

to land—tell my mother that her Johnny went down in the waves, with the Bible in his hand, and that God was with him."

They saw the vessel sink with the poor boy on the deck. In time the Bible got to land. It was the boy's Sunday-school prize, and had his mother's address in it; it was taken to her. You can only realize how she felt by imagining yourself in the same position. There was only one thing which could give her comfort, and that was, that her lad had marked the passage where he had been reading, "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin," and near it he had written, "Mother, if I never meet you again upon earth, I will meet you in heaven." A few years passed away, and the old woman heard of her daughter, of whom she had known nothing for a very long time; and she came to see her mother when she was nearly dying. One day a sailor knocked at the door, and wanted to see Mrs.——. He said, "I have news of her son; I was on the same ship with him, and the message he sent was, 'Tell my mother the Lord is with me.'" The message was given to the daughter, who asked the sailor to go up stairs to her mother. When the poor woman saw him, she said, "Do you know anything about my dear Johnny?" "Yes," he said, "I was on the deck when John went down into the sea; his last words were, 'Tell my mother that the Lord is with me.'" "Thank God, then," she replied, "for I shall meet him in heaven, and my prayer that the Lord might be with him is answered." "But I think," she continued, "that eye looks like my lad's eye." "Yes," said the sailor "I am he; and God has been with me, mother, and has blessed me, and he it is who has brought me to you once more before you depart." Very shortly after this, the poor woman died in his arms, shouting "Victory! victory! through the Lamb!"

What a blessed thing it is to have the Lord on our side, is it not? I can remember when my mother said these words to me, "The Lord be with thee!" What a beautiful prayer it is! There was a very poor family, so distressed they did not know how to get even a bit of bread, for the husband, the stay of the family, was upon his death-bed.—There were six little children, and a young wife, crying at