

"Fain would I catch a hymn of love
 From the angel harps that ring above,
 And sing it as my parting breath
 Quivered and expired in death ;
 So that those on earth might hear
 The harp notes of another sphere,
 And mark, when nature faints and dies,
 What springs of heavenly life arise ;
 And gather from the death they view,
 A ray of hope to light them through
 When they shall be departing too."

"No," said another, "so not I;
Sudden as thought is the death I would die;
 I would suddenly lay my shackles by;
 Nor bear a single glance at parting,
 Nor see a tear of sorrow starting,
 Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,
 Nor feel the hands of love that press me,
 Nor the frame with mortal terror shaking,
 Nor the heart where love's soft bands are breaking.

"So would I die!
 All bliss without a pang to cloud it;
 All joy without a pain to shroud it;
 Not slain, but caught up, as it were,
 To meet my Saviour in the air!
 Oh, how bright were the realms of light
 Bursting at once upon my sight!
 Even so I long to go—
 Those parting hours, how sad and slow!"

His voice grew faint, and fixed his eye,
 As if gazing on visions of ecstasy;
 The hue of his cheeks and lips decayed;
 Around his mouth a sweet smile played.
 They looked—he was dead!
 His spirit had fled,
 Painless and swift as his own desire;
 His soul undressed, from her mortal vest,
 Had stepped into her car of heavenly fire,
 And proved how bright
 Were the realms of light
 Bursting at once upon the sight.—*Christian Era.*

‘SAY ‘YES’ TO JESUS.’

A minister asked a dying Sunday scholar if she had not a message to send to her fellow scholars. The child replied, "Tell them to say 'Yes' to Jesus."—*Mrs. Bradstock's Service, March 14, 1875.*

SAY "yes" to Jesus when He calls;
 He'll ask for nothing but His due;
 Yea, listen to His soft footfalls;
 No truer friend will call on you.