deacon's horse and team took a journey to the hotel where Jerry lived.

The poor boy was cringing on a straw pallet, in one corner, reeking with odors, stern or kindly, to induce him to quit his wretched home, that was home no longer. His father had deserted him when an infant; his mother, in her thirst for liquor, forgot all her maternal instincts, and died one cold stormy night, from the effects of drinking.

Jerry must go to the poor house, the neighbors said; but Jerry had another mind about the matter, and half frightened at the crowd of strange faces, looked about him with a pinched hungry face, and eyes like those of a wild animal at bay. They pitied him, and disliked to employ force; but while deliberating what method to pursue, Deacon Gray entered the hut, and made his way through the crowd straight to Jerry.

"My poor boy, I am sorry for you. If you don't want to go to the poor house, perhaps you will like to go home with me. I have a little boy, and I want one. You shall have some nice clothes to wear, if you will come."

The Deacon waited for no answer. He saw the quick, eager look of the boy's face; the yielding, trustful clasp of his little hand, and drove away with him. Mrs. Gray met them at the door of the pleasant farm-house.

"Take these dirty duds off, the first thing, Mary," said her husband, "and give him his supper, and then he'll do."

Mrs. Gray proposed to name their adopted son William, but her husband objected. "Our boy is not dead, but sleeping," he answered. "We do not want two Williams in the family;" and his wife said no more.

One night as Jerry was bringing in wood through the back door, a stranger opened the gate, and walked up the least bordered path. Jerry had grown to be a fine boy. Kindness and care had worked wonders for him.

"Is Deacon Gray at home?" inquired the stranger.

Jerry answered in the affirmative, and ushered into the great kitchen, where the Deacon was seated with his inevitable companion, the newspaper, while his wife was engaged in preparing the evening meal.

Both turned. A deadly paleness overspread Mrs. Gray's cheeks, and she would have fallen to the floor, but for the supporting arms of the stranger clasped tenderly around her.

"Father, mother, I!" Word and voice were enough. It was indeed their lost William.

"My son. Hath the sea given up its dead?" asked the old Deacon in a husky and tremulous voice.

And William told his story. In a fearful storm which had burst over their vessel in the South Seas, he had fallen overboard, and all the crew supposed him drowned, but he was picked up by some natives in a boat, while clinging to a broken spar, and carried to a neighboring island. The natives were kind, but as vessels very rarely approached the shore, it was two or three years before he succeeded in signaling a ship.

Who shall paint the scene? They gathered around the tea-table, the reunited, too happy to do anything but look into another's face; Jerry's eyes filled with rapturous delight at the return of the new-found brother, whose affectionate greeting dispelled all fears that he regarded him as an intruder. And Mrs. Gray looked from one to the other of her children, feeling that surely God had rewarded her for the hour when, with hot tears blinding her eyes, she had altered William's garments for her adopted son, only thinking of him as lying at the bottom of the ocean. Was she not doubly blessed, and was not her cup of joy "pressed down, shaken together, and running over?" With what emotions did she gaze upon her son so miraculously restored!

And the Deacon said, reverently bowing his gray head, "O God, thank you into the Lord, for He is good, and His mercy endureth forever."

And so "it came to pass," that the declining years of Deacon Gray and his wife were glided with a double glory and blessing, like like shocks of corn fully ripe for the harvest, leaning upon a double prop in the weakness and infirmities of age, they "entered into the joy of their Lord."—*Congregationalist.*

CAN YOU HELP ME TO HEAVEN.

BY REV. C. H. PAYNE.

Two o'clock in the morning of the last day of 1867, my door bell rings with a quick, sudden knock from a nervous hand. Leaping from my bed I raise the window and exclaim "who's there?" "Please sir, Mrs. S. is dying, and wants to see you, she lives at No. 15—B—Street." "I'll be there immediately." Quickly arranging my toilet, I issue forth into the dark night, and hurry through the dimly lighted streets, occasionally glancing over my shoulder, thinking of the usual column of burglars and street assaults with which the evening papers regale its readers, and wondering whether the blow of an assassin, or the crack of a pistol at my head may not give additional zest to my midnight mission. At length the house is reached. The chamber of death is entered. On that bed, and the death-throes of the fearful conflict with the "last enemy," and the young mother, who but a few days before was the gayest of all the giddy rotaries of pleasure. Around her are gathered fond friends, who have been equally thoughtless and worldly, but their tears tell of a heart that has been torn.

