

BOOK IV.

For the Use of the Dying and Those Attending Them.

The Dying Person Places Himself before the Judgment-Seat of God.

EXHORTATION.

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.*

“If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged,” that is St. Paul’s admonition in 1 Cor. 11, 31. Indeed, if a person of his own accord examines his life, charges himself with his wrong-doings, and prays for mercy for Christ’s sake, God will not judge and condemn him, but be gracious to him. For whoever confesses his iniquities and quits them shall obtain mercy.

Now, a dying person, too, should do this: he should reflect, (1) that he will have to appear before Christ’s judgment-seat; for it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the Judgment. Now, this takes place immediately after death, when the soul must at once appear before God. If a person, while he was in the world, has been a believer and led a godly life, he does not enter into judgment, but since his sins were forgiven him on earth for the sake of the blood of Jesus Christ, they are no longer remembered in heaven, but remain forgiven. A wicked person, however, must appear before the divine judgment-seat because he died without being reconciled to God. A dying person, therefore, (2) does well if he seeks reconciliation betimes, asks God’s forgiveness for the sake of the blood of Jesus, and in this way obtains mercy. Thus he is assured that, no matter when and where he dies, by a sudden or by a slow death, God will graciously receive his soul, and he will on the Last Day enter into joy everlasting, having been justified by the blood of Jesus.

PRAYER.

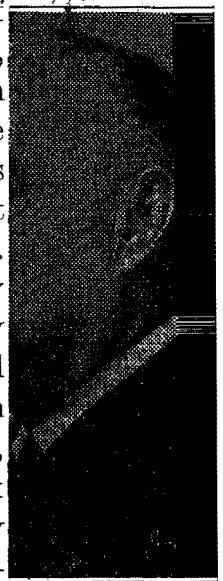
I know, O my God, that it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the Judgment; therefore I place myself now before Thy judgment-seat while I am living, and wish to be reconciled with Thee before I die. O righteous God, since I do not know how long it will be till I depart from this world, behold, I come before Thy judgment and accuse myself. Oh, I acknowledge that I am a great sinner. I have transgressed all Thy holy commandments, and that, frequently and knowingly. I have not loved Thee with all my heart, with all my soul, and all my strength. I have not always followed in the footsteps of my Jesus, nor have I always let the Holy Spirit lead me, as I should have done. I remember that I was made Thy child in Holy Baptism, but that I have not always lived as a child of God; that I have often made many promises to Thee at confession and communion, but have kept few and have again become conformed to the world. O Lord, I have not done right; yea, the load of my sins is weighing me down; I have not walked the way which Thou hadst appointed me. Mine iniquities are gone over my head; as an heavy burden they are too heavy for me.

O gracious God, Thou hast promised that Thou hast no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Behold, I come now, desiring to make my peace with Thee, while I am still in my sound mind and can recall my past life. Oh, I repent of my sins; I prostrate myself before Thy tribunal, and say: Lord God, Father in heaven, have mercy upon me;

Lord God Son, the Savior of the world, have mercy upon me; Lord God Holy Ghost, have mercy upon me. O Father, I take refuge in Thy mercy and say: I have sinned in Thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called Thy child, yet, I pray Thee, be merciful to Thy child, and do not cast me away on account of my transgressions. I flee to Thee, O Jesus, my Advocate: oh, intercede now for me, poor sinner, in the hour of my death. For if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous. He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world. Oh, pardon my iniquities for the sake of Thy blood, and let me find mercy at the bar of strict justice because of Thy holy wounds. Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness; according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. O blessed Holy Spirit, I flee to Thee: oh, create in me a clean heart; bear witness to me that I am a child of God, have been received into favor with God. Yea, work in me a sincere repentance, a living faith, and a holy resolve to live only to Thy glory and to die in child-like obedience to Thee.

Oh, work in me holy thoughts, devout supplications, sweet meditations on death. Grant me a refreshing contemplation of heaven and the future glory. Let my heart hear the comforting words: My son, be of good cheer: thy sins are forgiven thee. Then I shall not be afraid to die, because I know that the sins which have been forgiven here are forgiven also in heaven. O Holy Trinity, have mercy

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Philipp Wambsg

upon me; let me find grace with Thee at my departure from this world, and do not charge against me anything that I have ever done amiss, but have compassion on me according to Thy love.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass away! What power shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day? When, shriveling like a parchèd scroll, The flaming heavens together roll; When louder yet, and yet more dread, Swells the high trump that wakes the dead: Lord, on that day, that wrathful day, When man to Judgment wakes from clay, Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay, Though heaven and earth shall pass away. Amen.

HYMN.

The day is surely drawing near
 When God's Son, the Anointed,
 Shall with great majesty appear
 As Judge of all appointed;
 All mirth and laughter then shall cease,
 When flames on flames will still increase,
 As the Apostle teacheth.

A trumpet loud shall then resound,
 And all the earth be shaken;
 Then all who in their graves are found
 Shall from their sleep awaken;
 But all that live shall in that hour,
 By the Almighty's boundless power,
 Be changed at His commanding.

A book is opened then to all,
 A record truly telling
 What each hath done, both great and small,
 When he on earth was dwelling;
 And every heart be clearly seen,
 And all be known as they have been,
 In thoughts and words and actions.

Then woe to those who scorned the Lord,
And sought but carnal pleasures,
Who here despised His precious Word,
And loved their earthly treasures!
With shame and trembling they will stand,
And at the Judge's stern command
To Satan be delivered.

O Jesus, who my debt didst pay,
And for my sin' wast smitten,
Within the book of life, O may
My name be also written!
I will not doubt; I trust in Thee,
From Satan Thou hast made me free
And from all condemnation.

Therefore my Intercessor be,
And for Thy bloody merit
Declare my name from judgment free,
With all who life inherit,
That I may see Thee face to face,
With all Thy saints in that blest place
Which Thou for us hast purchased.

O Jesus Christ, do not delay,
But hasten our salvation!
We often tremble on our way
In fear and tribulation.
Then hear us when we cry to Thee;
Come, mighty Judge, and make us free
From every evil. Amen!

The Dying Person Forgives and Asks to be Forgiven.

EXHORTATION.

If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses. *Matt. 6, 14, 15.*

It is part of a true preparation for dying in peace to be reconciled with our fellow-men. A dying person should not delay this reconciliation a long time, but attend to it in time while he is still in his perfect mind.

However, the dying person should (1) bear in mind that if other men have done many things to spite him, he must not take any grudge against his enemies and offenders with him into the grave, but must heartily forgive them and, if possible, show them by kindnesses or through good friends that he has forgiven them. However, if (2) he has caused other men grief and offended them, he should not rest until he is reconciled with them; yea, he should not be ashamed to ask them to come to his dying-bed and ask their forgiveness with heart, lips, and hand; or if they are absent, he must ask their forgiveness in writing; or if they are dead, he must implore forgiveness from God for the wrong he has done them.

At the same time he should also restore to his fellow-men or their heirs whatever he has stolen, or filched, or wrongfully taken from them, because sin cannot be forgiven if a person is unwilling to restore the things he has filched and stolen, or their equivalent. (3) The dying person should feel impelled to seek such reconciliation, not only by his duty as a Christian, but also by the divine command and threat in *Matt. 6, 15*, and should remember that if he is unwilling to forgive, neither will he ever obtain mercy from God. As you deal with your enemy, so God will deal with you.

PRAYER.

My God, I live, and know not how long; I must die, and know not when. Therefore, I will seek reconciliation with my fellow-man in time, that I may depart from this world with peace in my heart. Heaven is called the home of peace: no souls that are irreconcilable, revengeful, and filled with wrath

and hatred shall be admitted into it, but driven back. Therefore, I will purge my heart from all anger and animosity; I will gladly forgive and ask to be forgiven, in order that God for Jesus' sake may graciously receive me as a person who wished to be reconciled. Oh, I am still on the way to eternity, therefore I shall lay aside all enmity in the certain confidence that as I forgive from the heart Thou wilt also pardon me.

Therefore, I herewith forgive from my inmost heart all my enemies, all who have opposed me, and all who have offended me by words, deeds, or gestures. I pardon and forgive them not only with my lips, but also with my heart in the presence of God. I will nevermore remember what they have done to me; I will forget it, and to assure them that I am reconciled to them, I will wish them everything good, and do them good wherever and whenever I am able. Yea, I ask God to bless them and let it be well with them and their children in time and eternity.

And as I now from my heart pardon and have forgiven all who have ever angered, or in any way harmed or grieved me, so I also ask forgiveness herewith of all those whom I have ever offended, or in any way injured or grieved. O my dear friends, forgive me all for the love of Jesus; do not bear me a grudge. I acknowledge that I have wronged you; I ask your forgiveness with my heart, mouth, and hand. Would to God I could see you all here at my death-bed: I would ask you personally to forgive me.

Yea, graciously forgive me, O Thou merciful

God, all the grief which I have caused my fellow-man while I lived, no matter who he is, whether I have done it from malice or weakness, intentionally or unintentionally. Oh, forgive me for Thy mercy's sake. I herewith cast out of my heart all enmity. I will not avenge myself, and not think of any wrong that I have suffered. Oh, remember not my sins and iniquities. O my heavenly Father, have mercy upon me. O my Jesus, wash me clean from sins and intercede for me. O Holy Ghost, sanctify my heart and cleanse it from all unrighteousness. Thus I die cheerfully and in peace.

O grant that from my very heart My foes be all forgiven,
 Forgive my sins and heal their smart, And grant new life from
 heaven; Thy Word, that blessed food, bestow, Which best the soul
 can nourish; Make it flourish Through all the storms of woe That
 else my faith might overthrow. Amen.

HYMN.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
 Trusting only Thee;
 Trusting Thee for full salvation.
 Great and free.

I am trusting Thee for pardon,
 At Thy feet I bow;
 For Thy grace and tender mercy,
 Trusting now.

I am trusting Thee for cleansing
 In the crimson flood;
 Trusting Thee to make me holy
 By Thy blood.

I am trusting Thee to guide me;
 Thou alone shalt lead,
 Every day and hour supplying
 All my need.

I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee forever
And for all.

The Dying Person Bids His Dear Ones Farewell and Gives Them His Blessing.

EXHORTATION.

And now, brethren, I commend you to God and to the Word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. *Acts 20, 32.*

It is an occurrence well known in Holy Scriptures that persons when about to die bid farewell to their dear ones and friends, and that they give their children, if they have any, their blessing. In the case of Moses, Isaac, Jacob, Jesus Christ, and others this is clearly seen.

Now, this blessing (1) is not vain; for since it is a farewell prayer which the dying person offers for his dear ones, it will not remain unanswered, if offered from faith and in the name of Christ.

(2) As a rule, therefore, survivors have not been unimpressed by the last words of a dying person. Accordingly, the admonition of a dying father, a departing mother, or a friend is not soon forgotten, but remains fastened in the mind as a spur to proper conduct.

While it is laudable that a dying person bids farewell to the world with prayers, blessings, and good wishes, he should (3) be careful not to wish evil to any one, because this would be a form of revenge which is not becoming to a Christian. (4) Children should be admonished not to grieve, and cause heartache to, their parents in days of their health, and thus make it impossible for their parents to leave them their blessing. The parents' curse has often changed the children's fortune into misfortune. However, godly, Christian parents give even to their bad children a blessing rather than a curse.

PRAYER.

O eternal, kind, and great God, I do not know how near my end may be, and when Thou wilt issue Thy command and summon me out of the world. Therefore, I wish to prepare for my death in time, and especially turn to Thee with prayer and singing, because this is the best means to delight and strengthen me in my weakness. Whene'er in grief I pray and sing, I feel new courage in me spring; Thy Spirit witnesses that this Is foretaste of th' eternal bliss.

I shall now prepare myself for the life to come, and attend to all those things that I still have to attend to in this life. Therefore, I bid farewell to all my relatives, acquaintances, benefactors, and friends. O great God, I commend them to Thy protection, love, and grace. For all the love and favors which they have shown me do them good in return, and since I cannot repay them, do Thou henceforth recompense them richly for me. I leave my friends, relatives, and acquaintances; but do not Thou, O great God, forsake them. Keep them in Thy fear, in faith, and in godliness, in order that we may see each other again in the life everlasting.

