No. 100. -

Human mortality considered.

March 1821
Psalm LXXXIX, 17. "Remember how short my

time is: therefore hast thou made all men in vain."

Such is the question, with the melancholy view of

the frailty of man drawn from the king of Israel.

It is the language of emotion, the language of a

mind full of sad reflections & pressed with feelings

of dependence. We are next, therefore, to consider the

Psalms, as asserting that God has "made all men

in vain": for this would be contrary to what religion

in teaches us of our condition & destination. We are

rather to consider it as the question, which naturally

springs from contemplating the imperfect & transitory

existence of all things here below. And perhaps then
is clearly one of us, who has not in an hour of scuffed up subdued feelings, been harnessed to make the same enquiry, "where is the path taken any more in vain?" There are times, when the sense of our feeble- ness of own growth, in the light of God, makes us feel that we have to strongly, as to the areas before us, those calm of well-grounded sentiments of a relative to God's stabi- lity, a reason of revelation continue to impress upon our souls. These melancholy thoughts affect us directly because we have a personal interest in them. We look around us and see all whom we love or believe feeling under the grasp of decay & death; if we knew, that as certainly as the light of the moon waxes within us, so certainly the day as on the wings, that light shall be quenched. The remembrances of human frailty are scattered thick around us. Imagination presents to us all the inverse and forms of decay & amuses together scenes of approaching change. The air, as it rises like the bullets, touch and alter the surface of water, if at some break as soon as they are gone, while others float up and down a few times, and then sink away after being agitated in perpetual motion, and with the mass of the waters are seen no more. The creation of men come in and go off, and are one finds a certain city. Not a funeral bell tolls, nor a church spire to us that solemn proclamation of the highest - wise, yet profound for this is not our rest. The path that the valley of the world is covered with dust, as these many have sorrowfully began the journey; before the dash from earth are forgotten; others days and little other; the day when they fall, our stronger sensation is exact to be cause more numerous lies are broken; still after another drop by the way of the scene of the dying are ever at the side of the true, of the high, shall the condition be of your objects & your favorite attract their attention? Do they play their hands, does engage with eagerness in the text for number of human; their faculties are called into native action by their affections open & expand, their relations influence; they stand to each other become unchangeable.
strengthened; some virtues of much vice is displayed among them: many strong passions are kindled by name kindled wings cherish'd. There is every degree of character to be found here you see one or who halloo for himself alone, hearing up in solitary selfishness whatever good is transacted not; there see another, who seems to forget himself, live only to do good, who lighteneth the burden of the wayfarer fellow traveler, or helps them to bear it.

But while all this has been going on, what has become of so many of these passengers? They have gone, the place nothas known them shall know them more. They have vanished in quick succession from the busy scene, some of them fell victims in the midst of the plains of strifes, without a moment's warning, others lingering, and feebly, yea it is this for many a year some day's might, till at last they found rest in the dust; some sink to the grave amidst the cries of the tears of aground friends, some died friendless, alone; but in one way or another, they were good; these were one love, and one man, some of these when one removes you less them the ruins of the other joined have gone, while makes the memory of what they once been... among these passengers, the few that are laptops, to a late period, even till their tombs letter their limits faint, when they look around them can see but here and there a face and they knew in yesteryear, and the fairest of almost all, that began the glowing of life with them, extinguished by death: they few are now laid beneath the chuds of the valley; other scenes are as before.

In a new race, who are to live through the same changes to be born in the same house of darkness. Such would arise; growing but to decay, born but to die: Death lurks around his dwelling, gants his doors, yells for his prey at an hour when he is not aware, by means where cannot foresee: the elements, oh minister to his comfort may bring familiarity in the heat of the cold of the seasons may be alike fatal: "Stripes bring flowers, terrors on our heart, or summer gives green, true to kindred graves. And without revelation, it might perhaps be said that this is all we know of men: the vegetable productions of nature revive and flourish year after year, new buds, blossoms, new leaves, the branches give a
kind of immortality to those inanimate forms, that
not be with man. Millions of his existence are
visible to our eyes after the stream of oblivion has passed
by him, & seems to be blotted from existence. We are
ready to explain more fully. "Man dieth, man dieth
away, yet man giveth up the ghost, & where is he?"

And more, can you be surprised, that the king of
Israel, after having given his thoughts entirely to the
beauty of human life, how the bath of interest of human
life, seeing the fruit of his labor agreeable, as re-
turns to the grave, limiting his view to this world,
should say, "wherefore hast thou made all men vain?" No, it is the natural language of a mind that
feels an interest in the race, to which it belongs, sorry
soul, that views itself as linked to this passing race, at
one time and another uses this language.

