

## SERMON.

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### PSALM XVII. VERSE 15.

The latter clause of the verse—*“I shall be satisfied when I awake  
with thy likeness.”*

Such, my brethren, is the prospect with which the Believer cheers his heart, whilst he sojourns in this vale of tears.

In this world he must have tribulation.—Comparatively speaking, he is ignorant, and sees but through a glass darkly.—He bears a heavy burden, the body of sin, and it presses him sore.—He is engaged in a war which must last for life, and too often his enemies gain an advantage over him.—He is on a journey, and there is much in the way to discourage, and make faint, the soul of the heaven-ward traveller. Long perhaps he has been in the wilderness. When he had thought he had arrived at the end of his pilgrimage,—and was about to enter the promised rest,—he has been made to fetch a compass all around the border,—and hope deferred has made his heart sick. Hence those sighs of his weary soul, “O Lord, how long! When shall I come to his seat!”—The way also is beset with innumerable adversaries, and with many and great dangers. What beasts of prey,—what hidden snares,—what drought of ordinances,—what fiery afflictions! O the perpetual alarms in the waste howling wilderness!—Sometimes too, he must travel under cloud. The Sun of Righteousness hides himself from his soul, and he is troubled. O the discomfort, the anxiety, the trembling of heart, he experiences, as he seeks to move onward in the dark and cloudy day!