I go the way of all flesh; I go before, but in heaven all the believers and children of God shall meet again. O faithful God, shower Thy abundant blessing on those whom I leave behind me, who will be in sadness and pain over my departure from this world. The Lord bless you, my loved and dear ones; may He bless you in body and soul; may He henceforth be your Father, Provider, and Sustainer; may He take you into His protection; may His fatherly mercy procure for you a sufficiency of all that you

need, and preserve you from all evil. Fear God and do right at all times; put your trust in Him, and be assured that He will have compassion on you and be gracious to you. Do not turn from Him by unbelief, wickedness, and unchristian conduct, but be faithful to Him unto death, and He will give you the crown of life. Do not forsake God, and He will not forsake you. Honor Him, serve Him, love Him, and obey Him. Yea, the God of all grace and mercy bless your going out and your coming in, that you may be and remain the blessed of the Lord.

O great God, I have blessed them, let them be blessed. And now I lay myself in Thy arms, O Triune God; take my soul, and receive it into everlasting joy. I desire to depart and to be with Christ. Lord Jesus, unto Thee I live, unto Thee I die; living and dying I am Thine.

Jesus, I live to Thee, The loveliest and best; My life in Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest. Jesus, I die to Thee Whenever death shall come; To die in Thee is life to me In my eternal home. Whether to live or die, I know not which is best; To live in Thee is bliss to me, To die is endless rest. Living or dying, Lord, I ask but to be Thine; My life in Thee, Thy life in me, Make heav'n forever mine. Amen.

HYMN.

God be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again.

Chorus.

Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divide you;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
 With the oil of joy anoint you,
 Sacred ministries appoint you;
 God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
 When life's perils thick confound you,
 Put His arms unfailing round you;
 God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
 Of His promises remind you,
 For life's upper garner bind you;
 God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
 Sicknesses and sorrows taking,
 Never leaving nor forsaking;
 God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
 Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;
 God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
 Ended when for you earth's story,
 Israel's chariot sweep to glory;
 God be with you till we meet again.

The Dying Person Commends Himself to God.

EXHORTATION.

Into Thine hand I commit my spirit; Thou hast redeemed me,
 O Lord God of truth. *Ps. 31, 5.*

Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit. *Luke 23, 46.*

Oftentimes dying persons have many things to order and arrange before their death. They want to set their house in order, and, while doing so, forget what is most valuable, their souls. But to act thus is very unwise and wrong. Every sincere Christian should rather (1) commend his soul as well as his body every day

on retiring at night or rising in the morning to the protection of God, and that justly, because he does not know what God will decree concerning him during the day or the night.

(2) But if godly Christians are doing this daily, dying persons, too, should do this. They have before them the example of their Savior. When He was about to die, He said, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." Stephen did the same; while being stoned, he sighed, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Such care for the soul is pleasing to God; for by it a person manifests his faith and trust in God. However, (3) this is also highly necessary. We witness many changes and accidents in dying persons. How well is it, then, to commend the soul to God while a person is still in his sound mind, and thus to put away his best treasure in safe-keeping, while, as regards all other things, he resigns himself to God's will for life or death. When all things have been put in order thus, a person dies in peace.

PRAYER.

Merciful and loving God, who turnest men to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men; who takest Thy beloved ones to Thyself through death and makest them partakers of the glory which Jesus has purchased for us by His bitter suffering and death: I see that my weakness is becoming a voice calling aloud to me: "Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die"; "Prepare to meet the Bridegroom; keep the lamp of your faith ever burning."

Now, since I do not know when my hour will be at hand, I will yield myself to Thee in time and commend my soul with all its powers to Thee. Let my heart be emptied of all worldly affairs; drive out from it all worldly, sinful, and wicked thoughts, that I may speak of Thee, picture to myself Thy glory, and unceasingly contemplate the joy of the elect which awaits me also. Fill my heart with

Thy Holy Spirit, that He may create good impulses in me. Help me to remember Jesus Christ, and always to keep before my eyes the blood which He shed, and His death.

When my last hour is at hand, preserve me, if such is Thy holy will, from temptations, from thoughts that weigh heavy on the soul, from great pains, and unbecoming demeanor. Let me keep my sound mind till the end, until I expire, in order that my heart, lips, and spirit may sing, speak, and pray of Thee. And if I should lose my speech, make me to enjoy Thy sweetness in my heart and to feel Thy most holy presence.

Give me by Thy grace cheerfulness to die; let me in my dying moment have a glimpse of the pleasures of the blessed, and let me taste a few drops of heaven's sweetness, that I may go hence full of joy and consolation. When my soul quits the body, I commend it to Thee; oh, receive it into Thy hands! Father, into Thy hands I commend my soul. Yes, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. Cover it with Thy perfect righteousness, and conduct it to the joy of heaven like a bride to the joy of the marriage-feast, like a child to its inheritance, until it shall be reunited with the body on the Last Day. Yea, I also commit to Thee my body in the cool earth: grant it undisturbed rest, until the last trumpet shall sound the call: "Arise, ye dead, and appear before the judgment-seat." And then let me gladly and happily arise unto life for Jesus' sake.

When, at Thy summons, I must leave This world of sin and sadness, Grant me Thy grace, Lord, not to grieve, But to depart with gladness; My spirit I commend to Thee. O Lord, a blessed end give me Through Jesus Christ, — yea, Amen.

HYMN.

O lead me to the Rock! Though rudely beat
 The surges o'er life's rough and restless sea,
 Still will I trust and prayerfully entreat,
 That kept from every harm,
 Held by the divine arm,
 Peacefully let me rest, O Christ, in Thee.

Aye, lead me to the Rock, firm and secure,
 Let it my refuge be when sorrows fall;
 When overwhelmed with grief, let me feel sure
 That Christ, my dearest Friend,
 Will strengthen, help, defend,
 And grant His smile to cheer me when I call.

O lead me to the Rock, there let me rest,
 Confidingly, in darkness or in light,
 When heart is faint, upon the Savior's breast;
 There let me calmly lie
 Without distrust or sigh,
 Until with rapture faith is lost in sight.

The Dying Person Engages in a Contemplation of Heaven.

EXHORTATION.

But Stephen, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God.

Acts 7, 55. 56.

Nothing can be sweeter or more pleasant to the soul of a believer than to think of God and heaven. In heaven is his home, his fatherland, his consolation, his heritage, his crown, his glory, his desire, his joy. His body is on earth, his soul with God; his labor is on earth, his thoughts are in heaven.

If that is the state of a believer, what should a dying person do? A dying person experiences many sad things: the gathering darkness, the farewell from his dear ones, the tears of

the bystanders, the last agony, and the like. However, all this can be sweetened for him if he fixes his heart beyond the skies, whither he himself would go. (1) Over against the earth that is growing dim around him he should place the glory of heaven, where all shall be bathed in light. (2) During the painful leaving he should think of the cherubim and seraphim, the holy angels and the elect in heaven, in whose company he will be forever. (3) When he sees his dear ones weeping, he should remind himself of the everlasting joy, gladness, and bliss which awaits him in the life eternal, where there shall be no more sighing, no more sorrows and tears.

Yea, (4) his agony should cause him no fright, because he dies in the arms of Jesus and in the fellowship of the Holy Ghost. To the person who is thus occupied with thoughts of heaven, and pictures to himself the crown, the white robe, the glory of heaven, to him the dying-bed becomes a paradise.

PRAYER.

O gracious God, how great is Thy love and mercy toward us mortals! Not only dost Thou good unto us, sending us help, hearing our prayers, having mercy upon us, and overwhelming us with many blessings during our life, but Thou hast, moreover, reserved for us many and glorious treasures in heaven. For in heaven, O God, what great gifts shall be ours!

By faith, therefore, I picture to myself even now Thy great majesty and glory, the splendor in which Thou dwellest, the many thousands of seraphim, all the angels and the elect, that is, all godly persons who have ever lived on earth, standing around Thy throne, praising and magnifying Thee, and shouting Holy, holy, holy, to the glory of Thy name. Yea, I picture to myself that it will not be long any more till I shall be among them, after I have fallen asleep calmly and peacefully. I put myself in mind of the

glorious crown that I shall wear on my head, and the white robe with which I shall be clothed, yea, that I myself shall shine like the sun.

O the glory, O the bliss, O the gladness, which the Father of all grace and mercy will bestow on me for Jesus' sake! Therefore I am not frightened by death, because it will open the door for me to all this glory. If an earthly king can garnish his palace with so much glory that men are amazed and do not become weary admiring it, how great and glorious will be the magnificence of the heavenly King and the splendor of the infinite God! Therefore I will gladly die and quit this earth. I behold heaven with joy; for there is my eternal dwelling-place.

Here I have no continuing city anyway. That home Jesus, my Savior, has purchased for me by His suffering and death; I shall enter it by faith in Him. When I look heavenward, I am reminded that there is my fatherland, where all godly Christians and believers are assembled. While I am in the world, I am a pilgrim and a stranger who is journeying continuously, but when I am arrived in heaven through a happy death, I enter into rest, peace, and eternal happiness. I look up to heaven with joy and say to myself: There is my heritage. If I have a great heritage here on earth, in heaven there is laid up for me an inheritance undefiled and that fadeth not away. I reflect that heaven is the paradise where God will delight the believers, and that in comparison with it the paradise on earth is a mere shadow. My God, when I shall behold Thy glory in heaven, I shall say to Thee, as the Queen of Sheba said to Solomon: O my God, O my Jesus, the

half of Thy glory was not told me in my earthly life.
Thy glory and Thy prosperity exceedeth the fame
that I heard.

O could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts
that rise, And view the Canaan that we love, With unbeckled
eyes: Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the land-
scape o'er, Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright
us from the shore. Amen.

HYMN.

The Homeland! O the Homeland!
The land of souls free born!
No gloomy night is known there,
But aye the fadeless morn.
I'm sighing for that Country,
My heart is aching here;
There is no pain in the Homeland,
To which I'm drawing near.

My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil
Can ever enter there.
The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.

For loved ones in the Homeland
Are waiting me to come
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invade their holy home.
O dear, dear native Country!
O rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the Homeland
Of His eternal love.

The Dying Person Meditates upon the Promises of God.

EXHORTATION.

Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. *Matt. 25, 34.*

Dying persons need relief and refreshing for the soul as well as for the body. But what can refresh the soul? Not gold and silver, not honor and earthly splendor, but the Word of God, of which David says: "Thy Word is the rejoicing of my heart." For this reason we should, while we are well, gather and store in our heart beautiful passages of comfort, that we may have an abundant supply in the agony of death.

A dying person, however, should especially (1) remind himself, or have himself reminded, of the divine promises which we find in the Holy Scriptures regarding God's help, assistance, presence, and grace. (2) He should, moreover, appropriate these comforting passages and promises, as if God had spoken them to him, and was giving these promises to him personally. For in the Holy Scriptures God speaks to all in general and to each person individually.

Having these promises before him, he should (3) put his trust in them, and not doubt that God will fulfil them in him. If God does not do so this very minute or in an hour, if He delays the fulfilment, He will nevertheless gloriously redeem His promises in His own time.

PRAYER.

O God, plenteous in mercy, how sweet are the promises which Thou hast made me in Thy Word, saying: "I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him"; again: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God"; and again, when my Jesus says: "Where I am, there shall also My servant be. In My Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." Yea, what a sweet consolation when I am assured that Jesus

intercedes for me and is my Advocate, and that the Holy Spirit maketh intercession for me with groanings which cannot be uttered!

O gracious God, fulfil all these promises in me now! My distress is continually becoming greater; be with me, and abide with me in my last agony. Let me enter the glory and occupy the place which Thou hast prepared for me. O Jesus, be now my Advocate; plead for me poor sinner, that I may obtain grace and mercy. O blessed Holy Spirit, assist me in my weakness, and give me power and strength! If a severe struggle is before me, help me to conquer and to overcome. If I have to climb a steep mountain, give me strength. If there is a critical hour before me, help me to pass through it. When my lips can no longer pray, make intercession for me before God with groanings which cannot be uttered; yea, carry my feeble sighs up to God.

O Thou God, plenteous in grace, I cling to Thy promises, and believe that Thou wilt fulfil them in me, poor wretched one, according to Thy mercy. I believe Thy Word; I trust in Thy Word. When Thou saidst, Seek ye My face, my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek. Thy Word has always been the consolation and joy of my life; let it be my relish and refreshing now in the hour of death. When the time comes that for peace I have great bitterness, do Thou in love to my soul deliver me from the pit of corruption. Refresh me when the sweat of death begins; cheer me when my lips grow pallid; comfort me when hearing and sight fail me. O Triune God, let me then hear in my heart joy and gladness, the voice of jubilation and rejoicing, as a prelude and foretaste of heavenly glory.

