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eye would sparkle, and his breast would heave, with the hopes of immortality. It is, indeed, a solemn thing to die—solemn even to the Christian; and many for fear of death are all their lifetime subject to bondage. Many speak lightly of death; but no one can feel that sinking of the heart, that breaking up of the constitution, that unearthly darkness coming over the eyes which precedes the fatal hour—without a deep and overwhelming awe—especially in the case of the man unprepared to die. Oh! it is not the pain of dying, the mortal struggle and rending asunder of the vitals, that lends such a terror to the last hour—it is the consciousness of sin lying at the door. The sting of death is not the pain of body; but the sting of death is sin. Take that away, and in many a case, death is little more than falling asleep. It is the consciousness of a dread hereafter, for which the man has made no preparation—of the guilt of a lifetime lying upon his soul; of mercy long slighted; the blood of the covenant long trampled upon as an unholy thing; communion sabbaths long disregarded, and the whole life uncleansed and unforgiven. It is the fear of meeting with an angry God—of rushing into His dread presence before whom the heavens shall flee away, and no place be found for them: it is *this* which lends to the last hour all its alarm, and makes death the king of terrors. But in the case of the Christian, the sting has been taken away; and even when faith is feeble and faltering, it is still strong enough to break the dread, and lighten the stroke and gather comfort from Him who has so beautifully said: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and the floods, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee." And if this may be said of one whose faith is weak—whose mind is beclouded by long and lacerating disease, what are we to say of one who goes down to the grave like the Apostle, with his mind in full vigor, with strong faith, and every grace burning brightly? How truly does he go down to the grave a conqueror, and more than a conqueror through ~~him~~ who loved him! The Apostle was to die by a cruel death—his blood was to flow ~~on the~~ scaffold—his head was to be smitten off with the cold steel, and the time was at hand; but his eye was on a far-off home, upon the serenest sky beyond, upon the crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge would give him, upon the ~~shinings~~ of constellations, and the welcomes of the redeemed, and the goodly fellowship of the prophets, and the noble army of martyrs that had preceded him to glory: and so death was swallowed up in victory. He does not even name death. He speaks elsewhere of death being abolished by Christ—as if it had no existence; and ~~quite~~ in keeping with that statement does he speak of death here: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand;" as if he were an emigrant, about to embark for a distant, but welcome shore. "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

The Apostle had his full share of troubles. He speaks of perils by sea, and perils by land, and perils among false brethren; the watchfulness which he had to exercise over his ~~inner~~ man, lest he should be a castaway; the care which he had over all the churches; and that thorn in the flesh, whatever it was, that overshadowed his spirit and kept him down. But all his troubles were over now, and he stood waiting for his call. He was a man of like passions with ourselves, and had to struggle hard