

she was yet more than conqueror over all, through Him that loved her. Patience had its perfect work. Nay, not only was patience there, but there was entire thankfulness of soul, and joy and peace in believing;—no repinings at being thus suddenly and sorely afflicted—but constant expressions of gratitude to the Lord for undeserved mercies. I felt indeed that it was 'good for us to be there,' and that such exemplification of the reality of Divine aid in the hour of need was worth more than hundreds of volumes to prove the truth of christianity. It was truly a living epistle that might be known and read of all men. I took leave of her not without many tears, and prayers that I might be found worthy to meet her in that kingdom, where sin and sorrow shall be found no more. She continued a sufferer in body, but staid and joyful in spirit, for a considerable time after that affecting night, and at length fell asleep in Jesus.—Reader! may you have grace to attain the like holy confidence in the Lord—the like support in the hour of trial—and the like blessed portion in the world of joy, which we doubt not was granted to the interesting subject of this notice. May you, like her, seek peace with God betimes, that His comforts may be ready for your soul if surprised like her by suffering and death in early years. And may we all sit so loose to the cares and allurements of time, as, like her, to be prepared for a sudden change to eternity.

## A MISSIONARY.

*Selected for the Colonial Churchman.*

## THE MOTHER'S BIBLE CLASS.

Mrs. Allen was a widowed lady who resided in a small country town in Massachusetts. Her family consisted of two children and one domestic. Ellen was thirteen, and George eleven. They were scholars of the Sunday School. Their mother was a true christian; not an indolent and lukewarm one. She was self-denying and devoted to her duty. She did not feel, when her children were committed to a pious sabbath-school teacher, that the responsibility of their salvation was transferred from herself to another. She well knew that Divine grace could alone prepare the hearts of her beloved young family for a happy reunion in heaven, but she endeavoured to labour as much as if it depended solely on her efforts. The Bible had been her guide from early youth; its promises, her stay and support in sickness, when she had herself stood on the brink of the grave, in the prospect of leaving two little ones, motherless, in a cold world; and in affliction, still more bitter, when her dearest earthly friend, he who was to have shared with her the responsibility, the cares, and the pleasures of training up their children for God, was called to his long home, leaving her as the most precious legacy, God's promises to the widow and fatherless. To the Bible she had been accustomed to resort, for counsel in perplexity, for light and comfort in her dark hours of loneliness, and now it was her first and earnest desire to see her children imbued with its spirit, and its light beaming on their path. Her efforts to make them love and prize what had been a lamp to her feet, and the man of her counsel, were unrewarded, and the pleasure with which Ellen always seemed to look forward to the family Bible exercise, the hour after worship on the sabbath, was some evidence, to her mother at least, that her labour had not been in vain.

Mrs. Allen's house was in a secluded part of the town, and the perfect silence, that reigned on the sabbath, was broken only by the song of the bird or the note of the distant church bell; but this stillness, and the absence of external excitement did not cause the hours of the sabbath to pass heavily along.

"Mother," said Ellen, as she took off her bonnet, and folded up her gloves one sabbath afternoon, "Mother, I felt very glad, when Mr. S. spoke of the compassion of the Saviour, in his sermon, that we are to have that for our lesson this afternoon." "I think we shall find it an interesting subject. If you are ready now you may call your brother, we will meet in the parlour. Open the window, that we may have the cool of the breeze."

Ellen did as her mother requested: she found George standing at the back door, and quite inclined to stand there and watch the thunder caps as he called them, the rounded summits of the dark cloud, that was slowly rising in the west. A few words from Ellen soon induced him to follow her to the parlour.

Ellen asked George to draw out the little table, and put their mother's large chair before it, while she brought a Bible and concordance for her and a Testament for George, and one for herself. A chair and Testament were placed for Lucy, the servant, who always made one of this family Bible class. Mrs. Allen considered a knowledge of the Bible as necessary to aid Lucy in the performance of her duties, and to lead her in the way of salvation, as for her children.

"Thank you, my children," said Mrs. Allen, as she took her seat at the table; "which of you fixed this pleasant seat for me?"

"George," said Ellen. George had not generosity enough to say that it was Ellen's plan, but he felt that he did not deserve his mother's mild smile, for, a little disappointed in not being suffered to remain longer watching the clouds, he had done what was asked him in not a very pleasant way. They opened their Bibles.

"The compassion of the Lord Jesus is to be the subject to-day," said the mother. "He manifested, when on earth, a very tender spirit, sympathizing with sufferers of every description, and always giving relief to those who came to him. We will examine some of the passages, that show this. I will ask each of you in turn to mention one. Lucy, can you think of one?" Lucy recollected that Jesus wept over Jerusalem, but did not remember where the account of it was to be found.

"O here it is, mother," said George,—"in the 19th chapter of St. Luke; shall I read it? O I have thought of another," continued he, in a hurried tone, "Jesus wept? That is one whole verse. It was at the grave of Lazarus."

