

Wm. W. ...  
Yorkville-  
Chill-  
Smythville

"And he died." Gen. V. 27

5:27

July 27 1844

Long-lived

● (of whom we have any account were marvellously  
 These antediluvians, lived to a great age. | <sup>marvellously</sup> ~~These~~  
 we count our lives by teus of years, they counted theirs  
 by hundreds. | ~~See~~ They survived ~~many~~ dying  
centuries. | It required ~~the~~ <sup>effectually</sup> ~~some~~ posts of almost  
 a thousand winters, to whiten <sup>the</sup> their heads of some  
 of those fathers of the race, as we see some amongst  
 ourselves ~~whitened~~ by the period that, with us in-  
 dicates ~~decrepitude~~ <sup>decrepitude</sup>, ~~age~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>freshness</sup>  
~~early~~ <sup>early</sup> youth. | They reached mature ~~manhood~~ <sup>manhood</sup> by ~~slow~~  
 stages; They ~~perceived~~ <sup>looked forward to</sup> the approach of old age through  
 the ~~dim~~ <sup>dimness of</sup> ~~vista~~ <sup>dim vista</sup> of what must have seemed an in-  
 terminable future; ~~they~~ <sup>and, when it</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>old age</sup> ~~combined~~ <sup>came,</sup> the  
 snow melted <sup>almost</sup> ~~from~~ <sup>impalpable</sup> their temples at the touch of the evening sun  
 of ~~their~~ ~~day~~ mighty day. | These ancient patriarchs  
 appeared to realize what would be reckoned  
 by us a species of immortality. | Their strong-knit

frames resembled the everlasting hills, whose ribs  
 it requires some tremendous convulsion of nature  
 to break. | The beginning of a new year was, to  
 them, ~~scarcely~~ <sup>no single</sup> an epoch as it is with us - so imper-  
 ceptible was the step it measured on the sand  
 of their protracted journey, and so small was the  
 difference it made in ~~their~~ <sup>the</sup> experience of life's  
 sluggish movement through their own veins.  
 The long-lived oak, planted by them in their boy-  
 hood, they beheld, after its giant limbs had  
 become gnarled, and crooked, and well-nigh leaf-  
 less. ~~from long decay.~~ | Each feature on the  
 face of nature changed, again and again,  
 before the ~~same~~ hard lines upon their visage  
 gave corresponding tokens of the lapse of time.  
 Ailments came, but they <sup>all</sup> seemed trivial, and the  
 sinewy youth outbraved them - still going on  
 with his daily business. | Great calamities now  
 and then befall: but they made little im-  
 pression; the stalwart man shook them off  
 as if he were a lion throwing from his mane the  
 moisture of a summer's shower.

went on with his daily <sup>business.</sup> ~~studies.~~ | Great Calamities <sup>now and then</sup> be-  
 fel, but <sup>the stalwart man shook them</sup> ~~they were shaken off~~ as the lion throws  
 from his mane the drops of a shower in June. | ~~The~~

~~the~~ children, grand children, great grand children were  
 around them; but, <sup>blood was fresh,</sup> ~~and still their posterity increased,~~ their ~~virtues~~  
 cheeks were <sup>suddy,</sup> ~~flushed~~ with health, <sup>continued</sup> ~~their eyes were~~  
 undimmed, <sup>and, when their still</sup> ~~and their unbroken voices gathered~~  
<sup>from time to time, about the</sup> ~~about their~~ tent-doors, the vast multitude of their  
 descendants, <sup>gathered</sup> ~~and they, each, stood there, erect, rig-~~  
<sup>less</sup> ~~-cross, unshaken; like some monument of the past - then~~  
<sup>like</sup> ~~some~~ Master of the future! ~~And yet, where~~ <sup>now</sup> are  
 those wonderful men? | ~~Where is Adam, whose hand~~  
~~one of them~~

Where is Seth, who conversed with Adam, and  
 with men who <sup>had talked</sup> ~~conversed~~ with Noah? | Where are  
 Enos, & Jared, & Lamech, whose lives stretched <sup>almost</sup> ~~across~~  
 the vast interval that lay between the expulsion from  
 Paradise and the desolations of the flood?

