No. 166.

Thoughts suggested by death & disappointment.
Job, xxix, 19. "Then said I, I shall die in my nest; I shall multiply my days as the sand."

The history of Job, you know, my sir, is the history of heavy afflictions and sore trials; they were the heaviest of trials, because they took him in the midst of his strength and prosperity. While suffering their sharpest, he looked back upon the days, when he was full of care and happiness, when, day by day, he little thought of the sad scenes that were soon to follow. It was then he says, that the candle of God shone upon him; the Lord was with him, and his children were about him, (wherever he went, the young of the old, the rich and the poor did him honour, even princes and nobles humbled themselves in his presence.) The blessing of these, who had been rescued from perishing, was the least touching salutation, wherever he went; of the gratitude of the widow and fatherless was the sweet offering, that.
In the midst of these various facts of prosperity and trouble, as he thoughtfully considers it, his soul was spread out by the waters. "But why all night in this branch?" he little thought of the sorrows that were coming upon him. He knew not then, that one message after another would come to tell him of the destruction of his prosperity; the wasting of his substance, the loss of his children; and all was full of promise, not a cloud appeared in his sky. He looked only to be gathered to his Father in a green robe of peace and honor. Then, as he expresses it in the words of my text, "The Lord shall die in my nest. I shall multiply my days as the sand of the sea." i.e., "the close of life shall be one of helpless affection can console. I shall sink down to the grave, as the ripe fruit falls from the tree. This may thought yet in the midst of his felicity he fondly imagine? She should die in this nest, he shall before he nothing but delight in satisfying his body's desire, no pain, no heart's constriction, no decla-

thing disappointments; but, though he looked not for them, they came, in a day & an hour when he was not aware. The "cloud that was fresh upon him" fails; the days of affection too, he felt upon him. Then the passage of my text, which records the final anticipations of his death, we may derive instruction from. He, we often hear, was "an upright man, & like him, we often find the scene changed into sorrow & mourning.

1. We observe, that in the midst of his anticipations, he did not forget that he must die. "Though he expected happiness, he had death in view..." And so must we. Should we all, in the full tide of health, activity, joy, we should think of death. When all before us appears smiling, peaceful, we should not forget, that the time comes, when only knowing the time, when we must go to the house appointed for all the living, when all our busy activity shall be brushed, the light of our gaiety quenched, our passions cooled, our minds humble and contented brought low, when all the more easy circumstances of life shall disappear, it is nothing shall..."
brought to their ends by time; death has overgrown to the affections of families, and those children born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those form the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the bleeding hearts of parents, and those born from the ble
As these thoughts it seems strange, that we should from all our plans of safety, get some sort of peace, if we were once more certain, if we should hardly take into the account that we are as surely, perhaps, as any other animals, to breathe the air. Yet so it is. We fasten our hearts to numbers fleeting objects, yea, as if our souls to live here forever. Nor meditation on death dispels this illusion. This brings before our eyes the loss of darkness, to which we are hastening. Is it on earth, we see it; we realise its existence, our destinies. All the objects of pride, earthly ambition vanish before that stern monitor, death. If we return to the prolific, prepared to be more moderate in the other, lesser things that perish in the evening. All the glory, the pleasures of wealth, the crowns of honour, the shouts of applause, sink to this mortality, this insignificance, in this contemplation, leave the mind to more elevated views and aspirations. Moreover, that these are things, whose death becomes grave, even virtue, integrity, purity of conscience, and the appreciation of God, if then, one think of this, we
will not familiarize our souls unto sin, nor solicit our selves for the enjoyment of immortality.

