

but *death itself that dies*. How sublime, how Godlike, to conquer death by dying, to slay the monster by his own weapons, or receive him as a friendly horse to a jaded traveller, and on him ride home to glory, singing as we pass the vale:

"Death is the crown of life.
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain;
Were death denied, to live would not be life;
Were death denied, even fools would wish to die.
Death wounds to cure,—we fall, we rise, we reign.
The king of terrors is the prince of peace."

Can you say, "For me to live is Christ"? If not, without presumption, without solemn mockery, you cannot say, "To die is gain." It is only as we live in Christ we can die to Him. To die without Christ is endless, endless loss. Then, I beseech you, come to Christ at once and live. When you are welcome to a Father's home and a Father's heart, will you not come? When you are invited to full forgiveness by a loving Saviour, will you not come? When you are invited to sanctified manhood by an Eternal Spirit, will you not come? The altar has been raised and the sacrifice found; lay your sins on it now. Believe me, the remedy you are urged to accept is simple and saving, and the voice that woos you is full of love and tenderness, and you may at this moment believe and enter into life.