~~And~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~manhood~~ ~~of~~ ~~Israel?~~ Where too, is that  
 in this respect,  
 Methusalem who, towered above all, and caught  
 on his person the light <sup>as it</sup> ~~which~~ faded from Eden  
 the light which  
 and <sup>was</sup> reflected from the clouds that presaged  
 the deluge? † They are all gone! † The day came  
 which at last stiffened <sup>those huge</sup> their limbs, dulled <sup>those</sup> their  
 keen <sup>and laid low</sup> senses, and <sup>lordly</sup> changed <sup>See v. 9</sup> those <sup>glorious</sup> beautiful  
 abodes and their willing servants, into <sup>heavy</sup> cages and  
<sup>mistily</sup> clogs, and caused them to move through the  
 bright world, with <sup>no eye</sup> ~~no~~ vision for its <sup>familiar</sup> ~~cheerful~~ scenes  
 and no ear for its accustomed <sup>sounds</sup> music! † "The keepers  
 of the house" finally <sup>begin</sup> to ~~begin~~ to ~~trouble~~. [Those arms,  
 once so brawny, are withered. | The giant can now  
 fling his spear with scarce an infant's force,  
 and ~~can~~ has hardly <sup>left</sup> strength ~~enough~~ <sup>remaining</sup>  
 to carry to his <sup>own</sup> ~~own~~ lips a cup of water. [Any  
 one can bind the <sup>once</sup> sturdy champion and carry

time against his will whether he would not. | "The  
 ● strong men bow themselves." | Those active <sup>energies</sup> limbs  
 can do no more. | Those, <sup>once</sup> tireless <sup>buoyant</sup> feet stumble  
 over the <sup>meanest</sup> pebble. | These the only meal  
 is itself a drudgery, for "the quindus have ceased  
 because they are few." | The very landscape has  
 become a blot, the very world is a ~~far~~ vast fog  
 - for "those that looked <sup>out</sup> of the windows are darkened"  
 the orbs of sight are contained forever. | Even "Jesie  
 has failed." | "Barzillai, come and live with me  
 at the palace" says grateful David. | But, answers  
 he: "~~I am this day 4 some years old;~~" Can I discern  
 between good and evil? Can they reward taste  
 what I eat or what I drink? Can I hear  
 ● anymore the voice of singing men and singing  
 women? Let they reward, I pray thee, turn back  
 that I may die in my own city, and be buried

in the grave of my father and my mother." | Thus did  
 all these early, these long-lived patriarchs, <sup>behave</sup>  
 each like this Parzifal. | They <sup>whose trembling age had</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>no</sup> ~~no~~ <sup>more</sup> ~~more~~ <sup>power</sup> ~~power~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>move</sup> ~~move~~ <sup>them</sup> ~~them~~ <sup>light</sup> ~~light~~ <sup>made</sup> ~~made <sup>afraid</sup> ~~afraid~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~which <sup>is</sup> ~~is <sup>high</sup> ~~high~~, and to whom  
 the "grasshopper was a burden", wished only to tatter  
 into their sepulchres. | And, by and by, they were grat-  
 -ified. <sup>For</sup> The word ~~of~~ <sup>is</sup> of every one of them is: <sup>"But, he</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>died."</sup>  
 died." | Whatever they had been, all this is now summed  
 up in these three little words. | Centuries of life  
 could not stave off the blow of death. | Construc-  
 -tions of rock could not resist <sup>ceaseless</sup> the wear of ~~con-~~  
 of slow-dropping time. | Shoulders on whose massive  
 breadth hundreds of years could rest without making  
 their burden felt, must at last give way beneath  
 that inevitable moment <sup>bearing the accumulated weight of all the mass,</sup> which <sup>was</sup> appointed  
 to press them beneath the earth. | Their last breath  
 was drawn, their last look was taken, their last word~~~~~~

7 useless

the dust returned to its kindred  
was spoken, and they slept in death

● dust. // ~~These must be awful~~ <sup>is an</sup> ~~awful~~ <sup>The</sup> ~~power~~ <sup>power</sup> of death  
is seen in such <sup>conspicuous</sup> instances of its <sup>his</sup> ~~power~~ <sup>might</sup>.

