

not like to lie down to sleep feeling that you were forgiven? Would you not like one day to sit down to the marriage supper of the Lamb?

"Oh, what a day that will be!" said Mr. Wilton, as he ended his sermon. "St. John caught a glimpse of its glory amidst the wonderful sights he was permitted to see. And so important was it, so good, so specially beautiful, that the angel seems to have stopped him, that St. John might write it down at once: Wait a minute, don't go any farther, take out your book and make a note of that—'Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.'"

"Are *you* one of those blessed ones?" asked the clergyman. "Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Will you sit down to that supper? Have you a right to enter into 'Home, sweet Home'? I know not what is your answer to these questions. But if you cannot answer me now, how will you in that day answer the Great Searcher of hearts?"

And with this question the sermon ended, and the congregation left; those of them who had known Mr. Wilton still lingering behind, to shake hands with him, and to get a parting word of counsel or comfort.

Christie walked home by the clergyman's side.

"And now, Christie," said Mr. Wilton, "do you think you can be ready to start with me to-morrow morning at eight o'clock?"

"To start with you, sir?" repeated Christie.