

ST. PATRICK AND THE HOLY TRINITY.

NEARLY fourteen hundred years ago, in a remote place in Ireland, a tall man might have been seen standing in the midst of a crowd of wild-looking people. He was a fine-looking man, and evidently a stranger. The people were the early inhabitants of Ireland and were called Celts, and they were the same kind of people as the early Britons. Their bodies were painted blue, or else partly covered with a loose sort of shawl, and, at the time we speak of, they were looking very fierce and excited. The stranger was standing all alone among them. He was dressed like a missionary, and he did not look a bit afraid, although the people were so fierce and wild. His face was full of peace, because he had made up his mind to die, if it had to be so; but he had only come to preach, and to tell these wild, fierce people about Christ. He had come across the sea to tell them this, and he did not want to leave them till they should know why he had come among them. He told them about the Lord Jesus, who came from heaven to suffer and to die for men.

"And who," they asked, "is the Lord Jesus?"

"He is the Son of God most high, and our Lord and God," was the answer.

"What!" they said, "is there more than one God?—that cannot be."

For these Celts, or Kelts, as they are sometimes called now, though a heathen people, did not worship idols. They had some idea of a great Being that had made all things. He was to them a great spirit, but they did not know how to worship Him properly.

Then this stranger, whose name was Patrick, now generally called St. Patrick, looked very earnestly at them, and said: "You are right, there is one God, and one only; but He has within Himself, as a Godhead, three Persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and each of these is God."

"Each of the three is God," they said, "and yet you say we are right when we hold that there is but one God."

"Yes," said the missionary.

"Three—and yet one," they said again, "How can that be?"

The missionary then sat down on the green grass, where beautiful shrubs and flowers were growing up all around him. He looked about him and plucked a leaf of clover, a leaf called trefoil, because it has three distinct leaves all united in one, and springing from the same stalk.

Holding up this beautiful little green leaf, perfect in its three parts and yet one leaf, he said:

"Behold the three and the one!"

The savage people for a time said nothing.

They had never thought of such a thing before, yet they could not doubt what the missionary had said. They began to feel kindly towards him, and soon some of them crept near him and said:

"Tell us more of this great and wonderful God."

Then he did tell them more, and many of them became Christians. History tells us that St. Patrick found Ireland a heathen country, but that, before he left it, he had made it nearly altogether Christian.

He taught from nature, like the Saviour Himself. He could use the little clover-leaf, as the Saviour did the lily, and from it teach a great truth and impress the hearts of men.

A BISHOP IN THE FAR NORTH.

UP in British America is an English Bishop, whose jurisdiction is bigger than the whole of England. As he cannot travel by railway, how do you think he goes from one place to another? In the summer, he goes by canoe, sometimes for one thousand miles on one river; but these great rivers in some parts are full of rocks and other dangers, so often the travellers have to get out and walk, and carry their canoe. Perhaps you have been told to "sit still" when you have been for a row in an English boat, but you would have to sit even more still in one of these Indian canoes, or you would upset it, because they are very light, so as to be easy to carry.

Once Bishop Bompas had a race with winter; that was a funny race to have, wasn't it? He wanted to reach a certain place before the river was frozen up, and he just won, although large pieces of ice were floating in the water for the last part of his journey. But the Bishop can only go by canoe in summer time. How does he manage during the seven months every year when the rivers and lakes are all frozen? Well, then he has to travel by sledge, which means sitting in a sort of wheelbarrow without wheels, and being pulled along over the snow and ice by four dogs. Often, after journeying for hours like this, the missionary has nothing nicer for supper, when he stops for the night, than a piece of wild-cat! He has to sleep tied up in a fur bag, or he will get frost-bitten. But the Bishop and other missionaries there gladly suffer all these hardships, so that they may be able to carry the story of Jesus and His love to the poor Indians who have never heard it.—*Selected.*

A missionary in Jamaica once asked a little girl in a mission school, "Who are the meek?" The child answered, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions."