

those golden rays, darting from behind the purple clouds, how full they seem of hope and promise!—and on stormy evenings, when the “sun sets weeping,” and gives prospect of a dreary day to come, I love to think of those distant countries where every day he shines as yesterday in cloudless splendour; and the thought of those distant countries leads me onwards to “the Land which is very far off,” where this earthly sun will have ceased to rise and set, and where the glory of the Lord will be the light in which we shall live and move and have our being.—*Idem.*

We are pilgrims to a dwelling-place of blessedness; and the light that streams through its open portals ought to suffice us as we approach them. An anticipated Beatitude, a sanctity that even now breathes of Paradise, a grace which is already tinged with the richer lines of glory,—these should mark the Christian disciple, and these, as he advances in years, should brighten and deepen upon and around him, until this distinction of earth and heaven is almost lost, and the spirit, in its placid and un-earthly repose, is gone, as it were, before the body, and at rest already with its God. A being, already invested with a deathless life, already adopted into the immediate family of God, already enrolled in the brotherhood of angels, yea, of the Lord of angels; a being, who, amid the revolutions of earth and skies, feels and knows himself indestructible, capacitated to outlast the universe, a sharer in the immortality of God—what is there that can be said of such a one which falls not below the awful glory of his position? Oh, misery, that with such a calling, man should be the grovelling thing he is! That, summoned but to pause for a while in the vestibule of the eternal Temple, ere he be introduced into its sanctuaries, he should forget, in the dreams of his lethargy, the eternity that awaits him. Oh, wretchedness beyond words, that, surrounded by love, and invited to glory,

he should have no heart for happiness; but should still cower in the dark, while light ineffable solicits him to behold and to enjoy it!—*Idem.*

I want to have no will of my own; I want to have all my wishes and inclinations lost to the will of God, so that if I see His will apparent in anything, I may with pleasure do, or suffer that thing; yes, do, or suffer it, as if it were the very thing I liked best, because it is the will of God.—*Idem.*

To see a Christian mind encountering some great affliction, and conquering it; to see his valour in not sinking, at the hardest distresses of life, this is a sight which God delights to behold. It were no hard condition to have a trial now and then, with long ease and prosperity between; but to be plied with one affliction at the heels of another; to have them come thronging in multitudes, and of different kinds, this is that which is often the portion of those who are the beloved of God.

...The other consideration which moderates this affliction, is its shortness of duration. Because we willingly forget eternity, therefore this moment seems much in our eyes; but if we could look upon it aright, of how little concernment is it, what be our condition here! The rich man in the Gospel talked of many years, but, “Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee.”—*Idem.*

My daughter—do not imagine that the work of your sanctification will be an easy one. Cherry-trees bear fruit soon after they are planted, but that fruit is small and perishable; while the palm, the prince of trees, requires a hundred years before it is mature enough to bring forth dates. A lukewarm degree of piety may be acquired in a year; but the perfection to which we aspire, oh my dear daughter, must be the growth of long and weary years.—*Idem.*