

And more than friend Thou art : for when we lay
 In our own blood polluted, lost and dead,
 And Justice drew its fiery sword to slay,
 And hell exulting waited for its prey,—
 Thou gavest up Thy life, and diedst instead.

WHAT IS DEATH?

For the unbeliever nothing can be more terrible than death. It is justly and scripturally called "the king of terrors" (Job xviii. 14). It is the judicial close of the first Adam. What is beyond? It is not merely so for the animal nature, though that be true, but the more it is considered in connection with man's moral nature, the more terrible does it become. Everything in which man has had his home, his thoughts, his whole being employed, is closed and perished for ever; "His breath goeth forth . . . in that very day his thoughts perish" (Ps. cxlvi. 4). Man finds in it an end to every hope, every project, to all his thoughts and plans. The spring of them all is broken. The being in which he moved is gone; he can count upon nothing more. The busy scene in which his whole life has been, knows him no more. He himself fails and is extinct. None have to do with him any more as belonging to it. His nature has given way, powerless to resist this master to which it belongs, and who now asserts his dreadful rights. But this is far from being all. Man indeed, as alive in this world, sinks down into nothing. But why? Sin has come in: with sin, conscience;