

# WANDERINGS OF A PILGRIM

By David Harsha, 1856.

This World a Wilderness, and the Christian a Pilgrim  
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## **This World a Wilderness, and the Christian a Pilgrim**

### PREFACE

The design of this essay is to contemplate the Christian's journey through the wilderness of this world to a better land, even the Heavenly Canaan— to point out, briefly, the way by which the Captain of our Salvation leads his followers to glory. It has been the grand object of the author to make the reader feel that he is a stranger and a pilgrim on earth— to make him realize the solemn truth, that a man's life is vanity; that his days are as a shadow which passes away; that mutability and dissolution are the characteristics of all sublunary objects; that, "All, on earth, is shadow; all beyond is substance."

When we look at the brevity and vanity of human life, we may well exclaim, in the beautiful and touching reflection of Edmund Burke, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" And in the similar impressive language of Patrick Henry, "I am but a poor worm of the dust, as fleeting and unsubstantial as the shadow of the cloud that flies over the fields, and is remembered no more!" Or we may rather open the pages of Holy Writ, and say, with the wisest of men, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity;" and with other inspired penmen, "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of

the field so he flourishes; for the wind passes over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." "For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appears for a little time, and then vanishes away."

Amid the excitement and bustle of a busy world, it is to be feared that the Christian too often forgets his true character as a pilgrim, journeying to mansions of glory in the skies. Too apt is he to place his affections upon those terrestrial objects by which he is surrounded in his pilgrimage. How often is this the case with the young Christian, over whom the world, with its delusive pleasures, exercises such a fascinating power. The author would earnestly and affectionately entreat the young reader to pause with this solemn reflection, 'I am but a traveler here.' Remember that you are passing rapidly through a scene of shadows and death to a state of eternal realities. O, then, we beseech you to live, as God's dear children, above the world, with your eye directed to that blessed home in your Heavenly Father's House, where the wicked shall cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.

Should the few plain words here written be the means of inducing any to pass the time of their sojourning here in the fear of God— persuading them to live and walk by faith in Christ— to rely, entirely, on his atoning blood for salvation— the author will desire no other reward than the happiness of knowing that he has been an humble instrument in the hand of God, for doing good.

This essay is now cast, as a mite into the treasury of Biblical literature, and commended to the blessing of Heaven. May it cheer the Christian pilgrim as he journeys through this world of sin and sorrow, and lead him to strive more earnestly for the glory, honor, and immortality of heaven— to cleave more closely to Jesus, and to labor more zealously in his cause, so that, when he comes to pass the valley of life he may enter the abodes of immortal glory, and receive the Savior's plaudit and welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant! You have been faithful with a few things; I will put you in charge of many things. Come and share your master's happiness!" "Then the King will say to those on the right, 'Come, you who are blessed by my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'" Matthew 25:34

**This World a Wilderness, and the Christian a Pilgrim**

For we are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers: our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding. 1 Chron. 29:15

We are here for only a moment, visitors and strangers in the land as our ancestors were before us. Our days on earth are like a shadow, gone so soon without a trace. 1 Chron. 29:15

We are aliens and strangers in your sight, as were all our forefathers. Our days on earth are like a shadow, without hope. 1 Chron. 29:15

Beyond this darksome valley of tears and death there lies a bright and joyous region of immortality, where weary pilgrims meet to stray no more. In that happy land their wanderings will have forever terminated, and they shall sit down in everlasting repose under the delightful shadow of the Tree of Life, in the midst of the paradise of God, and enjoy, through the blissful ages of glory, the presence and smiles of that Friend and Savior who, in the tenderest love for them, once poured out his own most precious blood on Calvary, that he might present them, faultless, before the throne of Heaven!

O how transcendentally glorious must be the future eternal home of the Christian pilgrim! On those golden plains beyond the river of death, rays of divine glory are beaming in full effulgence. There, the Sun of Righteousness is shining in all his meridian splendor, making eternity one constant noontide of untold and indescribable glory and blessedness— a day without clouds. There, our Immanuel shall be as the "light of the morning when the sun rises, even a morning without clouds."

Eternal day will dawn without a cloud. No gloom or darkness will ever overspread those blissful realms beyond the shores of time. The celestial world will always be irradiated by the glory of God and the Lamb, and the redeemed shall forever bask in the gladsome sunshine of Infinite Love. In that bright home of pilgrims, the Savior will conduct his ransomed ones to living fountains of waters— streams of immortal joys, and God shall wipe away all tears. In the presence of Jesus there is fullness of joy; at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore. Eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor has the human heart ever conceived those things which God has prepared for those who love him.