I approach the dying woman; she turns her glazed eyes toward me, and with beseeching look exclaims, "I am dying; can you help me to heaven?"

"Jesus stretches out his strong and blessed arm to raise you to that holy place," I replied. "Do you trust him as your present Saviour?" "No, I cannot," she sadly sighed.

"I have a blessed truth to tell you my dying friend. 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' Are you not a sinner?" "Yes, of the guiltiest dye."

"And do you not repent of your sins?" "With all my heart."

"Then, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

"God be merciful to me a sinner," she cried, and then looking longingly upward exclaimed, "I have a dear child in heaven, O I want to go there too!"

I pointed that dying sinner, as best I could, to the one only Saviour of men, and tried to help her to heaven. A few words of hope dropped from her lips. In an hour they were sealed, and the spirit had taken its flight. Whither? The loving, pitying Father knows, and he will judge aright.

"Can you help me to heaven?" In my ears that agonized cry is sounding still.

Christian disciples, it is the cry of thousands around us though we heed it not. In many a form they make their mute appeals to us to help them toward the heavenly land. That appeal ought to arouse us from our self-seeking, ease-loving lives, and stimulate us to Christian work.

What are you doing, my Christian reader, to help your perishing fellow-men to heaven? In sick chambers and on death beds they languish near to your own happy home; do you visit them, and give them the blessed help of your prayers and benediction? I Around you sweeps on the gay and world-bewildered throng hastening to their death beds and unalterable destinies; a single word or act of yours may turn their misguided feet from the "way of death" to the "path of life." Shall they perish through your neglect?

ward heaven! Heed their silent, solemn appeal to you, O, disciple of Jesus, and this day begin to help them in their struggle with poverty and sin and despair.

A loaf of bread may help them to heaven; a cast of garment, a kindly word, an invitation to the house of God, any act of Christian kindness done in Jesus' name shall have its divine co-operation and blessed reward.

Your death-bed is near at hand, my Christian friend. Would you have it a scene of holy joy and triumph? Work for the Master while the day lasts.

A Christian girl lay upon her dying couch. She loved her Saviour, and trusted in him, but as the hour of dissolution approached a sad look darkened her brow. "Why are you and I, said a friend, 'have you lost your peace in Jesus?' No," replied the dying girl, as she raised her sorrowful eyes, "but I was just thinking that mine will be a starless crown, for I never brought another to him." A few hours more and death closed the scene. O, fellow-disciple, may not the shadow of such a thought darken your dying hour; and that it may not, hasten to help some perishing one into and up the narrow way that terminates in heaven.

Some one will glance over these lines whose feet have not yet begun to tread the heavenward path. One serious, earnest word with you, my friend. Of all times and places in your earthly life in which to seek a preparation for heaven, and improve that hour which that desired resting place, a death-bed is the most unfavorable. How slight is the help that any earthly friend can render you there! How unwise, how dishonorable, how perilous to postpone the prayer for help to that latest, and most uncertain hour of life. Do you really wish, and mean ultimately to gain heaven? Ask help now. Ask it of the ever helpful Jesus, who is "mighty to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him." Ask the prayerful help and counsel of Christian friends. And when your dying hour comes, for come it will, oh how soon!—you will not have to utter in the ears of weeping friends or Christian ministers that imploring cry, "can you help me to heaven?" But this shall shall be your joyous utterance, "Help me to praise Him who gives me such glorious triumph over my latest foe."—*Zions Herald.*

HOLD UP THE LIGHT.

Early in my Christian life I was taught that I must come out from the world, and be willing to be singular; "that this vile world was no friend to grace to help me on to God;" that I must bear the cross in praying in prayer meetings; that I must bear testimony for Jesus when the opportunity was given; that I must be active in praying for and trying to persuade sinners to come to Christ. I must lay aside every weight and be willing to be singular in dress, and my conversation be such as becometh godliness. But I found in me a heart that was prone to leave God. Often I mourned in secret before the Lord for departures from the narrow way, and the language of my heart was:

"Prone to wander, Lord I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Redeem it, thy courts above."

