

in him, who has the abundance of riches, "a full basket and full store," the same anxieties, the same uneasy spirit and restless mind, embitter the sweets of his life, and waste his time and years.

Let us remember that we are but sojourners here on earth—that we are fast hastening to our long homes, and let the benign anticipation of happiness hereafter, make us triumph over adversity, and instruct us in the proper improvement of afflictions, that they may efficaciously work out for us a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—Thus suitably impressed with the hopes of consummated happiness and fruition in the realms of peace, and with minds dilated above the annoying influence of worldly troubles and adverse events, we can tranquilly withstand all the buffetting billows of time, and welcome the auspicious hour which transports us from these tenements of clay, to an "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

Success and disappointment, mirth and despondency, alternately accompany us through the journey of time. One day we set forth on our road with vigor and animation, favored by an auspicious atmosphere and a serene sky, full of anticipation and elated with hope; but ere night arrives, to lay our weary limbs to rest, some incident has blasted all our expectations—the morn which beamed forth its radiance and dispensed to us pleasure, is supplanted by a sable night, which brings to us a sad reverse, of many pains, anxieties and sorrows.—Hence, it is not an abundance of riches that can secure to us that degree of happiness and tranquility of mind that all are anxious to experience—a good share of prudence is far more preferable; as for the want of it, the young and inexperienced frequently and rashly launch their frail barks before they are able to stem the adverse current of life, and are wrecked among the shoals and quicksands of adversity.