

bread, and I thought an orange would look so beautiful and make him so happy. Don't you think that poor well folks ought to be comforted sometimes, as well as the poor sick folks, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, and I think we too often forget them until sickness and starvation. You are right, this is a little errand of God. Get into the buggy, and I will drive you to old Peter's and wait till you have done the errand, and then show you the deer.—Pres.

### "WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH THAT SHALL HE ALSO REAP."

**T**HE following is a true story of a young man who was an only child. His father died, and after the burial his mother became more anxious than ever for his salvation. Sometimes she would come to him and put her arms around his neck and say with kindness, "Oh, my boy, I would be so happy if you would only be a Christian, and could pray with me."

He would push her away: "No, mother, I'm not going to become a Christian yet; I am going to wait a little longer and see the world." He would try to banish the subject from his mind altogether. Sometimes he would wake up at the midnight hour, and would hear the voice of that mother raised in supplication for her boy: "Oh, God, save my boy; have mercy upon him."

At last, this is the way he put it: "It got too hot for him." He saw he had either to become a Christian or run away. And away he ran, and became a prodigal and a wanderer. He heard from her indirectly; he could not let his mother know where he was, because he knew she would have gone to the end of the world to find him.

One day he got word that his mother was very sick. He began to think: "Suppose mother should die, I would never forgive myself," and he said, "I will go home," but then he thought, "Well, if I go home, she will be praying at me again, and I can't stay under her roof and listen to her prayers," and his proud, stubborn heart would not let him go.

Months went on, and again he heard indirectly that his mother was very sick. His conscience began to trouble him. He knew he would never forgive himself if he didn't go home, and he finally determined. There were no railroads, and he had to go in a stage-coach. At night he got into the town. The moon was shining, and he could see the little village before him.

The mother's home was about a mile from where he landed, and on his way home he had to pass the village grocery, and as he went along, he thought he would pass through the graveyard and see his father's grave. "What," he thought, "if my mother has been laid there."

When he got up to the little plot where his father's body had been laid not many months before, by the light of the moon he saw an open grave; he knelt down and kissed the sods which lay by ready to cover the last remains of a loving mother. "Oh," he said, "what will become of my poor soul now? My father and mother are both dead and who will pray for me now?"

He then started off to the little cottage where they used to live. He rapped at the door. An old friend opened it. "What caused poor mother's death?" he asked with trembling voice. "She died of a broken heart grieving over her only boy," was the answer.

He came in and passed the night by his mother's cold corpse. Again and again he bent over the coffin and kissed her cold, cold cheek; but, although his mother's death had brought him to repentance, he said "he could never forgive himself for the way he used his loving mother." "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Young man don't wait till your mother dies to kiss her cheek and accept her Saviour as yours; do so while she lives and let her have the pleasure of knowing, during her life, that you are safe for eternity and that you can say like a daughter of Old Testament times: "Thy God shall be my God, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, even for eternity."—*Gospel Lantern*.