When we behold the King of terrors <sup>triumphing over life</sup> ~~swathing~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~cut~~  
of one which a <sup>a tynder</sup> ~~man~~ <sup>child</sup>, we do not wonder

at the result, so <sup>un</sup> ~~equal~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~contest~~. | When

we behold him <sup>every day</sup> ~~laying~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~down~~ <sup>mark</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>generation</sup> ~~feet~~

~~after generation of of persons like ourselves, we~~  
~~the feeble and the frail, we~~ <sup>composed of frail mortals</sup>

are not surprised, for we <sup>perceive</sup> ~~feel~~ that there is in  
~~them~~ <sup>us</sup> almost nothing to resist his <sup>will</sup> ~~might~~. | But

when he invades the life of such a <sup>muscular</sup> ~~physical~~

monarch as Methuselah, <sup>and conquest</sup> ~~he~~ ~~conquers~~ ~~al-~~

though it takes almost a thousand years to do

so, we marvel at the <sup>victory</sup> ~~conquest~~ which death

● has <sup>here won</sup> ~~made~~ over the finest and firmest

energies of <sup>our</sup> ~~nature~~; and we are ~~forced~~ <sup>circumspection</sup> ~~to~~ ~~feel~~

that he is an enemy which ~~no~~ ~~summy~~ ~~can~~

evade, and no heart is robust enough to with-  
 -stand. ] <sup>Death's</sup> ~~His~~ pale flag accordingly waves  
 everywhere; no <sup>wherein to protect human life,</sup> stronghold <sub>n</sub> has yet been built  
 of which he is <sup>now</sup> not the assumed master, or is  
 soon to be. | What those ancient heroes could  
 not do, in the way of wading of this devouring  
 monster of our race, we may be sure can be  
 done by none who have succeeded them.  
 Man <sup>indeed,</sup> can <sub>n</sub> do much; in some directions there  
 seems to be almost no limit to his power.  
 He has chained the lightnings - has weighed  
 the stars - has conquered space - has compelled  
 nature to yield to him, <sup>one after another,</sup> her <sup>most hidden</sup> thousand secrets.  
 His Mind is mightier than matter, and every  
 element <sup>in</sup> ~~of~~ earth, air, water, has acknowledged  
 the superiority by becoming his <sup>its</sup> willing servant.



the most <sup>obstinate</sup> ~~tearful~~ <sup>often</sup> ~~man's~~ 9  
Even diseases have succumbed to his will, and old  
● age <sup>itself has</sup> been postponed by his arts. | Energy <sup>guided</sup> rules  
by <sup>patience</sup> ~~wisdom~~ has overcome <sup>so many</sup> difficulties <sup>which force</sup> that <sup>seemed</sup>  
insuperable, that now it has come to be thought  
that men have only to attempt in order to succeed.

But no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities,  
no efforts however wisely directed, no combination  
of powers, have served to ~~snatch the dart from~~ <sup>destitute</sup> Death, or to  
Death or ~~dethrone him~~ <sup>limit the sway</sup> ~~deprive~~ <sup>him</sup> of his omnipotent  
dart sceptre. ✕ He still reigns supreme, over all  
alike. ✕ He still visits with equal step the palace  
and the hovel, to claim his subjects <sup>among</sup> ~~from~~ the  
highest and the lowest. | His messengers are as  
numerous as the seconds; his dominion <sup>is</sup> as wide  
● as the circle of the world; and his <sup>is</sup> career  
of conquest is as rapid and as resistless as  
ever it was. ✕ Look back over the <sup>entire</sup> past. | There

