

self for admission to the Church. The office-bearers hesitated, on the ground that he might not have sufficient capacity to comprehend the doctrines of the Gospel and the evidences of conversion. They concluded, however, to examine him, and began with the subject of regeneration.

"Do you think, Sammy," said the pastor, "that you have been born again?"

"I think I have," was the answer.

"Well, if so, whose work is that?"

"Oh, God did a part, and I did a part."

"Ah! what part did you do, Sammy?"

"Why, I opposed God all I could, and He did the rest."

The result of the examination was, that, so far as they could judge, the Holy Spirit had been Sammy's theological teacher, and had also created him anew in Christ. "Not of works, lest any man should boast."—*Observer*.

"WILLIE HAS NO SOUL."

A few years ago, among the high hills of Scotland, lived a family of rosy cheeked boys and girls, and one of the number was known by all the neighbours round as "Daft Willie." They called him so because, though he was now a tall, large boy, he could not learn to read and write and spell, as his brothers and sisters did. Even little Jessie, who was only four years old, knew a great deal more than poor Willie. He was almost an idiot.

All day long, while the other children were at school, he would be among the purple heath, and talk and sing to himself in his own wild way. But as he was always kind and gentle, everybody loved "Daft Willie."

One day the white-haired old minister came to Willie's home, and, gathering all the little flaxen heads and bright eyes about his knee, he talked to them about the good Saviour who loved little children when he was on earth, and

who still loves them, now he has gone home to heaven. Willie stood by, with his large, vacant, dreamy eyes, not seeming to mind what the minister was saying. But as the good old man was going away, he laid his hand on Willie's head and said, "And Willie has a soul too."

"No; Willie has no soul," said the boy.

"Yes; Willie has a soul: this" (laying his hand on his shoulder) "is Willie's *body*; but it is Willie's *soul* that loves his mother and little Jessie."

"No; Willie has no soul," was still the answer; and to all the good man could say, the reply was still the same, "Willie has no soul."

Poor boy, he cannot understand, thought the minister; and he was turning away, when the child said, "Willie had a soul once."

"Ah! well, what did Willie do with it?"

"Yes, Willie had a soul once; but Willie gave it to the Lord Jesus to keep for him. And now Willie has no soul."

Little children! have you given your souls to the Lord Jesus to keep for you? He will keep them safely, and he will love to do it; for he says now, as he did once on earth, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

"I am a Missionary in my nursery," once remarked a Christian mother. "Six pair of little eyes are daily watching my looks, as well as listening to my words, and I wish my children never to see in me that which they may not imitate."

A Rationalistic clergyman was asserting that Hindooism is good enough for the Hindoos. The late Norman McLeod, at once replied, "Why man, Hindooism is so bad, that the Hindoos would be the better of even your Christianity."