

"I CAN'T DIE LIKE THIS."

pardon to the sinful and weary, and those verses about the "whole armour of God."

Simply as a little child old Heston heard, and with the faith of a little child he learned to pray.

He caught a faint idea of what God's love must be for this guilty world, and he felt that if he offered himself—poor maimed wretch as he might be—that he would be accepted for the Lord's dear sake.

His days of serving an earthly sovereign were over; he could march no more in the ranks of England's army against his country's foes; but old Heston had entered on a higher service, and had taken his place in a nobler army beneath the banners of the Prince of Peace.

CRONA TEMPLE.

"I can't Die like this."

Poor old Clements was known to me for many years, and the history of his experience is a striking proof that—although a man who is professedly an unbeliever in religion and a despiser of the gospel may, to all appearances, live a happy and contented life, when the hour of death comes, if it find him in such a state that he is able to reflect on the past and look forward to the future—infidelity proves but a broken reed on which to lean; and the man who has, while health and strength lasted, mocked at the idea of a future state, is filled with fear lest, after all, he should be plunged into an eternity of woe.

Clements was a working man, with only a very limited education; but he prided himself on his intelligence, and professed to be a free-thinker.

The very mention of religion, or the name of God, was enough to set Clements talking of what he considered the absurdity of believing in a Supreme Being or a future state; as to the Bible, he professed to look upon it as the work of men who, at various times, and to answer their own selfish ends, had compiled it, and palmed it off upon the ignorant,