

long made his aged servant the means of propagating and establishing in the world,—such a degree of fervour accompanied Mr. Wesley's loud 'Amen', as was very expressive of his soul's being engaged in the answer of our petition. On rising from our knees, he took Mr. Broadbent's hand, drew him near, and with the utmost placidness saluted him, and said 'Farewell!' Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. Horton and others drew near the bed-side, and he took the same affectionate leave of them all. The next pleasing awful scene, was the great exertion he made, in order to make Mr. Broadbent understand, that he desired a sermon which he had written on the Love of God, should be scattered abroad, and given to every body. Something else he would have said, but alas! his speech failed; and those lips which used to feed so many, were no longer able to convey their accustomed sounds. Finding that we could not understand what he said, he paused a little, and then with all his remaining strength cried out, 'The best of all is, God is with us!' and then as if to assert the faithfulness of our promise-keeping Jehovah, and comfort the hearts of his weeping friends, lifting up his dying arm in token of victory, and raising his feeble voice with a holy triumph, not to be expressed, he again repeated the heart-reviving words, 'God is with us.' Sometime after, on our giving him something to wet his parched lips, he said, 'This will not do, we must take the consequences; never mind the poor carcass.' Some friends standing near the bed-side, whom he did not distinctly perceive (his sight being nearly gone,) he said, 'who are these?' Mr. Rogers said, Sir, we are come to rejoice with you; you are going to receive your crown.' 'It is the Lord's doing,' he replied, 'and marvelous in our eyes.' On being told that Mrs. Charles Wesley was come, he said, 'He giveth his servants rest.' He thanked her as he pressed her hand, and on wetting his lips, said, 'We thank thee O Lord, for these and all thy mercies; bless the church and King, and grant us peace and truth forever, through Jesus Christ our Lord.' At another time he said, 'He causeth his servants to lie down in peace.' I replied, 'they lie down in peace indeed, who rest in our Redeemer's bosom. May the Lord help us to rest in him, and then to rest with you in glory,' to which he answered, 'Amen.' Then, pausing a little, he exclaimed, 'The Lord is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge!' and again requested us to pray. Mr. Broadbent was once more the mouth of our full hearts; and though Mr. Wesley was greatly exhausted by these exertions, he appeared still more fervent in spirit. Several of his relations being present, Mr. Broadbent particularly thanked God for the honor he had conferred upon the family; and earnestly prayed that the glory might never be tarnished, nor they want a man to minister before the Lord, to the latest generations; at the end of which petition, our dying father discovered such ardency of desire that the prayer might be answered, by repeating his 'Amen', as greatly affected all present. These exertions, however, were too much for his feeble frame; and during most of the night following, although he was often heard attempting to repeat the psalm before mentioned, he could only get out, 'I'll praise, I'll praise.' On Wednesday we found that the closing scene drew near. Mr. Bradford, his faithful friend, and most affectionate son in the Gospel, prayed with him; and the last word he was heard to articulate was, 'Farewell!' a few minutes before ten, while Miss Wesley, Mr. Horton, Mr. Brackenbury, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, with E. Ritchie, were kneeling around his bed, according to his often expressed desire, without a lingering groan, this man of God gathered up his feet in the presence of his brethren. We felt what is inexpressible. The ineffable sweetness that filled our hearts, as our blessed pastor, father and friend, entered into his Master's joy, for a few moments blunted the edge of our painful feelings on this truly glorious, yet melancholy

occasion. As our dear aged father breathed his last, Mr. Bradford was inwardly saying, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and let this heir of glory enter in.' Mr. Rogers gave out—

"Waiting to receive thy spirit,
So the Saviour stands above,
Shews the purchase of his merit
Reaches out the Crown of Love."

One then said, let us pray for the mantle of our Elijah: on which Mr. Rogers prayed in the spirit, for the descent of the Holy Ghost on us, and on all who mourn the general loss which the church militant sustains by the removal of our much loved father to his great reward. Even so. Amen."

SABBATH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

AN ADDRESS

To the Parents of Sunday-School Children.

"Suffer little children to come unto me."—Luke xiii. 18.

It is a great mercy that God has preserved both you and your children to this time. How many fathers and mothers are torn from their helpless babes! Multitudes of infants pine away and die before the eyes of their parents. Many are born blind or deaf and dumb; and some turn out idiots, without sense to learn, or to do any thing to get their bread. How kind, then, has the Lord been to you! Though you may be poor, he has given you health to work, or friends to help you; so that you and your children have been kept from starving. He has graciously provided for the good of your children's minds, by inclining people to teach them to read the Bible. If you cannot teach them yourselves, or pay to have them taught, how thankful should you be to the Lord for putting it into the hearts of other persons to do so much good for your children! It will cost some money, and some time and trouble; and they are not related to you, nor do they expect any reward from you; but they are willing to do this for God's sake, who has taught us to love our neighbours as ourselves. If you love your children, you will be very glad to use such means to do them good.

By sending them to the Sabbath School you may do them much good, and keep them from much harm. Do you not find that if your children have nothing to do, they get into mischief? When they play about in the streets they are apt to learn the bad words and bad behaviour of the worst children they meet with. They are not thankful nor dutiful to you now; and what may you expect when they grow up. Is it not likely, and almost certain, that they will get worse and worse, if they are not taught better, and kept out of harm's way? What can you do with them on the Sabbath, so well as to send them to worship God, and to be taught to read their Bible? This will show them how wrong it is for them to lie, or swear, or steal, or disobey their parents. It will show them that God is angry with children who do such things, and that he will turn them into hell if they go on so. If they come to know and mind what the Bible tells them, you will not have the trouble to scold and beat them, in order to keep them from doing what is wrong. They will remember that God always sees them, and they will be afraid of displeasing him.

On the other hand, if they have not the fear of God before their eyes, you know not to what end they may come. How common it is for young people to be led to commit crimes that ruin them forever! There is not a week passes without some being taken.

* How soul-animating are the statements this Extract affords. How cheering to "The Church in her militant state," particularly to that body who have received an answer to the prayer of faith, in the continued gift of the holy Spirit among them: the revival and extension of the work in the salvation of innumerable souls, raised from a "Death of sin to a life of righteousness,"—to bear testimony they have not believed "unningly devised fables"—but, "that the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."