a uniform <sup>(each grave throughout the vast cemetery</sup>  
 is ~~only one~~ epitaph upon <sup>the</sup> ~~all~~ the graves of which  
 covers our earth is ~~composed~~ with its mementos of bygone  
 generations: "He died". | Under conqueror - under states-  
 man - under king - under scholar - under philan-  
 thropist - under minister of crime <sup>men (once called great)</sup> - whose names  
 and deeds have filled volumes of history and made  
 the world tremble or admire - as well as each of  
 under myriads of common folk whose goodness  
 or whose depravity was the charm or the terror  
 of society's narrower circles - they, and those who  
<sup>openly</sup> mourned for them or who <sup>secretly</sup> rejoiced at their departure,  
 have ~~only this remaining~~ in turn succumbed to  
 the inexorable <sup>foe</sup> - and for whomever of them all  
 you may now <sup>ask</sup> enquire, "where is he?" you will obtain  
 from <sup>only the repeated</sup> the <sup>burial</sup> response: "He died". | So, too, of  
 your own immediate friends - they whose places were  
 nearest your hearts, but who <sup>have pined to find</sup> are gone with the vast

procession of their forefathers in the great funeral  
 ● march of mankind - of each of these you say  
 "He died", as if <sup>you could</sup> ~~thus~~ <sup>satisfactorily</sup> to account  
 for their ~~inevitable~~ <sup>make this</sup> absence by ~~an appeal~~ to the in-  
 evitable destiny of all.

(sadder still!) nearly every one of  
 But, with respect to those antideluvianians of  
 whom it is said, "he died" ~~there is not much else~~ <sup>little</sup>  
~~written~~ <sup>mentioned</sup>. | Although they lived so long, there <sup>was</sup>  
 almost nothing in their lives, <sup>that was considered</sup> worthy of commemo-  
 ration. | We have their names - <sup>some</sup> notice of  
 their <sup>the record of</sup> ~~justly~~ - ~~and~~ their deaths - and, besides  
 these this brief mention - <sup>well nigh</sup> ~~nothing~~ in most <sup>of the instances</sup> ~~cases~~  
<sup>there we have</sup> (nothing more. | So far as any good they was  
 concerned, their <sup>lives seem</sup> ~~lives~~ <sup>were</sup> empty. | They left no  
 ● shining example for future generations to fol-  
 low. | They were robust animals, <sup>who seem to use imagination to rise</sup> ~~spring~~ through  
 the world without a thought or a purpose <sup>that rose</sup> above

the <sup>ground</sup> ~~earth~~ on which they trod, or that was more valuable than the sands amid which they pitched their tents. | They seemed to have been the disciples and imitators of Cain, who, for some incalculable reason, was suffered to wander for untold years among his posterity: that Cain of whom an old poet has thus sung:

"An awful form, that through the ~~loom~~ appeared,  
Half brute, half human; whose terrific beard  
And hoary flakes of long dishevell'd hair  
Like eagle's plumage ruffled by the air,  
Veil'd a sad wreck of grandeur and of grace?"

Those ancient men, at whose longevity we <sup>stand</sup> are amazed, were, <sup>in fact,</sup> monsters of crime, giants of wickedness, who, never blessing, always oppressed, the earth. | Here we proof of this? | Proof the most conclusive and uttered in language the most overpowering. | "God

saw that the wickedness of man was great in  
 ● the earth, and that every imagination of the  
 thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.  
 Such is the proof - but ~~not~~ such <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>not</sup> the only  
 language in which it has been expressed. | It  
 was thundered in the <sup>voice of the</sup> deluge. | It was sealed  
 in the roar of <sup>those floods</sup> ~~waters~~ which suffocated a drown-  
 -ing world. | It was rehearsed in the death  
 cries of millions who sunk beneath that wild  
 ocean <sup>filled with</sup> of terrors still more wild. | It has come  
 down to us - this express evidence of antideluvian  
 sin - in the picture of a watery hell, whose  
 colors, (pencilled by wrath as they were mixed  
 by vengeance,) still affright our imagination  
 ● as nothing else can do. | In that picture  
 behold the summing up, the concentrated <sup>memoir</sup> history  
 of Adam's guilt, of Noah's <sup>Jared's</sup> assumption, of

Methusalem's Lamech's vain  
 Lamech's ~~lesser~~ ~~man's~~ ~~father's~~ degeneracy, of Lamech's ~~vain~~  
 remorse, and of the <sup>evil lives of unnumbered</sup> ~~unnumbered~~ generations of  
 myriads beside. | The earth <sup>groaned beneath their</sup> ~~grew weary of them,~~  
~~heaven~~ <sup>grew weary of them,</sup> ~~weight,~~ <sup>heaven</sup> ~~grew weary of them,~~ and  
 earth and heaven <sup>at last</sup> united for their <sup>ever-</sup> memorable dis-  
 -tinction.

