

of being bound to his arm. The apostle, therefore, enjoins that we should *take* the shield."

"Well, yes, I think I have taken it," answered the Major, after a short pause of meditation. "I truly believe that Christ is the only Saviour of sinners."

"Beg your pardon," said the Italian, "but that is not *taking*; that is only *describing* the shield. The devil himself believes the same. He will not deny that Christ has come into the world to save sinners; but he knows, at the same time, that Christ has not come to save *him*."

"What, then, would you have me to do?" asked the Major, looking eagerly at the soldier, as if to read the answer in his eyes.

"Do you believe, Major, that Christ is your Saviour?" asked the Italian in a serious voice.

"Yes, certainly so. I do believe that Christ has come into the world to save me, for I am a great sinner, a great sinner indeed."

"Very well," replied the Italian. "Then do you believe that He *has* saved you?"

(*To be continued.*)

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#### WE CANNOT STAND ALONE.

In the disastrous campaign of Napoleon, when he retreated from Moscow, and his soldiers one after another fell dead in the ranks, the only way of preserving life was, as one fell, for the others to press together, and fill the place of their fallen companions; and thus fewer lives were sacrificed, and a remnant escaped. It is so in the falls and struggles of the Christian host. God has united them in an organic body. They are an army of Christian warriors, called to fight the good fight of faith; to battle against everything that exalts itself against God, the kingdom of Christ, and the welfare of human society. For this they are Divinely placed as lights in the world, bulwarks of righteousness, witnesses for God, watchmen, soldiers, defenders of the faith. They cannot stand alone. Aggregation, and not isolation, is the Divine law for human society and aggressive Christian action.

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#### THE EFFECT OF PARDON.

In the garrison town of Woolwich, a few years ago, a soldier was about to be brought before the commanding officer of his regiment, for some misdemeanor. The officer entering the soldier's name said, "Here is —— again, what *can* we do with him? he has gone through almost every ordeal." The sergeant-major, M. B., apologized for intruding, and said, "There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir." "What is that, sergeant-major?" "Well, sir, he has never yet been *forgiven*." "Forgiven!" said the colonel. "Here is his case entered." "Yes, but the man is now before you, and you can cancel it." After the colonel had reflected for a few minutes, he ordered the man to be brought in, when he asked what he had to say relative to the charges brought against him. "Nothing, sir," was the reply, "only that I am sorry for what I have done." After making some remarks, the colonel said, "Well, we have resolved to forgive you." The soldier was struck with astonishment, the tears started from his eyes—he wept. The colonel, with the adjutant and others present, felt deeply when they saw the man so humbled. The soldier thanked the colonel for his kindness, and retired. The narrator had the soldier under his notice for two years and a half after this, and never during that time was there a charge brought against him, or fault found with him. Mercy triumphed! Kindness conquered! The man was won!

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He that will do good in the ministry, must be careful as the fisher in nothing to scare souls away from him, but allure and invite, that they may be trolled within the compass of the net.—*Gurnall*.