

the end of my life is to glorify God should I not ask myself,—in what respect have I fulfilled the design of God, my Maker? What good have I done, during the years of my life that are past? Has my time been taken up in contemplating the loving-kindness of the Lord; and in doing his will? Or have my days been few and evil; all devoted to the world and the flesh? Alas! Few as my years have been, they have been abundantly sufficient to show that by nature man goes astray from birth after vanity. How numerous, how great have been my privileges; but O! how little improvement have I made! Notwithstanding all my opportunities, I seem to know no more than if born yesterday. O! Lord teach me so to number my days, that my heart may be applied unto wisdom. Help me to live the period allotted to me, in thy fear, in righteousness and holiness of the truth. May my knowledge of thy character, and my love to thee, be increased day by day. And may the knowledge of thy character teach me to honor thee, to obey thee, to adore thee, to imitate thee, so that I may be perfectly conformed to the image of the ever-blessed Jesus, who was undefiled and separate from sinners. And when my life draws to a close, grant that my last end may be peace. Be thou my strength in death and my portion for evermore, and through the ages of eternity be ascribed to thee Salvation, Glory, and Immortal Praise, by all the ransomed from among the ruined sons of Adam. Amen.

So writes our brother in the flesh and in the Lord a few months over twenty years ago. The other item is put down in verse, under the words, Tuesday Evening, 24th October, 1843, thus:

I now have lived twice ten and three full years;

Spent wise or vain—ill, well—these years have passed:

Filled up with joys or melancholy fears,

With vice or virtue,—now their mould is cast.

Impressive thought: reflection keen: truth sad;

Harsh lessons Time here visibly engraves!

It came—'tis gone—it sped—'twas haste—it had

No resting-place;—restless as ocean waves.

And Time, once fled, Ah! does it e'er return?

Ask not, 'tis vain:—bring back preceding years?—!

Earth to the skies may flit, the waters burn,

But Time, once gone, no, ne'er again appears.

How sure, how swift it flies—and yet—how slow!

Memory looks back and thinks its birth afar:

Another thought makes but a fleeting show

Of all the past, borne by a streaming car.

Haste, then, O ask, solemn, in grave research,

What has been all my life since life's first dawn?

O could I with full eyes high upward perch

To see where I have been—strayn—led—or drawn!