

HOME AGAIN FOREVER.

"Come, sweet Death!" I cried, again and yet again.

Then from the volumes of blackness and depths of weariness it seemed to me Death did appear. It was only a moment's vision conjured up, but, oh, what a glorious, radiant angel! And strange! for the lovely face had the very look of my winsome, sweet-eyed pansies.

I stretched out my arms. "Oh! take me, take me!" I sobbed in feverish haste. But the gentle angel of the sunshine smiled and vanished.

Of course, it was nothing but the vivid phantasy of an overwrought brain, but it seemed to have a loveliness beyond endurance. And darkness pressed in on my aching sockets.

Faith could hold out no more. "God has forgotten me!" I groaned. With this I touched the depths. The taunting devil swept in with his ghastly torrent of temptation. It was the hour and power of the prince of the air—anguish so bitter shook my spirit.

"You have uttered a wicked thought," hissed the tempter. "Your soul is mine, your path downward."

Ah! but then I remembered my Saviour again. Was it not Christ the Lord who in that last awful hour upon the cross Himself cried out, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Oh! my Jesus! King of my life! Had God forgotten His only begotten Son as He hung expiring on the cross? No! No! No!

Then I knew He had not forgotten me. Oh, no, He would not leave His fainting child! My Father, not forsaken! The Lord has thoughts for me in the darkness as well as in the light.

The devil drew back, repulsed.

Out of the shadows now there trembled a pure, soft glimmering. This was no vision—it was the silver lettering of a text upon the wall, and the stamped printing had caught the first faint-pencilled ray of a distant dawn. Clearer and more silvery still the words shone out: "Rejoice evermore. In everything give thanks."

Yes, glory to God! I had sounded the saddest crisis, and I knew that He was with me. I had learnt my lesson. Truth and light and beauty are external. Darkness and pain and deceit are but things of time and must pass away.