

Oh, welcome death, thou mayest well be recorded among the treasures of the Christian. The great conflict is over, all is done. To live is Christ, but to die is gain—J. Hervey.

Glory to God. I see heaven sweetly opened before me—Rev. J. Abbot.

DYING TESTIMONIES OF INFIDELS.

Voltaire addressed his doctor and said, "I am abandoned by God and man. I will give you half of what I am worth, if you will give me six months' life." The doctor answered, "Sir, you cannot live six weeks." Voltaire replied, "Then I shall go to hell, and you will go with me," and soon after expired.

Lord Byron, "Shall I sue for mercy?" After a long pause, he added, "Come, come, no weakness; let's be a man to the last."

Altamont—"My principles have poisoned my friend, my extravagance has beggared my boy; my unkindness has murdered my wife; and is there another hell? Oh, thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent Lord God! hell is a refuge if it hides me from thy frown."

Francis Spira, an Italian apostate, exclaimed just before death, "My sin is greater than the mercy of God. I have denied Christ voluntarily. I feel that He hardens me and allows me no hope."

Charles IX., who gave orders for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, expired, bathed in blood, whilst he said, "What blood, what murders! I know not where I am. How will all this end? What shall I do? I am lost for ever, I know it!"

Philip III. of Spain—"Oh, would to God I had never reigned. Oh, that those years I have spent in my kingdom I had lived a solitary life in the wilderness. Oh that I lived alone with God. How much more secure should I now have died. With how much more confidence should I have gone to the throne of God. What doth all my glory profit, but that I have so much the more torment in hell."

"Ah, Mr. Harvey," said a dying man, "the day in which I ought to have worked is over, and now I see a horrible night approaching, bringing with it the blackness of darkness for ever."

Mirabeau—"Crown me with flowers; intoxicate me with perfume; let me die with the sound of delicious music." When death came nearer, he said, "My sufferings are intolerable; I have within me a hundred years of life, but not a moment's courage." He demanded and received a draught of opium, under the influence of which he died.

Francis Newport—"Oh, the insufferable pangs of hell and damnation!"

Hobbes—"I shall be glad to find a hole to creep out of the world at." He had previously said that were he master of the world, he would give it all to live one day longer.

OBITUARY.

On the 9th of September, in the thirty-second year of her age, died Annie, eldest and only surviving daughter of Mr. G. Langmead, and beloved wife of Mr. James Tessier. About six years ago she became a member of the Congregational Church in the town, and was firmly attached to the house and people of

God. Her last severe illness was borne with remarkable patience, the approach of death viewed without alarm. "Friends fondly cherished had passed on before." Earthly ties were severed, and all its short-lived enjoyments parted with, in the hope of joining the shining ones on the shores of glory, and *waiting* for those left behind. But does not her early, unexpected, and sudden removal loudly call to us and say, "Be ye also ready." Are we Reader, *are you?* This is a solemn and an all-important question. Answer it.

WAITING.

(Written for the MESSENGER.)

Yes, dear, now I am waiting—waiting my Father's call,

Listening oft for the sound of the chariot wheels and the soft footfall

Of the messenger sent to bid me arise and go to my beautiful home,

Where the streets are of gold and the gates are of pearl, and unwearied I ever may roam.

I have tarried below in this valley of tears, beyond my youth's compeers and friends,

Not one but has gone whence they never return to tell how Life's journey may end;

I have walked on Life's roadway fourscore and four years, and my trust yet has never been shamed;

I have borne many burdens and shed many tears, but my hope it has never been lamed.

It is nigh fifty years since my husband I laid in the grave in the prime of his youth;

I was left with five boys and another not born, yet I ever can speak to the truth

Of my Father's kind promise, a husband to be to the widow bereft and forlorn,

To care for her children, to nurture and bless, and guide from Life's opening morn.

And now in the evening of Life's busy day, with its fret and its turmoil all o'er,

I sit in the gloaming and joyfully think of the happiness God has in store

For a sinner like me; and I bless His dear name who has called me from darkness to light,

And clothed me with righteousness—none of my own—and will soon turn my faith into sight.

I look back on the path He has led me through all—the sunshine, the storm, and the rain;

The waves and the billows have not me o'erwhelmed, and I feel I could trust Him again.

I fear not the valley, for Christ has been there, and traversed the pathway before;

And I know He will lead me along a safe way to the not very far-distant shore.

And as my day shortens no gloom hangs around, the horizon is burnished with gold,

And I sit in its light, and peacefully think of the story that never grows old;

And I joy in His joy and rest in His love, as one who is ransomed from sin,

And wait for His message to come up above and enter most joyfully in.

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