O Thou mighty God, now hearken To the prayer Thy child hath made; Jesus, while the night-hours darken, Be Thou still my hope, my aid; Holy Ghost, on Thee I call, Friend and Comforter of all, Hear my earnest prayer, O hear me! Lord, Thou hearest, Thou art near me. Amen.

HYMN.

Quiet in God! How beautiful to be
Settled and calm and rested, Lord, in Thee;
Amid earth's fret and jar and empty noise,
Its fleeting pleasures and tumultuous joys, —
Quiet in God.

Quiet in God! How calm, how sweet, how deep,
When He who loves gives His beloved sleep;
Quiet when, in the hush of early morn,
The soul on wings of prayer to heaven is borne, —
Quiet in God.

Quiet in God, in sickness or in health,
In days of poverty or days of wealth,
In days when all around is bright and glad,
In days when dark clouds lower and all is sad, —
Quiet in God.

Quiet in God, in Him whose name is Love,
Whose sweet peace broodeth like a heavenly dove
O'er all the heart, and gives such perfect rest
That whatsoever He sends is good and blest, —
Quiet in God.

Quiet in God, when life looks long and bright,
Or when the end seems near, though hid from sight;
Quiet, because His sweet peace reigns within
Whose blood so precious cleanseth from all sin, —
Quiet in God.

Quiet in God! Whate'er of earthly bliss
I am denied, dear Lord, deny not this,
That calm, sweet peace that Jesus gives His own
Who cast their care on Him and Him alone, —
Quiet in God.

The Dying Person Contemplates the Joy and Fellowship of Heaven.

EXHORTATION.

After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb! *Rev. 7, 9, 10.*

Could a dying person picture to himself anything sweeter and more pleasant than the joy and fellowship of heaven — a thought which often delights the godly person on earth? For a dying person should (1) regard everything that he beholds on earth as things that he must leave soon and will see nevermore. (2) He should, on the contrary, engage in meditations on heaven, and eagerly think of the future joy of heaven, how after his departure from this life he will be translated to the joys and splendor of heaven, where there is nothing but light, peace, joy, consolation, and glory, where everlasting raptures will delight him for his former sufferings and pains.

(3) A dying person should also engage in meditations on the heavenly fellowship, how he will soon behold the face of the Triune God and meet so many thousands of angels and the elect. When a dying person thus pictures to himself this heavenly fellowship and his future bliss, his suffering will be sweetened and the time of it shortened for him; yea, on account of it he will feel his soul stirred with holy emotions.

PRAYER.

How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts; my soul longeth for the courts of the Lord. Oh, when shall I come where I shall see Thy face, and stand before Thy throne with all angels and the elect? What great glory and bliss shall I meet when I shall have parted from this body and died in peace, because I shall be translated into the home of peace, shall be crowned with glory and honor, and shall be

made a partaker of the splendor of heaven! What glory and joy await me! I shall behold the Triune God face to face. What I have believed here I shall behold yonder. What I could not comprehend here I shall perfectly know and perceive yonder. Yonder I shall be completely suffused with light, illumined and filled with the light of heaven. What joy will it be to look upon the great, majestic God in His glory!

Therefore I sigh and pray with longing: As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God? The highest joy is to see God, in whom we have believed here, although we had never seen Him. This vision will constitute my highest delight, my greatest sweetness, and my most perfect bliss. My sorrow will be changed into joy, my weeping into shouts of triumph, my tribulation into rapture, my misery into delight, my affliction into consolation, my heart's anguish into abundant glory.

In heaven I shall also live in a joyful and blessed fellowship. Here I am among men; yea, I have had to pass my life among friends and foes; but in glory I shall meet so many thousands of holy angels, hovering in great splendor and light around the throne of God and singing: "Holy, holy, holy, is God, the Lord of Sabaoth." I shall there meet all the godly and elect who have lived since the beginning of the world. I shall meet my dear ones and friends who have died in faith before me, and shall live in the sweetest communion with them. How satisfied will my soul be then! Then my longing will become em-

bracing; I shall be with the Lord; no sorrow will touch me. And this shall last not only an hour or a year, but forever and ever, without end.

O sweet and blessed country, The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country That eager hearts expect! Jesus,
in mercy bring us To that dear land of rest, Who art, with God
the Father And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

HYMN.

O pilgrim, look to Jesus
Once hanging on the tree!
Behold Him bleeding, dying,
A sacrifice for thee!
On Calvary's holy mountain
He died that we might live;
Then bow in deep contrition,
And God will thee forgive.

He is the loving Savior;
Dost thou upon Him lean?
Then fear not to press forward
Toward the land unseen,
Thy Guide has been before thee
Within that realm unknown,
And He will surely bring thee
Before His Father's throne.

Thy course on earth is heavenward,
Through sunshine and 'mid shade,
O'er rugged hills and mountains,
Along the pleasant glade.
Then onward, pilgrim, hie thee,
Through valley and o'er plain;
To-day it may be weary,
To-morrow strong again.

Onward! thy heart e'er cheery
As thou dost tread the way;
The end is not far distant,
And then eternal day.

No more of doubt and sorrow,
 No more of pain or fear,
 For in the great to-morrow
 Thou wilt not shed a tear.

March on beneath the banner
 Thy Captain doth unfurl.
 Thine eye of hope intently
 Upon the gates of pearl,
 Fight manfully each battle,
 The victory is sure,
 To all who trust the Leader
 And to the end endure.

The Dying Person Takes Comfort in the Promised Assistance of the Triune God.

EXHORTATION.

His left hand is under my head, and His right hand doth embrace me. *Song of Solomon 2, 6.*

The presence of God in our suffering cannot but be sweet and comforting to the soul. God, however, is not only present with all His creatures, to the believers He is nigh also with His special presence in life as well as in death, as He has promised: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Oh, if God were to open the eyes of the godly as He did to Elisha's servant, what a holy assembly would they behold gathered around their bed—so many angels already rejoicing that they may conduct another soul to glory! For frequently godly persons at the moment of their death have joyfully exclaimed and said, "Oh, how light it is around my bed! Do you not see that bright light yonder?" That surely must have been a vision of God's holy angels.

However, a believing soul should be especially assured of the assistance of the Triune God. (1) The Father in heaven will remember His fatherly faithfulness, and come to the aid of His child. (2) Jesus will not forsake in their last agony the souls He has purchased with His own blood. (3) The Holy Ghost also will refresh them in that hour with His strong consolations. Let

hearing and sight fail; let all the senses fail; still the dying person knows that for him shall be fulfilled even in his dying hour the promise: "I will be with him in trouble." Blessed is he whom God permits to experience all this at his death.

PRAYER.

Come, Lord Jesus! Thus I say now with the spiritual bride; yea, come and take my soul to Thee. I have even now tasted Thy sweetness; therefore I am longing and thirsting for the full stream. I do not regard dying as something terrible; for I die in the love of my heavenly Father. The Father who has provided for me, nourished, led, and guided me all my life, should He depart from me now that the end of my life is at hand? Never; He loves me too dearly for that. If a father stays with his sick child and helps him as much as he can, how much more can I comfort myself with the almighty and powerful aid of my Father in heaven! My heavenly Father will now give me the heritage which Jesus has acquired for me by His death. He will bid me enter into the Kingdom which He has prepared for me from the foundation of the world.

Dying does not seem terrible to me; I die united with Jesus Christ. This union has been begun here by faith, and will never be abolished. In this union I am a living member in the body of which Jesus Christ is the Head. If the head knows well the condition of the members, my Jesus, too, knows my condition now. I am in Him, and He is in me, and in holy union with Him I am now ready to die. He has said: "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world"; therefore He will be with me also in my dying hour. As He loved His own unto the end

when He gave Himself into death for them, He loves them also when they are about to die. If, then, I am in the arms of Jesus, death is not terrible to me because I have with me Him who by His death has taken away the bitterness of dying. Jesus has even here put on me the garments of salvation and clothed me with the robe of righteousness; yonder He will robe me in the white garment of honor and glory. The Bridegroom of my soul leads me to the marriage-feast; the Lover of my soul makes me share His glory. My Lord now fulfils for me what He said: "Where I am, there shall also My servant be."

Death is not terrible to me; I die in the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, who during my present life has consecrated my heart to be a temple; He will remain united with me even in death. He who has so often comforted me in my affliction, gladdened me in my suffering, refreshed me in my misery, sustained me under my cross, will not forsake me in the last hour, but will bear witness to my spirit that I am certainly God's child. If I should even lose my speech, so as not to be able any more to pray, He will make intercession for me before God with groanings that cannot be uttered. Yea, since He is the earnest of our inheritance, He assures me even now that I am an heir of heaven and shall enter into complete possession of it. The Father holds out the crown to me; Jesus leads me by the hand into joy; the Holy Spirit adorns me with light and bliss; the holy angels rejoice over my entrance into the heavenly life of joy; all the elect and godly receive me with rejoicing.

I have been grafted in the Vine, And hence my comfort borrow,
 For Thou wilt surely keep me Thine Through fear and pain
 and sorrow; Yea, though I die, I die to Thee, Who through Thy
 death hast won for me The right to life eternal. Amen.

HYMN.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me,
 When shall my labors have an end
 In joy and peace and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls
 And pearly gates behold;
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong
 And streets of shining gold?

O when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend
 Where evermore the angels sing,
 Where Sabbaths have no end?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom
 Nor sin nor sorrow know;
 Blest seats! Through rude and stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
 Or feel at death dismay?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view
 And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Savior stand;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.

The Dying Person Is Ready to Fall Asleep in Jesus.

EXHORTATION.

Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. *Acts 7, 59.*

Dying persons frequently complain that they are distracted with all sorts of thoughts which will not yield nor pass. To dispel them, a believer will do well, (1) if by faith and in holy con-

templation he pictures to himself Jesus upon the cross, and at the same time revolves in his heart these pious thoughts: The wounds of Jesus were inflicted for my sake; they shall be my only refuge in death. For me also the blood of Jesus was shed; I, too, am washed and sanctified with this blood. The extended arms of Jesus desire to embrace me also and to draw me to heaven. He dies upon the cross in order that my death may be sweetened for me, and that I may by death be led into everlasting life. These and similar reflections will dispel earthly thoughts, and make the mind quite calm and still and the heart joyful.

(2) While engaged in these reflections, the believing Christian should also put his entire trust in this Savior of the world. He should make the righteousness and merit of Christ his own, come before God with them, and say: For the sake of the righteousness, blood, death, and merit of my Jesus be merciful to me, O God. Trusting in these, I live and die and wish to enter into the joy of heaven.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, dearest Savior, if I am now to depart from this world, — for the signs of my death are continually multiplying and announce to me that the end of my life is very near, — I turn to Thee alone and say: Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. O my Redeemer, Thou hast redeemed me with Thy holy blood, with Thy innocent suffering and death, from sin and from the power of the devil. Let this Thy blood avail for me now, that I may stand justified by it before Thy judgment-seat. If Satan would raise charges against me, I shall show him Thy bleeding wounds. If my sins would condemn me, I shall grasp the ransom that was paid for my sins, Thy holy blood. In my dying anguish I cling to Thy all-sufficient merit. Thou art my Savior: oh, then, save me! Forgive me my sins; give me Thy perfect righteousness; lead me into everlasting bliss.

Thou art the Life; therefore I shall not die,

although my life ends, because I live in Thee and Thou in me. This life will now become perfect, because I shall live with Thee forever, and because neither things present nor things to come shall separate me from Thee. Thou art the Way; lead me through the dark valley of death into everlasting life. Thou art the Truth; Thou hast hitherto fulfilled all Thy gracious promises in me; therefore fulfil these also in which Thou promisest me: "Where I am, there shall also My servant be. And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." Take me now to Thee, and let me be where Thou art. Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word. Draw me after Thee, into the full enjoyment of Thy heavenly treasures.

I picture to myself how Thou didst die for me on the cross, how Thou didst shed Thy blood, how Thou didst lay down Thy life for me. May Thy holy wounds let me obtain grace and mercy. Thou art the Lamb of God, who didst permit Thyself to be slaughtered for me on the cross, and through Thy blood I am reconciled with God. Thou art my High Priest, who makest intercession for me. Thou art the Hero who comest to my help; Thou art the Prince of Peace, who receivest me into the home of peace. O Jesus, I come to Thee; therefore I grasp and hold Thee by faith and say: My dear Jesus I'll not leave, Who for me Himself has given; Therefore unto Him I'll cleave, Nor from Him be ever driven. Life from Him doth light receive; My dear Jesus I'll not leave.

