

if he knew her. "No," he said. One and another she named, but he knew none. "Do you know who Christ is?" she asked at length. "That I do," he replied; how could I not know him? What could I do without him?"

At length he grew so feeble that he fancied himself a child, and spoke to his mother so fondly and tenderly as to bring tears to the eyes of all beside him. She had been dead nearly fifty years, and now on his death-bed he recalled her love, and besought her to ease him of his pain.

In this last great anguish, Christ's name was still all powerful to soothe him. All memories faded except the love of his mother and his Saviour. At length when they saw he was going, they spoke of Christ again. He roused at once, and said, "Oh if he would but take me. I'm very weary. My *bonnie* Christ" This through life had been his tenderest form of endearment, and only used when his feelings were deeply stirred.—*American Messenger*.

COME IT WILL.

Manhood will come, and old age will come, and the dying bed will come, and the very last look you shall ever cast upon your acquaintance will come, and the agony of the parting breath will come, and the time when you are stretched a lifeless corpse before the eyes of weeping relatives will come, and the coffin that is to enclose you will come, and that hour when the company assembled to carry you to the churchyard will come, and that minute when you are put in the grave will come, and the throwing in of the loose dirt into the narrow house where you are laid, and the spreading of the green sod over it—all, all will come on every living creature who now hears me; and in a few brief years, the minister who now speaks, and the people who now listen, will be carried to their long homes, and make room for another generation. Now all this, you know, must and will happen—your common sense and common experience serve to convince you of it. Perhaps it may have been little thought of in the days of careless, and thoughtless, and thankless unconcern which you have spent hitherto; but I call upon you to think of it now, to lay it seriously to heart, and no longer trifle and delay when the high matters of death, and judgment,

and eternity are thus set so evidently before you. And the tidings wherewith I am charged—and the blood lieth upon your own head and not upon mine, if you will not listen to them—the object of my coming amongst you is to let you know what more tidings are to come; it is to carry you beyond the regions of sight and of sense, to the regions of faith, and to the assure you, in the name of Him who cannot lie, that as sure as the hour of laying the body in the grave comes, so surely will also come the hour of the spirit returning to God who gave it. Yes, the day of final reckoning will come, and the appearance of the Son of God in heaven, and His mighty angels around Him, will come, and the opening of the books will come, and the standing of men of all generations before the judgment-seat will come, and the solemn passing of that sentence which is to fix you for eternity will come.—*Dr. Chalmers*.

REV. ROWLAND HILL AND THE CAPTAIN.

Once when I was returning from Ireland (says Rowland Hill) I found myself annoyed by the reprobate conduct of the captain and mate, who were both sadly given to the scandalous habit of swearing. First, the captain swore at the mate; then the mate swore at the captain; then they swore at the wind; when I called to them with a strong voice for fair play. "Stop! stop!" said I, "if you please, gentlemen, let us have fair play; it's my turn now." "At what is it your turn, pray," said the captain. "At swearing," I replied. Well! they waited and waited, until their patience was exhausted, and then wanted me to make haste and take my turn. I told them, however, that I had a right to take my own time, and swear at my own convenience. To this the captain replied with a laugh, "Perhaps you don't mean to take your turn?" "Pardon me, captain," I answered, "but I do, as soon as I can find the good of doing so." My friends, I did not hear another oath on the voyage.

BEAUTIFUL REPLY.—A Chinese convert being asked "Who is the children's friend?" replied, "Their parents are their friends, their teachers are their friends, God the Father is their friend, but I think that Jesus Christ is their best friend."