

of the thing, such as men naturally have for anything they are not used to, or such as is owing to our faith in the love or fear of God. The former is not properly a religious reverence, and this the constant receiving must lessen. But it will not lessen the true religious reverence, but rather confirm and treasure it.

Objection 6. I have long communicated constantly, and I have not found the benefit I expected. *Answer.* We are to do it because God commands it, whether we find present benefit thereby or not. But undoubtedly we shall find benefit sooner or later, though perhaps insensibly. Only see that you are duly prepared for it, and the oftener you come to the Lord's table the greater benefit you will find there.

He thus sums up the whole argument:—"If we consider the Lord's Supper as a command of Christ, no man can have any pretence to Christian piety who does not receive it, (not once a month,) but as often as he can. If we consider the institution of it as a mercy to ourselves, no man who does not receive it as often as he can has any pretence to Christian prudence. None of the objections usually made can be any excuse for that man who does not, at every opportunity, obey this command and accept this mercy."

THE TWO BAPTISMS.

[CONTINUED.]

FIVE years rolled on, and Lionel, now a smart young soldier, was staying on leave, at the Manor. There were rumours of war with Russia, and his regiment was among the first on the list for foreign service. It might be long before they would see him again. If ever! Sir John looked out of spirits. So did the vicar, and nurse Hudson, and everybody. As for Jem he was worst of all, moping about after Lionel all day long; every now and then brightening up as if some happier thought had struck him, and then falling back into his former heaviness.

His mother watched him very anxiously, suspecting what was in his mind. But she neither questioned him nor remonstrated. She only prayed for strength to bear.

She saw him talking earnestly with Lionel, and she marked the grateful expression in the bright blue eyes, and then the sorrowful faces of both as they looked up towards her window. She knew it all then, and that she too must part with her only son.

Within two minutes he was with her, and told her all. She did not say one word to alter his resolution, but tried, though her heart was breaking, to speak hopefully of his return with honour from the field of danger. He thought she did not feel it, and that he need not have hesitated about it. Ah! who can fathom the depth of a mother's heart? Who can tell the intensity of her sorrows?

She had at any rate this comfort, that he had never done anything which he was not ashamed to tell his mother. And she knew that the same Father would watch over him from heaven; that the same Church would bring him her teaching, and her Lord's means of grace, wherever he might be sent.

It was a chill October night in the Crimea, Saturday night. The bright stars were shining above, and the keen wind whistled round and through the tents. There was no doubt now that the British army must spend the winter