A few months after my conversion, a friend gave me that precious little book, "The Christian's Manual," by Timothy Merritt. How it magnified the promises and set my soul a-thirst for God. My conscience was quick and tender to the least approach of sin. But when I would do good, evil was present. Oh how I felt its cruel power, and cried out in the language of the apostle, "Who will deliver me from the body of this death?" Often as I retired to rest, these lines were in my heart:

"With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day."

Every act of my life seemed so full of self that I labored myself as infinitely unworthy of such forbearance on the part of God. Yet in all this, I was not in the state of condemnation as when seeking pardon. But the light of the Holy Spirit was shining on my naked heart, and I could not bear the sight. I labored myself as in dust and ashes. "As the heart panteth for the cooling water brooks, so panteth my soul for the living God." Months passed in this frame of mind because I did not comprehend the way of faith. I often consecrated my entire self, and somehow expected that Jesus would meet me in the net and witness to my inmost soul that He accepted my offering. Then, and not till then, could I accept Him as my complete Saviour from sin. I would plead the promises; and this "I will receive you," and yet He does not; and why? Then I would go over the ground again and lay all on the altar and wait in expectation of a glorious manifestation. The thought was presented, perhaps, by this thirsting for God, and this abandoning all hope in anything but the blood of Jesus the work is being done for my soul. My faith took hold on Jesus, and by looking to Him I let go of self, or rather stopped looking at my offering. I seemed to sink into a depth of love unknown before. The Saviour was so infinitely near that I felt what He meant when He said "My peace I give unto you." His presence was a living reality and I feared the least omission or commission that would grieve the loving, tender Spirit away. Now I could not say "Prone to wander," for Jesus was the son of my existence. By night and day I rested on the bosom of infinite love. Twenty-eight years have passed since that solemn transaction in which I let go of self and everything, and by faith laid hold of Jesus as my all in all. God set his seal upon me when I took hold on Him. As I received the Lord Jesus, so I retain him, viz: by entire consecration and faith.

I had ever found that He blesses me in my efforts to hold up the light. To confess the whole truth that Jesus can and will save his people from their sins. That there is no middle ground. After we see our privilege, we must come up to it, or wander back in the wilderness of sin, and doubt, and darkness. God is dishonored by this course. Wounded in the house of his friends; and, oh, the loss eternally to ourselves and others. May the light of the Spirit shine on the work, until none shall be in doubt on this important subject.

Last night we gathered around our lonely table and after, our head had fallen, that voice was silent to hear. Never did I so fully realize the Divine protection, the sheltering wing of the Almighty, thy Maker is thy husband. I look to God in every minute circumstance in life as well as in this crushing bereavement, for strength and

wisdom, and know that I have the things I desire of Him. Still my voice cries—

"Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

"Not as the world give I unto you." No, dear Saviour, since I put my hand in thine, to be led as thou wilt, and the cry of my heart has been, "Choose thou for me." Thy presence has shone in darkest hours, and alone with the angel of the covenant I will stay. Praise God for light in darkness.—*Corr. Pitts. Advocate.*

THE DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

It was a fair moonlight night in May, one of those soft, balmy nights, when the fragrant air seems like a whisper from another shore, and the far-off pale stars, shine serenely in the blue sky, like the tender pitying eyes of angels, and the broad flood of silver moonlight, fair and holy like the smile of God; a night to make one thankful for the boon of life, with its many blessings, and its precious promises to lead the heart outward and upward to that other life so infinitely better than this, to which this is but the threshold, to bid the heart thrush with unison in the lovely scenes surrounding—

"Where so much holiness is sent
To grace our present home,
How beautiful—how beautiful
Must be the world to come."

Upon the night to which I allude, there were three white cottage homes that lay fair and peaceful in the still moonlight; all about them outwardly spoke of deep repose, and in two of them little children folded their small hands lovingly, and slept in the Father's care; but in the third there was tireless watching and weary weeping.

"For all night long the wind had away—
The wind that comes to fetch souls away."

