

The Death of a Believer

Many years ago Robert Flockart, a faithful Scotch street preacher, was nearing the gate of death, and, in full view of that solemn passage, was given such a vision of Him who with His key was waiting to open it, that he cried, "I'll be young again when I reach that happy home! How I'll make the arches of heaven ring with loud Hallelujahs to God and the Lamb for ever!

"Faith, Hope, and Love will be our good company all the way up to the door of our Father's House. But here Faith will make her bow and retire, saying, 'You will not need me any more, for you're now to see Him as He is, without a veil between.'

And Hope, too, will say, 'Farewell, I've been glad to get you guided this length, and now, when I've served your turn, I must see other pilgrims coming the same road.' But Love will smile, and say, 'You and I are not to part that way. No, no; I am going in to stay with you to all eternity.'