

sins round about me take away so much, that I have scarce any left to give to God. And yet, alas! if I could serve God on earth as he is served in heaven, if I had the strength of angels and glorified saints to do his will, it would come infinitely short of that good-will of God in my redemption, or of his power in my conversion. If God should have said to all the angels in heaven, There is such a poor wretch posting with full strength towards hell, go stand in his way and drive him back again, all those glorious armies would have been too few to block up the passages between sin and hell, without the concurrence of God's own Spirit and power; they could have returned none other answer but this, We have done all we can to persuade and turn him, but he will not be turned. If then the Lord did put to his own power to save me, great reason there is that I should set my weak and impotent faculties to honour him, especially since he hath been pleased both to mingle with his service great joy, liberty, and tranquillity here, and also to set before me a full, a sure, and a great reward, for my further animation and encouragement thereunto.

—*Reynolds.*

THE WHOLE BIBLE.

A Roman Catholic priest in Ireland, sympathizing with the moral condition of his parish, contrived what could be done, consistent with his own religious creed, to overtake the population with some remedial measures, and it struck him that it would be well to print and circulate the Epistles of St. Peter by themselves, in a separate tract. He did so; but, some how or other, they did not sell. He then thought that he had better add to the title, "The Epistles of St. Peter, Head of the Church." Still, however, nobody bought them. At last it suggested

itself to his mind, that if he placed between the title-page and the epistles themselves a representation of St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome, they would sell. He did so; and now the whole edition was soon bought up. (Hear, hear.) One of the copies fell into the hands of a man who, having read it, went to the priest, and, having ascertained that he had put them in circulation, said, "I have not got all. Are there not the Epistles of some other fellows?" (Laughter). "What makes you think so?" said the priest. "Because," replied the man, "I find it is written, 'As our beloved brother Paul hath said.' (Laughter.) Now, where are the Epistles of St. Paul?" "It is even so," said the priest. The man never rested until he had procured a copy of the New Testament. Having read it, he came again to the priest—"Ah, I have not got it all yet," said he. (Laughter and cheers.) "Why not?" said the priest. "Because I read, 'As it is written in the book of Psalms'—'As it is written in the book of Hosea'—'As saith the prophet Jeremy'—'As saith the prophet Isaiah:'" and then, with all the characteristic ardour of an Irishman, pointed out to the priest the noble array of finger-posts and landmarks in the New Testament pointing to the existence of the Old. "Well," said the priest, "you are right now also; there is another book much larger than that which you have." "Oh! let me have it," said the man; and he never rested till he was possessed of a perfect copy of the Scriptures. (Loud cheers.) Having then penetrated, as it were, both strata—both hemispheres—and absorbed the light of both, the man went to his own priest and applied for absolution, which he refused him, among other reasons, because he was a Bible reader, and that, therefore, there was no absolution for him. However, he so urged his suit, with that irresistible Irish force to which