Another good effect of meditating on death is to diminish, if not entirely to destroy, the fear of death. This image under which we view this dread event, is the association of ideas we have it, which arises out of fear of it, are often entirely childish and false. We think how dreadful it is, to be hurled to the arms of our friends, and under the cheerless night of the grave, to be shut out from the pleasant lights of the sun, from the delightful intercourse and the care we love. We regard as some of the grave, as a child, a chilling prison, for the moments at least, imagine that the dead can feel these horrors. In the earliest childhood, death and all its accompaniments are represented in the most frightful pictures, and most distressing fancies. And hence the gods with almost every individual through life, is a dread of death, considered in itself, with out any regard to consequences. Now all this is weakly conceived, man unassisted by the habit of meditating on death gives us no more admirations.
glory to glory... Think for a moment of the eternity of those, who is near in the bed of his last sickness, he has never thought of death, he has been made familiar by a new acquaintance, to make that face, from his before he has always turned away, because now gave up, where he will it out, in that hour of sweetest sleep, what shall save him and fear of trembling? Can place in the great situation one, who has been accustomed to thinking of death has deeply called up the image of his departure? In the hour that is about to separate him from the world, he recognizes an acquaintance, he looks upon it without alarm; he has all along been aware, that he is dying by little and little every day, and willing to give up the power to the portion that remains. He feels the God of his father, and the power of death off he knows it to death, the fear of it not. He approaches the grave, as has been beautifully said.

"Not like the gravedigger at night, "Scarcely to his dungeon, but his quarters of rest, "Communal grave, "The one who arranges the inmost of his couch. "About them, here drawn to place by dreams,"

These are but a few of the thoughts that might be suggested on the subject of meditating on death. I pass now to the second to be drawn from the text, viz. The disappointment of life. In the midst of influence of happiness we had looked forward with joy, but without the fear of sorrow or accident. And so does he who, I hope, that the rest we have built, as the bird for its opening shall remain, and we shall be happy there till death finds us, but the mind of the stayer comes to Licensed to its nearest, to nothing, our joys are gone. In fact, the appointment in some form or other, enters into the lot of every man being. Scripture tells us, that the professor man "sawth in his heart, I shall not lie moved, for I shall never be in adversity. Therefore the rich man of old, who shaped together his goods, then said, "Send, take these ease, eat, drink and be merry." But my joy, it is not so; it cannot be so. We must meet disappointment, we must be chastened, we must be stricken, with sorrow. What shall despair, open will, on th to build spirit, happiness? except the pleasures of virtue, religion. If these are as certain, a
able to disappointment, as you are to success. But health?—every breath of air may bring you closer to the door of death. 

While you are counting on your days, your check may be signed on your frame, hinting in decay. Is it health?—You know that riches are compared in Scripture to the bribe that flies away, if you should retain them, who has the right they shall make you happy?—You find the experience of the world will tell you, they may prove false, a time of accident may serve them from you. Is it your children, that you trust to for happiness, or legacy left you? Of your offspring with the kindness of parents. This shall comfort us?—They, alas, may go down to an early grave, to leave you weeping, mourning for your children, because they are not. 

What if aetg more cruel, they may have to make you unhappy by their vices and follies?—In short, enumeration is vain. Go where you may, ask of whom you will, disappointment is a part of the heritage of man. To be pippal to day, to brow down with affliction tomorrow, this must not to have fainting, smiling prospect, present or past to sit down on end.