Now, ~~it~~ <sup>it not</sup> is a terrible thing, when a man leaves  
 behind him a character upon which the re-  
 -collection of no succeeding one may delight to  
 linger, but of whom it can <sup>briefly & hastily</sup> ~~only be~~ said: "and  
he died" - as if <sup>to die</sup> ~~this~~ were the best thing the man  
 could do, <sup>or had ever done.</sup> ~~or had ever done.~~ So stupid, or so <sup>useless,</sup> ~~useless,~~  
 or so positively injurious, was his life, that the  
 only pleasure he ever ~~gave~~ <sup>gave</sup> was his death. | You  
 perhaps have known such men. | & be careful  
 lest any of yourselves shall be catalogued with  
 these in the final roll-call of earth's inhabitants.

But, <sup>however,</sup> behold, hidden among those names to  
 • which we <sup>have</sup> so often referred, is a sentence  
 more precious than gold: "Enoch walked with  
 God, and he was not, for God took him." / There was  
one, then, <sup>but of whom nothing any different is recorded.</sup> of whom it is not said: "he died." / The  
 others walked with Satan, who, <sup>after</sup> when he had  
 spoiled Eden, <sup>continued</sup> remained on earth <sup>inseparable</sup> as the companion  
 of those whose hearts and lives he spoiled more  
 effectually than he had <sup>spoiled</sup> the <sup>bloom</sup> <sup>fragrance</sup> <sup>of</sup> the walks and flowers of  
 paradise. / But Enoch walked with God, who,  
 likewise, <sup>appeared</sup> in a stricken world to draw some  
 noble souls to himself by a saving power even greater,  
 but <sup>not less</sup> ~~far more~~ mysterious in its operations, than that  
 of the arch-destroyer. / This illustrious patriarch  
 • was enabled to tread the rough paths of life  
 by the side of his Maker & Redeemer, under <sup>then</sup> the rare  
 protection of divine upholding grace: and when

he had thus walked for 365 years. Snow was  
 taken, in the prime of his manhood, to his ap-  
 pointed rest: taken ~~thither~~ without having passed  
 through the dark gate which was <sup>so</sup> crowded by  
 the descending mass of his contemporaries. | <sup>This</sup> ~~Such~~  
<sup>extraordinary</sup> ~~a~~ man had so lived, <sup>indeed,</sup> that he could not die. | His  
 departure must needs be a translation, not a death.  
 His head, as it lay down for the last time amid the scenes of earth, was  
~~The world, which was not discerning of his virtues~~  
 followed in a chair instead of a grave. | <sup>even</sup>  
 when living, was counted unworthy of his sepulchre  
 when he <sup>himself</sup> was <sup>gone</sup> no longer present. | His funeral pro-  
 -cession - if such his triumph~~ant~~ passage to glory  
 can be styled - was composed of angels, and the  
 song that was chanted for the occasion was by  
 no means a dirge, but <sup>some</sup> ~~the~~ melting harmony  
 ascending sweet and clear from chird to chird  
 of heaven's own seraphic minstrelsy.

Let us, however, not think that Snow's case



was singular. | In <sup>material</sup> one respect indeed it was. | Only

- ~~one other~~ Eliphaz experienced a similar exit from the toils and cares of earth. | But is it not always true of the good, that they do not die? | Their bodies may expire - the light may be quenched in their eyes - the ~~love~~ <sup>love</sup> cunning may cease from their hands - the voice may freeze upon their tongues - and the gentle colors which made them beautiful may fade into the ashes of the grave - but still they live. | I do not now refer - though well I might - to the fact that God has taken them to a world where for the first time they begin to taste of the real sweetness and to know the real glory of living - where ~~those~~ <sup>their</sup> buried bodies shall
- again have been informed with breath; where their vision ~~has~~ been re-illuminated with the light of that knows no darkness forever; their hands made

