

the redeeming element of pain,—and therein is enconced a germ whose electric fruition is eternal joy. We have no assurance that the pang of which I speak may not be prolonged and attain to an intensity of agony we wot not of;—then, mayhap, we can bear it no longer—the flesh must succumb, and a great cry goes out into the gloom. It penetrates into the caverns and crevices of the earth—it reaches up into the Heavens:—“ Watchman, what of the night ? ” It echoes from hill to hill—it reverberates amongst the mountains and rolls down into the valleys:—Watchman, *tell* us of the night! Then all is hushed, and a voice is heard,—the same whose dulcet cadence in ineffable balm descended upon Jacob, and Job, and Abraham:—*Peace, all is well!*—

A gray beam is seen gleaming in the east—it unfolds and expands—it is the shimmering light of an all-prevailing Love, the Aurora of a great pitying Redemption.—The darkness yields,—the dawn breaks, and all hail the perpetual morning of never ending day !

FINIS.

