

constant feeble health. In the failing appetite, the faltering step, the trembling hand, the aching head, the feverish pulse, and the irritable nerve, they have constant premonitions of the approach of dissolution. They perceive within them a constant struggle between life and death — the latter becoming stronger and stronger, and the former weaker and weaker; and, like Job, they often feel as if they were a burden to themselves. Life loses its charms because it cannot be enjoyed; and the sombre hue of melancholy is cast over all its scenes. But they know that there is a world where the inhabitants shall not say, *I am sick*; and they trust it will be their inheritance. O, with what earnest desire do their thoughts stretch forward, and anticipate the time when they shall enter *the building of God — the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!* Once, in the buoyancy of health and youth, this world put on enchanting smiles. But now the dream has passed by, and heaven only is clothed with beauty.

But even though the constitution may long hold out, and health continue, yet advancing years bring with them infirmity and decay, which point in no doubtful manner to the close of life. The flattened eye, requiring the optician's aid; the ear failing in its sensibility to sound; the palate losing its keen relish of savory viands, and the olfactories of sweet odors; the blood coursing sluggishly along the veins; the brain torpid and heavy in its movements; and the shrunk muscle, easily tired, and moving heavily the failing limb, — all, all tell the traveller that he has almost reached the end of his journey.

“Eheu, fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectæ
Afferret indomitæque morti.”