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THE  
LAST WITNESS;  
OR,  
THE DYING SAYINGS  
OF  
EMINENT CHRISTIANS  
AND OF  
NOTED INFIDELS.

"Truth is deposited with man's last hour,—  
An honest hour, and faithful to her trust."  
Dr. Young.

BY OSMON C. BAKER, A. M.

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Speech

## PREFACE.

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THE close of life is a period of inexpressible interest, — it is the termination of human hopes and prospects. And as all men enter upon life with strong purposes and brilliant hopes to secure their highest happiness, and as the means to reach this result are so various, it becomes a matter of practical importance to inquire what course of life has been crowned with success. Amid the excitement of life, and while Hope is still flattering, we cannot always satisfactorily ascertain what real progress has been made in the pursuit of happiness. But when every external source of bliss is dried up, and man is compelled to rely upon internal principles for enjoyment, he will speak truthfully

PREFACE.

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respecting his present state and future prospects.

“Truth is deposited with man’s last hour, —  
An honest hour, and faithful to her trust.”

It is this fact which gives a thrilling interest to the death-bed scene; — it gives us the result of life’s experiment, — it shows us what course of life ends in disappointment and dismay, and what in supreme felicity.

This little volume is designed to spread out these facts briefly before us, as attested by martyrs and confessors; by poets and philosophers, by divines and statesmen, by the lover of the world and the disciple of Christ.

May it impress some heart more deeply of the value and excellence of experimental and practical godliness !

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### IGNATIUS.

"But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." — *Acts* 20: 24.

IGNATIUS, Bishop of Antioch, suffered martyrdom A. D. 116.

After he had received his sentence to be devoured by wild beasts, he wrote to the Christians at Rome: "Now I begin to be a disciple; nor shall anything move me, whether visible or invisible, that I may attain to Christ Jesus. Let fire and the cross, let the companies of wild beasts, let breaking of bones and tearing of members, let the shattering in pieces of the whole body, and all the wicked torments of the devil, come upon me, — only let me enjoy Jesus Christ. All the ends of the world, and the kingdoms of it, will profit me nothing; I would rather die for Jesus Christ than rule to the utmost ends of the earth. Him I seek who died for us; Him I desire who rose

again for us. This is the gain that is laid up for me, — My love is crucified !”

The scorching fire, the racking wheel,  
The scourging rod, and bloody steel,  
Each ruthless instrument of pain  
That tyranny could e'er devise,  
Or hellish foes inflict, were vain  
To shake the courage of the skies !  
These hopes no earthly terrors could subdue,  
Consummate happiness appeared in view.

*Courtier.*

---

POLYCARP.

“He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.” — *Mat.*  
10: 39.

POLYCARP suffered martyrdom under Antonius,  
A. D. 166, aged 95.

On approaching the place of execution, the Proconsul said, “Repent — reproach your Christ, and I will release you.” “Eighty and six years have I served him,” replied Polycarp, “during all which time he never did me injury; how, then, can I blaspheme my king and my Saviour?” “Repent; swear by the genius of the emperor, and offer incense,” urged the Roman. “No, no!” said the venerable martyr; “I am a *Christian*, and cannot do it.” Tortures were threatened. “Abjure Christianity, or you shall be thrown to the wild beasts.” “Let them come on,” cried

Polycarp; "we Christians are not accustomed to change from *better* to *worse*, but from *bad* to *better*." "Then," said the Proconsul, "you shall be burned alive." Polycarp, fixing his eye upon him, replied, "Your fire will be spent in an hour, but that which is reserved for sinners is eternal."

While bound at the stake, he offered up this last prayer. "O God of angels and powers, and all creatures, and of all the just that live in thy sight, blessed be thou that hast made me worthy to see this day and hour, — that hast made me a partaker among thy holy martyrs! O grant that this day I may be presented among thy saints a rich and acceptable sacrifice, according to thy will! O Lord, I adore thee for all thy mercies. I bless thee, I glorify thee, through thy only begotten son, the eternal High Priest, Christ Jesus, through whom, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, to thee be glory, now and forevermore." As he cried aloud, *Amen*, the fire was kindled, and his peaceful spirit passed to the bosom of God.

Weep not for the saint that ascends  
To partake of the joys of the sky;  
Weep not for the seraph that bends  
With the worshipping chorus on high.  
Weep not for the spirit now crowned  
With the garland to martyrdom given;  
O weep not for him, — he has found  
His reward and his refuge in heaven.

Barton.

## AUGUSTINE.

"Having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." — *Phil.* 1: 23.

THE distinguished Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, died August 28, A. D. 430, aged 76.

When his decaying nature admonished him that his work was done, his chastened and purified spirit longed to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord. "O Lord, shall I die at all? — shall I die at all? Yes. Why, then, oh Lord, if ever, — why not now? O! why not now? But thy will be done. Come, Lord Jesus!"

Th' enraptured soul, rising on wings of fire,  
Transcends the little bounds of earth and time,  
Mounts to the heavenly portals, scans the realms of joy,  
Beholds the martyr-band, — the anthem hears  
Of saints in light, once known and loved below,  
And, rapt in beatific vision, cries,

"How long? how long? when shall I be with Christ?  
When shall I strike those glorious golden harps?  
When shall I join your holy, happy throng? —  
Even now fulfil thy promise, Zion's King!  
Come quickly, come!"

*D. Landsborough.*

## BEDE.

"Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." — *Job 19: 26.*

THE venerable Bede, an English monk of the highest celebrity, died A. D. 735, aged 63.

Though his last illness was exceedingly severe, yet he spent the evening of his death in translating the Gospel of St. John into the Saxon language. When told by his amanuensis that there remained but one more chapter, he urged him to proceed rapidly, saying that he had no time to lose.

"Master, there is now but one sentence wanting."

"Haste thee to write it."

"Master, it is done."

"Thou hast spoken truth, — *it is done.*

"It is now time for me," said the dying man, "to return to him who made me. The time of my dissolution draws near. I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. Yes, my soul desires to see Christ, my king, in his beauty. Hold my head with thy hands, for I shall delight to sit on the opposite side of the room, on the holy spot where I have been accustomed to pray, and where, while sitting, I can invoke my Father." His request was granted, and when placed on the

pavement of his chosen spot, he sung, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," and expired as he uttered the last word.

"Speed on!" Then flew the writer's pen,  
 With grief and fear perplexed,  
 For death's sure footstep nearer drew  
 With each receding text.  
 The prompting breath more faintly came, —  
 "Speed on! — his form I see —  
 That awful messenger of God,  
 Who may not wait for me."

"*Master, 't is done.*" "Thou speakest well.  
 Life with thy lines kept pace."  
 They bear him to the place of prayer,  
 The death-dew on his face;  
 And then, while o'er the gasping breast  
 The last keen torture stole,  
 With the high watch-word of the skies  
 Went forth that sainted soul.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

---

### JOHN FISHER.

"Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready." — *Rev. 19: 7.*

JOHN FISHER, Bishop of Rochester, was beheaded June 22, A. D. 1535, aged 80.

On the morning of his execution he dressed himself with more than ordinary care. His servant observing this, expressed his surprise at his

attention to these things on such an occasion. "What of it?" said the martyr; "dost thou not mark that this is our marriage-day, and that therefore it becomes us to use more cleanliness for the solemnity of the marriage sake?"

When he came out of the Tower of London, and saw the scaffold on which he was to be executed, he took out of his pocket his Greek Testament, and, looking up to heaven, exclaimed, "Now, O Lord, direct me to some passage which may support me through this awful scene." He opened the book, and his eye glanced on this passage: "This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." The bishop instantly closed the book and said, "Praised be the Lord! This is sufficient both for time and for eternity."

He has gone to his God; he has gone to his home,  
No more amid peril and error to roam.

His eyes are no longer dim,  
His feet will no more falter;  
No grief can follow him,  
No pang his cheek can alter.

*Andrew Norton.*



## MARTIN LUTHER.

"I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart. I have preached righteousness in the great congregation; lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest."—*Psa.* 40: 8, 9.

MARTIN LUTHER, the great Reformer, died Feb. 18, 1545, aged 62.

His last words were these: "O my heavenly Father, my eternal and everlasting God! Thou hast revealed to me thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ! I have preached him! I have confessed him! I love him, and I worship him as my dearest Saviour and Redeemer,—him whom the wicked persecute, accuse and blaspheme." He then repeated thrice the words of the Psalmist, "Into thy hands I commit my spirit," and calmly fell asleep on the bosom of Jesus.

Luther, illustrious name! is now no more;—  
 Let the true church with streaming eyes deplore  
 A teacher firm in faith, — nay, rather say  
 A father from his children snatched away.  
 Luther is gone, — the pilot of our course;  
 O let the tearful muse his name rehearse, —  
 Let all the pious join with me to mourn, —  
 Orphans should thus bedew a father's urn.

*From the Latin of Melancthon.*

## PHILIP MELANCTHON.

"Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."—*Psa.* 73: 23.

PHILIP MELANCTHON, the illustrious coadjutor of Luther, died April 19, 1560, aged 63.

While the coldness of death was creeping over him, he requested that portions of the Scriptures might be read to him. His attendants read the 24th, 25th and 26th Psalms, and many other passages. The declaration of John respecting the Son of God, he said, was perpetually in his mind. "The world knew him not, but as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name."

Being asked by his son-in-law if he wanted anything, he replied, "*Aliud nihil — nisi cælum.*" — *Nothing else but heaven.* His friends, who, with officious kindness, were adjusting his clothes, he entreated that they would not "*disturb his delightful repose.*"

Witness! (for ye saw him die,  
 Heard you complaint, or groan, or sigh?  
 Or if one sigh breathed o'er his breast,—  
 As gentle airs, when days of summer close,  
 Breathe, o'er wearied nature, still repose,  
 And lull a lovely evening to rest;  
 It whispered— "All within is peace,  
 The storm is o'er, and troubles cease."

*F. A. Cox.*

## JOHN J. GRYNÆUS, D.D.

"For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."—1 Cor. 15: 53.

JOHN J. GRYNÆUS, D.D., an eminent Swiss divine, flourished in the sixteenth century.

Though his wife, children and friends, had gone before him to the better land, yet his declining years were adorned with patience and chastened submission. He would often say, "To die in Christ is sweet, but to rise in him is sweeter. At the last day we shall have lasting joys."

A stranger in the world below,  
I calmly sojourn here,  
Nor can its happiness or woe  
Provoke my hope or fear.  
Its evils in a moment end,  
Its joys as soon are past;  
But, oh! the bliss to which I tend  
Eternally shall last.

C. Wesley.

## LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

"Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer."

*Rev. 2: 10.*

HUGH LATIMER, Bishop of Worcester, and Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, suffered martyrdom at Oxford, Oct. 15, 1555.

When Ridley saw Latimer descending to the spot of execution, he ran and embraced him, saying, "Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flames, or else give us strength to endure them."

Latimer replied, "We shall this day, brother, light such a candle in England as, by God's grace, shall never be put out."

How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled!  
 See Latimer and Ridley, in the night  
 Of faith, stand coupled for a common flight!  
 One, like those prophets whom God sent of old—  
 Transfigured, from this kindling bath foretold  
 A torch of inextinguishable light!  
 The other gains a confidence as bold.  
 And thus they foil their enemy's despite,—  
 The penal instruments, the shows of crime,  
 Are glorified, while this once mitred pair  
 Of saintly friends "the murderer's chain partake,  
 Corded and burning at the social stake."  
 Earth never witnessed object more sublime  
 In constancy, in fellowship more fair!

*Wm. Wordsworth.*

## THOMAS CRANMER.

"I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me." — *Pen.* 57 : 3.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER died March 21, 1556, aged 67.

