

"When the Bee Stung Mother."*



YOUNG boy was once asked how long he had known his Saviour, and if assured that all his sins were forgiven.

"Oh, yes," he replied; "I know that they are all forgiven; I am quite sure of that."

"When did you first come to know and understand that?" asked the minister.

"When the bee stung mother," said the boy quickly.

excited bee came buzzing round and round my head. It no doubt had been hurt in some way, and seemed determined to sting. I soon got frightened, and tried once or twice to flap it away with a handkerchief that was in my hand; but round and round my head it came, and seemed to come closer and closer each time. At last, in despair, I ran inside to get rid of my enemy, still flapping at it.

"Seeing that it seemed determined to settle upon me, I ran up to my mother, who had for the last half-minute been watching my injudicious efforts to free myself from my opponent, and with a cry of despair I hid myself under her long white apron. Much amazed at my fear, but with motherly care, she immediately put her iron down,



"When the bee stung mother? Tell me what you mean, my boy."

"Sir," said the boy, "I have a very dear mother, who had for some years told me what Jesus had done for me; but I never really understood and realized how He had taken my place, and died in my stead, until one summer's afternoon. I was then playing at the door of our cottage. Mother was working in the kitchen, at the window, with her sleeves turned up upon her arms. Suddenly, whilst I was playing around the doorstep, a large and apparently very much

and with a sort of a smile, covered me further up with her apron, putting her arms outside, as it were to assure me that I had full protection.

"This was hardly done, before the bee settled upon one of mother's bare arms, and before she realised that it was not wise to let the angry little animal remain upon her, the bee had stung her so deeply that the insect was unable to draw out its sting, and in an exhausted state crawled slowly down my mother's arm.

"My mother, who felt the sting very sharply, was a little taken aback; but looking at the bee crawling down her arm, a thought struck her, which was the means of my salvation.

"She said to me, 'There, you may come out

* This incident and the illustration are copied from 'Our Own Gazette,' the organ of the Y. W. C. Associations of England. An excellent monthly publication. 50 cts. per year. May be secured from our Depository.—Ed.