

matter of dim recollection, — you know what a need there is in our nature, of something to take the place of those youthful instinctive emotions, in order to keep up the tone of the spirits, and save from that heaviness and dreariness, the sinking of the heart and loss of interest, which come too surely with advancing years. There are some, possibly, among my readers, who have experienced too, what it is to be left spiritless amidst iron labor, to feel bound to persist in a round of unmitigated efforts, when there was no response in the bosom to the call for exertion, no elastic springing of the powers to grasp their objects, none of that eager and panting emotion with which a young unbroken heart welcomes every toil, and loves the very hardships of adventurous life. You will understand then what I mean, when I claim for our holy faith the power of so renovating all things within and without as to preserve and restore much of that feeling of interest, so exuberant in earlier days, which is wont to flag and almost to become extinct, without the aid of some such support as religion alone can supply. It is by the sense of our relation to the Infinite and Eternal, by the inwrought conviction of the imperishable nature of the soul, by a uniform reference of all things to God and to a heavenly world, that we repair the wasting energy of resolution, and lift up again the drooping powers. Exclude from view the endless life, and what is there in this which can have efficacy to meet the case of a spirit wounded in its manifold conflicts and sinking beneath its heavy burdens? What is there in the precarious prospect of living on in a world, whose expedients have become to us as broken tools, and whose resources we have already drained, a few years more, and then sinking into a hopeless annihilating grave ;