

to embalm His body, and to look upon it for the last time. In the awful tragedy of the crucifixion they had forgotten the promise their Lord and Master had frequently given to them, that He would rise and live again after death, never more to die.

What a scene awaited them! The stone was rolled away from the door of the sepulchre, and two angels in white clothing appeared to them, announcing the fact that Jesus was risen, and soothing their fears—for they had been much afraid when they saw such glorious heavenly messengers. From that moment their sorrow was turned into joy; and soon the disciples of Jesus went everywhere preaching the good tidings of salvation through the crucified and risen Saviour.

Are you "seeking Jesus," my reader? Are you anxious to know His salvation, and to yield yourself to Him? There is no reason why any seeking heart should be afraid. Let the angel's words bring encouragement to your heart: "Be not affrighted: ye seek Jesus of Nazareth." Consider this sweet name "Jesus." From the worst present consequences of a sinful and godless life, and from all the eternal ruin, punishment, and misery which awaits you, if you be yet unsaved, Jesus is almighty to deliver you.

Many whose condition was more desperate than yours, and whose guilt was greater, have yielded themselves up to Him, and have found Him to be a willing and all-sufficient Saviour. A dying felon first turned to Him for mercy and salvation while undergoing the extremest penalty of human law, and he has for more than eighteen hundred years been enjoying the pure delights of Paradise, purified and forgiven!

Since then multitudes from among all nations have found in Jesus all that they needed for time and for eternity. He has made even profligates, worldlings, and drunkards fit companions for His saints, yes, for the very angels before the throne of God. Let this encourage you—not one who sought Him sincerely in repentance and faith has ever sought Him in vain.

No sinner can now plead in vain. Jesus is just the Saviour you need, and you are just the sinner He seeks. Only believe, and nothing in your case can render void God's promise: "He that believeth on Him is not condemned," but "hath everlasting life."

A MOTHER'S STORY.

"I AM sorry to find you in bed," said Mrs. Stone to a poor woman whose careworn face bore the marks of deep suffering.

"I am ill, ma'am," she replied; "but it's more mind than body, I believe. I am so weak I can hardly stand. If I get up I feel so faint that I long to go to bed again."

"Suppose you tell me your story, Mrs. Noble; I may be able to comfort you, and we can ask the dear Lord to strengthen and help you," answered Mrs. Stone, drawing a chair close to the bedside, and sitting down so near to the invalid that she could hear easily her low voice.

"It is my boy, my youngest son, who is bringing my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave!" sobbed Mrs.

Noble; "it's hard work for a mother to have to tell of her own. You know, ma'am, he's fond of drink, and left his home some months ago because he wanted to be free. He came to see me one day, and said, 'Mother, I'm going into the country; work is scarce about here, and there is plenty to be had at Shelton. It's about forty miles away. I want a few more shillings to make up my railway fare, will you lend them to me? I shall soon send you back the money when I begin to work.' He spoke so nicely, telling me that he meant to reform, that I believed him. 'Jack,' I said, 'you wouldn't deceive your old mother; she'll have to put her Sunday dress away to raise what you want.' He kissed me and was so thankful, my heart warmed to him, and I promised the money should be ready for him next day. He wouldn't stay the night, for he had several matters to square up before starting. He returned next day, and I gave him the money, and I put up a bit of bread and cheese, and a rasher of bacon and a bottle of tea, and away he went. 'I'll be sure to write, mother,' were the last words he said. So he left me. But he did not go away; a friend told me he was living in his old lodgings about three miles off. My own son had deceived me. My heart was bowed down with grief, but I couldn't harbour anger against my own.

"Four months passed, and he came again.

"He gave a soft tap at the front door. I opened it. There stood Jack looking so sorry. 'Mother,' he said, 'I've come to ask you to forgive me. You know I deceived you, but now I am really going to be a better son, and turn over a new leaf.'

"'Thank God!' I replied, and began to cry. He stooped down and kissed the tears away.

"After a little while had passed in talking, Jack said, 'Mother, can't I do something for you? It's a damp day for you to go out; do you want any shopping seen to? If so, I'll go for you.'

"I thanked him, and told him I should be glad if he would fetch me six pennyworth of pork to make his father a pudding for supper. I had a two-shilling piece and one sixpence in my purse. Some feeling I cannot account for kept me from giving him the two shillings; I handed him the sixpence. He went away, and I've never seen him since, and it's at least five weeks ago. Do you wonder, Mrs. Stone, that my poor mother's heart is well-nigh broken?"

"It is indeed a sad story, my friend. Still, I would bid you pray and wait patiently. All things are possible to God. Drink hardens men's natures, and makes them cruel to those who are nearest and dearest to them. Many of us are treating God much worse than your Jack treats you, and yet our Father bears with us and wins us back to Himself by love, for God is love. Do not cast Jack off, and if you find it hard to forget and forgive his wrong-doing, turn to Isaiah xlix. 15: 'Can a woman forget her sucking child? . . . yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.' Oh, the wondrous love of God in Jesus Christ! Who can measure the length or breadth of that love?"

"Now let us pray together, and plead that the Holy Spirit may break your son's heart of stone, and lead him to Jesus his Saviour."