

God was the keeper of the promise, and not himself? Would he trust God to make good His promise while God was teaching and testing his heart? Yes! And can I not say, "Oh, Lord Jesus, give me Abraham's trial and his portion, and not Lot's trial and his portion."

My conviction is, that it is the mind and purpose of God to make as complete a split between flesh and Spirit in these last days as he did in the days of Pentecost. The question is, who is living for Christ and who is not! If your heart is set on Christ, you will have the enjoyment of Christ before He comes, and you will meet His face with joy. The Father's thought is, that as His Christ is up there absolutely for us, He will have us here absolutely for Him. Do not then be picking up things around you. Do not pick up curiosities out of the gutter, but say, "Through His grace, I will work out what He has worked in; I will live to the Christ whose eye is looking down from heaven on me, and I will make manifest to others the One to whom I live."—G. V. W.

### "TAKEN."

In a village which lay at the outskirts of a Canadian city, an aged Christian was dying. I was asked to visit her. Having reached the house, I inquired of a woman of middle age, who happened to be in the garden, if Mrs——lived inside.

"Yes, my mother is within; but she is very ill," was the reply.

"May I come in and see her?" And so I followed into the clean little bed-room, where lay the dying saint.

Her face was toward the wall, and she herself was either sleeping, or else sweetly anticipating, the bright future before her.

Her daughter touched her gently on the shoulder, and said, "Mother, a gentleman wants to see you;" and then took her place at the foot of the bed. "I do not know you, sir," said the old woman.

"No," said I; "but I heard you were a dying Christian woman, and that perhaps you would like me to read or speak to you so I came."

Well, I was made welcome. We enjoyed together some happy thoughts in common,—thoughts of a Saviour's dying love, and of present all-sustaining grace. I found that she had long since, been converted to God, and had spent her days amongst the Wesleyans. There did not seem a shade of fear in her soul as to her being soon with the Lord.

After about half-an-hour's conversation, I said, "Would you like me to pray beside you? Have you any special request that I may lay before the Lord?"

"No, thank you," said she.

Now, you know, my reader, that dying people are, as a rule, exceedingly fond of being prayed for. They do not feel easy; the future is dark, uncertain; the waters of the dreaded Jordan are deep. The clergyman must come, must go through some religious form, in order to satisfy God for the faults of his dying parishioner or church-member; and such an one could not die happy without this religious exercise.—What a mad thing to trust to the prayers, &c., of a fellow-mortal by your death-bed side! "It is a fear-