Thomas Cranmer, the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, was a zealous promoter of the Reformation. Having consented to the elevation of Lady Jane Grey to the throne, he became a victim of the bloody Mary. Influenced by the hope of royal pardon and favor, he was induced to sign six papers, by which he virtually recanted his Protestant principles. But, recovering his Christian firmness, he was enabled to maintain a good profession of Jesus Christ. When the wood was kindled around him, he stretched forth the right hand which had signed the recantation, and held it unmoved in the flame until it was consumed, exclaiming. "*This unworthy hand, — this unworthy hand.*"

Outstretching flame-ward his upbraided hand —  
O God of mercy, may no earthly seat  
Of judgment such presumptuous doom repeat !  
Amid the shuddering throng doth Cranmer stand ;  
Firm as the stake to which with iron band  
His frame is tied ; firm from the naked feet  
To the bare head, the victory complete ;  
The shrouded body to the soul's command

Answering with more than Indian fortitude,  
 Through all her nerves, with finer sense endued,  
 Till breath departs in blissful aspiration ;  
 Then 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire  
 Behold the unalterable heart entire,  
 Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous attestation !

Wm. Wordsworth.

— ♦ —

ANGELO BUONARATTI.

“ We will remember the name of the Lord our God.” —  
*Ps.* 20 : 7.

ANGELO BUONARATTI, an eminent artist, died  
 1563, aged 89.

His last words were a charge to his attendants,  
 “ In your passage through this life, remember the  
 sufferings of Jesus.”

Remember him who bore for thee  
 The thorny crown, in pain ;  
 The scourge, the buffet, and the blow,  
 Who sweated by Gethsemane  
 Big drops of blood in agony,  
 And lingered on the cross, that thou  
 O'er death might have the victory,  
 And live in him again.

W. Martin.

## SIR JOHN MASON.

"The world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." — 1 John 2: 24.

SIR JOHN MASON died 1566, aged 63.

On his death-bed, he said, "I have lived to see five sovereigns, and have been privy-counsellor to four of them. I have seen the most remarkable things in foreign parts, and have been present at most state transactions, for the last thirty years; and I have learned, from the experience of so many years, that seriousness is the greatest wisdom, temperance the best physic, and a good conscience the best estate. And were I to live again, I would change the court for the cloister, my privy-counsellor's bustle for a hermit's retirement, and the whole life I have lived in the palace for an hour's enjoyment of God in the chapel. All things now forsake me, except my God, my duty, and my prayers."

Reared in the sunshine, blasted by the storms  
Of changing time, scarce asking why or whence  
Men come and go like vegetable forms,  
Though heaven appoints for them a work immense;  
Demand a constant thought and zeal intense,  
Awaked by hopes and fears that leave no room  
For rest to mortals, in the dread suspense,  
While yet they know not if beyond the tomb  
A long, long life of bliss or woe shall be their doom.

*Charles Wilcox*

## TORQUATO TASSO.

"And when the chief shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 Peter 5: 4.

TORQUATO TASSO died April 15, 1595, aged 51.

Cardinal Cinzio Aldobrandini, impressed with the lofty genius of Tasso, interested himself to procure for him the honor of being crowned with the laurel wreath in the capital. The Pope, Clement the Eighth, in a full congregation of cardinals, decreed the desired honor. Tasso was sent for from Naples, and received with distinguished honors, at the distance of one mile from the capital. But a cloud came suddenly over his earthly prospects. Disease marked him for a ready victim. The great preparations which were made for his coronation ended in the sad procession of his funeral, as he died the evening before the intended ceremony. When Cinzio bore to him the Pope's benediction, the dying poet exclaimed, "This is the crown with which I hope to be crowned, — not as a poet in the capital, but with the glory of the blessed in heaven."

But there's a deathless coronet,  
Wrought for the holy and the wise,  
And there is music sweeter yet,  
Which never faints and never dies!



The good may see earth's glory flee,  
 Heaven's ever-living glory theirs;  
 Their path is peace and pleasantness,  
 And they are joy's immortal heirs.

*Bowring.*

---

RICHARD HOOKER.

"Being justified by faith, we have peace with God."—  
*Rom. 5: 1.*

RICHARD HOOKER died Nov., 1600, aged 47.

The day previous to his decease, having received the sacrament, he remarked, "I have lived to see that this world is made up of perturbations, and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near; and though I have by his grace loved him in my youth, and feared him in my age, and labored to have a conscience void of offence to him and to all men, yet if thou, O Lord, be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it?"

Recovering from a dangerous slumber, he said to Dr. Saravia, "Good doctor, God hath heard my daily petitions, for I am at peace with all men, and He is at peace with me; and from that blessed assurance I feel that inward joy which this world can neither give nor take from me;

my conscience beareth me this witness, and this witness makes the thoughts of death joyful. I could wish to do the church more service, but cannot hope it, for my days are past, as a shadow that returns not."

As a cloud of the sunset slow melting in heaven,  
As a star that is lost when the day-light is given,  
As a glad dream of slumber which wakens in bliss,  
He hath passed to the world of the holy from this.

Whittier.

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THEODORE BEZA.

"The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth forever; forsake not the works of thine own hands."—*Ps.* 138: 8.

THEODORE BEZA died Oct. 13, 1605, aged 86.

Beza was the colleague and successor of Calvin. In his last sickness he often repeated this prayer: "Cover, Lord, what *has* been, govern what shall be. O, perfect that which thou hast begun, that I suffer not shipwreck in the haven." Having rehearsed the promises contained in the ninety-first Psalm, he showed how they had been wonderfully fulfilled in the leading events of his life. "Thou hast often delivered me from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence which walked in secret: thou hast been my refuge and fortress when, on the field of battle with my Protest-

ant brethren, thousands were falling on every side. The Lord has given his angels charge over me; and now, having satisfied me with a long life, I have no more to wait for, but the fulfilling of the last words of the Psalm. 'I will show him my salvation,' for which, in confidence, I have longed!"

Death comes to take me where I long to be,—  
 One pang, and bright blooms the immortal flower;  
 Death comes to lead me from mortality,  
 To lands which know not one unhappy hour.  
 I have a hope—a faith from sorrow here;  
 I'm led by death away,— why should I start and fear?  
Nicol.

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### JACOB BOEHME.

"To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise."—*Luke*  
 23: 43.

JACOB BOEHME, a German mystic, died 1634, aged 49.

His last words were, "Now I go hence into Paradise."

Just as I am—without one plea,  
 But that thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
 O! Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,

Because thy promises I believe,  
O! Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am — thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O! Lamb of God, I come!

*Anon.*

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JOHN DOWN, B.D.

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"—1 Cor. 15: 55.

JOHN DOWN, B.D., died 1631, aged 71.

In his last moments he observed, "that though he saw death approaching, he feared it not; for it was but a drone, and the sting thereof taken out."

Surely he will not long delay:  
I hear his spirit cry,  
"Arise, my love, make haste, away!  
Go, get thee up, and die.  
O'er death, who now has lost his sting,  
I give thee victory;  
And with me my reward I bring,—  
I bring my heaven for thee."

*C. Wesley.*

## BISHOP BEDELL.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a righteous crown, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."—2 Tim. 4: 7, 8.

BISHOP BEDELL died Feb. 7, 1641, aged 71.

"I have finished my ministry and life together. I have kept the faith, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day."

O that, without a lingering groan,  
I may the welcome word receive;  
My body with my charge lay down,  
And cease at once to work and live!

*C. Wesley.*

## HUGO GROTIUS.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."—Ecc1. 9: 10.

HUGO GROTIUS died Aug. 1645, aged 62.

At his death a medal was struck, containing this inscription, that he was "The Phoenix of his country, the oracle of Delft, the great Genius, the light which enlighteneth the earth." But amid his attainments and reputation, in taking a sad

retrospection of life, he was compelled to exclaim, in his dying hour, "Proh! vitam perdidit, nihil operose agendo. (*Alas! I have spent my life in laboriously doing nothing.*) I would give all my learning and honor for the plain integrity of John Urick!"

Urick was a poor man, of ardent piety, who spent eight hours of each day in religious devotion.

Sweeter shall the memory be  
Of that poor Christian's dying bed,  
Than all that earth, and air, and sea,  
Can from their mingled treasures shed.  
Oft shall my melting heart recall  
That little lowly cabin wall,  
And murmur, as in thought I see  
His brow impressed with peace divine,  
O, let me live to Christ like thee,  
And be my closing hour as thine!

*Charlotte Elizabeth.*

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REV. JOHN DOD.

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—2 Cor. 5: 1.

REV. JOHN DOD died 1645, aged 96.

"I am not afraid to look death in the face. I can say, Death, where is thy sting? Death cannot hurt me. I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ."

Far from the scenes of care and bloody strife,  
 He drinks the pleasures of immortal life ;  
 His soul, accustomed to the work of praise,  
 In love to God pours out seraphic lays,  
 Which swell, while rolling o'er those heavenly plains,  
 Up to the throne, in softest, sweetest strains ;  
 He finds no want of bliss, he knows no pain, —  
 For him, to live was Christ, to die was gain.

Anon.

◆

PETER DU MOULIN, D.D.

“There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.” — *Ps.* 46: 4.

PETER DU MOULIN, D.D., died 1658, aged 90.

Dr. Du Moulin was a distinguished French Protestant and Professor of Divinity at Sedan.

Reviving from a violent attack of ague, which, at stated periods, prostrated him, he said, “My God, how weary I am! When shall I rest in thy bosom? When shall I drink of the river of thy pleasures? I am unworthy of it, O my God! but thou art glorified by doing good to the unworthy.” — “I shall soon be released. I am going to my father and my God. He has heard me indeed. I go to him with confidence; for he has arrayed me with the robe of his righteousness.”

Wings like a dove to fly!

The spirit is faint with its feverish strife; —

O, for its home in the upper Life,  
When, when will Death draw nigh ?

*Thatcher.*

JOHN JANEWAY.

"Sing unto God, sing praises to his name." — *Ps. 68: 4.*

JOHN JANEWAY died 1658, aged 25.

Near the close of his life he said, "O, why this love to me, Lord, — why to me? Praise is now my work, and I shall be engaged in that sweet employment forever. O, help me to praise him! I have nothing else to do. I have done with prayer; I have almost done with conversing with mortals. I shall soon behold Christ himself, who died for me, and loved me, and washed me in his blood. I shall shortly be in eternity, singing the song of Moses and the song of the Lamb. I shall presently stand upon Mount Sion, with an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect. I shall hear the voice of multitudes, and be one amongst them who say Hallelujah! Salvation, glory and honor and power unto the Lord our God."

Look above thee — never eyes  
Saw such pleasures as await thee;  
Thought ne'er reached such scenes of joy  
As are there prepared to meet thee:



Light undying — seraph's lyres —  
 Angel welcomes — cherub choirs,  
 Smiling through heaven's doors to greet thee.

*J. Bowring.*

◆

BLAISE PASCAL.

"But he knoweth the way that I take; when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." — *Job* 23: 10.

BLAISE PASCAL died Aug. 19, 1662, aged 39.

"This great man," says Jesup, "during some of the latter years of his life, spent his whole time in prayer and in reading the Holy Scriptures, and in this he took great delight." During his last illness, when some one remarked to him how deeply he was pained to see his great suffering, he replied, "It does not grieve me. I only fear to be relieved. I know both the dangers of health and the benefits of suffering. Do not mourn for me; — disease is the natural and proper state for Christians. Then we are as we ought to be, in a state of affliction, by which we become alienated from the joys and pleasures of sense, and delivered from those passions which disturb all other portions of our life. Is it not a privilege to be brought into a state that makes it imperative so to live, and that requires only the duty of humble and thankful submission? For this reason, I desire no other blessing now of God than that he

would continue to me the grace of sanctified affliction."

As the time of his departure drew near, he earnestly desired to receive the Eucharist; but his medical advisers opposed this, as they did not consider his end so near as to justify the receiving of the viaticum, and his health was such that he could not consistently receive the sacrament with that fasting which the church demanded of those not dangerously ill. "If I may not communicate," said Pascal, "with the *Head*, at least let me have communion with the members. Let a poor person be brought into the house and treated with the same attention as myself, that, in the confusion with which I am overwhelmed at the abundance of my mercies, I may at least have the gratification of knowing that one poor creature shares them with me." When he learned that this request could not be granted, he entreated to be carried to the Hospital of the Incurables, that he might die among the poor. He was told that his physicians would not consent to his removal, yet he exacted a promise from his sister, that if he revived, this indulgence should be granted to him. Just before the convulsions which destroyed his consciousness, he received, to his great joy, the holy sacrament. As the curate, at the close of the ordinance, pronounced the blessing, the dying man said, "May my God never forsake me!"

