

## Family Reading.

AT MIDNIGHT.

*Dying.*—Eleven—twelve!—it is then midnight. I shall not live to see the light of morning! Before that clock strikes again I may be—in the presence of my Judge!

*Pastor.*—Of your merciful Saviour!

*Dying.*—I am standing on the verge of eternity as one standing on the brink of a precipice, beyond which lie boundless space—unfathomable depths—infinity! A few moments and the plunge must be made; earth and its hopes, its fears, its ties, yea, the very body cast off as a garment—nothing left for the soul to cling to.

*Pastor.*—Except the immutable promises of its God.

*Dying.*—I can scarcely recall them to my mind; my memory is becoming dull and confused; darkness is upon my soul! This is indeed the valley of the shadow of death!

*Pastor.*—The Lord Jesus has passed through it before you—nay, is He not at this moment by your side? Can you not say, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me? Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord!

*Dying.*—I have loved him. Yes, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I have loved thee!

*Pastor.*—You delayed not the work of repentance; you delayed not the work of faith till the feebleness and darkness of nature's decay made all mental effort impossible. There is therefore now no condemnation, no danger to the redeemed of the Lord; your flesh and your heart fail, but God is the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever!

*Dying.*—For ever! Mysterious word! I shall soon know its fullness of meaning!

*Pastor.*—For ever—as one of the bright throng, clothed with white robes, and with palms in their hands, who shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes!

*Dying.*—Can such bliss, such glory, be in reserve for an unworthy sinner like me!—for one who, like the thief on the cross, can only turn his dying eyes to the Saviour, and with no plea, no hope, but his mercy, cry, Lord, remember me!

*Pastor.*—The two malefactors who were crucified at Calvary were types of the whole human race; both justly sentenced, both justly suffering, both within sight of that flowing blood which could wash away every sin, but one hardened in impenitence, the other, with the grasp of faith, laying hold on the sinner's Hope, and finding in him, and him alone, salvation and life everlasting!

*Dying.*—The one on his right hand, the other on his left,—

*Pastor.*—And so in the day of judgment, these on his right hand, and those on his left—here the faithful there the unbelieving—the Saviour's flock divided from the goats.

*Dying.*—If I could but feel sure, quite sure, that I, even I, am of the faithful!—but a misgiving comes over me. Can I have deceived myself? O God! it is a fearful thought!

*Pastor.*—This is Satan's last effort to wound the soul which is escaping from his reach for ever. The name of the Saviour is precious to you?

*Dying.*—Far more precious than life!

*Pastor.*—The Lord Jesus is your hope?

*Dying.*—My all—my all!

*Pastor.*—And think you that you are not precious to him, you for whom he