

is what my soul needs. End then perplexed soul, all your difficulties by dwelling upon this glorious truth; viz., that Christ, "his own self," (1 Pet. ii. 24), is the only atonement for sin, the only propitiation. Do think of Christ, his person, his heart of love, his words of grace, and all this in connection with his finished work, his sacrifice accepted, and while thus engaged, "ere ever you are aware your soul shall be as the chariots of Ammi-nadib."

Most blessed word, "Come!" but let it not be misunderstood. It is not itself the Leader, but only the waving of his banner, the streaming of its folds to the four winds of heaven, as if saying, "Gather to Shiloh, all ends of the earth." Blessed word, "Come!" It is not the *Person*, but it is his kind voice drawing off my attention from other subjects. It is not the *Sacrifice*, but it is the silver trumpet summoning me to the sacrifice. Blessed word, "Come!" for instead of the tremendous "Depart!" of the judgment-day, spoken to rejecting and rejected sinners, it sends forth the proclamation of the gate still open, the heart of God open, for me a sinner.

Surely, then, I and Christ must meet. Why should we not? He beckons me off self and all else, and says, "To me, to me alone!" This day, then, let it be so! Father, I see thee pointing me away from ordinances, from the Bible, from my faith, as well as from my unbelief, to *Christ alone*, that I and He may meet! the *sinner* with the *Saviour*! no one between! Jesus, Master, in thee, in thee is peace! Holy spirit, thou hast bathed my weary soul! And here I rest, until the day arrive when I shall hear him say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom, prepared for you before the foundation of the world."

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

The first part of my story, said a gentleman to his friend, happened at the death-bed of my mother. Her life had been a long catalogue of troubles; but I have been told that she always had a happy countenance, because God was ever near to comfort and to strengthen her. I was

her only son, and she loved me as a mother only can. Although I was but seven years old when she died, I can distinctly remember her taking me into her room, and weeping a prayer to God that I might be saved. When we rose from off our knees, she told me that "God was soon going to take her home," and she was afraid I did not love him. Then she kissed me, and I heard her say, as the tears rolled down her cheeks, "God bless him!—God bless him!" The next week I stood at her death bed. Her eyes were closed, and she lay silent and still, as one waiting for her Lord. I loved her, and could not bear to think that she was going to die. As I kissed her, she opened her eyes, and, looking at me, said, "Edward, do love God, and then you shall one day join me in that land whither I am now going. When I'm dead, remember my words, Love him." She said no more, the eyes closed—the spirit had left its tabernacle of clay, and had winged its way to fairer worlds on high. I cried very much for a little time; but my boyish grief soon abated, and I was as gay as ever.

Years passed away, and I made friends with some bad boys, who led me into sin and almost ruin. We used to gamble, frequent race race-courses, theatres, and other places where "fast" young men resorted. We were one evening sitting smoking in a music-hall, when the dying words of my mother flashed across my mind: "Love God!—love God!" rang in my ears. I tried to stifle them; but no! it was still the dying words, "Love God!" I went home, and, for the first time for many years, the hardened sinner prayed. I need not continue the story. God had begun a good work in my soul, and he has carried it on until now, when a few grey hairs crown my head and the days of my pilgrimage are nearly over. But I'm ready for the summons, whenever it shall come to call me home, there to join in the same everlasting hymn of praise that she is singing, and crown him King of kings and Lord of lords.

Reader, see what prayer does! Do you pray?