

efforts against him, to corrupt or annoy. The devil like a roaring lion continually seeketh to devour him. Hence he is often faint,—often weary of life,—often ready to cry out, “I shall one day perish,”—often made to exclaim, “O that I had wings like a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest.” But when he shall awake to join the Church triumphant, he shall be satisfied:—for then all shall be peace, and quietness, and assurance for ever. Then his warfare is accomplished. His enemies he shall see no more. Into that place, prepared for his everlasting abode, nothing shall enter that defileth,—nothing that can offend.

Here, he is in a state of distance from his Lord, and from those eternal objects which are dearest to his soul. Here he often walks in darkness. Clouds arise which prevent him from seeing the Sun of Righteousness, and the Throne of Grace; and the gloom of dejection hangs over his mind. He feels that as he cannot live without the love of his dear Saviour, so he cannot be happy without the sense of that love. He goes on therefore Zion-ward,—perplexed,—often stumbling,—and with a heavy heart. But when he shall awake in the morning of immortality, he shall be satisfied:—for then he shall be present with his Lord. Then he shall walk amidst the eternal realities of the heavenly state, rejoice in them for his everlasting possession, and be ravished with their glory. Then he shall walk in the light of Jehovah’s countenance. Then his Sun shall no more go down.

Here, he has a body earthly, frail, and tending to dissolution,—a body sluggish, liable to an endless variety of diseases, and exposed to innumerable accidents,—a body which in a few years, its pains increasing, and its strength decaying, hastens to its period; then falling a victim to its inherent corruption, sinks into the grave, and mingles with its kindred dust. In this tabernacle, therefore, how the Believer groans being bar-