

thought of death is no longer a fear and dread to him, for to depart is to be for ever with his best and dearest Friend, with Him who, for his sake, left the glory of heaven to live the life of a working-man amid cold, hard, ungrateful companions, and then for their sakes laid down His life, a penalty for their sins. Having lived, He knows all your trials, and you may tell them to Him as freely as to your brother, for He can sympathise; having died, He can take your fear of death away, for the sting of death is sin, and your sin was laid on Him; but remember, it is he that forsaketh sin that shall find mercy.

“Repentance is to leave
The sin we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve
By doing so no more.”

You think, perhaps, that a life of religion is a gloomy thing; but a Christian's life is far happier than that of the worldling, for his pleasures leave no sting behind.

“When on the poisonous breeze
The seeds of death like thistle-down are borne,
And strong men fall around like summer corn,
‘His soul shall dwell at ease.’

By night on raging seas,
When waves white-crested gleam amid the gloom,
And in the whirlwind's pause the storm-bells boom,
‘His soul shall dwell at ease.’

And when on bended knees
The weepers ask his life with changing fear
And hope, while death in solemn march draws on,
‘His soul shall dwell at ease.’”¹

Reader, would not you have your soul thus at ease?