

Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.
Mark xiv. 38.

EVERYTHING WANTED.



LEAVING a meeting one afternoon, a lady as she passed along the street with two of her children by her side, a little boy presented himself in front of them. He was a poor-looking little thing, with no shoes on his feet, and the scant clothing he had was so ragged that here and there his bare flesh could be seen. As he stood

there with such a hungry look on his face, the lady, kindly looking down at him, inquired, "What do you want, my poor child?" "Please, ma'am, I want everything," was the boy's eager reply. Is not that what we want, dear friends? Don't we need to go and tell Jesus that we need everything? All our springs are in Him. All fulness is in Him, and "whatsoever we ask" of Him He has promised to bestow.

"IF I COULD ONLY SEE MY MOTHER."

"IF I could only see my mother!"

Again and again was that yearning cry repeated.

"If I could only see my mother!"

The vessel, and the waters, chased by a fresh wind, played musically against the side of the ship. The sailor, a second mate, quite youthful, lay in his narrow bed, his eyes glazing, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. It was not pleasant to die thus, in this shaking, plunging ship; but he seemed not to mind bodily discomfort. His eyes looked far away, and ever and anon broke forth that grieving cry: "If I could only see my mother!"

An old sailor sat by, a Bible in his hand from which he was reading. He bent above the young man and asked him why he was so anxious to see his mother, whom he had wilfully left.

"Oh, that's the reason!" he cried in anguish. "I've nearly broken her heart, and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me—oh, so good a mother." She bore everything from her wild boy; and once she said to me,

"My son, when you come to die you will remember this?"

"Oh, if I could see mother!"

He never saw his mother. He died with the yearning upon his lips, as many a one has died who slighted the mother who loved him.

Boys, be good to your mother.

"HONORING THE LORD."

"MY boy," said a pious mother to her little son when he had received the first sum of money he could call his own, "give a tenth of this back to the Lord. I desire you to act upon this rule throughout life; and thus 'honoring the Lord with your substance, and the first fruits of your increase,' depend upon it, you will never be poorer for it."

This little boy was the late editor of *The British Workman*. He took his dear mother's advice and at the end of life said, "How thankful I am that our good mother taught us that wise lesson amongst the many she gave us!"

REMEMBER

THAT A

BOY'S MEETING

IS HELD

EVERY FRIDAY EVENING,

At 8 o'clock, in Parlor "B" Shaftesbury Hall.
ALL BOYS INVITED.

Love one another as I have loved you.

John xv. 12.