

Let go the Twig.

During the revival in Scotland, a lady was awakened, and went to a minister and told him how unhappy she was. He said he was glad to hear it. She was amazed and hurt, and told him how she had read and prayed, and yet could find no peace. He told her it was not by anything she could do, but by what Christ had done long ago, and finished on the cross she could be saved. Nothing relieved, she went to a recently converted friend and said, 'What have you done to get peace?' 'Done!' said her friend, 'I have done nothing. It is by what Christ has done I have peace with God.' In yet greater distress she went home, shut herself in her room, resolving not to rise from her knees until she had peace. Long she remained so, till worn out, her poor body fell into a slumber, and she dreamed she was falling over a frightful precipice, but had caught a twig by which she hung over the gulf.—'Oh save me,' she cried; and a voice from below, which in her dream she knew to be Christ's, said, 'Let go the twig and I will save you.' 'Lord save me,' again and again she cried, and again and again the same voice was returned, 'Let go the twig and I will save you.' She must perish, she thought, if she let go the twig. At length He said, in tones most solemn and tender, 'I cannot save you, unless you let go the twig.' She let it go, fell into the Saviour's arms, and in the joy of feeling herself safe, awoke. In her sleep she had learned the needed lesson. Her own doings were the twig. She saw she must let this go, and fall down into the arms of the Redeemer. She did so, and had peace.

Dear child—you are perhaps a little girl or boy at school, trying to be good in order to get God to love you and Christ to save you. 'Let go the twig.'

Learn *by heart* this hymn, and make the language of it your own:—

'Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

'Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling,
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Guilty, to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.'

'I am not ready to Die.'

A young mother lay upon her couch, unconscious of the fact that the last threads were swiftly passing through the web of life, and that its gaudy colorings and rich scenery were soon to be rolled up and laid away, and that in a few brief hours it would be said of her part in life's gay drama, *It is finished*.

I had seen her in health, when husband and little ones tenderly encircled her, when promise of long life and domestic happiness lent enchantment to every plan, and vigour to every purpose. I had seen her preferring the festivities of the ball-room to quiet home joys, entrusting her children to the cold care of hirelings, while her own attention was engrossed with pleasure and fashion. I had seen her when the Spirit was teaching her the vanity of earthly pleasures, and opening before her darkened mind the reality and beauty of the heavenly world; when, in bitterness of spirit, she wept over her life of folly, but could not give up its fascinations: and when called still more loudly to reflection and deep sorrow by the death of a favourite child, she had resolved to lead a new life, and connect herself with the Church.

But, alas! her fears were like the shadows that flit along the plain. Her repentance was but the sudden grief of childhood, her pious resolutions like footprints upon the sand. She failed to outstep the delusive circles of that whirlpool on whose merry rounds she had loved to glide. She heard not its muffled roaring, sure omen of evil.

For a brief year I did not meet her.—