A beloved wife and daughter—a mother of a few brief days, was slowly passing to the eternal world; all around her were evidences of care and affection that could not save her; love that would have died for her was utterly powerless. Only that day her mother had bent over her and told her she must die. She looked up doubtfully—disturbed. "Why, no, mother," she said; "I have no pain; I am almost well." But the stricken mother had a duty to perform. "My child," she said, "God is calling you very gently; are you afraid to die?" She looked up for a moment, as if not comprehending the question, and then a beautiful, triumphant smile broke over the pallid face. "Afraid? No," she whispered softly, "oh, no mother, I am founded on a rock; my precious Saviour is right here beside me; all is peace." Then she sang, though with faltering lips,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Soft as downy pillows are."

As the night went on in its still, sweet beauty without, the soul of the dying Christian rose nearer and nearer to God. The sorrow-stricken friends ceased their weeping to join in singing triumphant hymns. The pale lips whispered again, "darling Jesus," and then the unsaid spirit, with its next angel companion, passed upward, far, far above the beauty, or the dimness of earth, to enter the heavenly gates; to stand before the great white throne; to be clothed with the raiment of angels, and never know sorrow, or pain, or death, any more.

But my heart filled with sorrow, and my eyes with tears, for those who were left; for the little babe that would never know a mother's gentle words; for the sorrowing husband, whose idol was torn from his throne; for the mother, who must finish her pilgrimage alone; till I remembered there was one to conquer death—one who had said, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," and I saw the pure example of that Christian life crowning its unfinished work as with a benediction, and the memory of that dying bed will sustain the mourners like a tender grace.—*Keechance.*

GEMS FROM THE S. S. TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

It appears to us important to recapitulate, in a condensed form, some of the more striking and important lessons, the fruits of large experience and wide observation, communicated at the Teachers' Institute, held last week in this city.

1.—DUTIES OF SUPERINTENDENTS.

Mr. Parker earnestly inculcated on Sunday-school Superintendents the duty of attending to their own business of organizing, overseeing, and ruling, leaving teaching wholly to the teachers. A talking superintendent regards as a great hindrance to a Sabbath-school. If he spoke on subjects unconnected with the lesson, he distracted the attention of the school from its legitimate object; namely, the lesson of the day. If he went over that lesson before the teachers, he forestalled them, and put them into a false position. If he did so afterwards, he might take different views from some of the teachers, and thus diminish the confidence of their classes in them. If he took the same views, it was only a reiteration, which had better be avoided, on the supposition that the teachers had done their duty. Opening and closing exercises should be varied, each portion being short, and the hymns sung and scripture read should have a bearing on the lesson of the day. Superintendents should not take visitors round to stand beside classes, as many teachers could not go on under such circumstances, and the attention of scholars was distracted. Neither should they invite any one to address the school unless they were reasonably sure before hand that the address would be brief and pointed and bear on the lesson of the day. Long addresses, full of big words, were wholly out of place in the Sabbath-school; and amusing stories told by visitors only obliterated the lessons of the teachers. The superintendent should pay great attention to grading the classes, as a scholar might be quite out of place in one class who would do very well in another.

2.—TEACHERS.

A teacher should get into sympathy with every scholar of his class by personal acquaintance and kindly greetings. He should, as far as practicable, draw out his class by questions, and avoid preaching to them, although it would often be necessary, briefly to instruct and exhort them. A teacher should set an example of order, regularity, and promptitude in his class, and should not, generally speaking, rebuke any scholar there, but seek an opportunity of showing him his fault in private. He should visit his scholars at their homes, in order to know their circumstances and interest their parents; and he should have no more scholars in his class than he can oversee in school and visit at their homes.

He should make the conversion of his scholars his constant and main object, and Christ the central figure in his teaching.

3.—THE LIBRARY.
This should be selected with great care from every available source; any general order sent to a publisher or bookseller would be almost sure to contain a proportion of trashy books, some of them perhaps positively pernicious. A committee to select books should be appointed, composed of the best available materials; who, whenever a really suitable book appeared, should get as many copies of it as were necessary, to allow the whole school to peruse it in a reasonable time. Such a book should also be introduced to the school by a brief description, which would make all eager to get it. Commonplace stories, especially if of good children who died early, should be excluded. Those which contained valuable information with sound instruction, in a simple and interesting form were to be carefully sought. Library books should be handed in by the scholars when they came to school, with the list of those they wanted to take out, and these should be left at each class at the close of the lesson by the librarian.

