

necessary that one should be always in the lodge.

Some years after I had left he was taken with his last illness. His good and loving wife watched him with unwearied tenderness. One day, as she sat beside his bed, the curtains of which were closely drawn, careful not to move lest she should wake him from the sleep which she hoped he was enjoying, she heard him say the word "Peace!" and then twice repeat it, "Peace! Peace!" in a tone which struck her. There was something peculiar in the way he said the simple word. His voice seemed uttering a new tone. She waited a little while, and then asked him why he had said that word. He said "While I have been lying here with the curtains closed, my whole life has passed in review before me; my sins have all come up, God has set my misdeeds before me, I seem to have seen them all; but there came to my soul the assurance that they were all forgiven, and as I felt that, there flowed in a feeling of deep, calm, indescribable peace, which made me speak as I did. I know now what peace is—that peace which passeth understanding." With that blessed assurance of God's pardon through his Redeemer, in the mild light of God's reconciled countenance fully lifted up on him, in the sweet "hope of the glory of God," he lived—while he lived, and died a Christian's blessed death. Before he died he charged his widow to see me, if possible, and to tell his old minister and friend what "great things God had done for his soul." She faithfully delivered his message.

This case, again, looks in the same direction, and seems to show that memory keeps, though she may hide, what is deposited with her, but deposited *in trust* to be given up when HE wills it who created her.

Men often talk of having "bad memories." Doubtless some have the power of taking off what passes more accurately than others. But will there be any "bad memories" at the day of judgment? Will not that be the case with *every one* which has been shown to be the case with *some*; and will not memory be called and enabled to give up her dead as well as the ocean? Will not that book, which God has made capable of taking off and recording our lives, give as true a testimony as the other "books that shall then be opened?" What will become of any man, when these things are brought into judgment, unless like Luther, he has trusted in the merits of that precious blood "which cleanseth from all sin;" or, like the departed Christian, the porter of—College, Oxford, he has known that peace, which they only find "whose unrighteousness is forgiven, whose sins are covered, and to whom the Lord will not impute sin."—*Facts and Fragments, by the Rev. W. W. Champneys.*

AT THE GATE.

Footsore, cold, and weary,

The child stood at the gate,
Drench'd with rain and faint with hunger
All forlorn and desolate;
While the shrieking winds are flying,
And the autumn day swift dying,
Still the patient child doth wait.

Now and then, through wind-stripp'd branches
Fifful tossing to and fro,
Comes the gleam of many windows
All with ruddy light a-glow;
And the child's ear sometimes catches
Sounds of music faint and low.

In her soft and trembling accents
She has entrance sought in vain:
Ah! those cruel gates are silent,
Though she prays, again, again;
For one thought seems ever burning
In her fever'd childish brain.

"Mother said that she was going,
And that I too must go,
Through the gates of that far country;
And it must be here, I know:
For all there is warmth and gladness,
And all here is grief and sadness,
And my heart is aching so.

"And she said, for me my Saviour
Wash'd a robe all white from sin:
So that, torn and soil'd and bleeding,
Even I might entrance win:
But, ah me! He will not hear me,
Nor the angels bright come near me;
Mother, mother, take me in!"

But the dark night gave no answer
To the voice of child's despair;
Till at last the porter opening
At that oft-repeated prayer,
In rough and cruel accents
Bade the child not linger there.

On she wander'd, no one caring
Where she dragg'd her weary feet,
All along the stony roadside
Through the city's crowded street.
Where perchance strange words of kindness
The forsaken child would greet.

But too late all earthly comfort;
Need of earthly care is o'er;
For the broken heart is passing
Swiftly to that happy shore,
Where the pearly gates are open,
Bless'd be God, for evermore.

There all care and grief forgotten,
Safe as on her mother's breast;
If the way was rough and toilsome,
Oh how sweet the early rest
Within the endless glory,
As in the old, old story
In the arms of Jesus blest!

Ah! earth's gates how hard and cruel!
Where we stand, day after day,
Oft with sore and bitter weeping,
And all broken-hearted pray,
Not knowing in our blindness
That God's tender loving-kindness
Is turning us away,

To where for ever open
Stand Heaven's glorious gates of gold,
Through earth's dreary storm and tempest,
Summer's sun and winter's cold;
Till all God's wandering children
Safe are gather'd in the fold.