Yea, I will now think of Jesus only: He shall be the Light and Salvation of my soul, the Strength

of my life, my Sun and Delight, my Wish and Desire, my Thinking and Planning, my All. Away, vain thoughts! I will delight myself in the merit of Jesus and in the blood which He shed for me; I will place before myself His holy wounds; I will take comfort in His bitter suffering; and my last word shall be Jesus, yea, my last thought shall be Jesus, Jesus.

Be Thou my Consolation And Shield when I must die; Remind me of Thy Passion When my last hour draws nigh. Mine eyes shall then behold Thee, Upon Thy cross shall dwell, My heart by faith enfold Thee. Who dieth thus dies well! Amen.

HYMN.

For me to live is Jesus,
To die is gain for me,
To Him I gladly yield me,
And die right cheerfully.

From hence I go with gladness
To Christ my Brother's side,
That I may soon be with Him,
And e'er with Him abide.

I have o'ercome life's crosses;
Grief, pain, and sorrow cease;
Through His five wounds most holy
With God I am at peace.

When all my powers are breaking,
My breath comes heavily,
Nor word more I can utter,
Lord, hear my sighs to Thee!

When reason, sense, and thinking
Fail like a flickering light,
That to and fro doth waver,
Ere 'tis extinguished quite:

Then let me softly, gently,
 Lord, fall asleep in Thee,
 When by Thy will and counsel
 My last hour comes to me.

As to the oak the ivy,
 So let me cleave to Thee,
 And live in heavenly glory
 With Thee eternally.

Amen! This wilt Thou, Jesus,
 Grant graciously to me:
 Endow me with Thy Spirit
 That I die happily.

The Dying Person Prays for a Blessed End.

EXHORTATION.

It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers. *1 Kings 19, 4.*

In the Old Testament, when a person brought an offering to the Lord God, it had to be a voluntary, not a compulsory offering. This rule applies also to our dying: a person must not die with displeasure, nor by constraint, nor with grumbling and disgust, but (1) a person should, while he is still in good health, learn from the Word of God what glory there is prepared for us in the life to come, learn about the crown, the white robe, and the joy which we shall obtain after this life. (2) He should also acquaint himself with the Way that leads to this glory, which is Jesus Christ, in order that he may persevere in faith until death.

(3) On the approach of the hour which God has appointed for his departure from this world the dying person should lift up his eyes unto heaven with joy, and beseech God for a blessed end. This may be done in the following manner: He may commit his body and soul to God, continually think of his dear Savior, pray fervently, and thus await his last hour. At the same time he may call upon God to grant him a quiet, gentle, rational, and blessed end. If unbecoming actions occur occasionally, those gathered at

the bedside of the dying person need not worry too much about this, as he is less sensible of it than they think, and meanwhile he remains in sweet communion with his beloved Redeemer.

PRAYER.

Merciful and gracious God, I perceive that the time of my departure is at hand, that I shall depart in peace; and lie down to my rest. My sight fails me, my strength is leaving me, and it seems as if my change were at hand. Therefore I come to Thee and offer my last prayer, which is this: My spirit I commend to Thee, O Lord, a blessed end give me Through Jesus Christ, yea, Amen.

Lord God heavenly Father, who hast created me, and hast hitherto provided for me and sustained me, mercifully receive my soul. O Jesus, who hast redeemed and washed me with Thy blood, let me die saved in true faith, trusting in Thy merit and blood. O Lord Jesus, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. O precious Holy Spirit, my Comforter and Aid, do not forsake me now; give me courage and the assurance that I am an heir of everlasting life; do Thou pray in me and with me, and make intercession for me before God with groanings that cannot be uttered.

Behold, I am ready to leave this earth, and am longing only for Thee, and to be with Thee, O Triune God. As the children of Israel had their year of jubilee, when every slave had his liberty and his property restored to him, so, O my God, my year of jubilee begins when I die, and, delivered from the service of every sin and the burden of every cross, I attain to the perfect liberty of the children of God in the life everlasting.

O my Jesus, open to me the door of heaven, ac-

company and guide me to everlasting life, to the congregation of the saints in light. O my God, grant me a rational end, that I may keep my mind to the last moment of my life. Keep me in holy and good thoughts, that I may ever remember Jesus Christ. And if my eyes should soon grow dim, refresh my soul inwardly with Thy heavenly comfort and light. Let Jesus ever stand before the eyes of my soul; grant that I may rejoice in the blood that He shed for me, and hide myself in His riven side, take comfort in His merit, and by true faith lay hold of His righteousness.

If it please Thee, grant me a gentle death. Preserve me from impatient actions, temptations, and distracting thoughts. Let my heart, which has been Thy dwelling here, gently throb its last. Let me die calm in Thy arms. Grant me a blessed end, that I may soon behold Thy holy countenance with rejoicing.

O Triune God, bless my going out from this present mortality and my coming into happy eternity. The Lord bless me and keep me; the Lord make His face shine upon me, and be gracious unto me; the Lord lift up His countenance upon me, and give me peace! In the name of the Triune God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I live and die; in His name I close my eyes and commend myself to God and His mercy.

I fall asleep in Jesus' wounds. There pardon for my sins abounds; Yea, Jesus' blood and righteousness My jewels are, my glorious dress, Wherein before my God I stand, When I shall reach the heavenly land. With peace and joy I now depart, God's child I am with all my heart; I thank thee, death, thou leadest me To that true life where I would be. So cleansed by Christ I fear not death. Lord Jesus, strengthen Thou my faith! Amen.

HYMN.

When the day of toil is done,
 When the race of life is run,
 Father, grant Thy wearied one
 Rest forevermore.

When the strife of sin is stilled,
 When the foe within is killed,
 Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,—
 "Peace forevermore."

When the darkness melts away
 At the breaking of the day,
 Bid us hail the cheering ray,—
 Light forevermore.

When the heart by sorrow tried
 Feels at length its throbs subside,
 Bring us where all tears are dried,
 Joy forevermore.

When for vanished days we yearn,
 Days that never can return,
 Teach us in Thy love to learn
 Love forevermore.

When the breath of life is flown,
 When the grave must claim its own,
 Lord of life, be ours Thy crown—
 Life forevermore.

PRAYER OF THOSE PRESENT FOR THE DYING.

O holy Triune God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Thou hearest prayer; therefore all flesh cometh unto Thee. Behold, we are now coming before Thee and offer up our prayer in behalf of this dying Christian.

Lord God, Father in heaven, have mercy upon him. Thou hast created him in Thy image; he is

Thy creature; he is also Thy child, whom Thou hast in Holy Baptism received into Thy grace; therefore have mercy upon him. Behold, Thy child is sick; Thy child is about to die; let him now obtain his child's portion, the heritage in heaven, the salvation of his soul. Forgive him all his sins which during his entire life he has committed, and look upon him with favor.

Lord God Son, the Savior of the world, have mercy upon this dying Christian. Thou hast redeemed him with Thy holy blood; Thou didst die for him also; therefore do not charge his sins against him, but impute to him Thy righteousness and Thy merit. Wash him with Thy holy blood; cover him with Thy righteousness, and let him now appear before the throne of God, cleansed with Thy blood.

Lord God Holy Ghost, have mercy upon this dying Christian. Preserve him in faith; witness to his spirit that he is truly God's child, and make intercession for him before God with groanings that cannot be uttered. Sanctify him, strengthen him, and lead him into everlasting life.

O Holy Trinity, receive this dying Christian with favor. Remember not the sins of his youth nor his transgressions; according to Thy mercy remember Thou him for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord. Receive his spirit into Thy hands, and let it share eternal joy. On the last day grant to the body which is now dying a glad and glorious resurrection. Meanwhile let it gently rest in the cool earth, until at the general resurrection body and soul shall be reunited and enter into the bliss of heaven.

But, Lord, since his agony and anguish are increasing, let not the remembrance of Jesus and Him

crucified pass out of his mind. When his eyes grow dim, let a bright light shine in his soul. Yea, O Jesus, Thou bright and morning star, enlighten him unto everlasting life. When he can no longer see us, grant him, O Triune God, constantly to behold Thee by faith, until He shall see Thee face to face. When his lips close and he can pray no longer, Lord Jesus, do Thou intercede for him; be his Advocate with the Father in heaven; help him to battle and to overcome, and let even the sighing of his heart be acceptable to Thee. When the death-sweat breaks out on him, strengthen him, and be his support.

O Triune God, abide with him, and keep him in faith until he has finished his course happily and joyfully. Lord God Father, what Thou hast created; Lord God Son, what Thou hast redeemed; Lord God Holy Ghost, what Thou hast sanctified, we commit into Thy hands. To Thy name be praise, honor, and glory now and forever!

Who knows how near my end may be? Time speeds away, and death comes on; How swiftly, ah! how suddenly, May death be here and life be gone! My God, for Jesus' sake I pray Thy peace may bless my dying day. Amen.

Sentences, Scripture-Passages, and Prayers which Those Present may Recite to the Dying.*

Zion said, the Lord hath forsaken me, and the Lord hath forgotten me. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands. *Is. 49, 14—16.*

* Godly Christians do well if they familiarize themselves with these brief prayers in the days of their health, in order that, if they should lose their hearing through their sickness, they may rouse themselves unto God in their dying hour.

If God Himself be for me, I may a host defy, For when I pray,
 before me My foes confounded fly. If Christ, my Head and Master,
 Befriend me from above, What foe or what disaster Can drive me
 from His love? This I believe — yea, rather, Of this I make my
 boast, That God is my dear Father, The Friend who loves me most;
 And that, whate'er betide me, My Savior is at hand, Through
 stormy seas to guide me, And bring me safe to land.

O kind and merciful God, help me in my suffer-
 ing and in my dying hour. O my God, Thou hast
 always been my gracious God and my Support; be
 with me now. O Jesus, abide with me; for it is
 toward evening, and the day of my life is far spent.
 O precious Holy Ghost, strengthen me, keep me
 steadfast in the faith until my end. Enlighten me
 to everlasting life. I desire to die trusting in the
 blood and wounds of Jesus. Unto Him I live, unto
 Him I die; I trust in His merit.

As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul
 after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God.
 When shall I come and appear before God? *Ps. 42, 1. 2.*

When, on our vision dawning, Will break the wished-for hour
 Of that all-glorious morning, When Christ shall come with power?
 O come, thou welcome day! When we, our Savior meeting, His
 second advent greeting, Shall hail the heaven-sent ray.

Jesus, Thou Light of the soul, when my eyes are
 growing dim, let the brightness of heaven rise in my
 soul. Forsake me not when my eyes are closing in
 death. Show Thyself to me, and let me see Thy
 image, bleeding, dying for me on the cross. Though
 I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
 I will fear no evil; for my Jesus is with me. Yea,
 my Jesus, abide with me; strengthen me in the
 faith, and let me be Thine own here in time and
 hereafter in eternity.

I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me; Thou art my Help and my Deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.

Ps. 40, 17.

My sins, dear Lord, disturb me sore, My conscience cannot slumber; But though as sands upon the shore My sins may be in number, I will not quail, but think of Thee; Thy death, Thy sorrow, borne for me, Thy sufferings, shall uphold me.

Yes, my Jesus, in Thee I trust with all my heart. O come and release me! Bring rest to my weary body and receive my soul into the everlasting joy of heaven. O Jesus, hear my faint sighing; be my support in my anguish. O my Savior and Deliverer, deliver me, unloose me, and save me. Let Satan have no power over me. Open now the door of heaven and everlasting life for me. Come quickly, deliver me, refresh me, bless me, have mercy on me!

Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness.

Is. 41, 10.

O Jesus Christ, Thou Lamb of God, Once slain to take away our load, Now let Thy cross, Thine agony, Avail to save and solace me; Thy death to open heav'n and there Bid me the joy of angels share.

O Jesus, my only Advocate with Thy heavenly Father, who sittest at His right hand and makest intercession for us, plead for me now in the hour of my death. I fear not; for Thou art with me. O blessed Holy Spirit, Thou Comforter in every need, abide with me with Thy consolation to my end. I have powerful Help; my Father is with me, yea, the angels also are with me; therefore I will die rejoicing.

Nevertheless I am continually with Thee; Thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. *Ps. 73, 23. 24.*

O Lord, my God, I cry to Thee, In my distress Thou helpest me, My soul and body I commend Into Thy hands; Thine angel send To guide me home, and cheer my heart, Since Thou dost call me to depart.

By Thy bitter agony and bloody sweat help me, O Lord, my God! I leave Thee not; oh, depart not from me! O Jesus, when my last struggle begins, help me to wrestle and to overcome! When the anguish of my heart becomes great, bring me out of my distresses. I am Thine own; therefore, lead me through all my anguish to joy and bliss and glory. If Thou art with me, I am not afraid; I am happy, I shall enter into the joy everlasting.

Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. *Matt. 25, 23.*

Ah! who would, then, not depart with gladness, To inherit heaven for earthly sadness? Who here would languish Longer in bewailing and in anguish? Come, O Christ and loose the chains that bind us! Lead us forth, and cast this world behind us! With Thee, th' Anointed, Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.

O Jesus, by Thy power and by the aid of Thy Holy Spirit I shall remain faithful to Thee unto death. I will not forsake Thee, O Friend of my soul; I do not flee from Thee, my Shepherd; I leave Thee not, O Bridegroom of my soul! Besides Thee there is nothing that can delight me. Lead me, O dearest Friend, out of misery to joy, out of wretchedness to bliss!

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

Job 19, 25—27.

For me to live is Jesus, To die is gain for me, To Him I gladly yield me, And die right cheerfully. From hence I go with gladness To Christ my Brother's side, That I may soon be with Him, And e'er with Him abide.

Yes, to Thee, O Triune God, I now commend myself for protection and mercy. I commit my dearly purchased soul to Thee. I die, and I shall rise again; I die, and I shall live forever in heavenly joy. O Triune God, bring me to my rest, to glory! Shorten my pains, sweeten my dying hour; comfort me with the inward consolations of the Holy Spirit, and do not take Him from me. Let me soon behold Thy glorious face in the everlasting joy of heaven.

As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness. *Ps. 17, 15.*

Yea, I see what here was told me, See that wondrous glory shine; Feel the spotless robes enfold me, Know a golden crown is mine, Thus before the throne so glorious Now I stand a soul victorious, Gazing on that joy for aye That shall never pass away.

O my Jesus, my soul rejoices, remembering Thy glory and the joy which Thou hast prepared for me. I quit this world gladly, because I am coming to my Jesus, the Bridegroom of my soul. How glad, how happy shall I be when He will lead me, His bride, to the marriage-feast, put upon me the white robe, place the crown on my head, and after so many sufferings, pains, and afflictions which I have endured, comfort me without end!

The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart; and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come. He shall enter into peace; they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness.

Is. 57, 1. 2.

A slumber I know in Jesus' name, A rest from all toil and sorrow; Earth tenderly takes my weary frame To sleep till the blissful morrow. In heaven my soul with God abides, Forgotten are cares and trials.

I know that when I die, I go to God out of all misery, passing from burdens to delights, from anxiety to peace, from vanity to bliss, from worry to rest, from sorrow to joy. Therefore my soul rejoices. O my God, here I am; receive my soul, glorify it, grant it everlasting life. My Jesus, I am Thine, Thou art mine; in death and life we shall remain inseparable. _____

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.*

There is joy beyond our telling Where so many saints have gone; Thousands, thousands there are dwelling, Worshiping before the throne, There the seraphim are shining, Evermore in chorus joining: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord! Triune God, for aye adored!"

O dear Lord Jesus, seal in my heart this comfort, that when I quit this tabernacle and this dying-bed, I shall enter the glorious dwelling in heaven. What a glorious house, what a joyous place Thou hast prepared for me, where there is no more anxiety, misery, and wretchedness, but joy, consolation, glory, bliss, light! Oh, that we were there! Forsake me not; I will nevermore forsake Thee. I will cling to Thee, rely on Thy mercy, and hide myself in Thy wounds. I die trusting in Thy death; make me righteous and save me by Thy death.

The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. *Is. 35, 10.*

The morning shall awaken, And shadows shall decay, And each true-hearted servant Shall shine as doth the day; Yes, God, my King and portion, In fulness of His grace, We then shall see forever, And worship face to face.

Remember, O Jesus, that I have been redeemed by Thy blood, and let me soon enter Thy heavenly Zion. Long enough I have eaten the bread of sorrows here; let me soon taste the sweet food of angels, the manna of heaven! Sighings and sorrows have been my daily occupation here; let me hear joy and gladness. Let my soul catch a glimpse of Thy glory; gladden me after my suffering; refresh me in Thee and with Thee forever.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing. *2 Tim. 4, 7. 8.*

There is the throne of David; And there, from care released, The songs of them that triumph, The shout of them that feast; And they who, with their Leader, Have conquered in the fight, Forever and forever Are clad in robes of white.

O Jesus, help me to a happy victory when my last struggle begins! Be at my side, and all will become easy for me. Strengthen me when I am faint; O my Helper, support me in my anguish and weakness! Let Thy grace strengthen me; let Thy blood refresh me; let Thy hand sustain me; let Thy holy merit cover my sins; hold me, wretched one, in Thine arms; revive me when I faint. Oh, how gloriously shall I be adorned and crowned by Thee

after death! Show me the crown which Thou hast laid up for me, and refresh my spirit with Thy comforting presence.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. *Rev. 2, 10.*

He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment. *Rev. 3, 5.*

Exult, O dust and ashes! The Lord shall be thy Part: His only, His forever, Thou shalt be and thou art! Jesus, in mercy bring us Soon to that land of rest; Who art, with God the Father And Spirit, ever blest!

The love of my Jesus I shall never surrender. I have loved Him in the days of my health, and I will love Him unto death. O Jesus, for the sake of Thy holy wounds keep me in Thy love. I will remain faithful to Thee unto death, and die faithful to Thee. With Jesus in my heart, with Christ in my mind, I die in Jesus' name.

I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord. *Rom. 8, 38. 39.*

Jesus, priceless Treasure, Source of purest pleasure, Truest Friend to me! Long my heart hath panted, Till it well-nigh fainted, Thirsting after Thee. Thine I am, O spotless Lamb! I will suffer naught to hide Thee, Ask for naught beside Thee.

Yes, that is the conclusion which I have reached: My dear Jesus I'll leave never! I abide in faith, I cling to Him. Death separates the soul from the body, but not my soul from Jesus. Jesus is mine, I am His. I place myself in the arms of my Jesus, and there I will live and die in peace. How blessed, oh, how blessed I am!

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him. *James 1, 12.*

Jerusalem, thou city fair and high, Would God I were in thee!
My longing heart fain, fain to thee would fly, It will not stay with me;
Far over vale and mountain, Far over field and plain, It hastes
to seek its Fountain And quit this world of pain.

O yes, Lord Jesus, come to me; come soon, without delay, and take me hence in peace. Give me patience and strength; I commit myself entirely, my body and my soul, to Thee. Keep me in faith unto my blessed end. O Jesus, by Thy great mercy and grace help me to attain to eternal life and joy. Lord God, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations; be my Refuge also now, my Salvation, my God, my Consolation, my Deliverer, my God who has mercy on me, and my Savior. Receive my soul which is sighing for Thee. Oh, how I long to behold God face to face, to be with the angels and the elect, and to walk in heavenly splendor and brightness.

Into Thine hand I commit my spirit; Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, God of truth. *Psa. 31, 5.*

Arrayed in glorious grace Shall these vile bodies shine, And every shape, and every face, Look heavenly and divine.

Now that I am dying, my only refuge, O Triune God, is to Thee: to the mercy of my heavenly Father, to the bloody wounds of Jesus Christ, to the loving-kindness of the Holy Spirit. To this Triune God I commend my body and soul. Oh, receive this little dove of Thine; I come flying on swift wing.

Lord Jesus, who dost love me, O spread Thy wings above me, And shield me from alarm! Though Satan would devour me, Let angel-guards sing o'er me: "This child of God shall meet no harm!"

Ye are come unto Mount Sion and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect. *Heb. 12, 22. 23.*

O happy day and yet far happier hour, When wilt thou come at last, When fearless to my Father's love and power, Whose promise standeth fast, My soul I gladly render? For surely will His hand Lead her with guidance tender To heaven, her fatherland.

My Jesus, how glorious will be the sight when I shall meet Thee in Thy glory and all the angels and the elect in heaven! I rejoice in expectation of that moment. I quit this earth and enter glory; I leave behind misery and receive joy; I leave men and come among the holy angels.

Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.

Heb. 13, 8.

Jesus, Thou art mine forever, Dearer far than earth to me; Neither life nor death shall sever Those sweet ties which bind to Thee. All were drear to me and lonely If Thy presence gladdened not; While I sing to Thee, Thee only, Mine's an ever blissful lot.

In this faith, O my Jesus, let me abide without wavering. Let my weary heart taste the sweetness of Thy name of Savior and be refreshed. Let the power of Thy death, which has fully atoned for all, avail for me in my dying hour and at the judgment-seat of God, that I may here be righteous and pure, yonder blessed forever in Thee.

My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. *John 10, 27. 28.*

I have been grafted in the Vine, And hence my comfort borrow,
For Thou wilt surely keep me Thine Through fear and pain and
sorrow; Yes, though I die, I die to Thee, Who through Thy death
hast won for me The right to life eternal.

O yes, Jesus, my Shepherd, now bring me, Thy
poor sheep, to the joy of heaven. Let not Satan
pluck me out of Thy hand. Thou art mightier and
stronger than Satan. Thine I am, and Thine I will
remain. Satan has no claim and title to me, but Thy
purchased possession I have been and shall be for-
ever. Take my soul like a weary lamb into Thine
arms and bring it to the bliss of heaven. How
happy, how blessed shall I be when I shall be with
my Jesus!

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth;
yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and
their works do follow them. *Rev. 14, 13.*

There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers
given; There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for ev'ry wounded
breast: 'Tis found above in heaven. There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even; A couch for weary mortals spread
Where they may rest the aching head, And find repose — in heaven.
There is a home for weary souls, By sin and sorrow driven, When
tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and ocean
rolls, And all is drear — but heaven.

Lord, instil into my soul this comfort, that I shall
die in Thee. O Jesus, Thou hast lived in me, and
I in Thee; therefore, I wish also to die in Thee, in
Thy love, in Thy wounds, in Thy grace. Cause my
misery and grief, my pains and sufferings to cease,
and bring me into the blessed life everlasting, where
I shall rest from my labors, my sufferings, and
pains. O Jesus, hear me; yea, come, Lord Jesus!

The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom: to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen. *2 Tim. 4, 18.*

“Forever with the Lord!” Amen! so let it be; Life from the dead is in that word, ’Tis immortality. Here in the body pent, Absent from Him I roam, Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A day’s march nearer home. My Father’s house on high, Home of my soul, how near At times to faith’s foreseeing eye The golden gates appear!

O great God, remember me now in mercy and have compassion upon me. Give me a rational, quiet, and peaceful end. My dying day is the day of my deliverance, and my dying hour is the hour when I shall enter into the joy everlasting. Keep me in a rational mind to the end of my life. Let me hear with joy the comfort that is promised me, and if it be Thy holy will, grant that I may be able to bear witness of my faith and my hope to those surrounding my bed, and may thus be delivered by a peaceful end from every evil work.

Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. *Matt. 25, 34.*

Ah! then my spirit faints To reach the land I love, The bright inheritance of saints, Jerusalem above. “Forever with the Lord!” Father, if ’tis Thy will, The promise of that faithful word E’en here to me fulfil. Be Thou at my right hand, Then I can never fail; Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand; Fight, and I must prevail.

O my Jesus, let me, too, hear Thy welcome when I part from this body. Speak to my soul in that hour: Come, thou blessed of My Father. Yea, let my soul and body be led to glory with these words. Meanwhile I grasp Thee by faith, and in Thee and through Thee I obtain the blessing and the inheritance.

I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness. *Is. 61, 10.*

O Jerusalem, how glorious Dost thou shine, thou city fair! Lo! I hear the tones victorious Ever sweetly sounding there. O the bliss that there surprises! Lo! the sun of morn now rises, And the breaking day I see That shall never end for me.

The joy of heaven, the white robe of glory, sweetens to me all the bitterness of death. Death is not bitter to me. Jesus is with me, who comforts and sustains me. O my God, who hast clothed me with the robe of righteousness, put upon me the heavenly garment of joy. Thy righteousness is my righteousness, and now that I have been justified by faith I know that I have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; yea, I may expect life and salvation. How beautifully arrayed shall I stand before Thee there!

God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. *John 3, 16.*

Ah, Lord, if but Thee I have Naught of other good I crave; Bright is even death's dark road If but Thou art there, my God!

O dearest God and Father, let me now depart quietly and in peace, trusting in Jesus Christ. I know that Thou hast loved me also and given me Thy Son. I, too, have believed in Him, and wish to persevere in this faith to the last moment of my life. Give me the assurance by Thy Holy Spirit that I shall not be lost. Strengthen me in this faith, that I may soon behold in the life everlasting what I have believed here. O Jesus, be at my side; do not forsake me!

Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot. *1 Pet. 1, 18. 19.*

Lord Jesus Christ, true man and God, Who borest anguish, scorn, the rod, And diedst at last upon the tree To gain Thy Father's grace for me: I pray Thee, through that bitter woe, Let me, a sinner, mercy know When comes the hour of failing breath, And I must wrestle, Lord, with death. When from my sight all fades away, And when my tongue no more can say, And when mine ears no more can hear, And when my heart is racked with fear, When all my mind is darkened o'er, And human help can do no more: Then come, Lord Jesus, come with speed, And help me in the hour of need.

I come before Thee, O great God, relying not on my righteousness, but on the righteousness of Jesus Christ which I have made my own by faith. O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on me. O righteous God, do not look upon my sins and uncleanness, but upon the righteousness and holiness of Jesus. This I apprehend; in His wounds I hide myself, trusting in His merit I die; for His sake be gracious and merciful to me.

Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. *Acts 4, 12.*

O Father, cover all my sins With Jesus' merits, who alone The pardon that I covet wins And makes His long-sought rest my own; My God for Jesus' sake I pray Thy peace may bless my dying day. His sorrows and His cross I know Make death-beds soft, and light the grave, They comfort in the hour of woe, They give me all I fain would have; My God, for Jesus' sake I pray Thy peace may bless my dying day.

Jesus, my only Salvation and my Refuge, I come to Thee in my dying hour. Oh, have compassion

upon me; do not forsake me. The sweet name of Jesus, the remembrance of the blood which He shed, of His stripes, of His holy person shall now remain on my lips, in my heart, and in my thoughts. Lord Jesus, unto Thee I live; Lord Jesus, unto Thee I die; Lord Jesus, living and dying I am Thine. Amen.

If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous; and He is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

1 John 2, 1. 2.

And so I stretch mine arms to Thee, And gladly hence betake me; Peaceful and calm my sleep shall be, No human voice can wake me. But Christ is with me through the strife, And He will bear me into life, And open heav'n before me.

O great God, the time is approaching when I must depart from this world, and appear before Thy judgment-seat. O Heavenly Father, have mercy on me, and graciously receive me as Thy child whom Thou hast created and loved. O Jesus, plead for me; Thou art my Mediator, Advocate, and Savior. Take away my sins; clothe me with Thy righteousness, and I am saved. O precious Holy Ghost, dwell and abide in my heart, to bring me to my heavenly habitation.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.

John 5, 24.

So when my latest breath Shall rend the veil in twain, By death I shall escape from death, And life eternal gain. Knowing as I am known, How shall I love that word, And oft repeat before the throne, "Forever with the Lord!"

My Savior, graciously fulfil this promise also to me. Let me come before the judgment-seat and there obtain mercy for Thy sake. But let me not come into judgment, nor hear anything about the sentence of death. Keep me in faith to the end, that I, too, may receive the end of faith, the salvation of my soul.

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

Heb. 4, 16.

Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the waters nearer roll, While the tempest still is high! Hide me, O my Savior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe into the haven guide; O receive my soul at last! Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, ah, leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me! All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring: Cover my defenseless head With the shadow of Thy wing.

Oh, yes, for Jesus' sake I shall obtain mercy. Lord God Father in heaven, have compassion upon me; Lord God Son, the Savior of the world, have compassion upon me; Lord God Holy Ghost, have compassion upon me, and be gracious and merciful to me. Amen.

God hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. *2 Cor. 5, 21.*

Chief of sinners though I be, Jesus shed His blood for me, Died, that I might live on high, Lived that I might never die; As the branch is to the vine, I am His, and He is mine.

Jesus, Thou hast taken away my sins and hast bestowed on me Thy righteousness. What is mine, my sins and debts, has been laid on Thee; what is Thine, Thy righteousness, has been given to me. I rejoice in this exchange and comfort myself

with it. 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. In Jesus I am righteous; in Him I am saved. In my dying hour I wrap myself in His righteousness, and can die cheerfully and find favor with God.

God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. *Rev. 21, 4.*

O how blest are ye whose toils are ended, Who through death have unto God ascended! Ye have arisen From the cares which keep us still in prison. Christ has wiped away your tears forever; Ye have that for which we still endeavor; To you are chanted Songs that ne'er to mortal ears were granted. Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that bind us; Lead us forth, and cast this world behind us. With Thee, th' Anointed, Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.

O Jesus, I wait with joy for the hour when with glorified eyes I shall behold Thy glad countenance. Then my body will shine like the sun, and my eyes shall no longer be moist with tears, but filled with light and luster. With Thee I find joy and consolation. Here I am still sojourning as a stranger in an inn, but when I am with Thee, I shall be in my true and everlasting fatherland.

If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another; and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin. *1 John 1, 7.*

And when Thy glory I shall see And taste Thy kingdom's pleasure, Thy blood my royal robe shall be, And joy beyond all measure; It then shall be my glorious crown. Thus I'll appear before the throne Of God, and need not hide me; And shall, by Him to Thee betrothed, By Thee in bridal garments clothed, Stand as a bride beside Thee.

I am in the fellowship of my Jesus; I live in it and die in it. O Jesus, Thou art in me, and I am in Thee. There is no condemnation for me, because I am in Thy fellowship. I am now entering into glory. The blood of Jesus sanctifies, clothes, adorns, and cleanses me. O Heavenly Father, behold, it is the righteousness of Thy Son in which I come to Thee.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. *John 1, 29.*

O Lamb of God most holy, Upon the cursed tree slain, E'er patient, meek, and lowly, Though heaped with hate and disdain. All sins Thou borest for us, Else had despair reigned o'er us. Have mercy on us, O Jesus!

O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon me! O Christ Thou Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon me! O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, grant me Thy peace here and hereafter!

Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.

Luke 2, 29. 30.

In peace and joy I now depart, At God's disposing; For full of comfort is my heart, Soft reposing; So the Lord hath promised me, And death is but a slumber. 'Tis Christ that wrought this work for me, The faithful Savior, Whom Thou hast made mine eyes to see By Thy favor; Now I know He is my Life, My help in need and dying.

Yes, the peace of God, which passes all understanding, keep also my heart and mind in Christ Jesus unto life everlasting! Yonder are the homes

of peace; yonder they are shouting, Victory! Yonder they are waving the palms of victory. Oh, would that I were already there!

Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory. *John 17, 24.*

Forever living there in bliss. Oh, let us not that glory miss! Dear Lord, forgive us all our guilt, Help us to wait until Thou wilt That we depart; and let our faith Be brave, and conquer e'en in death, Firm resting in Thy sacred Word, Until we sleep in Thee, our Lord.

O Jesus, what a glad and happy meeting it will be when I shall come to Thee and behold Thee face to face! Even here I have loved Thee before I have seen Thee; what unspeakable joy will thrill my heart when I come where Thou art, among all the saints and elect! Oh, how great is Thy glory! In this life I have not heard half of what I shall see with my eyes yonder. Draw me unto Thee, and prepare me for a blessed entrance into Thy glory.

None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord. Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's. *Rom. 14, 7. 8.*

O Lord, I love Thee from my heart; I pray Thee, ne'er from me depart, With tender mercy cheer me; I scorn the richest earthly lot, E'en heav'n and earth attract me not If only Thou be near me. Yea, though my heart be like to break, Thou shalt my Trust that naught can shake, My Portion, and my Comfort be, Who by Thy blood hast purchased me, Lord Jesus Christ, My God and Lord, my God and Lord! Forsake me not who trusts Thy Word.

O great God, I have become Thine in Holy Baptism; I have remained Thine by faith; let me be Thine own now that I am dying. O Jesus Christ,

Son of God, Thou hast atoned for me; enclose me in Thy wounds. Thou art my only Consolation and Help. Amen.

Remember that Jesus Christ was raised from the dead.

2 Tim. 2, 8.

Be Thou my Consolation And Shield when I must die; Remind me of Thy Passion When my last hour draws nigh. Mine eyes shall then behold Thee, Upon Thy cross shall dwell, My heart by faith enfold Thee. Who dieth thus dies well.

Jesus is deeply graven in my heart. O yes, I now remember, O Jesus, Thy anguish and pain, the blood Thou didst shed, and Thy holy wounds. Jesus, I embrace Thee, I press Thee to my heart; do not depart from me. I am longing for Thee, O my Savior. Would that I were with Thee!

Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise. *Luke 23, 42. 43.*

There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there have I, as vile as he, Washed all my sins away. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be, till I die.

O my Jesus, my only desire is for Thy grace and mercy. Oh, receive my soul, purchased with Thy precious blood, into Thy holy hands! I commit it to Thee, to be ushered into the joy of paradise. With the believing thief I pray: Lord, remember me. Remember me as Thy child, purchased with Thy blood to be Thine own. Let me be with Thee to-day in Thy glory.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. *1 Tim. 1, 15.*

Through Jesus' bloody merit I am at peace with God; What, then, can daunt my spirit, However dark my road? My courage shall not fail me, For God is on my side; Though hell itself assail me, Its rage I may deride. There's nothing that can sever Me from the love of God; No want, no pain whatever, No famine, peril, blood. Though thousand foes surround me, And in their base design A sheep for slaughter count me, The victory still is mine. Yea, neither life's temptation, Nor death's terrific hour, Nor angels of high station, Nor any other power, Nor things that now are present, Nor things that are to come, Nor height, however pleasant, Nor depth of deepest gloom, Nor any creature ever Shall from the love of God Me, the poor sinner, sever; For in my Savior's blood This love its fountain taketh; He hears my faithful prayer, And nevermore forsaketh Me, His dear child and heir.

Lord, I wait for Thy salvation. Jesus saves sinners; He will save me also. Jesus receives sinners; He will receive me also. I am Jesus' own and remain His own. I lift up my eyes to heaven and behold Jesus summoning me to Him.

Whom have I in heaven but Thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the Strength of my heart and my Portion forever.

Ps. 73, 25. 26.

When hence I must betake me, Lord, do not Thou depart! Oh, nevermore forsake me When death is at my heart! When soul and body languish, O leave me not alone, But take away mine anguish By virtue of Thine own.

O Jesus, my life is closing; take me to Thee. My Shepherd, receive Thy sheep; my Bridegroom, receive Thy bride; my Father, receive Thy child; my Jesus, take the soul that was purchased with Thy blood to Thee. This I pray, this I desire, and thus I close my eyes.

After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. *Rev. 7, 9. 14.*

Oh, what the tribe, or what the glorious host, Comes sweeping swiftly down? The chosen ones on earth who wrought the most, The Church's brightest crown, Our Lord hath sent to meet me, As in the far-off years Their words oft came to greet me In yonder land of tears. The patriarchs' and prophets' noble train, With all Christ's followers true, Who bore the cross, and could the worst disdain That tyrants dared to do, I see them shine forever, All glorious as the sun, 'Mid light that fadeth never, Their perfect freedom won.

O my Jesus, I am waiting with joy for the white robe and the beautiful crown which Thou wilt give me. Meanwhile I wash my soul in Thy holy blood; I claim it for myself. Receive me into the eternal life of joy for the sake of Thy blood.

Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit. *Luke 23, 46.*
 Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. *Acts 7, 59.*

Lead me from this dark vale beneath, And shorten then the pangs of death; All evil spirits drive away, But let Thy Spirit with me stay Until my soul the body leave, Then in Thy hands my soul receive, And let the earth the body keep Till the last day shall break its sleep.

O my Jesus, thus I, too, pray to Thee now. Thy last word on the cross shall be my last word in my life. Lord Jesus, I live unto Thee, I die unto Thee; whether I live or die, I am Thine. Would to God that I might meet my end like Jesus, committing my spirit into the hands and faithful keeping of the Father! O my Refuge, let Thy last word be my last word, and I shall leave this earth and go to the Father in the fulness of joy.

Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

2 Pet. 3, 13.

O Zion, hail! Bright city, now unfold The gates of grace to me! How many a time I longed for thee of old Ere yet I was set free From yon dark life of sadness, Yon world of shadowy naught, And God had giv'n the gladness, The heritage I sought.

O holy Triune God, receive my soul now into Thy heavenly realm of joy! O come, Lord Jesus; I am waiting for Thee; lead me to Thy joy! Lord God Father, what Thou hast created, Lord God Holy Son, what Thou hast redeemed, Lord God Holy Spirit, what Thou hast sanctified, I commit into Thy hands. Praise and glory be to Thy holy name, now and forever! Amen.

Behold, I come quickly, and My reward is with Me.

Rev. 22, 12.

