

said, "Hasten and bring them." And so, with trembling voice, Gottreich began:—

"Oh, think, in the darksome hour, how the glory of heaven and earth once filled, our bosom! how you gazed by day into one infinitude of beauty, and by night into another! Put away the unmeaning notion of void space, and surround yourself again, as a middle point, with the fullness and glory of innumerable suns and worlds, all full of live and love—splendour, grandeur with grandeur mingling. Soar, spirit, ages after ages, from world to world: you will ever be in the bosom of the infinite fullness, in no peril of falling into a dread void; for empty space is only between the worlds, and not around them all. Oh, think, in the darksome hour, on the time when your heart burst forth in raptures to God! on the day when the thought of the infinite, the eternal, opened in your mind."

Here the old man folded his hands in silent prayer.

"Have you not known and felt present the Being whose infinitude is not only of power and wisdom, but of love? Remember now the sweet hours of childhood, when the deep blue sky of night opened upon you like the soft kind eyes of a preserving angel over you. And think how a thousand gentle reflections of the eternal goodness, from heart to heart, from eye to eye, of mankind, have played around you, as the one light plays from sun to sun, from world to world, through all the universe.

"Oh think, in the darksome hour, how, in the springtide, the grave only seemed the horizon of a new world, and how, even in the fullness of life, you could think of better things after death. Think that your life is ever surrounded with the universal life, in which birth and death are only the light, uppermost billows of an unfathomable ocean. And can you forget, in the darksome hour, father, how great and good men have lived and died, whose path you are now following? See the great spirits of the human race who stand on their mountain towers, with the storms of life about and below, but never above them. Recall to mind the enthroned succession of sages and poets who have illumined and inspired people after people, thro' so many ages."

"Speak of our Redeemer," said the father.

"Yes; think in the darksome hour of Him. Life is holy, and death is holy; for he has shared both with us. May He look upon you, in this last darksome hour, and show you *his* and *your* Father."

A gentle burst of thunder rolled among the clouds awhile, and then the sun looked out again in mild beauty.

"And think, father, how the heart can love, and how many millions of souls may live in love, nourished and supported by one heart-string, as the oak for many centuries, out of one root, draws life-sap for the glories of five hundred spring-tides."

"Do you mean me?" asked the father.

"I am thinking of my mother too," said the son; and Justa melted into tears as she saw that thoughts of love could overcome the bitterness of death; while the old man, musing on his long deceased wife, murmured softly—"Meet again!"

Suddenly the clouds were arranged in two dark mountain peaks, between which the sun looked out with a kind, farewell glance upon the earth.

"What a glorious countenance," said the dying man.

"It is the setting sun, father," said Gottreich.

"Yes, I see that face again; and now—" said the father, thinking all the while of his departed wife. Gottreich felt unable to continue his "Recollections," and go on to describe the joys of reunion upon earth, which he had penned in the morning; for how could he speak of earthly happiness to one who, even now, was gazing into a higher life?

"Father!" he exclaimed, as he marked the fixing gaze of the dying man, "how are you now?"

"Yes, I am thinking so and so, the old man kept murmuring, as he imagined he still heard his son speaking. "Death is sweet, and 'tis lovely to depart in Christ." Still he seemed drinking in the words of his son, and enriching his departing soul with his past life, and from time to time he whispered with failing breath, "All good!" till the brightness of all those views of his life was lost, not in darkness, but in light, as on his soul rose the Sun of Righteousness. As the sun sank down, the father raised himself from his pillow, expanded his arms, and said—"There are three beautiful rain-bows over the setting sun: I must go." Then he fell back and expired. What living man may say of death as a sleep; those who have watched by the dying, and heard their last breathing, know that the thoughts of the last hour are rather of *rising and going hence*.

"He is gone," said Gottreich, weeping to Justa, who wept over the pale form,—*"he is gone, full of holy joys, to his God. Let us*