

that this should be the issue of a life so pure and true. If we had never witnessed the bright sunset hour of such a career, we should, nevertheless, expect that, after such a preparation, it would be peace to die. With Christ as the companion of the earthly pilgrimage, with duty kept in view from day to day, with Heaven desired and longed for as the scene of deliverance from sin and of immediate communion with God—how could there be any other than a tranquil exit from the world ! To such a character, death is the one thing which is wanting for the consummation of its beauty, for the satisfaction of its longings, for the full fruition of its fondest hopes. “The sting of death is sin ;” but when sin is no longer master in the soul, Death comes as a deliverer. What is there in it, under this condition, which can overwhelm the soul ? It is but a falling asleep at evening to awake in the likeness of Christ. It is but putting off “the earthly house of this tabernacle” to enter into “a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.” The door of entrance may be low and narrow, the passage damp and dark, which conduct one from the present world, but, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, they end in “the rest that remaineth