

He then grew thoughtful a moment, and musing a little, added, "Hold, daughter, hold! my Master calleth me!" Here his sight failed him, but, calling for a Bible, he requested his daughter to place his finger on, "I am persuaded that neither life nor death shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus my Lord." He then said, "God be with you, my children! I have breakfasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus Christ this night!" These were his last words; and, without a groan, he at once started on his flight to everlasting glory.

A lady once asked Mr. Wesley, "Supposing that you knew you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?"—"How, madam?" he replied; "why just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this evening at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning; after that, I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me; converse and pray with the family as usual; retire to my room at ten o'clock; commend myself to my heavenly Father; lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."

#### SECOND SABBATH.

*Golden Text:*—Even a child is known by his doing, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right. Prov. 20: 11.

On the side of a mountain, near one of these natural bridges, (across a ravine) made of a great rock, so common in Switzerland, lived a little child, whose mother had often told her just what I have been telling you, about Him who pitied us and poured out his life's blood that he might wash away the black stains of sin on our souls. But her father was not a Christian. He never gathered his loved ones around the family altar. He was kind to provide for the good of his children in this world, but he seemed to care nothing about their laying up "treasures in heaven." One day, when about to cross this deep ravine upon the rock, the mother saw that it was just ready to fall. The frost had loosened it. She told her little child that if she ever crossed it again it would fall, and she would be dashed in pieces. The next day the father told his child that he was going over to the other side across the bridge. She said to him it was not safe, but he only laughed at her. He said that he had been across it before she was born, and that he was not afraid. When the dear little thing saw that he was determined to go, she asked if she could go with him. While they were walking along together,

she looked up full in her father's face, and said: "Father, if I should die, will you promise to love Jesus, and meet me in heaven?" "Pshaw!" said he—"what put such a wild thought into your head? You are not going to die, I hope. You are only a wee thing, and will live many years." "Yes, but if I should, will you promise to love Jesus just as I do, and meet me in heaven?" "But you are not going to die. Don't speak of it," he said. "But if I die, do promise, father, you will be a good Christian, and come up and live with Jesus and me in heaven." "Yes! yes!" he said at last. When they came near the crossing-place, she said: "Father, please stand there a minute." She knew that her father was not prepared to die. She loved him dearly, and was ready to die for him. Strange as it may seem, she ran and jumped with all her might upon the loose rock, and down it went with the little girl! She was crushed to death. The trembling father crept to the edge and, with eyes dim with tears, gazed upon the wreck. Then he thought of all his little child had told him about how Jesus had died to save us. He thought he never loved his child so much. But he began to see that he had far more reason to love Jesus, who had suffered much more to save him from the "bottomless pit." And then he thought of the promise he so carelessly made to his daughter. What could he do but kneel down and cry to God to have mercy upon him?

#### THIRD SABBATH.

*Golden Text:*—But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. Rom. 4: 5.

Suppose I say, "A tree cannot be struck without thunder;" that is true; for there is never destructive lightning without thunder. But, again, if I say, "The tree was struck by lightning without thunder," that is true, too, if I mean that the lightning alone struck it without the thunder striking it. Yet read the two assertions, and they seem contradictory. So, in the same way, St. Paul says, "Faith justifies without works;" that is, faith alone is that which justifies us, not works. But St. James says, "Not a faith which is without works." There will be works with faith, as there will be thunder with lightning; but just as it is not the thunder, but the lightning (the lightning without the thunder), that strikes the tree—so it is not the works which justify. Put it in one sentence,—*faith alone* justifies, but not the faith which is alone. Lightning alone strikes, but not the lightning which is alone without thunder; for that is only summer lightning, and harmless. F. W. Robertson.