"PUT YOUR NAME IN."

At the close of one of my Gospel preachings, a young woman came to me in deep soul trouble, inquiring the way of salvation. After a little conversation, in which I found that the Spirit of God had deeply convicted her of sin, I took her Bible, and turning to John 3. 16, asked her to read it. She did so, and read: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.' I then said to her: "Go to your room, and in the presence of God, alone with Himself, go down upon your knees and turn to the verse; and instead of the word, 'world,' and the word 'whosoever,' just put your name in each place, and see how it will fit you.' The following week, at the close of the meeting, she came to me with a beaming face, and said: "I want to tell you, sir, that I am saved now."

"Thank God!" I replied; "when did that take place?"

"Last Sunday evening, sir," she said. "I went home and read the verse you told me, and put my name in, and it just fitted me, and I thank God for it."

Dear reader, have you found out yet that you are a guilty sinner, exposed to the wrath of a sin-hating God? And are you trying to love God or trying to serve God in order to be saved? If so, you are altogether wrong. You must cease your efforts, and do as the young woman did—put your name in that verse, and see how it fits.

"God so loved ——, that He gave His only begotten Son, that if ——— believe in Him, ——— should not perish, but have everlasting life." Now just insert your name in the space, and I'm sure it will fit.

It is not your love to God, but His love to you; not your gift to Him, but His to you. His part was the loving and giving, yours is the believing and having. God loved, and God gave; we believe, and we have everlasting life; and God says so in that verse.—EXCHANGE.

ROUGH WORK.

It is rough work that polishes. Look at the pebbles on the shore! Far inland, where some arm of the sea thrusts itself deep into the bosom of the land, and expanding into a salt loch, lies girdled by the mountains, sheltered from the storms that agitate the deep, the pebbles on the beach are rough, not beautiful; angular, not rounded. It is where long white lines of breakers roar, and the rattling shingle is rolled about the strand, that its pebbles are rounded and polished. As in nature, as in art, so in grace; it is rough treatment that gives souls, as well as stones, their lustre. The more the diamond is cut the brighter it sparkles; and in what seems hard dealing, there God has no end in view but to perfect his people.—Ex.

THE VILLAGE CHOIR.

(Some distances after Tennyson).

Half a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward!
Into an awful ditch,
Choir and Precentor hitch,
Into a mess of pitch,
They led the Old Hundred.
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh! that Precentor's look,
When the sopranos took
Their own time and hook,
From the Old Hundred.

Screeched all the trebles here,
Boggled the tenors there,
Raising the parson's hair,
While his mind wandered;
Theirs not to reason why—
This psalm was pitched too high;
Theirs but to gasp and cry—
Out the Old Hundred.
Tenors to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Stormed they with shout and yell,
Not wise they sang, no well,
Drowning the sexton's bell,
While all the church wondered.

Dire the Precentor's glare,
Flash'd his pitchfork in the air,
Sounding fresh keys to bear
Out the Old Hundred.
Swiftly he turn'd his back,
Reach'd he his hat from rack,
Then from the screaming pack
Himself he sundered.
Tenors to right of him,
Trebles to left of him,
Discords behind him
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, the wild howls they wrought;
Right to the end they fought!
Some tune they sang, but not,
Not the Old Hundred.

—Andre's Journal.