

The Rev. Dr. Winter Hamilton, as he stood by the side of his dying friend Eby, said: "Here lies my friend, he hastens to depart. Death is upon him—the change is well-nigh come. How little intervenes between his present humiliation and his awaiting glories. I tremble to think what, in an instant, he must be. How unlike all he was, how extreme all he is. I bend over thee and mark thy wasted, pallid form. I look up, and there is above me an angel's form. I stoop to thee, and catch thy gasping whisper. I listen, and there floats around me a seraph's song. I take thy hand, tremulous and cold, it is waving to me from yonder skies. I wipe thy brow, damp and furrowed, it is enwreathed with the garland of victory. I slake thy lip, bloodless and parched; it is drinking at the living fountain—the overflowing springs of heaven." All God's people have not the same ecstatic feelings and divine manifestations as Payson in their dying moments. The unutterable bliss of such an hour can only be enjoyed by those who live a life of holiness. What more fitting emblems of the dying Christian is there than a sunset on a beautiful summer's eve? The heavens cloudless, everything hushed, and the hill-tops tipped with amber and gold. But infinitely more sublime is the departure of a Christian happy in God—"Diving in brighter day to rise." The