new as mourning.—this is, in the practice of man. Why, you will ask, is all this? Why are we exposed to such heart-stirring disappointments, and deepening griefs?—I answer, we must take the good and the bad into the account, as we cannot be satisfied on this point. Much earthly help is escaping away, the heart, that is linked to God, has a refuge apart, help in time of trouble. There are afflictions, which we regard as dark spots; but perhaps a future day will reflect back a light upon them, that will cause us to be thankful for them, as among the happiest things in our lives. We are very apt to confine our views within very narrow limits on this subject, if it think of the effects they are designed to produce. How knows I what is best for me? Perhaps I am mortal sick. of affliction is the only medicine that will heal my sickness: shall I then murmur at the Great Physician, if he administers this medicine?—Such should be the thought of the language of each heart. Disappointment eternal
are necessary to purify our hearts, to raise them heavenward. I wish it were so, God assuredly will have it so well, to preserve us of his powerful help to virtue. When you are forsaking any favourite object, you feel obliged to the man, who will put you in the way of getting any assistance. Thus, it may cost you some trouble to procure it, and all we wish to travel to heaven, our affection will help us enmity, the other, ought not to be thankful to him, who administers it, but to think it may be he designs that disappoint shall work the peace the fruit of right-will to those who are exercised thereby. And this is the only way, in which virtue can be made strong of permanence. Those good dispositions which grow up in ease of prosperity, have never been cast out in the storms of adversity, are after all not so much to be depended on. No virtue is of great value, which has not passed through the furnace of affliction. Almost all the shining characters of piety and goodness, that have blazed the world, have been from I am rough school. And this is enough, if there were nothing else, to account for godliness despising pain. It seems in that they answer relates another end. They call you bow to off from the following death, of being given them in God, makes death easier, while they make virtue stronger. He is faster to this world by Cassandra's this, some of them must be broken, before we can be made willing to bear the world. We must have felt some of our attachments to life loson. To be broken, before we can be perfectly willing to die. Now this is the mark of divisionment of affliction. They do shaken loson the base, preparations to be set free, before the last great separation comes. The heart, that has always nestled greatly of comfortably among the engagements of earth, of never been disturbed, is that all prepared to listen to the stern voice, that leads to paradise. It is usual of a great numerous, that when a certain black lion led them his treasure, at the edge of his palace, the wise man of proverb, he observe: "there are the things, that make men so happy to die". Now, since, it is the business of the trials of life, to take away or moderate
our attachments to the things that make us happy;—thus it proves the wing of the soul, when its readiness, told by a small command, has to be roused at a moment. If then, we are to mean, let us ever be impressed by the reflection, that the picture of sorrow is mingled by the hand of mercy, given to us for our own good."

These, then, are only a few of the lessons, as both the appointment may teach us. 

Almost particularly to press this subject on those who are in the 

smallest degree of life, we sound our hearts, because so many of our friends are gathering in distress—My young, I would not cease an 

introduce anguish upon you. I would not come with the image of death, distress, and fright, among your 

happiness. I would invite you, as a friend, to remem- 

ber, that you must die, that you know not when. I would not, that you remember, that you must be disappointed, that you 

know not how. I would not, that these considerations 

should damp your pleasures or distress you with gloomy 

thoughts; I would lead you to serious 

reflection. Let them excite you to give your atten-

After all it is true, that religion is our best 

friend, sometimes it is the only real friend. You may say that this is only the official instruction, 

for the sake of the place:—but if I mistake not, there are set 
in the course of Providence, as teach these truths 

with a power far beyond that of any human 

sages. 

(When affliction has come a death hastens on; the soul 
of the sinner of religion is acknowledged: it is the 

sinner of sin till he has been led to repentance, and to call it in 
a sudden 

moment, or to call it in when you want it. In order to prevent you 

being gored in the hour of extremity, it must have pre-

viously been imbedded in our characters, we must 

have been in the habit of cleansing our minds 

of principles from it. When it will be recognized 
as an old friend, a friend that will be at our 

side in times of need, that will wipe tears from 

the eye in the hour of afflication. I conduct us quiet 

ly through the valley of the shadow of death, as it 

would conduct us to the heaven of home, in the 

year 1813.
When I consider how the young are sometimes cut down just as they have entered the journey, how the banner bright, hopes, wrath, grief around the meaning of life, are enveloped by the darkness of death, how youth is affected by age, youth's wishes are born from us by the last great chord, when I consider these things, I would not have the subject, which has occurred, free our thoughts, in those who are.
I give the God to witness the morning of your days
freshness of your strength, - then through you become "lord over death, master of all oversea of harm
ten" - then shall ripen for that world, where "the
shall no more go down, nor the moon with drawn
shining; forever, shall be the everlasting light;
days of mourning shall be ended."

Nov. 1822.

At home. Nov. 10th, 1822 - forenoon.

At Brighton, Jan. 19th, 1823 - forenoon.

At home. Sept. 18th, 1825 - afternoon.

At Baltimore, Sept. 21st, 1826 - forenoon.