An exceeding and eternal weight of glory will crown every pilgrim who has found the happy shores of Immanuel's Land. In the Palace of the King of kings, all will be perfectly blessed, and from that "building of God, that house not made with hands," there shall be no more going out; but we shall forever be with the Lord, beholding his glory and enjoying the soul-ravishing manifestations of his endearing love. O, happy abode of Zion's pilgrims! O, sweet and pleasant world, where the balmy zephyrs of Heaven refresh the weary soul; where there flows not a tear; where there enters not a pain; where death itself shall be swallowed up in victory! This is the heritage of those who fear the Lord.

But before our feet stand on the blissful shores of the heavenly Canaan, we have to pass through a WILDERNESS scene. This world is that wilderness, where Zion's pilgrims wander until they are taken home to glory. It is a thorny pathway that leads to the realms of eternal day; but, by the grace of God, the Christian is enabled to hold on the good way with joy, until he passes through the wilderness and over Jordan, more than a conqueror through Jesus, and takes up his seraphic song of triumph amid the undying splendors of immortality.

In this little volume it is our design, as has been stated, to contemplate the Christian in his pilgrimage to the promised land—the happy home of all the true followers of Jesus. In this chapter there are two prominent ideas which recur in our mind, and which deserve our serious consideration.

First, This world is a wilderness.

Second, The Christian is a pilgrim here.

#### I. THIS WORLD IS A WILDERNESS

To every child of God this world, with all its conceived pleasures, is nothing but a wilderness—far from his Father's House; far from that goodly land which he so ardently longs to see and to possess. This is the view which every saint takes of earth; and it is a just one.

What the wilderness was to the children of Israel in their journey to the promised land, this decaying scene is to the believer in his progress heavenward. It is not his rest; it is not his home. On the contrary, it is a wilderness world of trouble, from which he is coming up out of, and traveling to the mansions above. The dark, rugged pathway lies through imminent dangers and difficulties, which sometimes rise like mountains before the Christian pilgrim, and threaten to retard his march to the land of immortality.

But it is a blessed consolation to know that Jesus guards the way to Mount Zion; that he will allow no evil to befall us; that even here, in this valley of tears, all things shall work together for our good. The sorrows and bereavements of life render this earth a trying wilderness world to the child of God. Here, the winds of adversity and floods of sorrow sweep along our path, making us long to reach the blissful hill Of Zion, where "no chilling blasts annoy," where all is blooming with immortal love and peace. Here on earth, we are almost constantly distressed with difficulties, cares, pains, and griefs, which render this a weary land— "a land of deserts and of pits, a land of drought, and of the shadow of death."

It is SIN that makes this world a wilderness to the saint. On account of the sin in his heart, he often faints, and is ready to die; he feels that this is indeed a valley of weeping, and longs to arrive at the borders of the wilderness, that he may cross into Canaan. Besides all this, he has to encounter, in his journey, violent opposition from an ungodly, persecuting world. This makes him cry out, with the Psalmist, "How I suffer among these scoundrels of Meshech! It pains me to live with these people from Kedar! I am tired of living here among people who hate peace." In the world, there are fightings without, and fears within. How unlike this dark abode of sin and misery are those radiant mansions far beyond the starry sky! There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest.

## 2. THE CHRISTIAN IS A PILGRIM HERE

He has only a temporary residence in this valley of tears; his abiding home is in that world "where momentary ages are no more." Now he is on his journey to those tearless, blissful regions where he is to spend the ceaseless, revolving ages of eternity. When the children of Israel were in the wilderness, they had no permanent residence, but were continually roving about from place to place; journeying to that goodly land which flowed with milk and honey, and which was then the glory of all lands; "For the Lord your God is bringing you into a good land of flowing streams and pools of water, with springs that gush forth in the valleys and hills. It is a land of wheat and barley, of grapevines, fig trees, pomegranates, olives, and honey. It is a land where food is plentiful and nothing is lacking."

So the believer is a pilgrim on earth, with no continuing city, nor certain place of abode, traveling through a dreary wilderness to that city which shines in the highest noon of glory; to that land of

blessedness and immortality, where perennial streams of bliss issue from the eternal Fountain of Life to refresh the weary soul, and where we may freely eat of the fruit of the Tree of Life, in the midst of the paradise of God. How impressive is the language of Moses to Hobab, in the wilderness: "We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you." The hosts of Israel, instead of making their abode in the waste howling wilderness, were marching forward to obtain possession of that land which the Lord "swore unto their fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, to give unto them and to their seed after them."

