

was a soldier; that I knew. I was a raw recruit, only a few hours enlisted, but I was as truly a soldier as the general of the regiment. I got my regimentals on, was taught to walk as a soldier, and to obey as a soldier, after I became one, not before. But this is not the whole of my story; I must ask you to follow me a step further. I was, some years ago, awakened to see myself a sinner, by reading and believing what God said about me. I became very anxious to become a Christian, so I began to pray and try to live a better life. I reformed, I went to church, I took the sacrament, but for all that I was not a Christian. I was trying hard to make myself one, but it seemed stiff uphill work. A man said to me one day, 'How did you become a soldier? Was it by wearing a red coat and drilling?' 'No,' said I, 'it was by taking the Queen's shilling.' 'That's the way you become a Christian,' said he. 'Not by praying and working, but by receiving God's Son as your Saviour; by believing that God sent Him to save you. The Scripture says, "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God."'

"I saw my mistake; I was trying to walk like a Christian before I had become one. I was patching together my own rags of self-righteousness for regimentals, and drilling myself in religion, all with the hope of becoming a Christian one day. Now I saw that I was beginning at the wrong end. My first work was to receive Christ as I had done the Queen's shilling, to take Him as my Saviour, as God's gift to me. I did so, and, as He says, I became a child of God. Now I seek by His grace to live and walk to please my Father, not in order to become a Christian, but because I am one; not to get to heaven, but because I know I am going there."

Have you become a Christian by receiving Christ?

RELIGION AND HUMANITY.

HUMANITY does not come to its religion by a process of logic, but through its experience. We *grow* into our religion, but we do not think ourselves into it. You have the experience first, and the thought comes afterwards. If the thought comes first, it may give you a religion which will be worn away ere long on the grindstone of experience itself. We talk of children having religion; yet it is a mistake. Children have vague sentiments, beautiful fancies,

exquisite dreams; but they have not known what it is to suffer; and until you have really suffered you can never know what it is to experience the religious sentiment.

Yes, cling with all your might and main to your religious distinctions, your personal preferences, to your heart yearnings, if they spring out of the deepest and more fundamental elements of your nature; no matter whether other people smile at them; never mind if others look upon you in an attitude of calm, intellectual superiority. There is something higher, grander, nobler than intellect. The very brute can think, and has a mind; but the religious instinct belongs supremely to humanity—though some persons do not have it, because, to use Amiel's phrase, they are just "candidates for humanity," and nothing more.—*Family Churchman*.

Oh, when shall my soul find her rest,
My strugglings and wrestlings be o'er,
My heart, by my Saviour possessed,
Be sinning and fearing no more?

Now search me and try me, O Lord,
Now, Jesus, give ear to my cry;
See, helpless I rest on Thy Word,
My soul to my Saviour draws nigh:

My idols I cast at Thy feet,
My all I return Thee who gave,
Now make Thou the offering complete,
For Thou art almighty to save.

Oh, Saviour, Thy Word I believe,
Thy blood for my cleansing I see,
And, asking in faith, I receive
Salvation, full, perfect, and free.

O Lord, I shall now apprehend
Thy mercy, so high and so deep,
And long shall my praises ascend,
For Thou art almighty to keep.

HOW TO PAY RENT.

A BLACKSMITH was one day complaining to his iron merchant that such was the scarcity of money he could not possibly pay his rent. The merchant asked how much whisky or beer was used in his family in the course of a week, or even for one day. The blacksmith told him, whereupon the merchant took out pencil and paper and made a calculation, and showed the blacksmith that the cost of the drink amounted to considerably more in the year than his house rent.

The calculation so astonished the blacksmith that he determined from that day neither to buy nor to drink intoxicating liquors of any kind. In the course of the year following he had not only paid his rent and the iron merchant, too, but had enough to spare for a new suit of clothes.

"WILLING TO DIE."

WITH many persons it seems to be a matter of no account what the past life has been if the dying friend is "resigned," and willing to die. Undoubtedly it is a Christian duty to have this feeling. But every suicide is willing to die. Is he therefore prepared?

In many instances, persons are in such extreme bodily pain that they are anxious for death. Some are left "to believe a lie" with regard to their religious character and prospects. Does it follow that they are ready to die because they are willing? It would be more satisfactory to see them willing suitably to live.

"On parent knees, a naked newborn child
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee
smiled;
So live that, sinking in the last long sleep,
Thou then may'st smile, while all around thee
weep."

An inscription on a tombstone in England reads as follows:

"'Who plucked that flower?' cried the gardener, as he walked through the garden. His fellow-servant answered, 'The Master!' and the gardener held his peace."

The exit from this world, or death, if you please to call it, to the Christian is glorious explanation. It is demonstration. It is illumination. It is sunburst. It is the opening of all the windows. It is shutting up the catechism of doubt and the enrolling of all the scrolls of positive and accurate information.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
We should count time by heart-throbs:
He most lives, who thinks the most,
Feels the noblest, acts the best."

ONE POOR STONE.

TWO masons were working together on the rear wall of a church, when one stopped the other just as he was putting a stone in its place.

"Don't put in that stone," he said, "it is flaky, and will soon fall to pieces."

"I know it isn't a very good one, but it is so handy, and just fits here. Nobody will see it up here, and it is too much trouble to get another."

"Don't put it in. Take time to send for another. That stone won't stand the weather, and when it falls the whole building will be damaged."

"I guess not. It won't hurt us; so here goes."

So he lifted the stone into its place, poor, and loose-grained, as flaky as it was, covered it over with mortar, and went on