

Cling to the Bleeding One,
 Cling to His side:
 Cling to the Rising One.
 In Him abide:
 Cling to the Coming One,
 Hope shall arise:
 Cling to the Reigning One,
 Joy lights thine eyes.

BROKEN VOW.

"O God! in pity spare my boy; take not my first, my only son; I cannot give him up." Those words were uttered by a youthful mother, as she knelt by the side of her darling child, who seemed to be on the verge of death. He was her only love on earth, for the father had gone to an early grave. Beauty of person and an amiable and loving nature combined to rivet him closely to his mother's heart. She lived alone for him, and centred all her hopes upon him. To see him wise and great, to hear him praised and see him honored, was her highest wish. But now disease was wasting that frail frame, and in the prospects of the tomb, she remembered her great lack—she had not taught him piety of heart to God; and again she prayed: "If I have made thy gift an idol in my heart, forgive, O God! but spare my child, and I will consecrate him to thy service." Her hands were clasped, and her eyes raised to heaven; and as thus she knelt, a soft voice said, "Mother." She started, and with bursting heart bent over the sick one. The flush had left his cheek—the hue of death was on his brow. "Mother," he faintly said, "shall I die? I am cold; oh! take me in your arms." Despair seized her heart; she clasped him to her breast, and in agony she again said; "Will not God hear me! Father, spare, oh! spare his life. He shall be thine!"

Her prayer was answered. The hand of death was stayed. The boy recovered, and was restored to health. But did that mother remember that vow? Did she lead that youthful heart to God? Ah! no; she saw her son rejoicing in life, and dared not mar his peace by thoughts of death or eternity. He grew up to manhood, intelligent and admired, but in a moment most unexpected he was called to die. Having left home on a pleasure excursion, he was thrown from his carriage, and almost instantly killed. When his mother saw him brought to her door a bleeding corpse, she thought

of her solemn vow, and in her heart a voice whispered: "If thou hadst not forgotten thy vow, thy son might have lived: but now it is too late!"

In a few days, Arthur L——, was carried forth to his long home. His mother soon followed a penitent, heart-broken woman, trusting that she had found forgiveness. And now in the church-yard, side by side are seen three graves, where sleep the father, mother, and son; and as we read their names, let us remember the broken vow, and never forget that God will not be trifled with.

PRAYER ANSWERED.

A jungle is land covered with brush-wood, partly surrounded by water, and divided by rivers and streams. These rivers and streams, through the heavy rains and the high tide rising from the sea, overflow their banks, and make all the country a sort of marsh.

Tigers often prowl about these parts, and their howlings are often heard in the dead of night amongst the trees and bushes. In some of these places the East India Company make a great deal of salt, which they sell to merchants in India. Many converted heathens, residing in such districts, have been formed into christian churches. They earn their living by making the salt. Their lives are often endangered by these wild beasts. No year passes away without some of these poor people being seized by them and devoured. One of these humble christians, after the labours of the day, was going into the jungle to fetch water from the tank with which to cook his rice. Just as he was entering, he saw a tiger within a few yards of him, whose bright and terrible eyes glared upon him. "What did you do?" said a missionary to him, to whom he told this matter. "I went upon my knees," he said, "lifted up my hands, and said, O Jesus! if thou wilt, thou canst deliver me; oh save me from this tiger! and, as I looked, the tiger turned and leaped away.

THE NAME OF CHRIST.

An intelligent lady in Canada states that an aged Scotch christian, who for more than forty years had been a faithful servant of Christ, at length became so feeble that he knew no one around him. His faithful nurse asked him once