Death silently gliding,  
 Fear gently subsiding,  
 Faith cheerfully guiding  
     The spirit to rest ;  
 While joy still residing,  
 The soul looks confiding,  
 With the hope of abiding  
     In the home o' the blest.

*Chris. Chron.*

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### JOHN WILMOT.

"O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me."—*Isa. lii: 1.*

JOHN WILMOT, Earl of Rochester, died 1680, aged 33.

A few days before his decease he said, "I shall now die. But O, what unspeakable glories do I see! What joy beyond thought or expression am I sensible of! I am assured of God's mercy to me, through Jesus Christ. O, how I long to die, and be with my Saviour!"

We speak of the realms of the blest,  
 Of that country so bright and so fair,  
 And oft are its glories confessed ;  
 But what must it be to be there !

We speak of its pathways of gold,  
 And its walls decked with jewels most rare,  
 Of its wonders and pleasures untold ;  
 But what must it be to be there !

We speak of its service of love,  
 Of the robes which the glorified wear,  
 Of the church of the first-born above;  
 But what must it be to be there!

Anon.

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JOHN CLAUDE.

"For we have not followed cunningly-devised fables when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—2 Peter 1: 16.

JOHN CLAUDE died January 13, 1687, aged 68.

"I am so oppressed that I can attend only to two of the great truths of religion, — the mercy of God, and the gracious aids of his holy spirit. I know in whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep what I have committed unto him against that day. My whole resource is the mercy of God. I expect a better life than this. Our Lord Jesus Christ is my only righteousness."

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,  
 My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
 Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

John Wesley.

## JOHN ELLIOT.

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy lord."—*Matt. 25: 21.*

JOHN ELLIOT, the Apostle of the Indians, died May 20, 1690, aged 86.

Labor was his happiness. When infirmities prevented his visiting the Indians, he persuaded some of his neighbors to send their negroes to him, once a week, to be instructed in religious truths. His last words were, "*Welcome joy.*"

No sickness there,  
No weary wasting of the frame away,  
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,  
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray!

No hidden grief,  
No wild and cheerless vision of despair,  
No vain petition for a swift relief,  
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts, are there.

*Canada Chris. Guar.*

## RICHARD BAXTER.

"Great peace have they which love thy law, and nothing shall offend them."—*Ps. 119: 165.*

RICHARD BAXTER died Dec. 8, 1691, aged 76.

The day previous to his death he said, "I have pain, — there is no arguing against sense, — but I have peace."

For God has marked each sorrowing day,  
And numbered every secret tear;  
For heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all his children suffer here.

*W. C. Bryant.*

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REV. JOHN BAILEY.

"And was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom."  
—*Luke 16: 22.*

REV. JOHN BAILEY, of Boston, Mass., died  
Dec. 12, 1697, aged 53.

His last words were, "O, what shall I say?  
He (Christ) is altogether lovely. His glorious  
angels are come for me."

To us, with all his constancy,  
Be his rapt vision given,  
To look above by faith, and see  
Revelments bright of heaven.  
And power to speak our triumphs out,  
As our last hour draws near;  
While neither clouds of fear nor doubt  
Before our view appear.

*Wm. Crowell.*

## THOMAS HALYBURTON.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. 2: 9.

THOMAS HALYBURTON died Sep. 23, 1712, aged 38.

"I have a father and a mother, and ten brothers and sisters, in heaven, and I shall be the eleventh. O, blessed be the day that ever I was born! O that I were as he is! And yet, were God to withdraw from me, I should be weak as water. All that I enjoy, though it be miracle on miracle, would not support me, without fresh supplies from God. The thing I rejoice in is this, — that God is altogether full, and that in the mediator Jesus Christ is all the fulness of the Godhead, and it will never run out. Study the power of religion. 'Tis the power of religion, and not a mere name, that will give the comfort I find. There is telling in this providence, and I shall be telling it to eternity. If there be such a glory in his conduct towards me now, what will it be to see the Lamb in the midst of the throne? My peace hath been like a river."

O! happy, happy country! where  
There entereth not a sin;  
And death, who keeps its portals fair,  
May never once come in.

No grief can change their day to night,—  
 The darkness of that land is light.  
 Sorrow and sighing God hath sent  
 Far thence, to endless banishment,  
 And never more may one dark tear  
 Bedim their burning eyes;  
 For every one they shed while here,  
 In fearful agonies,  
 Glitters a bright and dazzling gem  
 In their immortal diadem.

*Bowles.*

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MATTHEW HENRY.

"The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever."—*Isa.* 21: 17.

MATTHEW HENRY, the commentator, died June 22, 1714, aged 52.

About a month previous to his decease, he said to Mr. Illidge, who was accustomed to notice the sayings of dying men, that this was his: "A life spent in the service of God, and communion with him, is the most comfortable life any one can live in this world."

The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,  
 Made up of innocence and love;  
 And soft and silent as the shades  
 Their nightly minutes gently move.

*Watts*



## JOSEPH ADDISON.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." — *Ps.* 37: 37.

JOSEPH ADDISON died June 17, 1719, aged 49.

Just before his decease, he sent for his step-son, Lord Warwick, an accomplished but dissolute youth. Addison had long, but unsuccessfully, endeavored to reclaim him, and one effort more remained to be tried. Warwick came and said, "My dear sir, you sent for me; I believe and hope you have some commands; I shall hold them most dear." Addison, grasping his hand, softly said, "See in what peace a Christian can die!"

"Calm as the stillness which succeeds a storm,  
Soft as the springtide in its mildest form,  
When every bud and every opening flower  
Exhales fresh sweetness from the vernal shower, —  
So still, so calm, so tranquillized, the breast,  
When all the fiendlike passions are at rest;  
When grace and nature's jarring discord cease,  
And conscience whispers all within is peace."

## JOHN EVANS, D.D.

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."  
—*Heb. 6: 19.*

JOHN EVANS, D.D., died May 16, 1730, aged 51.

"Though I cannot affirm, as a late venerable minister among us, W. Lorimer, a little before his death, that I have no more doubt of my acceptance with God than I have of my own existence, yet I have a good hope, through grace, and such as I am persuaded will never make me ashamed. This corruptible shall put on incorruption. O, glorious hope!"

No storms shall ride the troubled air,  
No voice of passion enter there;  
But all be peaceful as the sigh  
Of evening gales that breathe and die.  
For there the God of mercy sheds  
His purest influence on their heads,  
And gilds the spirits round the throne  
With glory radiant as their own.

*W. O. B. Peabody.*

## DR. HERMON BOERHAAVE.

"O, my father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, thy will be done." — *Matt. 26: 42.*

DR. HERMON BOERHAAVE died Sept. 23, 1738, aged 70.

During his distressing sickness he related to a friend, that at one time, having lain fifteen hours in exquisite tortures, he so far gave way to impatience, that he prayed he might be released by death. His friend, to console him, answered that the best of men, even Job himself, when forced by continued and excessive torments, were not able to refrain from such impulses of impatience. But said the doctor, "He that loves God ought to think nothing desirable but what is most pleasing to the Supreme Goodness."

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven  
 Would be bright as the summer and glad as the morn;  
 Thou showedst me a path — it was dark and uneven,  
 All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial reward and renown,  
 I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave,  
 I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown,  
 I asked — and thou showedst me a cross and a grave.

Subdued and instructed, at length, at thy will,  
 My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;  
 O, give me the heart that can wait and be still,  
 Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine!

*Sir Robert Grant.*

## BISHOP HOUGH.

"Knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance."—*Heb.* 10: 34.

BISHOP HOUGH, president of Magdalen College, Cambridge, died 1743, aged 93.

A short time before his death he wrote to Lord Digby,—"I am weak and forgetful. In other respects I have ease to a degree beyond what I durst have thoughts on, when years began to multiply on me. I wait contentedly for a deliverance out of this world into a better, in humble confidence that, by the mercy of God, through the merits of his Son, I shall stand at the resurrection upon the right hand. And when you, my Lord, shall have ended those days which are to come, which I pray may be many and comfortable, as innocent and exemplary as those that are past, I doubt not of our meeting in that place where the joys are unspeakable and will always endure."

"There is not, in our raptures, a rapture so sweet  
As the thought that in glory the loved ones shall meet;  
Ah! the rest on life's ocean may there find relief,  
A pole-star in trouble, and gladness in grief.

"We wander as pilgrims through deserts and glooms,  
And sigh o'er the waymarks which meet us in tombs;  
But tombs are but altars, where Faith plumes its wing  
To reach the departed, and with them to sing."

## DAVID BRAINARD.

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."—*Luke 2: 29, 30.*

DAVID BRAINARD, the Indian missionary, died Oct. 9, 1747, aged 29.

"I am almost in eternity. I long to be there. My work is done. I have done with all my friends. All the world is now nothing to me. O to be in heaven!—to praise and glorify God, with his holy angels!"

"Though mine were the gardens of earth and sea,  
Though the stars themselves had flowers for me,  
One blossom of heaven outblooms them all.  
Go, wing thy flight from star to star,  
From world to luminous world, as far  
As the universe spreads its flaming wall:  
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
And multiply each through endless years,  
One minute of heaven is worth them all."

## REV. JOHN HARRISON.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."—*1 John 3: 2.*

REV. JOHN HARRISON died 1749.

"O, I never saw so much as I now do! O, the astonishing, the inconceivable glory of the other

world! What discoveries I have had of it, this day! I long, I long to be there! I must have an eternity of praise! O, the unspeakable, the substantial joys I feel! I know that my Redeemer liveth! This is glory begun! I am filled with God. My life is hid with Christ in God."

Now all is heaven! — no temple there  
Unfolds its gates; no voice of prayer  
From that bright multitude ascends;  
But holy rapture, reverent, bends  
Before the mediatorial throne;  
Before the Lamb! whose beams alone  
Irradiate that eternal sky, —  
The bursting bliss of Deity!

Soft is the voice of golden notes;  
Soft bloom heaven's fair ambrosial fruits;  
Bright beams the dazzling lustre shed  
From radiant gems in order spread,  
From golden streets, from emerald floors,  
From crystal fountains and pearly doors,  
From rainbow tints, from angels' wings,  
And all unuttered glorious things.

*Mrs. Bulmer.*

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JAMES HARVEY.

"All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death." — 1 Cor. 3: 21.

JAMES HARVEY died Dec. 25, 1758, aged 45.

"Do not think that I am afraid to die; I assure you I am not. I know what my Saviour hath

done for me, and I want to be gone; but I wonder and lament to think of the love of Christ in doing so much for me, and how little I have done for him." "You have only a few minutes to live," said Dr. Storhouse; "spare yourself." "No, doctor, no!" he replied. "You tell me that I have but few moments to live. O! let me spend them in adoring our great Redeemer." He then expatiated on the words, "All things are yours, life and death, for ye are Christ's." "Here," said he, "is the treasure of a Christian. Death is reckoned among his inventory, and a noble treasure it is. How thankful am I for death, as it is the passage through which I pass to the Lord and Giver of eternal life! These light afflictions are but for a moment, and then comes an eternal weight of glory. O, welcome, welcome death!" — "What are all the cordials given to support the dying, in comparison of that which arises from salvation by Christ? This, this supports me."

We call him blessed whom the Lord hath blest,  
 And made a blessing; — long to shed  
 Light on the living from his rest,  
 And hope around the dead:  
 O! for his lot  
 Who dwells in light,  
 Where frowns fade not,  
 And stars can find no night.

*Montgomery.*

GRIFFETH JONES.

"In the multitude of thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul."—*Psa.* 94: 19.

GRIFFETH JONES, the Welsh apostle, died April 1761, aged 77.

"I must bear witness to the goodness of God. O, how wonderful is the love of God to me! Blessed be God,—his comforts fill my soul."

"Thou art my all:

My strength in age! my rise in low estate!  
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth! My world!  
My light in darkness, and my life in death!  
My boast through time, bliss through eternity!"



REV. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

"For since the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside thee, what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him."—*Isa.* 64: 4.