Like those ancient pilgrims, we have a promised land in view, and onward is our motto. Instead of seeking our home and our happiness in a perishing world, we are pressing on to that glorious kingdom which Jesus, in his boundless love, has gone to prepare for our reception, and which he has promised to bestow on all those who love him; for he says: "I confer on you a kingdom, just as my Father conferred one on me, so that you may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom and sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." And again; "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." So the Christian pilgrim, animated by such precious promises, has good hope, through grace, of gaining the happy shores of Canaan; of possessing the heavenly inheritance— of making his eternal abode in the courts of Paradise; and of sitting down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, at the banquet of redeeming love, in the kingdom of God.

With such glorious prospects in view, no wonder that he should look upon earth as a barren, homeless world; that he should feel like a stranger and sojourner in it. No wonder that he should speed his earthly flight to reach the blissful skies. We are entreated by a compassionate Savior to seek the better country. In the wilderness, the divine injunction to the children of Israel was to march forward to the land of promise land. The Lord said to Moses, "Now that you have brought these people out of Egypt, lead them to the land I solemnly promised Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. I told them long ago that I would give this land to their descendants."

The same solemn command, reminding us of our short pilgrimage on earth, is sounding in our ears. It is the entreating voice of the Savior, calling upon us to forsake this present evil world, and seek our portion in the fair realms of eternal day. It is a voice of compassion and love that says to us, "Arise, and depart; for this

present world is not your rest. Seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness." The Christian pilgrim obeys the divine injunction; sets forward on his journey; leaves the world, looks beyond this dying scene, gazes on the celestial Canaan, until its glories beam upon his soul, until he breathes the pure atmosphere of the upper world, until his ear hears the glorious melody of heaven and his eye catches a glimpse of the king in his beauty, and of the land that is afar off.

O says the weary pilgrim, as onward he journeys with his eye directed towards the heavenly Canaan. In yonder glorious world is my rest and abiding home. Yes—  
"There is my house and portion fair;  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my abiding home;  
For me my elder brethren stay,  
And angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come!"

The Christian confesses that he is a pilgrim here. All the children of Zion- all who have ever traveled to the Canaan on high, have acknowledged that they were strangers and pilgrims in this wilderness world. Of those ancient worthies who died in faith- in the bright hope of a blessed immortality beyond the darksome grave, and who are held up in the precious volume of inspiration, for our imitation in the Christian life- it is said, they "confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." To this land of shadows and of death, their views were not confined. No. They looked higher than earth. "They were looking for a better place, a heavenly homeland. That is why God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he has prepared a heavenly city for them." Of Abraham, it is said, "And even when he reached the land God promised him, he lived there by faith—for he was like a foreigner, living in a tent. And so did Isaac and Jacob, to whom God gave the same promise. Abraham did this because he was confidently looking forward to a city with eternal foundations, a city designed and built by God."

The earthly Canaan was but a type of the heavenly; and therefore the patriarchs, overlooking the passing scenes of a sublunary world, elevated their views to the true land of promise beyond the skies. In contemplating his present state, each child of God is ready to exclaim with the Psalmist, when addressing his Heavenly Father in earnest prayer, "Hear my prayer, O Lord! Listen to my cries for

help! Don't ignore my tears. For I am a stranger with you—a traveler passing through, as my ancestors were before me." His feelings with regard to earthly objects are beautifully expressed in the glowing language of the Christian poet—

"Nothing on earth I call my own;  
A stranger to the world, unknown,  
I all their goods despise  
I trample on their whole delight,  
And seek a city out of sight,  
A city in the skies!  
Not a foot of land do I possess;  
No cottage in this wilderness:  
A poor, wayfaring man;  
I lodge awhile in tents below,  
Or gladly wander to and fro,  
Till I my Canaan gain!"

Thus the Christian pursues his journey and pitches his tent nearer and nearer Canaan, until he reaches the banks of Jordan, where some appointed herald of glory is ready to conduct his happy spirit to the bosom of Abraham- to the mansions of rest- to the paradise of God.

The believer's life is a PROGRESSIVE one. All the true followers of Jesus are daily advancing in their journey towards the realms of peace. They go on, from strength to strength, through this wilderness scene, until every one of them appears before God in the celestial Zion. Their earnest and continued endeavors are to get nearer Heaven, to become ripe for glory; hence, forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those which are before, they press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. They are not satisfied with their present life in the wilderness. It has but little attractions for them. They are not conformed to the world. They do not think of making their abode in this valley of weeping; but onward they travel towards the land of Canaan- that pleasant region which lies beyond the Jordan of death. Their course is upward.