There at my Savior's side Heav'n is my home; I shall be glorified, Heav'n is my home; There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best; And there I, too, shall rest — Heav'n is my home. Therefore I murmur not, Heav'n is my home; Whate'er my earthly lot, Heav'n is my home, And I shall surely stand There at my Lord's right hand; Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

Sighings and Prayers of a Dying Person.

1.

When my last hour is close at hand.

O my Jesus, Thou that knowest best, perhaps my dying hour is close at hand; therefore, teach me that mine age is as nothing before Thee, and that I must go hence. Keep me in faith that I may trust in the Triune God in whom I have been baptized, and

place all my hope in Thy merit, blood, and wounds, O Jesus! Preserve me from temptation in my dying hour. Let Thy left hand be under my head, and Thy right hand embrace me. Refresh me in my last hour with the consolation of the Holy Spirit, and let me hear joy and gladness. Abide with me when my end comes.

And I must hence betake me.

O yes, my Jesus, I shall journey the way of death, but if Thou, O Jesus, art with me, I am not afraid. My death is my going to the Father. How I do rejoice that I am coming to my heavenly Father, to Thee, my Jesus, where I shall find peace, joy, consolation, bliss, light, a glorious dress, a beautiful crown! How happy shall I be there! There all my misery and affliction will be at an end, and I shall enter into rest, joy, and everlasting life. Be with me, O Jesus, on this way of death to eternal life; drive the enemies of my soul from me. Give me the boldness of faith and the sweetness of Thy consolation, that with joy I may happily begin and complete my journey through the valley of death.

Lord Jesus Christ, beside me stand.

O yes, Lord Jesus, accompany me from this temporal life into the life eternal. Though the way of death be gloomy, I shall nevertheless walk in light, if Thou, O Jesus, art my Light. Stand by me on my death-bed, and receive my soul when it quits the body. When I close my physical eyes in death, let the eyes of my soul behold Thee. Accompany my soul, till Thou hast brought me into Thy holy habitation, to the holy angels, and to the company of

the elect. Yea, accompany me as Thine own to the throne of Thy heavenly Father, in order that I may there obtain mercy and be received as an heir of salvation. Be at my side at my departure from the world.

Nor let Thy help forsake me.

Oh, nobody can help me in my dying hour but Thou alone, O Jesus! Help me, and strengthen my faith; help me, and witness unto my spirit that I am verily God's child, and as a child of God shall now receive the eternal inheritance. Yea, do not forsake me when I grow pale in death and the pallor of death begins to spread over me. Do not forsake me when my eyes grow dim; be and remain the light of my soul in that moment. Do not depart from me when I lose my hearing, but teach, comfort, and refresh me then inwardly in my soul. Do not forsake me when I lose my speech and can no longer pray. Do Thou, O Jesus, in that moment intercede for me, and Thou, O Holy Spirit, pray in me and make intercession with God for me with groanings which cannot be uttered. Do not forsake me when I am passing away, but lead me to the joy of heaven. Oh, receive

My soul at this my earthly end

into Thy merciful protection. O Jesus, Thou hast bought my soul with Thy holy blood; wash it and cleanse it that it may be found a clean vessel, pleasing to God. If the close of my natural life is now at hand, give me a rational end, if it be Thy will, that I may direct my heart, eyes, and mind to Thee, and pray as long as my tongue can stammer, sigh as long as there is still breath in me, yea, that I may

receive with joy and for my comfort the encouraging words of those standing about me. If it please Thee, grant me a cheerful end, that dying I may enjoy Thy fellowship, O Jesus, taste the sweetness of Thy indwelling, and be refreshed with the comfort of the Holy Spirit. Grant me a blessed end, that I may quietly and happily fall asleep in faith, and remain united with Thee before dying, while dying, and after dying. In order that this may be done, I resign my soul to Thee. My soul

To Thy blest hands I now commend.

Oh, how well shall it be cared for in Thy hands! Behold, I have commended my soul to Thee every day; therefore this shall be my last prayer: Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. My Jesus, Thou hast redeemed my soul with Thy holy blood from sin and from the power of the devil; therefore I commend it to Thee. It is, and shall forever remain, Thine own. Receive it into the everlasting joy of Thy heaven, to bliss, to glory. There I shall be satisfied. Thy hands are mighty hands; no one can pluck me out of Thy hands: not the world, for it has no claim on me; not Satan, for Thou hast overcome him. Thy hands are faithful hands; in them my soul is well taken care of forever.

For Thou wilt safely keep it.

I entrust it to Thy keeping until the Last Day, when Thou wilt unite it again with my glorified body, and make soul and body enjoy the bliss of heaven. Meanwhile, Lord Jesus, gladden, comfort, and refresh my soul with Thy glory. Grant unto me eternal seeing after my believing here in this

life, peace after unrest, joy after suffering, consolation after anguish, refreshing after misery. Let my soul behold, amidst angels and the elect, Thy glory, which Thou hast prepared for Thy children.

2.

My sins, dear Lord, disturb me sore.

O yes, my Jesus, I think of my sins to-day; I think of them, and I am heartily sorry that throughout my life I have provoked Thee to anger such a long time, so often, and in so many ways, by thoughts, words, and deeds. I mourn in my inmost soul because I have offended my Creator, my Redeemer, and my Sanctifier. Oh, that I had not done so! If it were to be done again, I would never do it. But, O Jesus, with Thy innocent blood, that beautiful ruby flood, wash away all my sins; bind up my heart with the balm of Thy consolations. Remember my sins no more, but cast them into the depth of the sea. O my Jesus, when my sins gather about my sick-bed to frighten and accuse me, be Thou at my side and show me Thy holy wounds. Cancel with Thy holy blood the record of my sins, and seal in my heart the forgiveness of my sins with Thy Holy Spirit. This shall be my comfort when

My conscience cannot slumber.

I feel, indeed, what anguish and terror I must suffer on account of my sins. O sin, how bitter thou art to a person on his dying-bed! What fear and dread thou dost cause! But, my Jesus, I implore Thy mercy; graciously forgive unto me what I have done against Thee throughout my earthly life. O Jesus, for the sake of the blood which Thou

didst shed, forgive me all my trespasses. For the sake of Thy wounds have compassion on me. For the sake of Thy everlasting love receive me into Thy grace. Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. Thus my conscience will be at peace and my heart quieted. Oh, I do not deny my iniquities and sins; I confess before the all-knowing and holy God that there is a multitude of them.

Though they're as sands upon the shore.

If the sands upon the shore are many, my sins are still more. I have sinned much by thoughts; much have I sinned by my words and unprofitable talk; much have I sinned by my works and acts, from my youth up until this hour. Now, if Thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? If Thou shouldst bring the thoughts of my heart before Thy judgment, I shall be ashamed. If I am to render an account of every idle word, I am lost. If Thou wilt judge and reward me according to my works, how will I fare? What shall I sinner do? What shall I attempt? My conscience accuses me.

I quail not at their number.

And why should I despair? My heavenly Father surely will not cast out His poor, penitent child. I will not despair; for Jesus is my Savior, my Mediator, and Advocate with my Father in heaven. Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God,

who also maketh intercession for us. I will not despair; the Holy Spirit will remain my support even in the anguish of death, and will bear witness to me that I am verily a child of God, that my sins shall be forgiven me for Jesus' sake, and that the mercy of God will enfold me in its arms. As often, therefore, as Satan, my sins, and my conscience terrify and smite me, Thou, O Jesus, shalt be the Refuge of my soul and my Consolation.

I call to mind that Thou hast died.

When dying, I shall place Thee before me as Thou didst die for me on the cross, and didst shed Thy blood, and will say: Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world! O Lamb of God most holy, Upon the cursed tree slain, E'er patient, meek, and lowly, Though heaped with hate and disdain. All sins Thou borest for us, Else had despair reigned o'er us. Have mercy on me, O Jesus. Thy death brings me life; because Thou didst die for me, I shall not die the death everlasting nor be condemned, but shall have life through Thee. God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Thus in my heart there shall ever abide the remembrance of the bitter suffering of Jesus and of the blood which He shed. Yea,

Lord Jesus, and Thy riven side —

let it be graven upon my heart. Thy wounds were inflicted on Thee for my sake also, and I will take refuge in them. As a little bird, at the approach of a storm, when gusts of wind frighten men and beasts, snugly hides in hollow trees, so, Lord Jesus,

the cavern of Thy riven side is my refuge, to which I hasten when sin and death terrify me. In Thy holy wounds I hide, and will live and die happily in them. My soul is well sheltered in them. Since water and blood flowed from Thy holy wounds, my cleansing from sin and my reconciliation with God is assured. The blood, wounds, and death of Jesus shall be my last thoughts, and Jesus, Jesus, Jesus shall be my last word. O Jesus Christ, Son of God, who hast done so much for me, hide me in Thy wounds. Thou art my only Consolation and Helper. Yea, Lord Jesus, Thy wounds

Shall rescue and preserve me.

For their sake I obtain grace with God, righteousness, and everlasting salvation. While my body is shut up in the coffin, I shall shut up my soul in the wounds of Jesus. There it will be kept safely; Satan will not be able to carry it off; no enemy shall drive it from its shelter. In these wounds my soul shall rest and be brought into the assembly of the saints.

3.

I have been grafted in the Vine.

Oh, what a great comfort it is in the hour of my death to know that I am a member in Thy holy body! In Holy Baptism I have been reborn and regenerated, and made a member of the Christian Church, whose Head is Jesus. But if Jesus is my Head, and I am His member, I know that I shall be where Jesus is. Now, Jesus is in glory; thither I, too, shall go. Could the Head leave His member without drawing it after Him? Yes, my Jesus will draw me after Him into His everlasting kingdom

of joy. He has promised: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." O Jesus, Thou hast been exalted to the right hand of Thy heavenly Father; draw me after Thee; bring me to the everlasting joy of heaven. O yes, Thou wilt make me, Thy child, share Thy glory.

And hence I comfort borrow.

A glorious comfort! When the head wears the crown, all the members rejoice. Since my Jesus is crowned with glory and honor, I, too, shall obtain the victory after the battle, a glorious dress, and a beautiful crown from the hand of the Lord. That is a sure comfort; for since I am God's child, I am an heir, yea, God's heir and a coheir with Christ. I shall obtain heavenly treasures and be exalted to glory. This being so, should I not die gladly, should I not gladly suffer and endure, in order that I may live and reign with Him? This also shall be my abiding comfort. Jesus, my Head, will glorify me, His member. Jesus, my Savior, will give me everlasting life. Therefore, I say: My Jesus,

Yes, Thou wilt surely keep me Thine.

Though in this life a head may be severed from its body, still nobody can separate me from Jesus. I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord. Yea, nothing, nothing shall separate me from Jesus: no cross and sickness, for I shall firmly endure it; no struggle and agony of my soul, for Jesus will be at my side and help me to overcome; yea, not even death, for death shall only serve to open the

door for me, that I may go in and be with Jesus. I wish to remain united with Jesus in life, in suffering, and death. My body and soul may be separated, but Jesus and my soul shall never be separated. I shall have to part with the world and my friends, but never with Jesus. O Jesus, I have ever enclosed Thee in my heart, and there I will hold Thee fast in true faith, until Thou wilt bring me to Thy heavenly glory. Jesus is mine, and I am at all times Jesus' own, even

In fear and pain and sorrow.

Though the anguish of death is a great sorrow, it is no sorrow to me, because Jesus is with me. Or wouldst Thou, my Jesus, depart from me in this anguish? O Thou faithful Friend of my soul, that Thou wilt never do. Thou hast promised me: "I will be with thee in trouble"; fulfil, then, this gracious promise to me. If the agony of death is the last sorrow, Thou, my Savior, wilt sweeten it to me with Thy presence. Be Thou my Consolation and Shield when I must die; remind me of Thy Passion when my last hour draws nigh. My eyes shall then behold Thee, upon Thy cross shall dwell, my heart by faith enfold Thee, and say: Lord Jesus, I leave Thee not, except Thou bless me. Lord Jesus, to Thee I live; Lord Jesus, to Thee I die; Lord Jesus, Thine I am dead and living. Who dies thus dies well.

For though I die, I die to Thee.

