

little delight has he found in the study of God's Word; what a weariness has the Sabbath often been to him, or how many of its sacred hours have been wasted on frivolous conversation or trifled away in listlessness and sloth; how many opportunities has he lost for doing good to those around him; how often has he seemed well-nigh ashamed of Christ, in his intercourse with those that knew Him not; how frequently has he given occasion to the enemies of the cross to sneer and place a stumbling-block in the way of his brethren by his inconsistencies, and shortcomings, and transgressions! Oh! who can look back upon a life thus marked by continual mercies on God's part, and ingratitude and carelessness upon his; who can look back upon the mass of evil which even one short year has accumulated upon his soul, and not feel that his days indeed are evil, so evil that there is not one moment of them that has not been stained by sin, so evil that his very best and holiest hours, his moments even of prayer and praise, need washing in the blood of Jesus, lest they prove his ruin? Assuredly, so long as man continues in this polluted tabernacle of the flesh, so long are the days of his pilgrimage evil. Oh! happy they who, washed in the blood of Jesus and sanctified by His Spirit, have a good hope, that "when their earthly house of this tabernacle shall