

THE PRESBYTERIAN

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THE AGED BELIEVER, AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint and sore ;
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door ;
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of his presence, to the gladness of his home.

A weary path I've travelled, 'mid darkness, storm, and strife ;
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life ;
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er,
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.

Metinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand,
Singing in the sunshine of the sinless land ;
O! would that I were with them, amid their shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song.

The friends that started with me have entered long ago ;
One by one they left me struggling with the foe ;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won ;
How lovingly they'll hail me when my toil is done!

With them the blessed angels that know no grief nor sin,
I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in.
O Lord, I wait thy pleasure, thy time and way are best ;
But I am wasted, worn, and weary—O Father bid me rest.

—Sun Magazine.

THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE.

At the close of a sermon preached in the East Free Church, Brechin, the Rev. Mr. Rose referred to Lord Dalhousie's last illness as follows:—Knowing him so well, I comprehended at once the inexpressible and hallowed tenderness of spirit which breathed from him after his last return from Cannes. He had manifestly received a gracious unction of the Holy Spirit, and that was doubtless sent to prepare him for his departure. This blessing was not disturbed, but deepened, during his last illness. All around him saw and rejoiced in his gentle patience and tender gratitude. His calm peacefulness and trust brought the atmosphere of Bethel into his sick-room which was also illuminated by the bright smile of welcome which always greeted me. During ten dark days we prayed and watched for his recovery, for we were most unwilling that he should depart. But he, like one who had heard the clear call of the Master, never faltered in the announcement that he was dying. The first time I saw him he told me he was going home ; but, in the most firm and decided way, he added, "I know whom I have believed, and He is with me now." I have seldom seen any one so well prepared as Lord Dalhousie was to face the last enemy, or, rather, so ready to answer the call of Him who has conquered Death. Many touching incidents might be told of the daily visits which I then paid him. I took up a Bible one day, and, turning to appropriate promises, I found the verses I sought all marked. "Ah," I said, some one has been here before me." "Yes," he replied, "these were marked by one very dear to me, and now they are doubly precious."