

range of being, than it hath "entered into the heart of man to conceive."

"They die in Jesus and are blessed ;  
How soft their slumbers are ;  
From suffering and from sin released  
And every mortal care.

"Far from a world of toil and strife  
They're present with the Lord ;  
The labors of this mortal life  
End with a large reward."

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." My brethren ! such lives and such deaths are not rare occurrences. I have not drawn a fancy sketch or suffered imagination to enlarge upon the simple truth. We see them living round us, in piety and usefulness. Oh ! that we might seek of God the grace to lead us in their footsteps ! We see them dying, in the peace of God, and as we look, our hearts lift up the cry of one of old, "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his."

And now my brethren ! it is appropriate for us to turn from these thoughts upon the general theme of holy living and happy dying, to the special illustration of their truth, which is presented to us by that most sudden and afflictive