

— what is there in *this*, to wing for a higher flight the wearied soul? to put new strength into failing faculties and give new warmth to freezing affections? We know that an irreversible decree appoints to us all, as years multiply into old age, the experience of a saddening change in the aspect of things about us, and a melancholy decay of the outward man. As well might we try to detain spring's freshness for the parched summer, or the golden glories of morn for the shadowy evening, as nourish the hope of an equal glow of interest and the same capacity to enjoy in our own bosoms, or the full measure of power to please in outward objects. We cannot save up the strength of manhood for the benefit of old age, as we can by economy retain something from its earnings for the uses of that infirm period. And when the bloom, and grace, and sweetness are clean gone from everything earthly, when we are despoiled of whatever renders the outward man most respectable to a worldly eye;—when fears shall be in the way and nature faints;—when all the interest that has been given to life by what was of the world shall be exhausted,— what then can we bring out of the stores of this life that shall be adequate for our necessities? Happy, indeed, in that stage of our pilgrimage will be he that can still say, “*The outward man perisheth, but the inward man is renewed day by day.*” No wonder if they shudder to anticipate that cold, sad destiny, who think only and care only for the miserable vanities which are destroyed in the using.

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HE is not so good as he should be, who does not strive to be better than he is.