

congregation, and other generous friends, for the handsome gift of a horse, of the value of £30, which they have presented to him. As he has been subjected to some loss and pecuniary outlay; but more especially to a domestic affliction, the expression of their sympathy with him in these circumstances is peculiarly encouraging to him.—He earnestly desires an interest in their prayers as they have in his. Remembered by each other at the throne of grace, he trusts that both will be enabled to perform their duty, so as that the glory of God may be promoted, and their own spiritual interests advanced.—*Protestant.*

The congregation of Richmond Bay East and Summerside have presented their Pastor, the Rev. W. R. Frame, with a horse of the value of thirty pounds. (£30.) The ladies of the congregation have also presented him with a valuable Seal skin over-coat and a plaid.

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## Fireside Reading.

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### **Ichabod: the Converted Imbecile.**

A writer in the *New York Observer* gives the following touching sketch of the life and conversion of an imbecile. We commend it to our readers as an instance of the marvellous reach of God's grace:—

In *Mine. De Gasparin's* "Near and Heavenly Horizons," there is an affecting story of a poor idiot, who, by the power of the Holy Spirit, was made to know and love the Lord Jesus, while his darkened mind was inaccessible to all other knowledge. An instance, nearly as remarkable, came to the knowledge of the writer, having occurred in our own land not many years ago; and in these days when the conceit of the human intellect is one of the arch adversary's most daring means of undermining the blessed truths of revelation, it is well to oppose to argumentative subtleties the testimony of some simple fact to prove that no amount of reasoning can dispel that Gospel light which penetrates the most obscure understanding, and gives strength and consistency to the feeblest character.

Many of the inhabitants of Marion, Wayne county, will remember a youth named Ichabod Hadsell, whose imbecility from birth was such that it was not possible to give him even the rudiments of education. He was always so ignorant of the relative value of numbers that he could not tell the difference between six and twelve. He was, be-

sides, violent in his passions—so much so that his family feared him, as, during his fits of temper he would assail them with the nearest weapon. Wood chopping was the only labor he knew how to perform, and to avoid that, his habitual indolence often suggested falsehoods, one of which, "There was a bear in the tree," became a by-word in his native village for neglect of duty. Poor fellow! he was to some an object of pity, to others of fear, and, to a heartless few, of contempt and aversion, especially as his habits were careless and his countenance forbidding. Could this unfortunate being be accessible to humanizing influences? The majority of his neighbours thought not, and they "passed by on the other side." But he who regards the weakest and humblest of his creatures had compassion upon the benighted soul of Ichabod, lighting up its desolate chambers with his own glory, while out of the mouth of this ignorant imbecile he "perfected praise."

One evening, during the regular prayer-meeting, Ichabod presented himself for the first time to the astonished congregation. Seating himself quietly, he was soon visibly affected by the services, and at length, as if moved by some strong inward impulse, he rose, and began to tell, in his own broken utterance, how he came to be there. He had been thinking a good many days about going to the meeting, and something whispered that day that he *must* go. "So I set out," said he; "but the devil met me before I got very far, and told me it was very foolish; everybody would laugh to see Ichabod there." He tried not to listen, but finally, overcome by the suggestions of the evil spirit, he turned back. While passing through the woods another voice whispered to him again to go to the meeting; "and then," added he, "I got behind a tree and tried to pray, the devil all the while telling me how foolish I was, somebody would see me, and laugh at me. But this time I did not mind, and here I am."

Many shed tears as they listened to the artless story of his experience, and went to their homes with new thoughts of the mighty power of God.

Henceforth, Ichabod was a changed being. For him the "glory" had come. He united with the church, and, though unable to talk consecutively on ordinary topics, his tongue seemed loosed, and his intellect awakened whenever Christ and him crucified was the theme. Firm in the faith, he had a ready answer for the cavalier. The sophistries of others could not cloud his clear perceptions of truth and duty. Utterly deficient in the wisdom of this world, he was wise unto salvation." Conscience asserted her power. He learned to control his passions. At one time he was not in his customary place in the meeting. The anxiety of his Christian