REV. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY died 1775, aged 35.

Mr. Toplady is particularly known by his participation in the Arminian controversy. The closing scene of his life exhibits the purity of his heart and controlling influence of his faith. "O,



my dear sir, I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul. They are past expression. The consolations of God to so unworthy a wretch are so abundant that he leaves me nothing to pray for but their continuance. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul. My prayers are all converted into praise." — "O! how this soul of mine longs to be gone: like a bird imprisoned in a cage, it longs to take its flight. O, what a day of sunshine has this been to me! I have not words to express it. It is unutterable." In his last moments he exclaimed, "O, what delight! Who can fathom the joys of the third heaven? The sky is clear. There is no cloud. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

O! who but must pine, in this dark vale of tears,  
 From its clouds and its shadows to go,  
 To walk in the light of the glory above,  
 And to share in the peace, and the joy, and the love,  
 Of the land which no mortal may know.

*Barton.*

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REV. JOHN FLETCHER.

"God is love: and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." — 1 John 4: 16.

REV. JOHN FLETCHER died Aug. 14, 1785, aged 56.

Mr. Fletcher was a distinguished polemic writer and entered warmly into the Arminian controversy against Mr. Toplady. So zealous was he to maintain, in the heat of controversy, perfect Christian kindness, that he submitted his papers, before publication, to a friend, with specific instruction to expunge every passage inconsistent with Christian love. How triumphant his dying hours! Like the sainted Toplady, the man of war was a man of love. A few days before his death, he exclaimed to his wife, "God is love. Shout, shout aloud! I want a gust of praise to go to the ends of the earth. But it seems as if I could not speak much longer. Let us fix on a sign between ourselves." Then, tapping Mrs. Fletcher twice with his finger, he added, "Now I mean, God is love; and we will draw each other into God." When his strength had failed him, and his eloquent tongue had ceased to declare the joys of his glad spirit, the heaven-pointing finger spoke with thrilling eloquence — *God is love!*

"Praise Him, all ye nations, praise!  
Emulate the choirs above;  
Softest, sweetest voices raise, —  
Shout, shout aloud, God is love!"

## THOMAS RUTHERFORD.

"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God."—  
*Psa. 87: 3.*

"I SHALL shine. I shall see him as he is, and all the fair company with him. It is no easy thing to be a Christian; but, as for me, I have got the victory, and Christ is holding forth his hands to embrace me. I have had my fears and faintings, but as sure as ever he spake to me in his word, his spirit witnesseth to my heart, saying, 'Fear not; the outgate shall not be matter of prayer, but of praise.'" A short time before his death, he said, "Now, I feel, I believe, I rejoice. I feed on manna. I have angel's food. My eyes shall see my Redeemer. I know that he shall stand, in the latter day, on the earth, and I shall be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in air." His last words were, "Glory, glory dwell-eth in Emanuel's land."

O, when the hours of life are past,  
And death's dark shade arrives at last,  
It is not sleep, it is not rest,  
'Tis glory opening to the blest.

*Peabody.*

## CHARLES WESLEY.

"My flesh and my heart falleth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever."—*Ps. 73: 28.*

CHARLES WESLEY died March 29, 1788, aged 79.

A few days before his decease, he called Mrs. Wesley to him, and requested her to write as he dictated:—

"In age and feebleness extreme,  
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?  
Jesus, my only hope thou art,  
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;  
O, could I catch a smile from thee,  
And drop into eternity!"

## JOHN WESLEY.

"He will not forsake thee, neither destroy thee, nor forget the covenant of thy fathers, which he swore unto them."—*Deut. 4: 31.*

JOHN WESLEY died March 2, 1791, aged 83.

No man, since the days of the apostles, has labored with greater Christian assiduity than Mr. Wesley. For more than fifty consecutive years he travelled about four thousand five hundred miles annually, and chiefly on horseback. During this period he generally preached two, and frequently three or four sermons, in a day. It is estimated

that he preached, during fifty-two years, forty thousand five hundred and sixty sermons, and travelled a distance equal to nine times the circumference of the earth. His end was triumphant. When apparently exhausted by the power of disease, he broke out and sung, with great energy, —

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life and thought and being last,  
Or immortality endures."

Soon after, he exclaimed, with all his strength, "*The best of all is, God is with us!*" and lifting up his dying arms, in token of victory, and raising his feeble voice with a holy triumph, he repeated, "*The best of all is, God is with us!*"

Ah! and there are tears  
Of tender love in many an eye for thee;  
Sackcloth and ashes in the house of God.  
'T is well. Pure spirits should not pass unmourned:  
This earth is poor without them. But a view  
Of better climes broke on thee, and thy soul  
Rose on its stricken tent with outspread wing  
Of seraph rapture: for, to reach a home  
Where is no restless hope, no vain desire,  
No dim e'er faith's bright eye, for love no blight,  
Is glorious gain: and lo! that home is thine!

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

## JOHN HOWARD.

"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."—  
Psa. 112: 6.

JOHN HOWARD, the philanthropist, died Jan. 20, 1790, aged 61.

His having been immured within the walls of a French prison led him, when fortune changed, to examine into the condition of the captive. To relieve and comfort the prisoner, he travelled between fifty and sixty thousand miles, at an expense of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. So calm and peaceful was he in his last hours, that he cheerfully gave directions respecting his funeral. "There is a spot near the village of Daughigny—this would suit me nicely. You know it well, for I have often said that I should like to be buried there. And let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral, nor any monument or monumental inscription whatsoever to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten."

Yes, let me rest forgot,  
In some secluded spot,  
Beneath the shade;

Where o'er my lowly bed  
The willow branches spread,  
The flow'rets lift their head  
To bloom and fade.

*Dr. Cummings.*

REV. MR. McLAREN.

"For by grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God. Not of works, lest any man should boast."—Eph. 2: 8, 9.

REV. MR. McLAREN, of Talbooth Church, Edinburgh.

When Mr. McLaren was dying, he was visited by his colleague, Mr. Gustart, and asked, "What are you doing, brother?" "I will tell," said he, "what I am doing, brother. I am gathering together all my prayers, all my sermons, all my good deeds, all my ill deeds, and I am going to throw them all overboard, and swim to glory on the plank of Free Grace."

Launch thy bark, mariner!  
Christian, God speed thee;  
The breeze woo's thy canvas,  
Good angels lead thee.  
Trim thy sails warily,  
Tempests may come;  
Keep thy course steadily,  
Christian, steer home.  
Speed, speed to the haven,  
Cut through the foam;

Christian, cast anchor now,  
Safe in thy home.

*Mrs. Southey.*



## JOHN, LORD HARRINGTON.

"I beseech thee show me thy glory."—*Ex. 33: 18.*

JOHN, LORD HARRINGTON, died aged 23.

At the commencement of his last sickness, apprehending that his change was near, he said, "I fear not death, in what shape soever it may assail me." And when the eventful hour had fully come, he exclaimed, "O, that joy! O, my God! When shall I be with thee?"

"Forever with the Lord!"

Amen; so let it be,—  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'T is immortality.

Here, in the body pent,  
Absent from him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

*Montgomery.*



## REV. WILLIAM ROMAINE.

"Because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."—*Rom. 5: 5.*

REV. WILLIAM ROMAINE died July 28, 1795, aged 81.

When near his departure, he exclaimed, "Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty! Glory be to thee on high, for such peace on earth and good will to men! I have the peace of God in my conscience, and the love of God in my heart! I knew, before, the doctrines I preached to be truths, but now I experience them to be blessings. Jesus is more precious than rubies, and all that can be desired on earth is not to be compared to him."

Death finds him prepared—'t is a message of peace,  
A mandate of mercy to give him release;  
His Saviour is with him,— the valley is past,—  
Those accents of triumph and joy were his last!  
And, freed from its prison, his spirit flies  
To the home of his heart, beyond the skies!

*A. Mudge.*

## REV. HENRY VENN.

"O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord : my goodness extendeth not to thee." — *Psa.* 115 : 2.

Rev. HENRY VENN died 1796, aged 71.

In his last sickness, some of his friends who visited him endeavored to cheer his mind by bringing to his recollection his useful labors as a minister of Christ. While one of them was enlarging on this topic, he exclaimed, "Miserable comforters are ye all! I have had many to visit me who have endeavored to comfort me by telling me what *I have done!* 'He hath spoiled principalities and powers. *He* hath made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in his cross.' This, sir, is the source of all my consolations, and not anything I have done."

Jesus, take all the glory :  
Thy meritorious passion  
The pardon bought, the mercy brought,  
To us the great salvation.  
These gladly we acknowledge  
Our only Lord and Saviour ;  
Thy name confess, thy goodness bless,  
And triumph in thy favor.

C. Wesley.

## GEORGE CAMPBELL, D.D.

"I hoped in thy word."—*Psa.* 119: 147.

GEORGE CAMPBELL, D.D., died April 7, 1796, aged 76.

At the time of his decease he was not permitted to leave a verbal testimony; but five years previously, when he lay at the point of death, he made the following declaration: "God has been pleased to give me some understanding of his promises in the Gospel of his Son Jesus Christ. These I have communicated to others in my life. I now entertain the faith and hope of them, and this may be considered as the testimony of a dying man."

He has gone into peace; he has laid him down  
To sleep till the dawn of a brighter day;  
And he shall wake on that holy morn,  
When sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

*Brainard.*

## REV. JOHN DICKENS.

"Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him; for they shall eat the fruit of their doing."—*Ier.* 3: 12.

REV. JOHN DICKENS, first book steward of the M. E. Church, died Sept. 27, 1798, aged 52.

Mrs. Dickens, giving an account of her husband's decease to Bishop Asbury, remarks: "On the first day of his sickness, about three hours after he was taken, he called me to his bedside. 'My dear,' said he, 'I am very ill; but I entreat you, in the most earnest manner, not to be the least discomposed or uneasy. Glory be to God, I can rejoice in his will, whether for life or death! I know all is well. Glory be to Jesus! I hang upon thee, O my God! I have made it my constant business, in my feeble manner, to please thee; and now, O God, thou dost comfort me! Glory be to God! My soul now enjoys such sweet communion with him that I would not give it for all the world! Glory be to Jesus!'"

Tried to the last but not forsok,  
But honored with distinguished grace,  
Heavenward he cast a dying look,  
And saw once more his Saviour's face.  
"He's come! my well-beloved," he said,  
"And I am his and he is mine!"  
He spake, he gazed, he bowed his head,  
And sank into the arms divine.

C. Wesley.

## REV. C. F. SWARTZ.

"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."—*Psa.*  
90: 17.

REV. C. F. SWARTZ, missionary to India, died  
Feb. 13, 1796, aged 72.

The day before he expired, he was heard to  
utter the following prayer. "O Lord, hitherto  
thou hast preserved me, hitherto thou hast  
brought me, and hast bestowed innumerable ben-  
efits upon me! Do what is pleasing in thy sight.  
I commend my spirit into thy hands! Cleanse  
and adorn it with the righteousness of my Re-  
deemer, and receive me into the arms of thy love  
and mercy!"

"But his grave has a voice, and I hear it proclaim,  
Go forward till day chases night;  
Till all nations adore the unspeakable name,  
And the world 's one wide ocean of light;  
Till our God is enthroned on Judah's dark hills,  
And sheathe his all-conquering sword;  
Till the desolate earth with his glory he fills,  
And all realms are the realms of the Lord."

## REV. SAMUEL PEIRCE.

"I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."—*Ps. 84: 10.*

REV. SAMUEL PEIRCE died Oct. 10, 1799, aged 33.

In his last sickness, he said: "Blessed be his name who shed his blood for me! He helps me to rejoice, at times, with joy unspeakable. Now I see the value of the religion of the cross. It is a religion for a dying sinner. It is all the most guilty and the most wretched can desire. Yes, I taste its sweetness and enjoy its fulness, with all the gloom of a death-bed before me; and far rather would I be the poor, emaciated and emaciating creature that I am, than be an emperor with every earthly good about him, but without a God."

