

the presence of death and did not come near the house to see him. This suited him very well, for what good could they do him? He cared not to see them; he had been softened for the time being. Days passed; he grew lonely. Once more he went to the club. He received such a hearty welcome that it was not long before he went every night, as before. But now there was something continually ringing in his ears: "I'll wait for you in heaven; I'll wait for you in heaven, my son."

One evening, when they were having an unusually hilarious time, he suddenly rose up and said, "Boys, I'm going home."

"Going home! What's the matter with you? It's only half-past ten o'clock."

"Nevertheless, I'm going home; mother's waiting for me."

"Your mother—your mother is dead."

"Yes; but she's waiting for me in heaven, and this kind of living will never take me to heaven."

The jeers of his companions had no effect on him; he was being drawn by a higher power. They did not know, they could not see the golden thread of his mother's prayers drawing him onward toward a higher and a better life.

From that day he avoided his former companions as much as possible, and from that day he began a nobler and a better life. His path was not an easy one, and often and often he was almost led away by temptation, but the thought would come to him just in time to save him, "She waiting for me; she's waiting for me in heaven." Then he would conquer, and in this way he was helped over many a rugged path.

All through life the sweetest and the saddest words to him were, "I'll wait for you in heaven; I'll wait for you in heaven, my son."—Presbyterian Messenger.

PLEASE MEND IT.

"Oh, please mend the basin; please mend it. I didn't mean to break it!" and poor little Emma, on her knees by the sofa, poured out her whole soul in this petition. Then she opened her eyes and looked round to see if the broken basin was mended.

No; there it lay all in fragments just where she had dropped it, and she prayed again.

"Oh, my Father, I didn't mean to break the basin, and You can mend it if You want to. Amen." And she looked round again, but it still lay there unmended.

Then the poor little girl prayed once more.

"Oh, please mend it. If you don't, mamma will know I took the sugar after she told me not to. Please do make it whole. Amen." Again she looked. But the basin was broken as before, and she rose from her knees.

"There! I won't pray any more, never, never, never! You hateful old thing, stay broken, if you want to!" And she gave the basin a spiteful kick.

At that moment Emma's mother came into the room. "What ails my little girl?" she said. "Why, Emma! how came my sugar-basin here, and broken, too? Have you been at the sugar again?"

"But I prayed about it," said Emma, sobbing, "I prayed three times. Why did not God mend it? You said He would answer prayer."

"My dear child," said her mother, "we cannot escape the consequences of our wrong acts by asking God to help us cover them. That would really be praying that He would help us to deceive; and He cannot do wrong. 'Lead us not into temptation,' is a prayer that He delights to answer. Remember that the next time, dear."

Emma has grown to be a woman now, but she has never forgotten the lesson of that day.—Young People's Paper.

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