

spectators to get an interest in Christ, assuring them that none but Christ would answer for them when they came to die. In the evening I observed to him that Christ was now his only hold; he said, I need not be told of that; He is now my only desire. I observed to him that I trusted he would soon obtain the gracious fulfilment of the promises. I have no doubt, said he—not one, no more than if I was now there. He desired me to go to prayer; and at the close he repeated a loud and joyful Amen. After this his broken sentences were the breathing of a soul swallowed up in God. His last words were, "Now I rejoice in the Lord Jesus," and soon after he breathed his soul into the arms of Jesus with whom he hoped to be. Such was his peaceful end. And we trust he is now united with Seraphs and saints in their pure ardours of holy love and everlasting joy."

Such is, as far as we can know without the actual experience, the blessedness of dying in the Lord, but how little we know of this blessedness. What must it be to be thoroughly initiated into the pleasures of the heavenly mansions. When the prayer of Christ shall be answered, and his people shall behold his glory! Ah! that will be your portion faithful child of God. To see Jesus in his Kingly robes of salvation, to be his bride, decked in His brightest splendours, sit with him at that royal marriage supper; nor till then shall we comprehend the blessedness of dying in the Lord.

"That they may rest from their Labors" . . . Ah! to Mr. Alline rest was sweet indeed. There was no stain on his escutcheon. No rust gathered on his sword. Eight years of incessant toil, then the promised rest.

But ceasing from a labor he so ardently loved is the smallest factor in the rest he enjoys. He rests from the opposition slander and hostility which assailed him on every side. His clear and pungent style of declaring the truth, and the burning love and zeal accompanying it, were so different from the common usages of the day, that Satan was thoroughly aroused to malignant opposition. After Mr. Alline had preached a few times in Windsor, a mob of about twenty men, some of them with drawn swords, and using the most profane language, surrounded the house where he was staying and threatened to kill him. His friends advised him to slip out the back way and escape; but he refused, saying, "I was called here of God and I stay here till duty calls me away." Afterwards, contrary to all the persuasion of his friends, he went out among them, and when one of the ringleaders drew his hand to strike him, he took hold of his coat and entreated him to consider what he was doing, and so conquered them by love. He says, in his journal, May 1st, "I preached this day again at Windsor; and the