

griefs, let thy crosses come blended with love ; but oh save me and mine, from guilt, remorse, despair ! Let the furies be debarred from this humble dwelling, and the smiles and tears, the lights and shadows of life, shall be borne as becomes a man and a christian. The low wailings of sorrow, may mix with the lively notes of joy, but oh lover of concord ! let not the ragings of guilt turn these little walls into an infernal boundary ; *trusting in thee*, let me resolve that they shall not—for thou hast given thy creatures strength to stand, if they take heed to their steps. “Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,” oh thou whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, but who has promised to dwell with them who are of an humble, contrite and obedient heart !

The pensive mood which I have indulged, opens cells of thought, which, at this time, I would fain have sealed. This comfortable House, which is now mine, reminds me of another, which shall be mine also. Little preparation that apartment needs, and it will be lasting as the hills. The “narrow house appointed for all living,” rises solemnly to my view, in contrast with my present habitation. Alas ! philosophy chills at the picture—the inmates of that house awake not with the pleasant sun’s glad rays—no moon beam glides through its lattices—no starlight may attract the reposer’s eye from its long, long slumbering. Dark, damp and silent—the green mound above, may not be enjoyed by the solitary tenant below.—Oh thou who died and wast buried, and descended into hades—smooth the passage to that awful valley—and grant a joyful resurrection from its gloomy shades. Did I call the new building in which I delighted, mine own ? Alas, for the continual absurdities of life, many shall be its masters ! I have but a loan of its comforts, and must in a few years be turned from its walls for ever ! never to return to my little home ! an exile from this circle for all eternity ! My imagination already pens me within the melancholy boards of death—my legs are shackled—my arms have no space for their wonted motion !—begone degrading oppressive picture ! my brain grows feverish, and my veins throb at such a consummation of all my exertions and wanderings.—Weak unnecessary anticipations begone ; I look with a too childish eye on that appointed state. It is not a prison, but a passage—at once