

and again and again his spiritual vigour triumphed over his bodily weakness. We gathered around the table; his own hand broke the bread and distributed the elements. Every once and awhile he called us to sing of Divine mercy, and we sang with peculiar fervor Charles Wesley's well-known hymn, "Depth of mercy, can there be, mercy still reserved for me." At last he concluded the service, and though it had lasted four hours we were loath to leave. He was borne from the church exhausted and faint, but like a victorious general wounded on the field of battle, yet triumphant, and grasping to the last sword and shield. He had indeed thrown himself under the wings of the Cherubim before the Mercy Seat, and we had bent with him there, and now we longed to go with him further. Angel wings were about to bear him from us to the true Mercy Seat. Heaven was already opening to let its faithful servant in. Jesus was rising to bid him welcome to the victors' throne. O might we enter and for ever dwell with him. Oh no! not yet. And we turned again to our earthly home, sad but rejoicing.

Tread gently, dear reader. "The chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged beyond the common walk of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven." A week has passed since the memorable scene in the church. It is Sabbath again. But rapidly has death been untying the strings of mortal life. We ascend the stairway of the vicarage. The shades of a summer evening are falling in tinted beauty all around, as we stand with an eager company of weeping poor, at the open door of that chamber. Hush! he breathes. A tender voice says to him, "My dear creature, for the sake of others I ask—if Jesus is very present with thee, lift thy right hand." See, he lifts it up! "If the prospect of glory sweetly opens before thee, repeat the sign." See, he raises it again! And now again! And now he summons all his remaining strength, and throws it up again, as though he would reach the top of the bed. "Are you in any pain?" says the voice. "No." He has spoken his last word. He has passed into a sort of sleep, though with his eyes open and fixed. Then he breathes once more, and is gone. Fletcher is dead!

"And I was now
A spirit, new born into a spiritual world.
Half dreaming, half awake, I lay a while,
In an elysium of repose—so glides

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