"Stop, George, not so fast," said his mother, "We will hear you read the passage Lucy mentioned, and consider that before we go to another."

George read from the 41st to the 45th verse.

"But mother was it not strange that Christ should have wept over Jerusalem? I should think it strange to see a man crying for any thing. I never saw one."

Ellen looked up at her mother, with an expression of sorrow and surprise, that George could ask such questions, and in such a tone too.

"I will explain it to you, my son. Will you look first, Ellen, and see under what circumstances Christ was approaching Jerusalem?"

"It was when he rode into Jerusalem, and the people spread their clothes in the way before him, and rejoiced because they thought their King had come to reign over them."

"Christ then, resumed Mrs. Allen with his disciples and a great multitude, were descending the Mount of Olives. What an animating scene in itself it must have been. The rejoicing multitude believed they were now to be delivered from oppression, and in humble triumph, were conducting their deliverer in their beloved city, which was spread out in all its beauty and magnificence before them. They believed that before the power with which the Messiah was to be clothed from on high, all difficulties would vanish, and the Jews would again become a renowned and powerful nation. The Saviour understood perfectly the feelings of the people, and knew that their expectations would not be realized. He did indeed come to be their deliverer, but not in the way they expected."

"How was he to be their deliverer, mother?"—asked George.

"He was to deliver them from the punishments which God must inflict upon sin, by dying for them. God accepts his death as an atonement for the sins of all who love the Saviour, and trust in him for salvation."

"But, mother, I don't see why God could not forgive us if we are sorry when we have done wrong, without having Jesus Christ to die such a cruel death."

"My child, ought you not to obey me?"

"Yes mother."

"If I were to direct you not to do something which was wrong in itself, and exposed you to great danger, and should say if you disobeyed me I would inflict some severe punishment, and you should choose to do what I had forbidden, would it be right for me to let you go unpunished? You might come and tell me you were very sorry, and that you would never do so again, but would it be right or wrong for me to withhold the punishment?"

"I know you would punish me, mother, and I suppose it would be right."

"Yes, I should. It would grieve me very much indeed; but then, if I did not, I should be unfaithful to my word, and I should fear that you might soon be tempted to do something more wicked than Well, George, you know perfectly well that you should always obey me promptly and cheerfully, and you know too that there are much stronger reasons why you should do what God requires of you. He wishes us to do nothing, but what we could do if our hearts were right. He is very kind. He tells us how we may be happy. We are all his children. He tells us what we must do, and he threatens to punish us with his everlasting displeasure, if we disobey. Now his commands are disobeyed, he would be unfaithful to his word, if the punishments threatened did not follow. We have broken the commandments of God, and so have all the persons that have ever lived. God knows all things that are to take place. He knows now the day and the hour when Ellen will die, and when you will die. He knew that we should disobey him; and in great mercy he contrived a plan by which we could be saved from the dreadful punishments of being sent away for ever, to live in a world of darkness and wretchedness. He sent his own Son Jesus Christ in this world to die for us. Jesus bore our punishment for us. The Bible says 'He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; and as I have just said, your God accepts his death as an atonement for our sins. He forgives us, not simply because we are sorry, but for the Saviour's sake. If Christ had not died, we could not have been just and faithful to his word, and yet have forgiven our sins.'

"Mother, mother," said Ellen with strong emotion, her eyes filling with tears, "I understand it, and I love the Saviour, because he loved us so much, and was so willing to die for us. Oh! how I wish I could always do and feel just as he would have me."

"God the Holy Spirit will assist you to feel that to act as will please your Saviour, if you pray for his influences; and I hope my beloved boy will do the same prayer."

George looked up, and met his mother's eyes. Her tender, affectionate tone touched his heart; his conscience was troubled. He knew that he had thought little and cared little about the kind Saviour whom his mother and his sister loved; but pride prevented him from acknowledging it. The mother's gentle conflict, and fervent prayer rose in her heart, that the proud spirit of her boy might be humbled, and from this moment his heart might be given to Him, who had died for him; and it was with a disappointed, yet submissive feeling, that she saw him brush away a tear that stood on his crimsoned cheek, as he exclaimed, in a tone of assumed carelessness, "why, mother, you have not told me why Jesus wept over Jerusalem."

His mother then told him that Jesus foresaw distinctly that the beautiful city before them would be entirely destroyed; even the ground on which stood the splendid temple, the beautiful and beautiful house, so much valued by the Jews, would be ploughed up. He thought of the dreadful sufferings of the inhabitants; many would be burnt alive, many perish with hunger, many die by sword, many be put to death by the most lingering torments. He knew, too, what death awaited him, that the multitude who were now conducting him in humble triumph as their king, would reject him, and demand that he should be crucified. He knew how unconscious they were of the fearful doom that awaited them, and he wept over their infatuation. They had hardened their hearts; the Saviour in tender compassion would have gathered them to himself, he would have had all the Jews become his friends, as Matthew, and Mark, and John did: but they