

added, that he was so depraved and profligate a lad, that it were a good thing if he, and all like him, were at the bottom of the sea. Pierced to the inmost soul, the unhappy mother withdrew from the house, and resolved in future upon strict retirement, in which she might at once indulge and hide her hopeless grief. "I shall go down to the grave," was her language, "mourning for my son." She fixed her residence at one of the seaports on the northern coast. After the lapse of some years, a half-naked sailor knocked at the door, to ask relief. The sight of a sailor was always interesting to her, and never failed to awaken recollections and emotions better imagined than described. She heard his tale. He had seen great perils in the deep, had been several times wrecked, but said he had never been so dreadfully destitute as he was some years back, when himself and a fine young gentleman were the only individuals of a whole ship's crew, that were saved. "We were cast upon a desert island where, after seven days and nights, I closed his eyes. Poor fellow! I shall never forget it." And here the tears stole down his weather-beaten cheeks. "He read day and night in a little book, which he said his mother gave him, and which was the only thing he saved. It was his companion every moment; he wept for his sins, he prayed, he kissed the book; he talked of nothing but this book and his mother; and at the last he gave it to me, with many thanks for my poor services. 'There, Jack,' said he, 'take this book, and keep it, and read it, and may God bless you!—it's all I've got;' and then he clasped my hand, and died in peace." "Is all this true?" said the trembling, astonished mother. "Yea, madam, every word of it." And then drawing from his ragged jacket a little book, much battered and time-worn, he held it up, exclaiming, "and here's the very book, too." She seized the Testament, descried her own handwriting, and beheld the name of her son, coupled with her own on the cover. She gazed, she read, she wept, she rejoiced. She seemed to hear a voice which said, "Behold, thy son liveth." Amidst her conflicting emotions, she was ready to exclaim, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salva-

tion." "Will you part with this book, my honest fellow?" said the mother, anxious now to possess the precious relic. "No, madam," was the answer, "not for any money,—not for the world. He gave it to me with his dying hand. I have more than once lost my all since I got it, without losing this treasure, the value of which, I hope I have learned for myself; and I will never part with it till I part with the breath out of my body."

ALL IN CHRIST.

Man, or woman, or child, do you want anything? Are you anxious about the matters of your soul? Are you disturbed? Are you ignorant? Do you feel, "It is wisdom I want;" or "It is righteousness I want;" or "It is peace I want;" or "It is heaven I want?" Well, it is all in Christ. In the knowledge of Him is eternal life. And do you understand, it is all with Christ? You do not receive it from Christ; you receive it with Christ.—"He that hath the Son hath life." There is no salvation out of Him. We become bound up in Him by faith, and then all that belongs to Him, is ours. As it is all in Him, it is all with Him. Once more, it is all *for* Christ. Do you understand that all we receive is to go back to Him? it is given to us that we may glorify His holy name. Are we justified? Are we sanctified? Are we blood-bought? Are we temples of the Holy Ghost—heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ? It is that we may have liberty to serve God, and glorify the name of our Redeemer. Thus all that salvation implies is in Him; all that salvation implies is with Him; and all that salvation implies is for Him, in time and eternity. My brethren, Christ is a root, Christ is a rock. He is a root out of which flows the sap of grace, through the branches; and the soul that is united to Him as a branch, receiveth it. He is the Rock of Ages; and the soul that is based on Him, the gates of hell cannot prevail against; it shall rise up a mighty tower unto the skies, a building that shall manifest the wisdom, the power, the grace, and the glory of God, throughout eternity.—*Rev. C. Molyneux.*