

Every breath, which thou drawest, is an advance to eternity. As an hand breadth is thy existence; thine age is as nothing before God; "verily man, at his best estate, is altogether vanity."

This is the fruit of man's disobedience and guilt; and, since his fall from the high position in which he once stood, the doom pronounced against our rebellious race, still hangs over our heads, and, of few days and full of trouble, is man of woman born. As the sentence of Omnipotence went forth against our common father, so do all his posterity journey apace to the land of forgetfulness;—are claimants of the habitations appointed for all men living. The wealth of the rich affords him the manifold enjoyments of the present, and seems a defence against the intrusion of the unwelcome visiter—Death; but neither wealth nor luxury can defend against his entrance. Though the riches of the universe pertained to the world's votary, not one moment of existence here can he purchase. The poverty of the wretched forms a sad contrast to the circumstances of the former, and seems to reduce the miserable child of sorrow beneath the notice of the fell destroyer; but neither his poverty nor his wretchedness exempts him, and when the call is made, he too must obey. One moment's repose none can obtain; all hurry along with rapid pace. "As the eagle hastening after his prey; as the swift ships that pass along;" so is our course through this transitory world. And, although the motion is so rapid, yet is it also so gentle, that we perceive it not until we have almost reached our allotted limits. Then, we begin to know that we have travelled over a barren wilderness, and when too late, perhaps, lament the few enjoyments which we experienced during our progress. Religion, with its numerous comforts, like wells of water in a thirsty land, invited us to partake; and, at the solemn moment when we must part with all below, retrospection adds to our grief for the refusal of them,