

religions to discrown the spectre. If, moreover, man is only for a span a denizen of time—if he is yet to be born into eternity, and if his life here is of importance only in his relation to his life beyond—that must ever be a moment of supreme interest to men, when the immortal soul is preening her wings for an infinite ascent, when earth is becoming still, and voices out of the distance seem to reach the dying ear, and a strange radiance falls across the bourne into the glazing eye. Budgett found his simple Christian faith, laying hold of the sword of the Spirit, strong enough to palsy the arm of the terror-crowned, and strike from it its appalling dart: nay, he found that simple Christian faith of power sufficient to steady his eye in gaze upon the spectre, until his terrors faded away, and he became an angel standing at the gates of light. At first he was troubled and cast down; but ere long the victory was complete. I shall quote a few of his words, leaving readers to make upon them their own comments; to judge for themselves whether they express a selfish joy, or that of one whose delight was in holiness and in God; and to observe the childlike humility that breathes beneath their rapture. His death occurred in the April of 1851, and these words were uttered by him from the time that his illness began to manifest its fatal power; they sufficiently indicate the occasions of their utterance:

“I sent for you to tell you how happy I am; not a wave, not a ripple, not a fear, not a shadow of doubt. I didn't think it was possible for man to enjoy so much of God upon earth. I'm filled with God.”

“I like to hear of the beauties of heaven, but I do not dwell upon them; no, what I rejoice in is, that Christ will be there. Where He is, there shall I be also. I know that He is in me, and I in Him. I shall see Him as He is. I delight in knowing that.”

“How our heavenly Father paves our way down to the tomb! I seem so happy and comfortable; it seems as if it cannot be for me, as if it must be for somebody else. I don't deserve it.”

“I have sunk into the arms of Omnipotent Love.”

“I never asked for joy; I always thought myself unworthy of it; but He has given me more than I asked.”

“I am going the way of all flesh; but, bless God, I'm ready. I trust in the merits of my Redeemer. I care not, when, or where, or how; glory be to God!”

---

Be strong to love, O heart!

Love knows not wrong;

Didst thou love—creatures even,

Life were not long;

Didst thou love God in Heaven,

Thou wouldst be strong!

—*Adelaide Proctor.*