4.—TEACHERS' MEETINGS.

These should be kept up, if possible, weekly, in a social, inexpensive way, and every teacher should be drawn out to give his or her views on the lesson for next Sunday, and any matter concerning the interests of the school that may come up. Anecdotes of visiting scholars should be called for, and the question, is there any special religious interest in your class? should be asked round. Also, if there were any special difficulties? In this way, the superintendent would learn the position of each class, and each teacher would become acquainted with the state of the whole school. These exercises could be profitably interspersed with prayer and praise.

5.—SINGING.

The selection of hymns should be carefully attended to, as a large proportion of those in the books were not worth using. Many doctrinal hymns used in churches, such as "Fountain Filled with Blood," "My Faith looks up to Thee," &c., were well adapted, both in words and music, for the Sabbath-school, and infinitely superior in sentiment and instruction to many that were now sung. Hymns should be selected in which good poetry and music combined to fix an important lesson on the mind. A plan was now being adopted which should be generally introduced; namely, to print the hymn on cards, in very large letters, and hang it up where all the children could see it. This did away with books, and made all hold up their heads while singing. If large notes could be given with large words, this excellent plan would be complete.—*Montreal Witness.*

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PRAYER IN COURT.

Judge R— relates the following incident as occurring in the course of his practice:

"He was trying a petty case, in which some of the party was not able to pay counsel fees, and undertook to plead his own case; but he found, in the course of the trial, that the keen and adroit attorney who managed the case for the other party was too much for him in legal strategy, evidently making the worst appeal the better cause. The poor man, Mr. A—, was in a state of mind bordering upon desperation, when the opposing counsel closed his plea, and the case was about to be submitted to the justice for decision."

"May I please your honor," said the man, "may I pray?"

"The judge was taken somewhat by surprise, and could only say that he saw no objection. Whereupon Mr. A— went down upon his knees, and made a fervent prayer, in which he laid the merits of the case before the Lord in a very clear and methodical statement of all the particulars, pleading that justice and right might prevail."

"O Lord! thou knowest that the lawyer has misrepresented the facts, and thou knowest that it is so—" to the end of the chapter.

"Arguments which he could not present in logical array to the understanding of men he had no difficulty in addressing to the Lord, being evidently better versed in praying than pettifoggery."

"When he rose from his knees, Esquire W—, the opposing counsel, very much exasperated by the turn the case had taken, said:

"May I please your honor, does not the closing argument belong to me?"

"To which the judge replied:

"You can close with prayer if you please?"

"Esquire W— was in the habit of praying at home, but not seeing the propriety of connecting his prayer with his practice, wisely forbore, leaving Mr. A— to win his case, as he did, by this novel mode of presenting it."

CHRIST'S SYMPATHY FOR THE POOR.

The Son of God appears to have felt an especial sympathy for the poor. Some of his most tender words of consolation were expressly intended for them. "Blessed be the lowly of the earth; for they shall see the kingdom of heaven." "Blessed are they that weep, now, for they shall laugh; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." The rich were not shut out; Nicodemus, the ruler was received; the offerings of the wise men of the East were accepted. But let us not forget that it was emphatically to the poor that the blessed Gospel was preached. Poverty suffered in fellowship with the Son of God, and alone by his sympathy, has a greater lustre than that which sparkles from the diadems of kings. The pious Lazarus is comforted not only when borne to Abraham's bosom, but when lying in rags at the gate, seeking crumbs at the rich man's table. His crust may be sweetened with reflections such as these: "Am I poor? I was my Lord. Am I hungry? I was my Lord. Am I homeless? The Son of man had not where to lay his head. Shall not the disciple be as his Lord, and the servant as his great Master?"

Let every pious parent regard his family as a little school for the church, and act as a teacher designated by the Saviour on purpose to train the children for his service, and we shall see a glorious result. Let parents neglect this duty, and their children will prove incompetent to meet the responsibilities awaiting them, and the parents must answer for the ruin that will ensue. The laws of Lycurgus required that all children of Sparta should be trained for the State. Jesus teaches his subjects to believe that children are a heritage of the Lord, and to train for the church.