

fear, The Lord has, and will preserve him, and when the foundations of the earth give way, he will be found a living stone forming part of that spiritual building, which abideth for ever. O Lord, though my days are as a shadow, yet when I am led to think of that glorious Resurrection to which I am hastening, I am ready to exclaim, "why are thy chariot wheels so long?"—"come Lord Jesus even so"—The joy of heaven is great; the assembly is already formed; God is in the midst of them, and I am not there. They are like the birds of paradise, inhaling the balmy influences of the grove, while I as a worm am wearing out my days on the surface of this vain and benighted earth—but so it must be, they passed their time, their pilgrimage according to thy covenant O Lord, and so must I. O Jesus renew me daily in the spirit of my anointed; forbid that I should glory, save in thy death, that which has secured eternal blessings to me; O let me be always looking for thy coming, and as a good steward may I be willing to give up my stewardship; and be enabled to say, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith: Lord Jesus, conform me to thyself, that thou mayest receive me hereafter, with a 'well done thou good and faithful servant' O grant that when I lay me down on my bed of sickness! that thou mayest lay underneath me thy everlasting arm, then sickness and dying shall be sweet, and death shall be sweeter than all.

Sixth Evening.

The sun has risen, the sun has set. Another day of my pilgrimage is over, O who can say! how many immortal spirits, this tide of time, this passing day, have been thrown upon the eternal shores of immortality. The son weeps, the mother mourns, the first or last born is taken away. The fatherless are left on this ruthless stage of existence, or the widow deplores her widowhood in sighs, and groans of sorrow. Such are the last scenes of our being, however vivid and playful the beams of pleasure and society, may have been around us. Though the house of mourning is sorrowful, it is profitable. We are oftentimes brought to consider, on the instability of human joys, and rejoice in the duration of eternal pleasure. O the animating thought! to be with God, to be like him, to see him as he is, well may it be said, "To die is gain" may these words be ever on my mind, especially, when I am about, to drop my eyelids in nightly repose.

Seventh Evening.

Bread has been given me this day, and garments have been provided for me. God

has mercifully borne with my manner up to the present moment. O how slow I have been in most of my actions, how slothful and lukewarm in my prayers; how reluctant to self-examination. O that God would give me more faith! more watchfulness, more moderation, more vigilance, and a readiness to self-inquiry at all times, to be found doing his divine will, may I ever feel a readiness to die; and be possessed of a true christian courage, when entering the dark valley, and when death shall spread her sable shade over me. How has the stoutest heart which has vaunted itself against its maker and provider trembled here.

What a sacred pleasure awaits us in being ready, and having found that peace which is unknown to the world. The christian comes to a confidence, to the certainty of sharing a glorious Resurrection, and he retires to his pillow, under the blessed impression, that death with him has lost its sting, and the grave its boasted victory.

Eighth Evening.

And must I go to the grave? yes, the common tenement is ready for me, the scene of dissolution comes hard upon me. These eyes must shortly cease to behold the azure heavens—the verdant plains—the rippling stream—and the restless sea. These eyes will one day wear the dim and lifeless cast of death in their sockets—though the sun in the morning shoots forth its vivifying beams—though the moon takes her majestic course, over the vault of night, and the starry and planetary orbs resume their periodical situations, yet these eyes shall no more behold them; mortal vision will depart for ever. These hands will moulder away, and though now the touch is sensibly felt, yet they will receive the sentence, "dust to dust, and ashes to ashes."

These ears which have been charmed, by the lively feathered trills of the morning, and which have been carried away, as it were on the wings of vocal and instrumental music, will for ever be lost in silence. How gloomy is the appearance of the grave, to the mortal vision! yet how interesting to faith—what though the eye is closed to all terrestrial objects it is also closed to all the many sinful objects of sense and passion. Though the hand crumbles into its original dust, its ceases to labour under oppression, affliction, and the various struggles of human life. The ears though they are dumb as to the world, will be plagued no more, by the ruthless blast of war, pestilence and famine; all I shall will be well to the believer—his death will be gain, come when it will, and his carriage will be for a life of ineffable delight.

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