

individual existence? Amid the uncertainties and continually hazardous liabilities of an ever-precarious and short-lived existence, the thought of what may be real in a future state ever haunts us. Our doom stands in a winning, yet, to our conscience, fearful glory before us. Ignorant how soon the voyage which we are on shall end, we can scarce fail, from our most busy entanglement, to cast our glance sometimes onward, peering over the horizon of this world. Well indeed is life, in our common speech, described as an ocean. All sudden perils and remediless disasters, as of the sea, are in our path. At any time, the fierce gusts may rise, and drive us to some pitiless fate. In any hour, the lantern of our own wisdom may be quenched in blinding spray from the surges of conflicting human opinions, or the vapors of doubt may obscure our course. On the rocking billows, with the foundations of our bark ever trembling beneath us, shall we not hail the lamp of life shining out of the monument of our Lord's resurrection, and casting steady lustre from the farther coast of his heavenly ascension? As when the waves are up, and the rain descends, and the winds blow and beat, the orders of the pilot, who can guide through the storm and night, are more precious and important than all the strength and wealth and wisdom of the world; so is it with the directions of him who marks the way to eternal life over the great bewildering deep of our present so agitated and mysterious being. Through all the jeopardies of our mortal career, let us obey and follow our great Master, the captain of our salvation; and, exulting even in gloom and tribulation, steer to that haven of rescue and firm ground of boundless advancement, which he has revealed.