But, natural as it was, that the Psalmist should
endow the influence of strong emotion, express himself
thus, still we have reason to thank God, that this
is not the whole account of the matter, & that it is
our privilege to know, that man is not made in
vain. We are not left to suppose that He, who made
as he is merciful, has created us, merely to look out
of it, that he has formed us with forever-vanish-
ing prac'ces unavoidable to raise our thoughts to the heights
good, employment not about all that is indifferent
material, but that the plan be a world where we may con-
tinually improve, where many hopeful things are excited & cherished, that he should do all that is
then leave us to sink into inexistence. There is too
much done merely to prepare a harvest for the great
And in truth, one reason why we are not so much
inclined to complain & be discouraged at the failure
of man, is that we fix our thoughts to admit exclusion
in these circumstances of object to man, where of the
least importance, are in reality not essentially con-
tinued with his being. We are in the habit of attach-
ing too much importance to adventitious things, good
there are lost; the moral as all else lost. The grace
makes us tremble, great, it loses our human,
Honoring these who gave us fair & glorious promise of}
harvest of human joys fulness in after years, under it all--walls up the possessor of power, influence, pop-
lation, those who fell. On large acres, to the eyes
of the world after them: in short, it is generally some-
ting external that fixes our regards, of drawn from us
the lamentation, when it is swept away.

Now we do not remember, that though these things may be important and striking, they do not constitute the being of
man; they do the less of them place that man's
make in vain. We should accustom ourselves to see
the attention on the immortal soul, on the true
lives, & think, to act within us, on that part of
ourselves, where the image of God resides, where
often grows stronger amidst the darkness of the body
of times brightest order. Life is enduring, not lasting
at all, the promise of the assurance, that death
has no power to confine it. Now seems from its very
nature to be the earnest of the pledge, that you will
not leave us to perish. It is not youth, nor power, is
frame, nor the tender parts of life, that make up the
soul of man--man is. There is something beyond all
these is higher than all these. What makes the true
light, and we should view the human race.

But, I believe, even if we lay out of the account
the consideration, that man is born for eternity, if we
must to take into the estimate the glorious light that the
Son of God has shed on the truth, y e alone our share in this world, we shall even then rarely have reason for supposing
that man is made in vain. Contemplation of such a blessing
That it is so is shown by the endurance, and whom re-
loving life. The songs of the departing spirit that
would from struggle back, the assurance affords us
and we endure the breaking of the ties that bind us
to earth, the shuddering heart and the look of death, all prove that our existence here is some-
ting desirable, that it is a blessing. To the few, who
have so far of mankind, life is a mere fulgurant. There are
few, very few, so marked as to be willing to give it up.
Man in common with other animals shares in the good
ness of God, while he doles on earth; if there were no
thealy care, a man, he would as willingly grow on to thank God, for this. The desires in this, what not
left himself without witness, for even in this world those
who have filled his heart with food of gladness.

Yet after all how unsatisfying is this view of life: how
unsatisfying is it to me except that it comes with De-
struction. If every hope that relates to this world is ha-
ble to be on it's destruction, if every possession we
look to beyond earth may be most assailed by misfortune &
must be to our death, yf we ourselves knew that any
time whether the next day we take anagogically or the
glory, in the midst of all the uncertainty of perils where
the ground on which our steps are every hour broken,
all the building on which we lean many on. Do. Be still,
under us - we need something stronger to cleanse to than the
more conviction that life is in the whole a blessing, some-
thing on which the mind can better depend, than in the mere
remembrance that God means us even here. more good than evil.

Yf in fact, there were nothing else, the sense of necessity
of which all the good things of this life would equal
destruction - distracts our love. The mind could not be as-
that confidence of continuance - presence, which gives to every en-
joyment on which it's value, & to forebodings of ruin.

Full apprehensions would encourage on every one of ev-
ery. Let us not often despise, on imperfect resources: the un-
just & how out for ourselves broken castles, that will hold no one.

