

poured out his life's blood, you whom he has guided by his Spirit? Think you that he has led you through the wilderness, through the storm and the tempest, through weariness and woe, to forsake you at the brink of Jordan?

*Dying.*—There is something, but it fades from my memory, some promise—  
“When thou passest through the waters—

*Pastor.*—I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; nay, the waters of death shall not even wet the sole of the foot of one of the Lord's redeemed; they shall be as a wall on the right hand and on the left, for Christ hath abolished death, and made in its place a brief and safe passage to glory. Cling to the hand now stretched forth to lead you through this last, short stage of your pilgrimage below.

*Dying.*—If, in the last mortal struggle, faith should let go her hold, I fear—

*Pastor.*—Fear not; the grasp of eternal love will not relax; no man shall pluck you out of your Saviour's hand!

*Dying.*—Can I leave all to him?

*Pastor.*—Yea, all!—your hopes, your safety, your life, your soul—leave all to him in blessed assurance that more than a brother's love is his love, more than a parent's care is his care, and that He who hath washed you from your sins, in his own blood can and will present you faultless before the throne of his Father.

*Dying.*—Into his hands—with full trust—yes, trust—hope, joy, I commend my spirit. Earth is receding now; there is a rushing sound—and darkness around—but—

*Pastor.*—Light in the soul, glory on the spirit! You have almost reached the goal; you have almost touched the prize; angels are bending forward to welcome; a few brief moments and you will be with—

*Dying.*—My Lord—Jesus!

A pale ashen hue overspread the features. It was the touch of the angel of death, but the seal of peace was imprinted on the calm, pale brow, and on the lips whose last breath had uttered that Name which is the sinner's only plea in judgment, the saint's only passport to heaven, that name which will be the everlasting theme of the songs of the redeemed in the mansions of eternal glory!

The pastor gazed upon the dead not with sorrow, not with compassion, rather with a feeling of envy. Let me die the death of the righteous, he exclaimed, and let my last end be like his! And even with the words upon his lips, the pastor awoke from his dream!

The day of life is closing,  
Its last faint rays have fled;  
Yet faith, on Christ reposing,  
Can death's cold waters tread.  
The dark sea spreads before me,  
Upon the brink I stand;  
O! guide me, Lord of glory,  
To heaven's blissful strand!  
To Thee, Lord, I flee,  
My trust is in Thee,

O death! where is thy sting? O grave! thy victory?

No longer here detain me,  
I hear my Saviour's voice,  
I feel his arm sustain me,  
I triumph and rejoice!  
The Lord will bless for ever,  
Those who his love have known,  
Nor life nor death can sever  
The Saviour from his own!  
Victorious and free,  
His people shall be,

O death! where is thy sting? O grave! thy victory?