

trance of death, into scenes of paradise and everlasting delight!

Oh, that all may be prepared for this awful change, but how often we hear the mournful exclamation, "Too late!" from men who come up to the doors of a bank just as the key has turned in the lock; or up to the great gates of a railway terminus just as they swing to, and tell the tardy traveler he has lost his train; or up to the post office just as the mail has been despatched; but how should we tremble if our ears could hear the despairing cry of souls whom the stony gaze of that grim messenger has fixed in sin forever. How would our hearts thrill with horror to accompany one, without hope of heaven, to the portals of death. How do men dread such death scenes as that of a young skeptic called suddenly from time to eternity. "Begone!" he cried to the clergyman; "I want none of your *cant*," when he showed him the great need of repentance. "I am not going to die; and if I were I would die as I have lived." The physician came, to whom he said: "Oh! tell me I am not dying; I will not die!" "My poor friend, I cannot speak falsely to you; your soul will, ere long, be with your God." "*My God!*" he said, "I have no God save the world; I have stifled conviction, I have fought against God, I have resisted my mother's pleadings, and now you tell me that I must die. Do you know," he added, in an awful whisper, "all that means? *If I die to-day I shall go to hell!* Take it back; tell me I'm not going to die. Father," he said, "'twas you who taught me this; you led me on in this way, and now you