"Let us rather go to the fountain, replenish our

God is there is that fountain open? Where, when the
joy of x - Yf our joy it is Jesus, who has taught us rather
than any other teaches, that man is not made in vain.
future life, whose religion declares, 'whos every difficulty
& nation all the clouds. If we knew that we shall die

\, we know too that God will bring us again from the
dead. If all around us teaches us how knowable and
our, it should taught us how incomprehensible our souls
are. If to the age of man the government of God, the
world sometimes seems unequal, let us look beyond
the few days years we spend on earth, & take into
over the height that lies beyond that distant height.
give. If you beats are wrong with arguems to you-
children in the tender years of infancy cut down with
the death, we are ready to repent, the memory that
they are transplanted from the hand soul of marvell
to bloom & flourish in the paradise of God. If the virtues & good, these to whom our hearts gather for joy, are removed, is it for us to grip & because they have gone to reward of glory. And if the wicked stay in this world, or even seem to thrive by their vice, before we give way to complaint it, let us remember that for these perverse sons of ease & luxury there is a return in the day of the Lord as upon every thing that is in the course of shallows, depth, pleasure, it is like the smoothness of a stream just before it breaks, tumbling in a cataract. Certainly man is not made in vain so long as he is made for eternity so long as he can extend his views, his hopes, years to an endless existence. Life is short, it is true; it is but upon a flower that withers in the cold wind, of fall to the ground. But is it nothing more? No, it is much more. The Son of God hath brought the immortality to light on his gospel. He hath taught us that our existence in this world, that as it is, is of utmost importance, because it is the first step in the march of eternity. It is a lost space, lost in that shut space

you have time to give your heart to the Lord of good things and set his, the habits of virtue & purity, to strengthen your faith in the Savior, to make the steps of him who died that we might live, to imbibe the spirit of obey the precepts of His gospel, to serve God in your day & generation, & to do good to the poor who are fasting along with you to the tomb. You have time to do all this: if this through the mercy of God in the Redeemer will prepare you for the abodes of the blessed. Will you then remain, & say that man is made in vain? Oh no; rather aspire to be faithful here that you may wear the crown of glory hereafter. As surely as the word of God is true, nothing can deprive you of that crown, that repays over fully grace in this life. God has given you the promise to aspire to height of earth, you, if you are true to the things of a humble heart, whether you may hold power & wealth, or you are to meet your God, whether the thought of
death, though serious and awful, may lose an agent degree its terrors to some, whether that heart-refreshing assurance of the spirit shall be to some made with the spirit blameless. It is the same who die in their rest from their labours; their souls do follow them. While then life gives upon the opportunity of securing such blessings, it is not to say that man is made a sinner. While in this world, the seed may be sown, that shall bring forth, yea, in due season; and the improved opportunities of obtaining benefits may then be enjoyed as well as in time to come. May the sacred flesh which it will sometimes fail, only should we consider, we have the powers of reaching faith to the salvation God; shall be the strength of our deeds to our parents, forever?

Here then we find how we are sufficiently answerable to that question as to the being of a preacher dangerous from the Psalmist's way. It is not an answer, because it does not stand alone, because its business strictly speaking is only a business of preparation. So therefore we may well ask, have we the year of the comforter made an arena. No, they have been made for the purposes indeed, every moment so that being has been important. If the beginning of the journey may through a wilderness they were not unfounded, for not for barren, like as from them thefound in the desert, of the break of the book in the way. While the shed, they showed the wretched and they were placed; they instructed the ignorant, assisted the needy, greatly, those that remembered, and when they died, they left a good name to embalm their memories, if their path is still bright with the height of the example, to some late others to tread in their steps. But this not all; they honored their Maker by the exercise of real unaffected goodness, of whom they were found by Him in heaven. Truly, it was out in vain that these persons were made.
as we witness, if the grave of one enter, will not convince us, that we are great sinners creating it in vain for me to stand, let the aged, the approach of death be, to say, already commenced. The mark, as it were, in the outer court, let them endeavour that the gate and is soon to open; for then shall be the gate of heaven. Let those, who are in the midst of frame of their days, that meet the voice, and tells them there is no need of fret or caution. What is that strength in which you are so confident? Don't the countenance of man change? Does it not sent away? Will you then forget God? — Said to this song I would say; remember you are not the glory of the earth; remember you are not the glory of the earth. It is not your心动 should take you from the garden, you will then be transported to a more friendly clime, you will go early to glory. And it is, let us all observe to our religion of heaven, remembering that it does not darken, but brighten the prospects of human happiness, that it does not represent the world. Thus, no under the guidance of providence are we called to pass, as persons uncomfortable, a savage of dejection, a land of children, the abode of misery. But truly as that we are or made in vain, seeds are sown, green pastures beside the still waters, guides as in the paths of cheerfulness of peace, in these ways of innocence of piety, where they may walk in the light of God's countenance, of rejoice in the hope of his glory.

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