

"every appearance" of the evil of war. It is a question if five disciples can be found in this country who will not heartily approve of the letters in the preceding pages. Action, then, is all that is necessary.

D. O.

### COMMUNICATION FROM TROOPSVILLE.

The epistle which we give below, written long since to an aged Israelite, and not originally designed for publication, has been forwarded by an esteemed brother for our paper. It is given to the public somewhat abridged:—

D. O.

*Troopsville, N. Y., February 29th, 1846.*

"DEAR BROTHER:—I remember our parting, and have not forgotten your request that I should write. But while busy here and there, the "thief" has stolen my time; so that out of season, and out of patience with myself, I have seated myself to mend the matter as well as possible; trusting to your generosity to excuse what cannot be otherwise remedied.

How uncertain is life! yet how much depends upon it. Life is a dream; eternity the hour of waking—to a destiny glorious, or awful, as our fate may be—yet *that fate* depends upon the *present*. Life is a strange possession, the more valued, the less valuable; while its value increases in the possession of those who value it least.

How differently life appears in different associations. Youth fondly dotes upon a long life, and looks upon age as far in the distance. But the difference between this expected long life of the young, and the few years that remain to the aged, when compared to eternity, is trifling—like the difference between a knoll and a hill, viewed in contrast with a huge mountain, which towers upward, and upward, till lost in the clouds that float high above us. Yet, when we take under consideration the many changes that may and do take place in our circumstances, lot, and character, during the period of our existence, life, not only appears long, but it also rises into the greatest importance.

When I discover the rapidity of the change and formation of human character, that which is properly termed, when rightly contrasted, "*the brief period of our existence*," seems an *age*. The susceptibility of character, is our only hope of reformation and improvement; yet it is painful to think of the instability, not only of many who have once resolved to be, and no doubt have been better, who have now wholly