Go, child of darkness, see a Christian die!  
No horror pales his lip, or rolls his eye;  
No dreadful doubts or dreamy terrors start  
The hope religion pillows on his heart.  
When with a dying hand he waves adieu  
To all who love so well, and weep so true,  
Meek as an infant to the mother's breast  
Turns fondly longing for its wanted rest,  
He pants for where congenial spirits stray,  
Turns to his God, and sighs his soul away.

*R. Montgomery.*

## REV. JOHN BUTTERWORTH.

"But now they desire a better country; that is, an heavenly." — *Heb. 11: 16.*

REV. JOHN BUTTERWORTH, author of a concordance, died 1803, aged 76.

A week before his decease, he wrote to one of his grandsons, "Nothing in the creation is so important as an interest in Christ; if you are favored herewith, you are made forever. This is my consolation under the infirmities of age, that I am going home to a better country, and to a fairer and a larger inheritance, than I ever had in England."

O! lovely, blooming country! there  
 Flourishes all that we deem fair;  
 And though no fields nor forests green,  
 Nor bowery gardens, there are seen,  
 Nor perfumes load the breeze,  
 Nor hears the ear material sound,  
 Yet joys at God's right hand are found,  
 The archetypes of these;  
 There is the home, the land of birth  
 Of all we highest praise on earth.  
 The storms that rock this world beneath  
 Must here forever cease;  
 The only air the blessed breathe  
 Is purity and peace.

*Bowler.*

## REV. NICOLAS WATTERS.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—*Psa.* 23: 4.

REV. NICOLAS WATTERS died Aug. 10, 1804, aged 65.

"I am not afraid to die, if it be the will of God. I desire to depart and to be with Christ. The church will sustain no loss by my death, for the Lord will supply my place with a man that will be more useful. Thanks be to God, through his grace I have continued to live, and to labor, faithfully to the end."

"My eyes are dimmed with the doom of years,  
Yet I see brighter spirits afar;  
They are floating away from a world of fears,  
To their home in the evening star.  
Earth's night shall fade into endless morn,  
And the grave's sleep wake to bliss;  
And my spirit shall pass from a life's sojourn,  
At the sign of the death-king's kiss."



## FISHER AMES.

"Happy is he who hath the God of Jacob for his help,  
whose hope is in the Lord his God."—*Psa. 146: 5.*

FISHER AMES, an orator and statesman, died  
July 4, 1806, aged 50.

"I have peace of mind. It may arise from stu-  
pidity, but I think it is founded on a belief of the  
Gospel. My hope is in the mercy of God, through  
our Lord Jesus Christ."

"The Gospel bears my spirit up;  
A faithful and unchanging God  
Lays the foundation for my hope,  
In oaths, and promises, and blood."

## HENRY MARTYN.

"There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the  
weary be at rest."—*Job 2: 17.*

HENRY MARTYN, the devoted missionary, died  
Oct. 16, 1812, aged 32.

The last sentence in his diary, written a short  
time before his death, is the following: "I sat in  
the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and  
peace of my God: in solitude my company, my  
friend and comforter. O! when shall time give  
place to eternity? When shall appear that new

heaven, that new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness? There—there shall in no wise enter in anything that defileth. None of that wickedness which has made men worse than wild beasts: none of those corruptions that add still more to the miseries of mortality shall be seen or heard of any more."

"Though no loved eye was there to pour the tear  
O'er thy wrecked hopes, thy meteor-like career,  
Wast thou alone? When heaven to thee displayed  
The crown of glory that could never fade?  
When seraph spirits tended as thou slept,  
And hymns of Zion soothed thee as thou wept?  
Wast thou alone? When God himself was there,  
Heard every sigh and answered every prayer?  
No; as to Calvary oft thou turnedst thine eyes,  
And, more than conqueror, saw'st thy Lord arise,  
With countless steps the vale of death thou trod,  
And found thy home in heaven, thy rest in God."

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REV. ANDREW FULLER.

"But we believe, that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as they." — *Acts 15: 11.*

REV. ANDREW FULLER died May 7, 1815, aged 62.

The day before his last illness, complaining of great depression, he said that he must die. A friend replied, "I do not know of any person, sir,

who is in a more enviable situation than yourself, — a good man on the verge of a blessed immortality." He humbly acquiesced, and hoped it was so; and then, lifting up his hands, exclaimed, "If I am saved, it must be by great sovereign grace — by great sovereign grace."

We mourn the Christian; think you that his praise  
Lay in the record of his active life,  
His bright career of science, or his course  
Of humble but ennobling usefulness,  
Seen in the varying charities of life, —  
His deeds of mercy and benevolence?  
No; but his sense of utter worthlessness  
Before a holy God, and humble trust  
In the great sacrifice once made  
For a lost world. *New Irish Pulpit.*

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FRANCIS ASBURY.

"I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." — *Acts 20: 31.*

FRANCIS ASBURY, one of the bishops of the M. E. Church, died March 31, 1816, aged 71.

No man has given a purer example of what a Christian bishop should be than the sainted Asbury. Fifty-four years of his life were devoted to the Christian ministry, and during thirty-two years he held the office of bishop in the M. E. Church. In labors he was abundant. It is esti-

mated that he preached not less than sixteen thousand four hundred and twenty-five sermons, presided at more than two hundred conferences, travelled in America about two hundred and seventy thousand miles, and consecrated more than four thousand persons to the sacred office.

After he had lost the power of speech, having been asked if he felt the Lord Jesus Christ to be precious, he seemed to exert all his strength, and raised both his hands as a token of triumph.

There are paleness and weeping and sighs below,  
 For our faith is faint and our tears will flow;  
 But the harps of heaven are ringing;  
 Glad angels come to greet him,  
 And hymns of joy are singing,  
 While old friends press to meet him.

*Andrew Norton.*

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### JESSE LEE.

"I have fully preached the gospel of Christ."—*Rom.*  
 15: 19.

JESSE LEE, the apostle of New England Methodism, died Sept. 12, 1816, aged 58.

On the day preceding his death, he exclaimed, in rapture, "Glory, glory, glory! Hallelujah! Jesus reigns!"

And if the brightest diadem,  
 Whose gems of glory purely burn

Around the ransomed ones in bliss,  
 Be evermore reserved for them  
 Who here, through toil and sorrow, turn  
 Many to righteousness,  
 May we not think of thee as wearing  
 That star-like crown of light, and bearing  
 Amidst heaven's white and blissful band,  
 The fadeless palm-branch in thy hand,  
 And joining with a seraph's tongue  
 In that new song the Elders sung,  
 Ascribing to its blessed Giver  
 Thanksgiving, love, and praise forever!

*J. G. Whittier.*

—◆—  
 ROBERT SIMPSON, D.D.

"I will not let thee go except thou bless me."—*Gen.*  
 22: 26.

ROBERT SIMPSON, D.D., president of Hoxton Academy, died Dec. 21, 1817, aged 71.

He was a man of ardent piety, but entertained the most humiliating views of himself. "I shall go to the gates of heaven," said he, "as the poor, wretched, ruined Robert Simpson, saved by sovereign grace! When I begin to tell my tale, all the harps of heaven will be silent; all the angels will be as still as statues. I am sure they will."—"I am going home, Mr. H., but I now protest, by the help of God, that I will not go till I am completely conformed to the image of the Son of God. Now go to prayer, Mr. H., and be sure

you tell God I want to be completely holy. I know he will not be angry with me for that."

I know the stained tablet must first be washed white,  
To let thy bright features be drawn ;  
I know I must suffer the darkness of night,  
To welcome the coming of dawn.

But I shall be satisfied when I can cast  
The shadows of nature all by ;  
When the cold, heavy world from my vision has past,  
To let the soul open her eye.

When on thine own image, in me, thou hast smiled  
Within thy blest mansion, and when  
The arms of my Father encircle his child ;  
O ! I shall be satisfied then !

*Miss Gould.*

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TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D.

"There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." — *Rom. 8: 1.*

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D., president of Yale College, died Jan. 11, 1817, aged 65.

His last words were in reference to the eighth chapter of Romans, and the seventeenth chapter of St. John, which, at his request, had been read to him: "O! what triumphant truths!"

From the discoveries of thy law  
The perfect rules of life I draw ;

These are my study and delight;  
 Not honey so invites my taste,  
 Nor gold that has the furnace passed  
 Appears so pleasing to the sight.

Watts.

JESSE APPLETON, D.D.

"Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid,  
 which is Jesus Christ." — 1 Cor. 3: 11.

JESSE APPLETON, D.D., president of Bowdoin College, died Nov. 12, 1819, aged 47.

As his dissolution drew near, he said, "Of this I am sure, that salvation is all of grace. I would make no mention of anything which I have ever thought, or said, or done, but only of this: 'God so loved the world as to give his only Son, that whosoever believeth on him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.' The atonement is the only ground of hope." Among his last expressions were heard, "Glory to God in the highest! The whole earth shall be filled with his glory!"

All joy to the believer! He can speak, —  
 Trembling, yet happy; confident, yet meek.  
 Since the dear hour that brought me to thy foot,  
 And cut up all my follies by the root,  
 I never trusted on an arm but thine,  
 Nor hoped but in thy righteousness divine;  
 My prayers and aims, imperfect and defiled,  
 Were but the feeble efforts of a child;

Howe'er performed, it was their brightest part  
 That they proceeded from a grateful heart;  
 Cleansed in thine own purifying blood,  
 Forgive their evil and accept their good;  
 I cast them at thy feet—my only plea  
 Is what it was—dependence upon thee;  
 While struggling in the vale of tears below,  
 That never failed, nor shall it fail me now.

*Cowper.*

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WILLIAM BLAIR, ESQ.

"Even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."—1 *Thes.* 4: 14.

WILLIAM BLAIR, Esq., died Dec. 6, 1822, aged 56.

A few minutes before he died, he said, "Reach me that blessed book, that I may lay my hand on it once more." The Bible was brought to the bed, and his hand placed on it. Then reclining his head, he sweetly said, "I rest in Christ."

"Charles! bring the Bible!"—then his dying hand  
 Was on the blessed book of heaven laid;  
 "I rest in Christ!" O, scene sublimely grand!  
 Blush, Pride, thy dying peers are cast in shade.

"I rest in Christ!" and every hope disclaim,  
 That does not centre in the Lamb of God;  
 I take to bliss no passport but his name,  
 I lean on nothing but his staff and rod.



"I rest in Christ!" my sapphire mansion waits;  
 I see the stars that stud my golden crown;  
 I shall in triumph pass the pearly gates,  
 And with the patriarchal sires sit down.

"I rest in Christ!" his promises avouch  
 Celestial joys shall pain and death succeed;  
 Immanuel's bosom is my dying couch,  
 My hope his cross, — his covenant my creed.

*J. Murden.*

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RICHARD FURMAN, D.D.

"So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all these things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do." — *Luke 17: 10.*

RICHARD FURMAN, D.D., died Aug. 25, 1825.

To some of his friends who were standing around his dying bed, he said, "On a review of life, I see much to be thankful for, but, O! what cause to be humbled before my God! I am overwhelmed with the sense of my ingratitude, of my neglects, of my unfaithfulness as a minister of Christ. I am a dying man, but my trust is in the Redeemer. I preach to you dying, as I have attempted to do while living."

"Thus star by star declines,  
 Till all are passed away."

As morning high and higher shines,  
To pure and perfect day:  
Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
But hide themselves in heaven's own light."

## JOHN BROOKS, LL.D.

"Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious: and he that believeth on him shall not be confounded."—1 Pet. 2: 6.

JOHN BROOKS, LL.D., governor of Massachusetts, died March 1, 1825, aged 72.

"I see nothing terrible in death. In looking to the future, I have no fears. I know in whom I have believed, and I feel a persuasion that all the trials appointed me, past or present, will result in my future and eternal happiness. I look back upon my past life with humility. I am sensible of many imperfections that cleave to me. I know that the present is neither the season nor the place in which to begin the preparation for death. Our whole life is given us for this great object, and the work of preparation should be early commenced, and be never relaxed till the end of our days. To God I can appeal, that it has been my humble endeavor to serve him in sincerity; and wherein I have failed, I trust in his grace to be forgiven. I now rest my soul on the mercy of my adorable Creator, through the only mediation of

his Son our Lord. O, what a ground of hope there is in that saying of an apostle, that God is in Christ, reconciling the guilty world to himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them! In God I have placed my eternal *all*, and into his hands I commit my spirit."

