

send everything spinning about in circles around. He then closed his eyes thinking of the defenceless lady within, as the coarse shouts of the approaching men fell upon his ear. He fancied he saw the lady, as he lay upon the hard rocks, unable from exhaustion and from his wounds to rise, bending over him, with a pitying expression depicted on her pale face, binding up his bleeding arm.

He fancied he saw great demons in human forms approached him with knives in their hands. A multitude of the errors of his past life crowded upon his memory—many of which he had not thought of since he was a child. Then came a confused mass of strange ideas;—hundreds of old familiar faces seemed peering at him; then came one sweet, sad face he had not seen for ten whole years—one face white as the purest marble, with eyes as soft and blue as the deep azure of the unclouded heaven, and with a brow as clear as the fancied brows of celestial beings,—overshadowed by heavy masses of curls which gleamed in the sunlight like burnished gold.

He had just strength enough to cross himself, when he fell into a swoon and knew no more.

(To be continued.)

"THE TIME OF MY DEPARTURE IS AT HAND."

II TIMOTHY IV. 6.

I.

I go with the angels of God to roam
Through the fields of light in yon mighty dome,—
To follow yon stars in their mystic ways,
And join in their song of endless praise
To him by whose power and will they move,
Who breathed on them first with the breath of love.

II.

I go where the spirits of just men reign,
Set free forever from sin and pain,
Whom the blood of the Lamb, that for sinners died,
Has from all impurity purified;
And the crowns that they wear are brighter far
Than the brightest sheen of the brightest star.

III.

I go to where Moses and David dwell,
And all the redeemed ones of Israel;
And the martyr-host that to death withstood,
By nought but the blood of Christ subdued.
To live for ever with these I go,—
Should I weep for aught that I leave below?

JOHN READE.