

Bradford, at that moment, was repeating the words, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors." Then those in the room broke into singing:—

"Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo, the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love."

Death is the common, inevitable experience, an experience clouded in mystery, and for the natural spirit dark with vague alarms. It is easy, in some moods, to ignore death; to forget its existence; to face it with recklessness. It is possible to drift into that unknown sea with failing senses and no sign of terror. But to die clear-eyed and glad, as Wesley did; to die with trembling lips breaking into praise, and the undying spirit exultant with triumph; to put to that last and uttermost test of death all the beliefs of life, and find that they are true—who does not envy an experience like this?

The keen, swift, unfaltering logic which Wesley used to defend the teaching and beliefs of his life, is not more triumphant and final than the logic hidden in the peace of his death.