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, falseless and pure ;  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

Go ask the infidel what boon he brings us,  
What charm for aching hearts he can reveal !  
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us,  
Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal.

Thomas Moore.

## REV. JOHN HYATT.

"For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."—2 Tim. 1: 12.

REV. JOHN HYATT died January 30, 1826, aged 59.

Mr. Hyatt, at the time of his death, had been upwards of twenty years an associate minister with the Rev. Matthew Wilks, of the Tabernacle and Tottenham Court Chapel. As he lay at the point of death, his venerable colleague said to him, "Well, Brother Hyatt, I have sometimes heard you say, in the pulpit, that if you had a hundred souls, you could venture them *all* on Christ. Can you say so now?" The dying man, though nearly prostrated by disease, made an effort to speak, and with eyes sparkling with unearthly brilliancy, he replied, "*A million! A MILLION!*" and soon after expired, softly whispering, "If I could, I would sing aloud, — *all is peace*. He hath made me an everlasting covenant. Happy! Happy! Happy!"

Thine is an arm which omnipotence nerves,  
Thine is an eye which my wants all observes;  
Thine is a bosom so tender and kind,  
Sorrow finds welcome and favor divine.  
O Lord I so mighty, so faithful, and just,  
Millions of souls in thy hands I could trust;  
Enter death's valley and feel no alarm,  
Trusting with transport to thy guiding arm.

## REV WILLIAM S. PEASE.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."—Num. 23: 10.

REV. WILLIAM S. PEASE died 1836, aged 26.

While sinking into the arms of death, he exclaimed, "Can this be dying? I never was so happy! I am freed from pain both of body and mind!"

Let me go! my soul is weary  
Of the chain which binds it here;  
Let my spirit bend its pinion  
To a brighter, holier sphere.  
Earth, 't is true, has friends to bless me  
With their fond and faithful love;  
But the hands of angels beckon  
Me to brighter climes above.

Wm. Baxter.

## REV. FREEBORN GARRETTSON.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever."—Dan. 12: 3.

REV. FREEBORN GARRETTSON died Sept. 26, 1827, aged 76.

Mr. Garrettson, for more than half a century, was a distinguished and successful minister of Christ. The last sentence he was heard to utter

was, "Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty  
Hallelujah, hallelujah!"

The good old man is gone!  
He lies in his saintly rest;  
And his labors all are done,  
And the work he loved the best.  
The good old man is gone,  
But the dead in the Lord is blessed.

*Doane.*

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EDWARD PAYSON, D.D.

"But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through  
our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 15: 57.

EDWARD PAYSON, D.D., died Oct. 2, 1827, aged  
44.

"A young man, just about to leave this world,  
exclaimed, 'The battle 's fought! the battle 's  
fought! the battle 's fought! but the victory is  
lost forever!' But I can say, 'The battle 's  
fought, and the victory is won! the victory is  
won forever!' I am going to bathe in an ocean of  
purity and benevolence and happiness, to all  
eternity."

So, farewell,  
Leader in Israel! thou whose radiant path  
Was like the angel's, standing in the sun,  
Undazzled and unswerving;—it was meet  
That thou should'st rise to light without a cloud.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

## THOMAS CHARLTON HENRY, D.D.

"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 Cor. 13: 12.

THOMAS CHARLTON HENRY, D.D., died Oct. 1, 1827, aged 37.

On the evening of his attack, he said, "I know not what the Lord intends, but if my work is done, I shall be glad to go home," and then repeated, —

"Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,  
That when my change shall come,  
Angels shall hover round my bed,  
And waft my spirit home."

"I shall soon know more of eternity than I now do. *Eternity!* there is my exalted, glorious home! O, how vain, how little, how trifling, does everything appear, in the light of a nearing eternity!" "You have chosen," said a friend, "the good part." "O, I have won it! I have not the shadow of a doubt or a fear upon my mind. I have not a wish, desire, hope or thought, on earth; they are all above, — nothing can turn my thoughts." "Is there any gloom in death?" inquired another. "A sweet falling of the soul in Jesus! O! what mercy! what mercy! I don't understand it!"

Religion's ray no clouds obscure,  
 But o'er the Christian's soul  
 It sheds a radiance calm and pure,  
 Though tempests round him roll:  
 His heart may break 'neath sorrow's stroke,  
 But to its latest thrill,  
 Like diamonds shining when they're broke,  
 Religion lights it still.

W. Leggett.

—♦—

ENOCH GEORGE.

"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory."—*Ps.* 73: 24.

ENOCH GEORGE, one of the bishops of the M. E. Church, died Aug. 23, 1828, aged 61.

On the day before he died, he frequently repeated this triumphant exclamation, "I am going to glory!—that is enough!"—"I am going to glory! I have been many years trying to lead others to glory, and now thither I am going. For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain."

"Simple, yet eloquent, — profound, yet clear,  
 He charmed and cheered and roused the listening throng,  
 Impressed the careless breast with godly fear,  
 And raised the drooping and confirmed the strong."



## REV. J. HUGHES.

"That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."—  
Eph. 3: 19.

It was a suggestion of Mr. Hughes which led to the formation of that transcendent institution, The British and Foreign Bible Society; and for nearly thirty years he was an efficient officer in that society.

"O, that precious blood! To be filled with all the fulness of God! Think of that expression, *all the fulness of God!* To be beyond the reach of temptation—to be beyond the possibility of transgression."

'T is heaven, — all heaven descending on the wings

Of the glad legions of the King of kings;

'T is more, — 't is God diffused through every part,

'T is God himself triumphant in his heart.

Cowper.

## REV. MATTHEW WILKS.

"Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."—Ps. 41: 3.

REV. MATTHEW WILKS died Jan. 30, 1829, aged 82.

He was more than fifty years minister of the tabernacle built for Mr. Whitefield.

"He will soon come. O, the exertion of dying!  
But he makes my bed in my sickness. Thank  
God! thank God!"

"Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims,  
For all the pious dead;  
Sweet is the savor of their names,  
And soft their dying bed."



JEREMIAH EVARTS, ESQ.

"O Lord, thou art my God; I will exalt thee; I will  
praise thy name; for thou hast done wonderful things; thy  
counsels of old are faithfulness and truth."—*Isa. 25: 1.*

JEREMIAH EVARTS, Esq., Secretary of the A. B.  
C. F. Missions, died 1831, aged 50.

When it was said to him, "You will soon see  
Jesus," he exclaimed, "Wonderful, wonderful,  
wonderful glory! I will praise, I will praise  
him! Jesus reigns!"

Even through the awful gloom  
Which hovers o'er the tomb,  
The light of love our guiding star shall be;  
Our spirits shall not dread  
The shadowy way to tread,  
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.  
*Chris. Erum.*

## REV. ROBERT HALL.

"We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."—2 Cor. 5: 8.

REV. ROBERT HALL died 1831, aged 67.

When he first announced his apprehension that his ministerial work was ended, he added, "But I am in God's hands, and I rejoice that I am. I have not one anxious thought either for life or death. I think I would rather go than stay; for I have seen enough of the world, and I have an humble hope." When the final paroxysm came on, Mrs. Hall exclaimed, "This can't be death!" He replied, "It is death,—it is death,—it is death,—death! O, the sufferings of this body!" "But are you comfortable in mind?" inquired a friend. "Very comfortable, very comfortable. Come, Lord Jesus, come!"

"Though lofty his spirit, though brilliant his name,  
The chains of the victor have bound him;  
Though matchless his genius, though glorious his fame,  
The night of the grave is around him.

"Ah, his was the melody, lofty but sweet,  
Of intellect, rich but refined,  
Where learning, taste, genius, and piety meet,  
In one rare and beautiful mind.

"His holiest joy, in that blessed repose,  
Is not that his talents were bright,  
But that he devoted them all to His cause  
Who crowns him with glory and light."

## ADAM CLARKE, LL.D.

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."  
—*Heb. 6: 19.*

ADAM CLARKE, LL.D., died Aug. 26, 1832, aged 72.

The morning before he died, he commenced his family prayer with these words, "We thank thee, O heavenly Father, that we have a blessed hope, through Christ, of entering into thy glory." Being prostrated by a severe attack of the malignant cholera, a friend remarked to him, "My dear doctor, you must put your soul into the hands of your God, and your trust in the merits of your Saviour." To which he faintly replied, "*I do, I do!*"

He had his spots, — and spots are in the sun ;  
"To err is human," since the general fall ;  
But now (the thread of shame and glory spun)  
Where shall we find his equal, all in all ?  
Explore the Emerald Isle, or Albion's shore,  
Or Scotia's heathy hills, — the search is vain.  
For deep research, pure zeal, and pious lore,  
"We shall not quickly see his like again."  
In these fair isles, or o'er the Atlantic main.

*J. Marden.*

## REV. RICHARD WATSON.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."—2 John 2: 3.

REV. RICHARD WATSON died Jan. 8, 1832, aged 52.

Mr. Watson was one of the profoundest theologians of his age; an ardent Christian, and an eloquent preacher. How triumphant his death! "O, what a state will that be, when I shall be singing hallelujahs to God and the Lamb! When I shall be able to love him and serve him without the possibility of sinning against him! O, it is this that keeps us at such a distance from God! What a wonderful scheme is that of redemption by Christ! What a glorious state, when mind shall expand to take in the heights and breadths and depths of love divine! to be able to enter largely into the mysterious wonders of Providence, without this clog of corruption! I shall see God,—I,—I individually. I, myself, a poor worm of the earth, shall see God. How shall I sufficiently praise him!"

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,  
In full activity of zeal and power;  
A Christian cannot die before his time,—  
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

Go to the grave! — no, take thy seat above;  
 Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,  
 Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,  
 And open vision for the written word.

*Montgomery.*

REV. THEOPHILUS JONES.

"For the Lord will not forsake his people for his great name's sake." — 1 Sam. 12: 22.

REV. THEOPHILUS JONES, a Welsh preacher, died 1833.

Mr. Probert, in his funeral sermon, says, "He was a man truly devoted to God; was fond of retirement; lived with his God, and came forth as a man that had been with God. He was a man of superior talent; and, as regards popularity, I think there is hardly a man in England or Wales who was so popular in both countries as Brother Jones; and, as regards London, I do not think there was a man more popular, excepting Jay of Bath." Said the dying man,

"Millions of years my wondering eyes  
 Shall o'er thy beauties rove,  
 And endless I'll adore  
 The glories of thy love.

When shall that happy moment come when I  
 shall be free to serve God? O, sweet Saviour!  
 I would not be without him.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side."

A short time after, he added, — and these were his last words, — "All is calm in crossing Jordan; so far I have no fear in my mind whatever. I do not know how it may be when I get in further; but, indeed, I do not mind the passage."

Pass the stream — before thee lies  
 All the conquered land of glory;  
 Hark! what songs of rapture rise!  
 These proclaim the victor's story.  
 Soldier, lay thy weapons down,  
 Quit the sword and take the crown.  
 Triumph! all thy foes are banished!  
 Death is slain, and earth has vanished!

*Charlotte Elizabeth.*

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DR. FREDERIC SCHLEIERMACHER.

"In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul." — *Psa.* 94: 19.

DR. FREDERIC SCHLEIERMACHER, a distinguished German scholar, died Feb. 12, 1834, aged 66.

Once during his short illness, having called his wife to his bedside, he said, "My dear, I seem to be really in a state which hovers between consciousness and unconsciousness; but in my soul

I experience the most delightful moments. I must ever be in deep speculations, but they are united with the deepest religious feelings."

"Sweet is the scene when virtue dies,  
When sinks a righteous soul to rest;  
How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
How gently heaves the expiring breast!  
So fades a summer cloud away,  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,  
So gently shuts the eye of day,  
So dies the wave along the shore."

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REV. SAMUEL BIBBINS.

"And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."—*Luke 13: 29.*

REV. SAMUEL BIBBINS died Jan. 6, 1838, aged 68.

