

## EARNEST QUESTIONS.

Have you a heart by faith made pure,  
And washed in Jesus' blood?  
Have you beneath the fountain knelt,  
And walked the paths He trod?

Have you the hands to work for Him,  
By night as well as day?  
Have you that Blessed Home in view  
Forever and for aye?

Have you a warm undying love,  
For every sin-sick soul?  
Have you a voice to gently say:  
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Have you beheld His lovely face,  
Lighted by love divine?  
Have you an interest in His cause  
To let your lamp's light shine?

Have you that peace which God can give,  
That no man takes away?  
Have you the lips to always sing  
"Jesus, my Life, my Way?"

—Sel.

## THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

There was kneeling one day in the church a poor collier lad, some ten or twelve years of age. His hair was rough, his clothes were torn and ragged; his feet were bare. His hands were clasped as in prayer, a sad, wistful look was on his face. I kneeled by his side.

"I want to be good," he said. "I want to belong to the Saviour, but I could trust him if only I could be sure that he loves me."

His had been a hard life in the world, poor heart, how shall I convince him of the fact of the love of God? I spoke to him of friends and playmates.

"Is there anyone you have ever known, who, if you had to die, would be willing to die in your stead to save you?"

A moment's silence, and then with a sweet smile he looked up and said:

"I believe my mother would."

In that brief pause he had looked back on life, and measured a mother's love. Perhaps there passed before his mind the vision of her toil late at night to mend his clothes, or earn to-morrow's bread, and convinced of the reality of a mother's love his heart told him it would be strong unto death.

"Then see what Jesus has done: and I spoke to him of the bleeding hands and feet of the Crucified. He bowed his face in his hands, as he said;

"I can love him back, and trust him, too."

Thus was the victory of the Crucified won in that young heart. So is it ever with us all.  
—The Way of Life.

## A SILENCER.

When Whitelock was about to embark as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in the year of 1655, he was very much disturbed in mind as he rested in Harwich on the preceding night, which was very stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. A confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, said:

"Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray, sir, don't you think God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And pray, sir, don't you think that he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, pray excuse me, but don't you think you may as well trust him to govern it as long as you are in it?"

To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply, and turning about, soon fell asleep.—*Ec.*

## 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 rocked, 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 the 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 willfully 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 my mother!"

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

Boys, be good to your mother.—Selected.