

spirit, O Lord God of truth; thou hast redeemed me!"

How mysterious and impressive a death was that of Dr. Beaumont, who expired in the pulpit while pronouncing the line—

"Thou while the first archangel sings,  
He hides his face behind his wings;  
And ranks of shining hosts around  
Fall worshipping and spread the ground."

Very calm was that saying of the dying Tasso—"In Manus tuas Domine."

St. Thomas a Becket, as he fell beneath the sword of the assassin, whispered, "I humbly commend my spirit to God who gave it."

Schiller stepped from the turmoil of life to the quiet of the after-time, whispering "Calmer and calmer;" and Goethe when the shades were drawing around him, shutting out the golden sun-sheen, murmured "More light."

Humboldt departed, saying, as he gazed out on the glorious sun, "How bright these rays! they seem to beckon earth to heaven."

The one beautiful work with which brave Jeanne d'Arc closed her stormy life, was the peaceful one "Jesus."

Melancthon died saying, "*Aliud nihil nisi cælum.*"

How sad and solemn a death was that of the Emperor Charles V., with a tapier in one hand, processioning around that sombre catafalque exclaiming, "*Ya roy Senor*" (Now, Lord, I go); and, as his fingers relaxed their hold, murmuring, in broken accents, and, with them expiring, "*Ay Jesus!*"

"A king should die standing," said Agastus.

"All my possessions for a moment of time!" exclaimed the dying Elizabeth.

"Lord, take my spirit," prayed Edward IV.

How tragical were many of those French Revolution scaffold death-scenes. Those hoarse words spoken beneath that gleaming knife, with what horrible and sickening sound they echo in our ears.

"This, then, is my reward," said Barnave, as he mounted the fatal scaffold.

Clootz died there, discoursing on materialism, and requested to be executed last, "in order to establish certain principles."

Madame Roland died there too, asking for paper and pen "to write the strange thoughts rising in her," requesting (as a favour to a lady) to die first, to show Lamarche how easy a thing it were, and then, turning her fiery eye to the statue of Liberty, exclaiming, "O Liberty! what things are done in thy name!"

Is there any death-picture more horrible than that of Brissot and the twenty shouting *Vive la République!* and singing the hymn of the Marseillaise, the chorus growing every moment fainter as the heads of the Girondins fell before the devouring guillotine, silently dying away, until but one was

left to shriek the grim death-song?

It is pleasant to leave all this horror, although it is to press around the martyr's fire, yet from out that flame and smoke we hear the faltering voice of the venerable Latimer: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; I trust we shall this day light up such a candle in England, as by God's blessing, shall never be put out."

At the stake at Vilvorde, brave old Tyndale, translator of the English Bible, prayed, "The Lord open the eyes of the King of England."

Noble words, too, were those of the great German reformer, Zwingle, who was killed in battle in 1531, gazing calmly at the blood trickling from his wounds, and exclaiming, "What matters this misfortune? They may, indeed, kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul."

"My dear," said Sir Walter Scott to Lockhart, "I may have but a moment to speak to you; be a good man, be virtuous, be religious—be a good man; nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here. God bless you all."

Burke's son died quoting the lines of Milton—

"His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
With every plant in sign of worship wave."

And reading the 142nd Psalm, St. Francis of Assisi died as he reached the last verse: "Bring my soul out of prison."

"Galilean! Thou has conquered," closed the life of the Apostate Julian.

The brave Polycarp, at the age of ninety, at the stake refused to be bound; for, he said, "Let me alone as I am! He who has given me strength to endure the fire, will also enable me to stand without moving in the pile."

"I must sleep now," said Byron.

"Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave," entreated Burns.

"What, is there no bribing death? asked Beaufort.

"A dying man can do nothing easy," was the assurance of Franklin.

"Kiss me, Hardy," said Nelson.

"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done," devoutly prayed the dying Sir Edward Coke.

John Knox, earnestly expecting the last summons, said, as he closed his eyes, "Now it is come."

"Dying, dying," were the last words of Thomas Hood, when, after making his last pun, he turned his head upon the pillow to the wall. He said a little before the latest moment, "There was the smell of the mould, but he remembered it nourished the violets."

"It is beautiful!" finished the beautiful life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

"I am going to take a leap in the dark," were the syllables that escaped from the lips of the metaphysician and sceptic, Thomas