A few days before his decease, he exclaimed, with triumph, "The storm of life has at length blown over! The last tornado has passed by! The victory is gained, and heaven is mine!—Sweet heaven of rest,—it is mine! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! My life has been spent, these fifty years past, in the ministry; but I do not regret it. All my sufferings in that laborious employment will render the heaven of eternal rest sweeter. There I shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob.



There I shall see the apostles, and martyrs,  
and confessors. There I shall see Wesley, and  
Fletcher, and other kindred spirits who have  
entered into rest. And, best and most of all, there  
I shall see Jesus! Glory! Hallelujah!"

Our old companions in distress  
We haste again to see;  
And, eager, long for our release,  
And full felicity.  
Even now by faith we join our hands  
With those that went before,  
And greet the blood-be sprinkled bands  
On the eternal shore.

*C. Wesley.*

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REV. CHARLES SIMEON.

"And the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick."—*Isa.* 33: 24.

REV. CHARLES SIMEON, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, died Nov. 13, 1836, aged 77.

When inquired of respecting his health, his general reply was, "Better, — much better! nearer heaven, — home!"

Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

*S. Adams.*

## REV. ALFRED METCALF.

"Is it well with thee? — It is well." — 2 Kings 4: 25.

REV. ALFRED METCALF died June 4, 1837, aged 60.

For thirty-five years Mr. Metcalf was a faithful minister of the Gospel. And though, by reason of impaired health, he was not constantly employed in its active duties, yet he sustained, with distinguished honor, the character of a devoted ambassador of Christ. When informed that he was dying, he cheerfully exclaimed, "All is well, — Christ the hope of glory, — God is with me!"

"All, all is well!" my bark is anchored fast,  
And o'er me now no raging tempests sweep;  
All, all is joy, and when the storm is past,  
And zephyrs kiss the bosom of the deep,  
No waves arise, no swelling billows roll;  
A holy calm rests sweetly on my soul."

## CHRISTMAS EVANS.

"For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." — 1 Cor. 2: 2.

CHRISTMAS EVANS, a distinguished Welsh preacher, died July 19, 1838, aged 73.

A short time before his decease, he said to his

friends, "I am about to leave you. I have labored in the sanctuary fifty-three years, and this is my comfort and confidence, that I have never labored without 'blood in the vessel,'"—meaning, evidently, Jesus Christ and him crucified. After a few sentences of a similar character, he repeated a Welsh stanza, expressive of his firm trust in the Redeemer, and then, as if done with earth, he exclaimed in English, "Good-by! Drive on!" The angelic servant obeyed, and the Christian went home.

For us is prepared the angelical guard,  
 The convoy attends, —  
 A ministering host of invisible friends,  
 Ready-winged for their flight to the regions of light;  
 The horses are come,  
 The chariots of Israel, to carry us home.

*C. Wesley.*

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WILLBUR FISK, D.D.

"Whoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."  
 — *John 11: 26.*

WILLBUR FISK, D.D., died Feb. 21, 1838, aged 47.

Said the distinguished and dying man to his afflicted wife, "Think not, when you see this poor feeble body stretched in death, that it is your husband. O, no! Your husband will have es-

caped, free and liberated from every clog! He will have new-plumed his glad wings, and soared away through the ethereal regions, to that celestial city of light and love! What! talk of burying your husband! No, never! Your husband cannot be buried,—he will be in heaven!" At another time, when nature seemed exhausted, and life was fast ebbing out, as he was lifted from the bed to his chair, he sighed forth, "*From the chair to the throne!*"

"From the chair to the throne!" O, vision sublime!  
 All the beauties celestial combining,—  
 Like the rising of morn o'er the darkness of time,  
 The radiance of heaven was shining;  
 The sweet music of angels enraptured his soul,  
 And his giant heart leapt with emotion;  
 When his sanctified spirit, intent on the goal,  
 Launched forth on sternity's ocean.

W. Ford.

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REV. GEORGE G. COOKMAN.

"But the righteous shall go into life eternal."—*Matt.*  
 25: 46.

REV. GEORGE G. COOKMAN died 1840, aged 41.

This eloquent and devoted minister perished in the ill-fated steamship *President*. A few days before he embarked for England, he said to his children, "Now, boys, remember, if your father should sink in the ocean, his soul will go direct

to the paradise of God, where you must all meet him."

Revolving his mysterious lot,  
I mourn him, but I praise him not;  
To God the praise be given, —  
Who sent him, like the radiant bow,  
His covenant of peace to show,  
Then vanish into heaven.

*Montgomery.*

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REV. GEORGE PICKERING.

"But in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God." — 2 Cor. 6: 4.

REV. GEORGE PICKERING died Dec. 8, 1846, aged 77.

Mr. Pickering for more than half a century was a prominent minister, and intimately identified with New England Methodism. Not a stain tarnished his Christian reputation. Deeply interesting were his dying hours. "Tell the preachers, from me, to live holy, preach Christ and meet me in heaven. My affairs for time and eternity are all settled. Glory to God!"

He was a burning and a shining light, —  
And is he now eclipsed in hopeless night?  
No, faith beholds him near the sapphire throne,  
Shining more bright than e'er on earth he shone  
While, when created splendor all looks dim,  
Heaven's host are glorifying God in him.

*Montgomery.*

## REV. BENJAMIN HARVEY.

"And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God." — *Psa.* 40: 3.

REV. BENJAMIN HARVEY died March 18, 1847, aged 112.

So fully did he retain his mental faculties, that, at the age of 111, he delivered at New York some lectures on Biblical Literature.

A few moments previous to his death, advertising to the time when the new song was put into his mouth, he exclaimed, with great fervor, "It was a new song then; it has been new all along the journey; but now it is sweeter than ever; and very soon I shall strike in glory many notes higher unto him that loved me,

'Where anthems of pleasure unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.'"

## MERRITT CALDWELL.

"She goeth unto the grave to weep there. — Thy brother shall rise again." — *John* 11.

MERRITT CALDWELL, Professor in Dickinson College, died June 6, 1848, aged 41.

Prof. Caldwell possessed an intellect of a high order, and a heart deeply imbued with the spirit

of Christianity. His dying expressions were triumphant. "Glory to Jesus! He is my trust, — he is my strength! Jesus lives, — I shall live also!" Five times he repeated the Saviour's name, — each time more and more feebly, — and with that name trembling upon his lips, he expired. A short time before his death, he addressed his wife as follows: "You will not, I am sure, lie down upon your bed and weep, when I am gone. You will not mourn for me, when God has been so good to me. And when you visit the spot where I lie, do not go in the shade of evening, or in the dark night. These are no times to visit the grave of a Christian; but go in the morning, in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing."

O, let not Sorrow's wail  
 O'er notes of praise prevail,  
 So good is God a'en in this hour to me!  
 I would not have thee weep,  
 But holy memories keep  
 Bright vigils, which shall bring sweet thoughts to thee.

O, no! then seek the spot  
 Where I repose, but not  
 To weep in loneliness my grave beside;  
 O, not in evening's gloom  
 Come to thy husband's tomb,  
 Remembering only that he lived and died.

O, come when all is gay,  
 And the sweet woodland lay  
 Of joyous minstrels wakes the groves with song!

And thou too with them keep,  
 In harmony so deep,  
 Thy own lone notes in hallowed strains prolong.

Thus seek thy cherished dead,  
 With bright hopes round thee spread,  
 And God's sweet peace shall banish all thy fear ;  
 The Christian's gentle sleep  
 Invites thee not to weep, —  
 Why should his grave call forth a single tear ?

No tear of heartfelt grief,  
 No sigh to bring relief  
 To the crushed spirit in its fallen pride ;  
 For O, this cherished thought  
 With hope and heaven is fraught,  
 The dear departed hath in Jesus died !

F. H. S.

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DAVID MARKS.

'Thy will be done.' — *Mat.* 6 : 10.

DAVID MARKS died Dec. 1, 1845, aged 40.

Mr. Marks entered upon the active duties of the ministry in the Freewill Baptist denomination, at the early age of fifteen years. But though his educational attainments were necessarily limited, yet his manly ability, his fervent piety, and his melting eloquence, drew immense crowds to his preaching. His intense application to study, and his onerous labors in the ministry, early enervated his once vigorous constitution. But as nature failed, the strength and purity of his piety became more conspicuous. His last sickness was but a scene of progressive spiritual triumphs.



As he was rapidly approaching the grave, he remarked, "O, if I had health, how I would delight to run through the churches, and again hold up the doctrine of holiness of heart, of entire consecration to God! I am weaker — thank God for it! O, I am happy, very happy! I am going to my Father, — to the society of disembodied spirits, to the sweet labors of eternity! The tomb is not gloomy, — the Saviour has passed through it! My bloated limbs look beautiful to me, — a sign that I am near my home! There is nothing to be accomplished by my staying here. I have nothing to do. I am entirely reconciled and ready."

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PUBLIUS ÆLIUS ADRIAN.

"The world by wisdom knew not God." — 1 Cor. 1: 21.

PUBLIUS ÆLIUS ADRIAN, a Roman emperor, died 139, aged 62.

Adrian was a philosopher and a poet. The following poetic effusion, which he is said to have written a few days before his death, shows how feeble is the consolation which mere philosophy can afford in a dying hour:

"Animula, vagula, blandula,  
Hospes, comesque corporis,  
Quae nunc abibis in loca,  
Pallidula, nigida, nudula,  
Nec ut soles, dabis jocos."

"Thou gentle little thing of air,  
Ever moving,  
Ever roving,  
Thy body's guest and fellow here,  
Art going: Tell me where?  
Thou 't only be a vapor pale  
And cold, thy suppleness will fail;  
Thou 't naked be,  
When gone from me,  
And I shall lose thy wanted glee."

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## SALADIN THE GREAT.

\* They (the mighty) are exalted for a little while, but are gone and brought low: they are taken out of the way as all other, and cut off as the tops of the ears of corn."—*Job 24: 24.*

SALADIN THE GREAT died 1193, aged 56.

Saladin, the Sultan of Egypt and Syria, was one of the most celebrated champions of Islamism, during the Crusades.

A moment before he uttered his last sigh, he called the herald who had carried his banner before him in all his battles, and commanded him to fasten to the top of a lance the shroud in which the dying prince was soon to be buried. "Go," said he, "carry this lance, unfurl this banner; and while you lift up this standard, proclaim, '*This, this* is all that remains to Saladin the Great, the conqueror and king of the empire, of all his glory!'"

## CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

"Their silver and their gold shall not be able to deliver them in the day of the wrath of the Lord." — *Ezek.* 7: 19.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT died 1447.

A life stained with unholy ambition, if not with fearful crime, led him to exclaim, as he saw death approaching, "And must I, then, die? Will not all my riches save me? I could purchase the kingdom, if that would prolong my life. Alas! there is no bribing death! When my nephew, the Duke of Bedford, died, I thought my happiness and my authority greatly increased; but the Duke of Gloucester's death raised me in fancy to a level with kings, and I thought of nothing but of accumulating still greater wealth, to enable me at length to purchase the triple crown. Alas! how are my hopes disappointed! Wherefore, oh my friends! let me earnestly beseech you to pray for me, and recommend my departing soul to God!"

But let those shrink with dread  
Whose days have been of evil, lest they find,  
When all their hopes are withered,  
Despair behind.

Let them implore for aid,  
A fitter record of their years to give,  
And lean on him who mercifully bade  
The sinner live.

*Miss Parson.*

## CARDINAL CÆSAR BORGIA.

"Your iniquities have turned away these things, and your sins have withholden good things from you."—*Jer.* 5: 25.

CARDINAL CÆSAR BORGIA died 1507.

Borgia, though enjoying the highest distinction in the Catholic church, was a man of infamy and blood. A short time before his death, reviewing past life, he acknowledged, "I had provided, in the course of my life, for everything except death; and now, alas! I am to die, although entirely unprepared!"

"Fataally he errs

Whose hope foreruns repentance, and who presumes  
That God will pardon when he 's tired of sin,  
And like a stale companion casts it off.  
O! arrogant, delusive, impious thoughts,  
To meditate commodious truce with heaven,  
When death's swift arrows smite him unprepared."

