

This telegram was unfortunate. I earn my living, and must have some rights."

Edward could not quiet his stern accuser in this way. "Think of your Saviour, your King and Creator, who could at any time command legions of angels at His bidding, whose wisdom at twelve years old confounded the wise men in the temple; think of His obedience and submission to His sinful earthly parents. Never till His helpless feet and hands were nailed to the cross did He cease His filial care and love. Are you His follower? and because you earn a few dollars each week, have you joined idle fellows in deriding a mother's love?"

The large hall-clock struck twelve. As it re-echoed through the deserted house, Edward could bear it no longer, and arose to walk the floor. "After all, mother is unselfish, and only wants to help me to be an honourable man. She knows as well as I do that I am in mischief when I stay out after she is in bed. What should I do without her?" For the first time for months his lips uttered a heartfelt prayer: "God be merciful to me a sinner." A new life began in his soul that night. When he followed his grandmother to the grave, with his mother leaning upon his arm, a few days later, he made resolutions in Christ's strength, which he kept while life lasted. His brothers and sister grew up all that could be desired.

Young man, fret not at your praying mother's watch and prayer. You cannot be your own master; for once freed from home restraints, a fierce, relentless master awaits you. Do not shake off her tender hand as it stays your wayward steps.

WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?

God would have us saved from [sin, first of all. "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." Infidels once told a dying companion, who was in terrible trouble, "Become a Christian. If it be false it will do you no harm. If it be true you will be a great gainer."

A female once said, "I must get rid of my bad tempers now, else what a peevish woman I shall be if I live to be old!"

Christ, as a child, attended to His Father's business. If you wished to give something to a noble and valued friend, would you use the nosegay, the book, or the other present you had procured, till all the freshness and beauty were gone from it, and then, when you did not care for it longer for yourself, give it to your friend? And will you thus treat the Lord? Will you withhold from Him your confidence, your love, and your service as long as you can or dare, and then give Him your wasted powers and the wretched remains of a lost life? Rather give yourself to the Lord now and ever henceforth.

A sick child cut out paper and wood ornaments (all that his little feeble hands could do), which were sold for about £1, for God's cause.

A poor factory girl, who was not clever, but who had a large, loving heart, got some forty lads under her care, and she so worked and prayed to do them good, that "Mary Ann's boys," as her class was called, became remarkable for their general goodness. Are there no poor lost children you can lovingly and perseveringly labour for?

A little boy once said, "I wish I had been with Jesus on earth, I would have run everywhere doing His errands."

We may as truly serve Christ now, if we attend to our daily duties in His name, and for His sake do all we ought in the best way we possibly can. We may not like some work we may have to do. But we shall have more credit from the Lord if we faithfully perform this. In addition to this, His blessing now, and the eternal rewards of heaven, will amply repay our every work of faith and labour of love.

A DEAD FATHER'S REQUEST.



An aged Christian had an only son, a young man of cultivated mind and manners, but a professed despiser of the Word of God. When he felt death approaching, he called this infidel son to witness his last moments. He took his hand, and fixing his eyes on him, conjured him by the solemnity of this deathbed scene to think seriously of his own end.

The young man, however, finding himself in possession of a large fortune, very soon thought of nothing but spending it in dissipation. He had found among his father's papers a note recommending him to read Luke xv., in the room where he had seen his father die; but this desire was forgotten with all the rest.

One day, before going to join some party of pleasure, the young man entered this chamber. There was the bed on which his father lay when he exchanged the pains of his mortal body for the joys of the glorified. There was the table on which the old Bible was placed for family worship; there the arm-chair where his father was accustomed to sit while he expounded so forcibly the holy Word of God. Above it hung his portrait, whose smile seemed mingled with sadness.

A thousand memories rushed at once into the mind of the young infidel. He thought he saw his sins rise up before him one after another, crying to God for judgment against him. He called to mind his father's last exhortations, and the note which he had left for him; and he began at once to read the parables of the lost sheep and the prodigal son in Luke xv.

"There is, then," he exclaimed, "still pardon for me!" and instead of going to meet his friends he knelt down and wept before God. For several weeks he devoted himself entirely to the study of the Bible; and having received the blessing he sought, he walked worthy of his vocation in a life of piety and benevolence.