strong and skilful to <sup>sweep the</sup> ~~handle~~ the harps of everlasting  
 praise; their ~~as~~ tongues rendered vocal for <sup>sharing</sup> ~~sharing~~ ●  
 in the choros whose notes strike higher and  
 grander than <sup>any</sup> angelic voices ~~ever~~ poured forth; and  
 their cheeks pencilled with hues of loveliness transcend-  
 earthly beauty. - ing all, | Yes - there the <sup>shall</sup> god live - there where  
 life is drawn from its very fount in the <sup>being</sup> ~~eternity~~  
 of God - there where the centuries of ~~the~~ antidelu-  
 vian longevity <sup>are</sup> ~~shall be~~ <sup>measured</sup> ~~counted~~ as so many <sup>seconds</sup> ~~hours~~  
 on the ceaseless pendulum of eternity. || But, their  
memory still survives them on the earth, where  
 their heaven began in the moment of their first  
love for holiness. | "Being dead they yet speak."  
 Their works do follow them in a never-ending line.  
 Their record may not, indeed, be written on what  
 men call "the scroll of fame." | Their names may ●  
 find no place on the page of that history whose  
 lessons are <sup>mainly</sup> written in blood - nor yet on the page

of that other history whose lessons are mainly  
 with a peaceful pen,  
 ● written, ~~in~~ to record the triumphs of <sup>learning, or</sup> intellectual  
 the progress of art. | But, however obscure may  
 have been the lives of those whose chief dis-  
 tinction is that they were "followers of God as dear  
 children", - <sup>simplest</sup> their influence has left indelible traces  
 upon ~~the world~~ <sup>man-kind</sup> - traces indistinct, perhaps, for a  
 time to the searching eye of ~~man-kind~~ others or even  
 to their own, yet always plain to the scrutiny of  
 an all-seeing God, and one day to be rendered  
 conspicuous before the universe in lines of broad  
 and living light - traces of <sup>impishable</sup> goodness which, when  
 the most brilliant track of victorious evil shall  
 have been blotted out in everlasting darkness,  
 ● shall be found, unerasable and ineradicable <sup>on</sup> ~~in~~  
 that scroll, (of a better fame than earth's,) which  
 shall be unfolded amid the realities of the judgment <sup>day</sup>.

20  
time - the Coldest grants -

Yes, those are the worthies of our race - they who have  
<sup>humbly</sup> submitted their hearts to the love of God - they  
who have laid their hands within the clasp of  
almighty grace - they who have borne upon their  
willing shoulders the burden of a saviour's cross  
- they who have tasted of the world to come, and,  
out of the ~~the~~ <sup>own</sup> sweetness of their months, have ~~published~~ <sup>deducted</sup>  
to others ~~the~~ to the honey-comb of the gospel - they  
whose benevolence, drawn from the spring of Christ's  
<sup>perfect</sup> humanity, has gone abroad in <sup>untiring</sup> walks of well-doing  
- they whose earthly homes and earthly business have  
been informed by the heavenly-mind which has  
been <sup>obtained by ascending the angel-peopled ladder of</sup> ~~caught~~ <sup>desired</sup> from ceaseless prayer - they who,  
being filled with the Spirit of Jehovah, <sup>are</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> exhibited to the world as so many temples  
in which ~~dwells the~~ the Shekinah of faith shines  
<sup>almost</sup> more gloriously than the old Shekinah of a visible <sup>Deity</sup> ~~Deity~~.

whilst they

- they who, can sing with repeat with a holy  
 • division these words <sup>of folly:</sup> ~~of worldly wisdom:~~

"Live whilst you live, the epicure would say,

And seize the pleasures of the present day,"  
 are enabled to listen <sup>with applause</sup> to this <sup>the</sup> epicure's rebuke:

"Live whilst you live, the sound preacher cries,  
 And give to God each moment as it flies,"  
 and are constrained to add the wise <sup>petition:</sup> ~~prayer:~~

"Lord, in my view let both united be;

I live in pleasure when I live to Thee."

