

worth saving: but you young ones jump into the Life-boat before 'tis too late, and ship for the port of Heaven. It's a blessed chance."

### How Was This?

I used to visit a young man, about eighteen years of age, the only son a pious mother, and she was a widow. He was dying of consumption; but during the whole three months of his lingering and exhausting illness, I never heard a murmur from his lips. His good mother, who not long after followed him to the world of spirits, had the same sweetness and serenity of temper. When he had become a Christian I do not know; but his faith matured rapidly during his illness. He had a pleasant room into which the spring sun shone brightly all the morning, and he loved to have it so, for it seemed to cheer both body and soul. He was particularly fond of flowers, and his friends nearly every day brought him a fresh bunch. And there he would sit, in an old arm chair, amid sunshine and flowers, talking peacefully and joyfully about death and the heavenly world. One day I said to him, "How happy you seem here! what is it makes you so cheerful even in the prospect of death?" "Oh," replied he, "it seems to me only like going out of one pleasant room into one much larger and pleasanter." And thus he passed away—passed on, we ought to say, just as one might sail through a narrow creek into a beautiful and boundless ocean.

Perhaps you ask, how was this? Listen, and I will try to tell you.

I knew why you asked this question: for it always seems hard for one in the bloom of youth, fond of life and lovely things, to sit and think, I must soon die and leave all these. The young love life and cling to it; how, then, could he be cheerful in the prospect of certain death?

He trusted in *Jesus*. This was the secret of his peace and joy. He knew *Jesus*, and he loved *Jesus*. He knew *Jesus* was his Saviour, and so he loved him. His Saviour from sin, from death, from the grave, from hell, to holiness, to happiness, to heaven, to God.

So cheerful and happy, in life's last hours may you be, may I be, if we trust and love *Jesus* the Saviour.

### 'Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.'

Walter, can you tell us whether *Jesus* ever came back to Jericho?

Walter. Mother told me He was going to Jerusalem to die; that He never went back to Jericho.

*Teacher*. Well, then, suppose this blind man had not cried out for mercy when he did, would he ever have received his sight?

*Walter*. I don't believe he ever would.

*Teacher*. It is not likely. Look on the black board again, boys, and let the words there sink into your hearts: '*Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.*' And this is why I am here to teach you, and why I feel so anxious to show *Jesus* to you. It's no evidence that He is not here because you do not see Him passing by, is it? No, you all no it is not. Now, dear boys, *Jesus* may never come back again; I may never come here to teach you again. Oh, suppose you do not cry for mercy to-day, may it not be the last time you will ever have the offer? Tell me, Nathaniel.

*Nathaniel*. Yes, sir; it may be the last offer of mercy to us.

*Teacher*. Well, dear boys, what did the people do?

*All*. Why, they did'n't want them to cry. They told him not to.

*Teacher*. Yes; and they even spoke angrily to him, and tried to keep him back. But that did'n't stop him. He only 'cried so much the more, 'Thou Son of David have mercy on me.' And so should it be with each of us till we have found the blessed assurance that we have received mercy, that *Christ* is ours and we are His.—*Children's Paper*.

### The Clock of Conscience.

Have you ever heard of the great clock of St. Paul's in London? At mid-day, in the roar of business, when carriages, and carts, and wagons, and omnibuses go rolling through the streets, how many never hear that great clock strike, unless they live very near it!

But when the work of the day is over, and the roar of business has passed away—when men are gone to sleep, and silence reigns in London—then at twelve, at one, at two, at three, at four, the sound of the clock may be heard for miles around. Twelve! One! Two! Three! Four! How that clock is heard by many a sleepless man!

That clock is just like the conscience of the impenitent man. While he has health and strength, and goes in the whirl of business, he will not hear his conscience. But the day will come when conscience will be heard, whether he likes it or not. The time will come when he must retire from the world, and lie down on the sick-bed, and look death in the face. And then the clock of conscience will sound in his heart, and, if he has not repented, will bring wretchedness and misery to his soul.—*The Appeal*.