## CARDINAL THOMAS WOOLSEY.

"Who served the creature more than the Creator—for this cause God gave them up unto vile affections."—*Rom.* 1: 25, 26.

CARDINAL THOMAS WOOLSEY died Nov. 39, 1530, aged 59.

With bitter regret, a short time before his

death, he declared, "Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my incessant pains and study, not regarding my service to God, but only to my prince."

A bright or dark eternity in view,  
 With all its fixed, unutterable things,  
 What madness in the living to pursue,  
 As their chief portion, with the speed of wings,  
 The joys that death-beds always turn to stings!  
 Infatuated man, on earth's smooth waste  
 To dance along the path that always brings  
 Quick to an end, from which, with tenfold haste,  
 Back would he gladly fly till all should be retraced.

*Carlos Wilcox.*

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### FRANCIS SPIRA.

"Every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand. And the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it."—*Mat. 7: 26, 27.*

FRANCIS SPIRA was a Venetian lawyer, who deliberately denied his God, and expired in the gloomiest horrors of despair.

"Take heed," said he to the spectators who surrounded his bed, "of relying on that faith

which works not a holy and unblamable life, worthy of a believer. Credit me, it will fail. I have tried; I presumed I had gotten the right faith, — I preached it to others. I had all places in Scripture in memory that might support it. I thought myself sure, and in the mean time lived impiously and carelessly; and behold, now the judgment of God hath overtaken me, not to correction, but to damnation."

"Ye guilty joys! whose transient glow  
I pledged my forfeit soul to share,  
Where are your false illusions now?  
Your evanescent transports where?  
Alas! the only fruit ye bear,  
For which I dared my heaven resign,  
Are death and darkness and despair, —  
And these accursed fruits are mine!"

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CLAUDIUS SALMASIUS.

"Redeeming the time because the days are evil." — *Eph.*  
5: 17.

CLAUDIUS SALMASIUS died 1653, aged 65.

In the hour of death, he bitterly exclaimed,  
"O, I have lost a world of time! — time, the  
most precious thing in the world! Whereof had  
I but one year more, it should be spent in David's  
psalms and Paul's epistles! O! sirs," said he,  
"mind the world less, and God more!"

Lost, lost, lost!  
 I feel all search is vain;  
 That gem of countless cost  
 Can ne'er be mine again:  
 I offer no reward,  
 For, till these heart-strings sever,  
 I know that heaven-intrusted gift  
 Is left away forever.

But when the sea and land  
 Like burning scroll have fled,  
 I'll see it in His hand  
 Who judgeth quick and dead.  
 And when of scathe and loss,  
 That man can ne'er repair,  
 That dread inquiry meets my soul,  
 What shall it answer there?

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

—◆—

CARDINAL JULIUS MAZARIN.

“The way of the wicked is as darkness.”—*Prov. 4: 19.*

CARDINAL JULIUS MAZARIN, prime minister of France, died 1661, aged 59.

Ambition proved his ruin. “O, my poor soul! what will become of thee? whither wilt thou go? O, were I permitted to live again, I would sooner be the humblest wretch in the ranks of mendicants than a courtier!”

“Since, then, we die but once, and after death  
 Our state no alteration knows,  
 But when we have resigned our breath,

The immortal spirit goes  
To endless joys or everlasting woes ;  
Wise is the man who labors to secure  
That mighty and important stake,  
And by all methods strives to make  
His passage safe, and his reception sure."

## THOMAS HOBBS.

"The light of the wicked shall be put out, and the spark of his fire shall not shine. The light shall be dark in his tabernacle, and his candle shall be put out with him."—*Job 18 : 5, 6.*

THOMAS HOBBS died 1769, aged 91.

The moral and religious principles of some of the first men of England were corrupted by his atheistical writings. But his philosophy could throw no radiance upon the future, and, as he approached the grave, he confessed that "he was about to take a leap into the dark."

My hopes and fears  
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge  
Look down, — on what ! A fathomless abyss, —  
A dread eternity ! how surely mine !

*Dr. Young.*



## STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

"For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."—2 Cor. 5: 10.

STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, died March 24, 1773, aged 79.

A short time before his death, he said, "I look upon all that has passed as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions; and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the dream."

The silken slave who bowed at Fashion's shrine, —  
Vain Chesterfield, — the bauble of an hour,  
Tripher upon the brink of the dark wave,  
Whose depth all mortal things doth soon devour:  
Still worshipping the world e'en o'er the yawning grave!  
*Haskins.*

## DAVID HUME.

"But the end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer."—1 Pet. 4: 7.

DAVID HUME died Aug. 25, 1776, aged 65.

"Mr. Hume," says his biographer, "died as a philosopher. He affected the utmost composure in view of death. He remarked, 'I possess the

same ardor as ever in study, and the same gayety in company. I consider, besides, that a man of sixty-five, by dying, cuts off only a few years of infirmities; and, though I see many symptoms of my literary reputation breaking out at last with additional lustre, I know that I could have but few years to enjoy it. It is difficult to be more detached from life than I am at present.' Yet he studiously endeavored to divert his mind from solemn reflections upon eternity. The reading of Lucian, and the fabricating of ludicrous dialogues between himself and the fabled Charon, occupied his dying moments. But it is now well known that he died in extreme agony of mind."

Sure there is none but fears a future state,  
And when the most obdurate swear they do not,  
Their trembling hearts belie their boasting tongues.  
*Dryden.*

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#### MARIE FRANCIS AROUET DE VOLTAIRE.

"Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days."—  
*James 5: 3.*

MARIE FRANCIS AROUET DE VOLTAIRE died  
May 30, 1778, aged 84.

Voltaire was one of the most fertile and brilliant of the French writers, and applied his dis-

tinguished talents to arrest and overthrow the Christian system. But it is a remarkable fact, that he, whose unceasing cry, as applied to our adorable Saviour, was, *Ecrasez l'infame! curse the wretch*, was his whole life a member, and even a communicant, in the Roman Catholic church.

After an absence of thirty years, he visited Paris, about a month previous to his decease, and was received with the warmest enthusiasm. Providence directed that the city which had been corrupted by his philosophy should witness his dying hours. Dr. Trochin, who had been called to the dying man, found him exclaiming, with the utmost horror, "I am abandoned by God and man! I will give you," said he to the doctor, "half of what I am worth, if you will give me six months' life." The doctor replied, "Sir, you cannot live six weeks." "Then I shall go to hell," said Voltaire, "and you will go with me."

"Death's darkest angel o'er him waved  
His gloomy wings to waft away  
The sceptic's spirit, and he raved,  
And wept, and prayed for one more day.  
Philosophy, thou fool! say, where  
Was now thy sweet, consoling power?  
Where was thy balm for his despair,  
In dissolution's awful hour?"

## JOHN JAMES ROUSSEAU.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked." — *Gal. 6: 7.*

JOHN JAMES ROUSSEAU died July 3, 1778, aged 66.

His private life was disgraced with immorality, and his last moments with a lie! Just before he expired, he said to his mistress, "Ah! my dear, how happy a thing it is to die, when one has no reason for remorse or self-reproach!" And then addressing himself to the Deity, he said, "Eternal Being! the soul that I am going to give thee back is as pure, at this moment, as it was when it proceeded from thee: render it partaker of thy felicity."

"Rousseau died calmly!" so it has been said;  
Calm! on the precipice's dreadful verge,  
While in the yawning gulf below a night  
Of horrible and dreary blackness reigned, —  
No peering star to illumine the dark expanse.  
Calm! with the contemplation of a death  
Eternal; — the bright intellect extinct,  
The fire of genius quenched, to burn no more.

*Dr. Higbee.*

## HON. FRANCIS NEWPORT.

"And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever."—*Rev.* 14: 11.

HON. FRANCIS NEWPORT died 1692.

Looking towards the fire at one time during his last illness, he said, "O! that I was to lie and broil upon that fire for a hundred thousand years, to purchase the favor of God and be reconciled to him again! But it is a fruitless, vain wish; millions of years will bring me no nearer to the end of my tortures than one poor hour. O, eternity! eternity! Who can properly paraphrase upon the words—*for ever and ever!*"

Eternity! Eternity!

How long art thou, Eternity?

Came there a bird each thousandth year,  
A sand from the hills to bear,  
When all had vanished, grain by grain,  
Eternity would still remain.

Mark well, O man, Eternity!

*From the German of Wulffer, by Miss Cox.*

## ALTAMONT.

"Thy ways and thy doings have procured these things unto thee."—*Jer.* 4: 18.

DR. YOUNG remarks, that on the sad evening before his death, he said, "Remorse for the past

throws my thought on the future. Worse dread of the future strikes it back on the past. I turn and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless Heaven for the flames: that is not an everlasting flame; that is not an unquenchable fire. My principles have poisoned my friends! My extravagance has beggared my boy! My unkindness has murdered my wife! And is there another hell? O! thou blasphemed yet indulgent Lord God! Hell itself is a refuge, if it hide me from thy frown!"

In that dread moment, how the frantic soul  
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,  
Runs to each avenue and shrieks for help,  
But shrieks in vain! How wishfully she looks  
On all she 's leaving, now no longer hers!  
A little longer, yet a little longer,  
O, might she stay to wash away her stains,  
And fit her for her passage! Mournful sight!  
Her very eyes weep blood, and every groan  
She heaves is big with horror. But the foe,  
Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,  
Pursues her close through every lane of life,  
Nor misses once the track, but presses on,  
Till, forced at last to the tremendous verge,  
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

*R. Blair.*

## THOMAS PAINE.

"This shall ye have of my hand, — ye shall lie down in sorrow." — *Isa.* 50: 11.

THOMAS PAINE died June 8, 1809, aged 72.

He was visited by different clergymen during his last sickness, but with no satisfaction either to himself, or to them. At the solicitation of a poor Catholic woman, he was induced to send for a Catholic priest. Bishop Fenwick and F. Kohlmann visited him, but their endeavors to minister to his spiritual good only enraged him to a fury. His nurse repeated some of the expressions he was accustomed to utter in his paroxysms of distress. "O Lord, help me! Christ, help me! O God, what have I done to suffer so much? But there is no God! — but if there should be, what will become of me hereafter? Stay with me, for God's sake, for I cannot bear to be left alone! Send even a child to stay with me, for it is a hell to be alone!"

Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?  
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell:  
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,  
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,  
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

*Milton.*

## JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

"Terrors take hold on him as waters."—*Job. 37: 20.*

JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke died May 24, 1833, aged 60.

Mr. Randolph's medical attendant gives the following account of the last hours of this distinguished statesman. As the doctor and Randolph's servant were sitting by the bed of the dying man, he opened his keen eyes upon the doctor, and said, "*remorse*;" soon afterward, more emphatically, "*REMORSE*;" presently, at the top of his strength, "*REMORSE*." He then added, "Let me see the word." The doctor, not comprehending his desire, made no reply. Randolph then said to him, with great energy, "Let me see the word. Show me it in a dictionary." The doctor looked round, and told him there was none in the room. "Write it, then," said Randolph. The doctor, perceiving one of his engraved cards lying on the table, asked if he should write it on that. "Nothing more proper," was the answer. The doctor then wrote the word in pencil under the printed name, and handed it to him. He seized it, and holding it up to his eyes with great earnestness, seemed much agitated. After a few seconds, he handed back the card, saying, "Write it on the other side." The doctor did so



in larger letters. He took it again, and after gazing earnestly upon it a few seconds, returned it, and said, "Lend John your pencil, and let him put a stroke under it." The black man took the pencil, and did so, leaving it on the table. "Ah!" said the dying man, "*Remorse*, — you don't know what it means! You don't know what it means!" But added, "I cast myself on the Lord Jesus Christ for mercy."

John Randolph of Roanoke, *Remorse*, *Remorse*.

The mind that broods o'er sinful deeds  
Is like a scorpion girt by fire ;  
In circles narrowing as it glows,  
The flames around the captive close,  
Till inly parched by thousand throes,  
And maddening in his ire ;  
So does the guilty soul expire,  
Alike to scorpion girt by fire ;  
So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,  
Unfit for earth, undoomed to heaven ;  
Darkness above, despair beneath,  
Around it flame, within — 't is death.

*Byron.*

