

sponsive echo, in his heart. As when the anchor, let down from a drifting vessel, fastens itself in the bottom of the stormy sea, and brings the vessel *to*, and keeps it from being cast ashore: so the old familiar truths of Scripture, which had a sure lodgment in his heart, seemed to stay the incipient wandering, and make him *himself* again. Was it not because the anchor of his hopes was "within the veil?" If, a short time before the advent of the partial, or complete, unconsciousness which preceded dissolution, he faintly spoke of being tired—worn out, doubtless, and weary from his long confinement; it did not seem, or sound, like the complaint of a murmuring spirit, but rather the confession of one patiently waiting his change; and who still, in humble submission to the divine will, felt he was on the way to that place "where the the weary are at rest"—"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Every death-bed lifts a voice of warning and of admonition to the living. It proclaims the transitoriness of the *Earthly*, and confirms the pre-eminence and permanance of the *Heavenly*! Are you resting in mere worldly things, as if, of these, you could lay up a portion for the hour of death, and for the