

**DYING EMPTY-HANDED.**—Alexander the Great, being upon his death-bed, commanded that when he was carried forth to his grave his hands should not be wrapped, as was usual, in cerecloth, but should be left outside the bier, that all men might see them, and might see that they were empty. — *Archbishop Trench.*

**"WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH!"**

A soldier who had lived quite a long life in sin lay on his hospital cot, sick, and full of trouble. A kind nurse stood near, who seeing his patient very restless, asked what he could do to make him feel better.

"I don't know; I want something," answered the sick man. "I feel dreadfully."

The nurse brought a cup of water, saying, "Wouldn't you like a drink?"

The soldier took the cup in his trembling hand, but said, "No, this isn't what I want; it isn't like this."

"It is almost time for the surgeon to come in," said the nurse, kindly.

"Well, he can't do much for me," sighed the poor man; "it ain't such help that I want. O, I'm a dreadful wicked man; and the way is all dark before me—all dark!"

The nurse was a Christian; and by this time he had discovered what was the matter with his patient; so he sat down beside him, and asked if he wouldn't like to hear what the Bible has to say to wicked men who want something the surgeon and the nurse cannot give.

"O, yes!" moaned the sick man; "that's it; but I'm afraid there's no use in it. It's a long time since I've had any thing to do with the Bible, and I'm the greatest sinner in the world: and it's all dark ahead—all dark!"

"But listen to what Jesus says," said the nurse; and he opened at the third chapter of John's gospel. The man listened until he had finished the sixteenth verse: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him

shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Stop," said he; "read that again."

The nurse repeated the verse.

"But what does that whosoever mean?" the sick man eagerly inquired.

"It means," said the nurse, "any body."

"No, not every body; not such a sinner?" he interrupted again.

"Yes."

"And so vile and hardened?"

"It is just such that Jesus came to save."

"And sick, and wretched and dark?"

"The very one, exactly. There is nobody so wicked or so low, and so miserable, but that he can have Jesus, if he wants him, and be saved. Christ belongs to the poorest, and the vilest, and the sickest most, because they need him most. Whosoever: let him be whom he may."

"Read it once more!" and the sick man looked into the nurse's face as if he were grasping the last hope. "Whosoever believeth! then it means me?" he exclaimed, and his face grew calm and bright with a new trust.

"Whosoever; yes, any body, black or white, wise or unlearned, rich or poor, happy and vigorous, or miserable and nigh unto death—any body, on condition of faith, hope, submission."

The sick soldier, we trust, believed at the eleventh hour; for as he lay on his cot day after day, these precious words of the Saviour were often on his lips, his soul's hope and comfort as he went down to death.

**EVIL REPORTS.**—The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rules which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters:—

1. To hear as little as possible of whatever is to the prejudice of others;
2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it;
3. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report;
4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness expressed towards others;
5. Always to believe that if the