These, I say, are the worthies over whom the  
 angel of Death passes in his flight from man  
 to man - these the Servants of whom the pen of  
 God, <sup>- however it may be with the pen of man -</sup> shall never write, "they died" - but these these

• chosen sons of mortality who, when taken from  
 among their <sup>mourning</sup> ~~passing~~ generation, shall leave behind  
 them a <sup>known</sup> ~~presence~~ that can never perish, and, <sup>be</sup> more

truly dear to their survivors than a mass of un-  
counted diamonds.

I have chosen this topic for your ~~new year's~~  
meditations, <sup>this day,</sup> because it appeared to me timely. | Stand-  
as we do  
-ing, upon that dividing edge which separates  
between the departure of the old year and the  
incominy of the new; it becomes us to look both  
backwards and forwards. | It is fitting to our  
present circumstances that, inasmuch as we are one  
whole year nearer our graves than we were twelve-  
months ago, that we should contemplate <sup>of death</sup> the reality  
~~our life's brevity~~  
of death and its awful certainty. | And <sup>then</sup> [this is what  
the wrecks and trophies of  
we learn when we look backward over <sup>the</sup> departed  
time: that from the beginning the greatest wreck  
of all has been wrought by resistless that insatiate  
Monster whose pathway is tracked by <sup>the ever repeated</sup> ~~the ever living~~  
~~bodies but~~ <sup>the</sup> monotonous, desolations of the grave

- that the longest-livers have ceased to live - and  
 ● that no power <sup>of man</sup> has ever been enabled to overcome  
 when Death was the wrestler. | Do <sup>any of</sup> you believe that  
 you will prove an exception to this universal rule  
 of expiring humanity? | Do you suppose that there  
 is might and majesty with you to <sup>awe</sup> ~~come~~ back the  
 Destroyer who insidiously creeps upon your steps,  
 and who, at some divinely-appointed moment, shall  
 put forth the hand whose touch <sup>can</sup> ~~will~~ stop the  
 beatings of the strongest heart? | Ah - how strange  
 it is - how inexplicably marvellous ~~it is~~ - that every  
 is accustomed to regard all men  
 were ~~regards~~ <sup>regards</sup> ~~all others~~ <sup>as</sup> mortal except himself?

How difficult it is to induce any one to believe that  
he shall ever die: - that it will be but a few days

● when weeping relatives shall ~~must~~ follow him  
 to the narrow-house, <sup>him</sup> who, having ~~where~~ <sup>where</sup> he has helped to inter-  
~~is now be permitted to~~ <sup>is now be permitted to</sup> indulge <sup>vanish</sup> the thought that he shall <sup>escape!</sup>

escape the common doom! ~~Let us all dismiss this~~  
~~irrational hope!~~ ~~Alas, why do I refer you to the~~  
~~remote past?~~ <sup>ah,</sup> Where are they who used formerly  
 to hear the gospel within these very walls? | Their  
 seats are filled by others, and must not you, too,  
 seek your father among the "cold clods," where  
 your children will presently weep as they read  
 the inscriptions on your monuments - and often, <sup>as</sup> in  
 the solemn dusk of <sup>some distant evening,</sup> ~~evening~~ <sup>their</sup> children shall  
<sup>they</sup> stand among the graves, will point to one and another and exclaim:  
 "There <sup>lie</sup> ~~lie~~ our ancestors, long mouldered to ~~rest~~ <sup>dust</sup>!"  
 (- meaning you: -) whilst unrepentant strangers will  
 tread upon your ashes with the same light  
 indifference with which you walk over the  
 sunken sods of those who died a century  
 ago. | ~~Though we may now be in the full~~  
~~tide of health, in the midst of our festive plea-~~



-sours, our ambitious hopes, our busy calculations  
 ● for <sup>of a</sup> worldly happiness, <sup>to be found</sup> in even better days than  
 these - still a dread form, hung all with black,  
 covered over with weeds, dripping with tears, is  
 before us all.

But let us not be <sup>unnecessarily</sup> appalled by this spectacle  
 of a world billowed with graves. | Let us not be  
 afraid to look cold death in the face. | He is  
 not altogether a foe. | He strikes hard, and he strikes  
 sure, but he does not always strike in anger.

I ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> said that the past has its trophies as  
 well as its ruins - its triumphs of <sup>over life</sup> ~~death~~ as  
 well as its triumphs of Death. | I have referred  
 you to a <sup>vitality</sup> life which no power, not even that  
 ● of this dreadful Desolator can touch or <sup>harm</sup> kill.  
 You know well what I mean. | You have seen  
 a Christian die! | You have seen how one and

~~have~~ ~~been~~ ~~dropped~~ ~~dropped~~ ~~about~~ ~~the~~ ~~circumstances~~ ~~(table)~~  
 another ~~drop~~ <sup>drop</sup> from ~~these~~ <sup>these</sup> ~~peas~~ <sup>peas</sup> into their graves, whose  
 names, if it were ~~sight~~ <sup>possible</sup> for me to recall them,  
~~would~~ <sup>might</sup> at once operate as a magic spell to quit  
 your apprehensions of your own approaching end,  
 by stirring in <sup>each of</sup> your hearts, the prayer: may ~~our~~ <sup>my</sup>  
 disease be like his or hus! - so certain are you  
 that ~~they~~ death was to them only another birth!  
 You know that when earthly things faded from  
~~their~~ <sup>his</sup> view ~~they~~ <sup>his</sup> vision was kindled with heav-  
 -enly things - that when ~~they~~ <sup>he</sup> broke the ties of kin-  
 -dred here, ~~it~~ still <sup>suffer</sup> ~~better~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ stronger ties were  
 knit about ~~their~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~hearts~~ <sup>affections</sup> there - and that when the  
 chill of dissolution was stealing along ~~their~~ <sup>his</sup> bodily  
 members, the warmth of resuscitation was already  
 beginning to ~~pour~~ <sup>be</sup> poured through ~~them~~ <sup>him</sup> from  
 the presence of ~~him~~ <sup>that one</sup> who is "the Life and the Resur-  
 -rection and the Life."

Ah - the only question left you to answer is:  
 Will any of <sup>you</sup> spend <sup>your remaining</sup> this ensuing year as you have  
 perhaps mispent <sup>those</sup> that which <sup>have gone</sup> has ~~been~~ - forgetting  
 death and not preparing for immortal life? | <sup>Is</sup> ~~Are~~  
 not each of you ~~you~~ <sup>not</sup> unwilling so to live as that when you go  
 hence, all <sup>the eulogies</sup> that can be written of you will be: "and  
he died?" | Is there no spirit of Simeon in this ap-  
 -semblage of undying souls which shall to-day in-  
 -spire every <sup>one of us</sup> hearts with the purpose: "henceforth I  
 will "walk with God": I will end <sup>transgressions</sup> my ~~sins~~ by re-  
 -pentance before I end my <sup>days</sup> life with sorrow: I will  
 obtain <sup>from on high</sup> the power of an endless life: I will keep  
 my heart warm with the celestial <sup>- the undying -</sup> fire of the  
 Spirit of grace: I will take Him as my Pattern  
 who has conquered death by conquering <sup>definitely</sup> ~~his~~ ~~sin~~  
~~self~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~Sin~~: and if my body must be  
 sown in in corruption I will provide for the hour  
 when it shall be raised in glory

when it shall be "raised in glory." ] O for the coming  
 ● of ~~that~~ <sup>the</sup> day which shall witness this noble  
 resolve, as the resolve of all who now hear  
 me, and whom I love so much as to wish,  
 not that you may die, but that, when you  
 do die, you shall, with your last <sup>as</sup> ~~ex~~piring  
 breath, bless God for the privilege of death,  
 and go down beneath <sup>you proceed to lie</sup> ~~the~~ dust that dust, <sup>where</sup>  
 once so forbidding but now so full of welcome,  
 to which Christ has given the voice to say:  
 "Death is <sup>here</sup> swallowed up in victory."

- a victory whose greatness will be <sup>fully</sup> felt  
 in that day when the voice <sup>shall be</sup> ~~is~~ heard which  
 is to ~~reclaim~~ <sup>reclaim</sup>: ✕

Ps 90, 5<sup>th</sup> pt 4 vers

H 613 - at 2<sup>nd</sup> vers

"631 - last verse def.