Yes, my Jesus, I will gladly die because I know that I shall come to Thee, into Thy glory. I will die in faith, and trust in Thy merit, blood, and death. I die glad and happy, for I die to Thee, longing for Thee. I die as Thy child whom Thou hast

guided hitherto. I die as Thy sheep, which no one shall pluck out of Thy hand. I die as Thy heir, for whom the joy and bliss of heaven has been prepared. For

Eternal life Thou hast for me

prepared yonder. In heaven, with Thee, in joy everlasting, there will be no more sorrow and woe, no sickness and pain, no suffering and death, but gladness, consolation, peace, rest, sweetness, light, and glory. And this life in glory shall endure forever; it shall never end. O Jesus, with what joy I look for this life, for this glory! My pleasant days here have been few, and toil and sorrow has been my daily bread; in heaven all my days shall be pleasant, days of joy, days of refreshing. There sorrow and weeping shall have ceased forever. There my Savior will wipe away all tears from my eyes. O happy hour when I shall reach that joy! And that I shall reach it I know for a certainty; for this life of joy Thou hast

Won for me with Thy dying.

O Lamb of God, Thou didst die for me; Thou art the propitiation for the sins of the whole world. For my sake Thou wast mocked, crucified, and slain. Thy death has sweetened my dying. It has all been for my benefit. Yea, Thy deep humiliation tendeth to my exaltation. Thousand, thousand thanks shall be, dearest Jesus, unto Thee! Thou didst die for me: by Thy death I have been reconciled with God, and obtained peace, the forgiveness of sins, righteousness, and the salvation of my soul. Because Thou livest, I shall also live. Oh, therefore, be not afraid, my soul; look up to heaven with

joy. Jesus has gained heaven for Thee, and has there prepared a place for thee. He says: "I go to prepare a place for you." What if I have here no continuing city? When my heart breaks, when my body and soul are separated, I know whither to go: to Jesus, to Jesus, my Savior. For I know that if this earthly house of my tabernacle be dissolved by death, I have a building of God, a house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. And this building my Jesus has acquired for me by His suffering and dying.

4.

Since Thou from death didst rise again,

I receive from God's Word this glorious comfort: Though I die, I shall rise again. Though my body shall be placed in the grave, cold and lifeless; though it shall turn to dust and ashes, it shall not remain in the grave, but shine like the sun in the kingdom of the Father; it shall be transformed, glorified, and arrayed in white garments. Is not this a great comfort? And this comfort grows out of the resurrection of Jesus from the dead. He died for me on the tree of the cross, as the innocent Lamb of God, and He was buried; but He rose again victoriously on the third day. Jesus is risen; I, too, shall rise. Jesus lives, I shall also live. O joy! O comfort! Though I die, and my body is placed in the earth, I shall come forth again, clothed with immortality and glory. Jesus did not remain in the grave; therefore,

In death He will not leave me.

Jesus will restore my life, and also my members, my body and soul, which were separated by death, shall be reunited in the resurrection of life. Bury

my body in the grave, then, without anxious concern; for I shall not remain there. The grave is but my chamber of rest, where I shall sleep quietly till Jesus will wake me. It is my bed of repose where I shall obtain rest after so much waking, such severe suffering, pains, and affliction. In my grave Jesus will cover me with the wings of His mercy; He will guard my bones until He will unite them again and restore to me the light of my eyes, my head, hands, and all my members. As little as the grave could hold Jesus, so little will it hold me when the trumpet's sound is heard, and the deep, cold grave is stirred. Thus I suffer no harm in the grave, since my body rests there from all care, from all toil, from all pain, and my soul is refreshed and comforted by God in heavenly joy. Yes, my Savior, not only Thy victorious resurrection gladdens me, but also,

Lord, Thy ascension sooths my pain.

When Jesus had risen from the dead, He ascended to heaven and entered into His glory. Behold, my Jesus is gone before; I follow after; I, too, shall have a glorious ascension. My soul shall be with God immediately after its departure from this life, and in the blessed and glad resurrection of the dead we shall be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord; and then soul and body shall enter together into the joy of their Lord. O my Jesus, remind me of this glorious ascension again and again, that I may comfort myself with it in the hour of death. Remind me that I cannot go to heaven until after I have laid aside this mortal body, and have been unclothed. This, now, shall remain my greatest and most delightful comfort when I die: Jesus lives,

and I shall also live; Jesus ascended to heaven, and I shall share His ascension when I enter heaven. Could there be anything sweeter and more delightful to me than the ascension of Jesus and my own future ascension? It drives the fear of death from me.

No fear of death shall grieve me.

I know that I shall die, but I am not afraid; for my soul quits its frail, earthly tabernacle and enters into eternal glory. Is a child afraid to go to his father, or a bride to her bridegroom? By death I come to my heavenly Father, to Jesus, the Bridegroom of my soul; why, then, should I be afraid? I enter into glory, into eternal light, eternal joy; I obtain the crown and the white robe. That does not make me fearful, but fills me with comfort and joy. I do not die, it is only my misery that dies. My soul drops its cross and receives the heavenly treasures; it quits men and joins the holy angels and the elect. Yes, my Jesus, there is another thought, still more powerful to drive away the fear of death; that is my most holy union with Thee.

For Thou wilt have me where Thou art.

Oh, what a comfort that is! After my happy departure from this life I shall ascend to heaven, and be with my Jesus in His glory: the sheep is to be with the Shepherd, the disciple with the Master, the servant with the Lord. That is another thing that He has promised, saying: "Where I am, there shall also My servant be." Oh, what joy that will be when Jesus will clasp me in His arms and lead me to glory! O my Savior, when is this hour of blissful union and home-coming to arrive? Thou

hast not only acquired salvation for my soul; Thou hast not only gone before to prepare a place for me, but Thou wilt also receive me unto Thyself, as Thou hast promised to all Thy children: "I will receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." Oh, then, it is well with me if I am where Jesus is, and this serves for my comfort.

To be with Thee, and ne'er to part.

He will receive me unto Himself, to the end that I may live with Him in everlasting joy. I am now to inherit the mansion of my heavenly Father, and to share all heavenly treasures. My pilgrimage is at an end, and I have reached home. Yea, no separation shall ever follow this union. I shall stand before His throne and behold His face, and derive joy unspeakable from this vision. I shall live with Him and be refreshed by Him forever and ever. And since I am sure of this,

Therefore, I die rejoicing.

Why should I not die rejoicing? In peace and joy I now depart At God's disposing; For full of comfort is my heart, Soft reposing; So the Lord has promised me, And death is but a slumber. I die rejoicing because my sins are forgiven for the sake of Jesus' blood and death. I die rejoicing because I shall be raised again from the grave to everlasting life. I die rejoicing because I shall have a blessed ascension, and shall come to my Jesus. Therefore, from hence I go with gladness To Christ my Brother's side, That I may soon be with Him, And e'er with Him abide. I go hence rejoicing, out of the world into heaven, from the vale of tears to the

home of joy. For out of tribulation and great sorrow I shall enter into a joy which no ear has heard, and which shall endure forever.

5.

Thus I go hence to Jesus Christ.

Since my Savior says: "I ascend unto My Father and your Father, and to My God and your God," I, too, say when dying: I ascend; I ascend to my heavenly Father, to my Jesus, to the Holy Spirit, and thus to the Triune God; to my Immanuel, to the Lover of my soul, to my Brother; yea, my redeemed soul ascends to its Redeemer. I go to my Savior, who will lead me into heaven, and receive me into favor as a soul cleansed with His blood. Oh, how I long to behold Jesus in His glory; to embrace Jesus whom I have never seen and yet love!

My arms to Him extending.

I extend my arms to my Jesus, to clasp Him to my heart, to hold Him, and never to let Him go. I embrace Jesus now by faith; I hold Him, and do not let Him go, until He shall lead me into His Father's house, to everlasting life. I extend my arms and cry, Yes, come, Lord Jesus! I now call to mind that my Jesus extended both His arms on the tree of the cross and died thus, as if He wished to embrace me. So I will also die with arms extended, to embrace Jesus. O Bridegroom of my soul, embrace me and present me transformed and glorified to Thy Father. What a blessed entrance that will be when I enter heaven accompanied and conducted by Jesus! Upon these thoughts I will dwell and thus fall asleep in Jesus.

Thus quietly I start that sleep,

resting gently, because I rest in the arms of Jesus. With Jesus in my heart, with Jesus in my mind, I fall asleep in God's name. O Jesus, let my death become a sweet and gentle sleep that I may quietly and peacefully breathe my last in faith and in Thy love. Also let my body sleep gently in the cool earth until the Last Day. While my body is sleeping, my soul, too, rests in everlasting joy and bliss. What a sweet rest, a rest that no one can disturb! I rest from my cross; I rest from my misery, from sorrow and grief; I rest from all pains. Oh, blessed, heavenly, glorious rest! If the child sleeps gently in its mother's arms, why should not I sleep gently and rest in the arms of my Jesus? For I am sleeping the sleep

Which no man will be ending.

To raise the dead is a work of God; no man, therefore, has of himself the power to raise the dead. But Thou, my Jesus, art true God, and canst call the dead from their graves. Thy voice shall resound through the earth and penetrate the graves, and the dead shall arise. O Jesus, raise my body then to everlasting life on the glad day of Thy coming, in order that this body which served Thee here may also be glorified. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another. What no man can do my Savior will do.

But Jesus, God's Son glorified.

Before I die, then, I once more confess my faith in Jesus. He is Jesus, the Redeemer and Savior of men. He is also Christ, the promised Messiah; yea, He is not only true man, but also the Son of God, yea, God Himself. Trusting in this Jesus Christ I wish to die now, glad and happy. The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanses me from all sin. Yea, Jesus

The gates of heaven will open wide.

O my Jesus, when the door of this life closes after me, open to me the door of heaven. During my life I have diligently meditated upon heaven; I have also sought to attain heaven by faith, in holiness of living. Therefore, O Jesus, open wide to me the door of heaven when I close my pilgrimage. O Jesus, open to me the door of heaven and say: "Thou good and faithful soul, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. Come, thou blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for thee from the foundation of the world." Oh, how happy I shall be when with such a sweet welcome Thou wilt

Lead me to life eternal!

As a bridegroom leads his bride to the marriage, so, O Jesus, lead me into everlasting life, into the life that never ends, into the glory which Thou hast gained for me, into the joy which shall endure forever; then I die gladly. Now I am with Jesus; He is with me. I have been transferred from this miserable life on earth to the life of joy in heaven. Now I have passed from believing to seeing. I shall

behold face to face the God whom I love; of this I have no doubt. I shall see Him in the everlasting joy and glory which have been prepared for me. To Thee be praise and glory forevermore!

Those Present Call to the Dying.

Remember Jesus Christ, remember His bitter suffering and death. Comfort yourself with the love of the Father in heaven, who has received you as His child in Holy Baptism, and is now about to receive you as His child into everlasting glory. Comfort yourself with the bleeding wounds of Jesus Christ which He suffered to be inflicted on Him on account of your sins. Comfort yourself with His holy blood which He shed for your sins. Comfort yourself with the support of the Holy Spirit who has sanctified you. Trusting in this Triune God, live and die in peace. Amen.

Benediction Pronounced over a Dying Person.

Depart, O soul, dearly bought by Jesus Christ. Depart to thy God and Father in Jesus Christ, who has created and loved thee, whom thou hast feared, and in whom thou hast trusted as a child. Depart to the Lord Jesus, thy dearest and most faithful Shepherd and Redeemer, who has bought thee for His sheep with His blood, and to whom thou hast clung by faith. Depart to the Comforter, the Holy Spirit, who has sanctified thee and chosen thee for His temple and abode. Depart out of vanity into eternity. Depart into the heavenly fatherland now that thy pilgrimage is ended. Depart out of sorrow into joy. Depart out of all trouble to the living God. May He bless thy going out and thy coming in, and preserve thee by His power unto salvation. Depart and enter into the Kingdom prepared for thee from the foundation of the world. The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace. Amen.

Prayer of Those Present after the Dying Person has Breathed His Last.

O holy and righteous God, it has pleased Thee to call hence the departed here lying before us by temporal death. Let us learn from this death that we, too, must die and leave this world, in order that we may prepare for it in time by repentance, a living faith, and the avoidance of the vanities and sins of the world. Refresh the soul that has now departed with heavenly consolation and joy, and fulfil unto it all the gracious promises which in Thy holy Word Thou hast made to those who believe in Thee. Grant to the body a soft and quiet rest in the earth till the Last Day, when Thou wilt reunite body and soul and lead them into glory, so that the entire person that served Thee here may be filled with heavenly joy yonder. Comfort all who are in grief over this death, and be and remain to the bereaved their Father, Provider, Guardian, Helper, and Support. Do not forsake them, and do not withdraw Thy hand from them, but let them abundantly experience Thy goodness, grace, love, and help, until Thou shalt grant them also a happy and blessed end. Hear us for Thy mercy's sake. Amen.
