

have believed it of you, Jeanie, lass; now when we all need you so much."

He had struck the right chord; and, with one pitiful look at the calm face on the pillow, she took up her burden—choked back her own tears, and went with him to help soothe their heart-broken father.

And I was alone with the dead. As I stood looking down upon the calmly smiling features, through my whole being again and yet again seemed to sound that Name of all names most sweet and powerful—the name of our Redeemer—"Jesus."

Three times, within the last few months, had I witnessed the departure of a human soul, and each had gone out with that Name on its lips, as the last word uttered in this life, and the first in the life to come. Call it a coincidence if you will, you who neither know Him nor call upon Him. But it surely goes to prove that in life present and eternal Jesus is the "all and in all" of the human race, for whom He gave His precious life, and for whom He "ever intercedeth at His Father's throne."

As I knelt again by the side of the dead in the gray dawn of the morning, my heart cried out in the words which one of old heard, sounding from the tongues of every living creature:

"'Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.'"