"All Christians," says the pious McCheyne, "are coming up out of the wilderness. Sabbath days are like milestones- marking our way. Every real Christian is making progress. If the sheep are on the shoulder of the shepherd, they are always getting nearer the fold. With some, the shepherd takes long steps. Dear friends, you should



be advancing, getting higher, nearer to Canaan, riper for glory. In the south of Russia, the country is of vast plains, rising by steppes. Dear friends, you should get on to a higher place, up another step every Sabbath day. In traveling, you never think of making a house in the wilderness. So, dear friends, do not take up your rest here; we are journeying. Let all your endeavors be to get on in your journey."

We would earnestly invite you, gentle reader, to accompany us in our pilgrimage to the heavenly country. We would beseech you, with the utmost compassion for your immortal soul, to forsake the path of death, and follow the way of life- the way to undying glory and felicity. In a word, we would most affectionately say to you as Moses did to Hobab, "We are on our way to the Promised Land. Come with us and we will treat you well, for the Lord has given wonderful promises to Israel!" Numbers 10:29

### **Commencement of the Christian's Journey- Difficulties in the Way**

"...where they strengthened the believers. They encouraged them to continue in the faith, reminding them that they must enter into the Kingdom of God through many tribulations." Acts 14:22

"Let us adore the grace that seeks  
To draw our hearts above!  
Attend, 'tis God the Savior speaks,  
And every word is love."

No man begins the journey to the heavenly home, until by the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit, his soul is attracted to Christ, the Living Way, the Truth, and the Life. At that happy hour when the heart is opened, and the understanding enlightened to discern spiritual things, the Savior's love is the first to beam in mild, sweet, constraining influence upon the soul of the renewed man. He wonders that he was not able before to discern the beauty, the excellence and glory of Immanuel. Now, Jesus appears to him as the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. Now, he is ready to exclaim, "My beloved is mine, and I his. Whom have I in heaven but you? There is none upon earth that I desire besides you."

Thus enlightened by divine grace, the pilgrim turns from the City of Destruction to the Heavenly Mansions. He leaves the crowded road

which leads to eternal darkness and woe, and enters on the narrow pathway that conducts the weary traveler to realms of light and bliss. The star of Bethlehem is his guide; the promises of God's word, his rod and staff; and heaven, his everlasting, happy home. His views are now elevated above the decaying objects around him. His affections are placed upon things above. He contemplates with rapturous delight the bleeding glories of Immanuel, and the shining abode of Zion's pilgrims in the celestial kingdom. He is risen with Jesus.

He has become a spiritually minded man. He lives and walks by faith in the Son of God. Though in the world, he is no longer of it; but belongs to the kingdom of Jesus Christ. As an heir of glory, as a traveler to the skies, as an expectant of eternal bliss, he looks above and beyond the troublesome scenes of a fleeting pilgrimage. He enjoys the charming and sublime prospect beyond the precincts of time! He beholds in that brighter world, an ocean of glory, without a shore, and without a storm! As the Christian pursues his journey, with his eye fixed on the solemn realities of eternity, earth and sublunary grandeur appear to him as transitory as the morning cloud and early morning dew, compared with those immeasurable ages of bliss, which roll before his transported vision.

A traveler on his journey, loves to cherish the endearing thoughts of home and domestic happiness. Nothing is so dear to him in all his wanderings as the fireside of his fathers— the land of his birth. In like manner, he who has been constrained, by the Savior's love, to begin the blessed journey from the wilderness of this world to the heavenly Canaan, will delight to meditate on the riches and glory of his Father's house, in the pure, unclouded realms of eternal day. The Jerusalem above will be dearer to him than any earthly object. His language will be: "If I forget you, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its skill upon the harp. May my tongue stick to the roof of my mouth if I fail to remember you, if I don't make Jerusalem my highest joy." In every stage of his pilgrimage, the Christian loves to think of that better land, his true, abiding home, where he shall sing triumphant songs of praise to his Redeemer, and his God.

We have thus hinted at the pleasing view which opens to him from whose eyes the scales of unbelief leave fallen- who is enabled to look at eternal things in the light of God's word; and who has set out upon the Christian's journey, to the celestial city. We shall now notice a few of the difficulties which lie in the way to glory; for no

sooner does the pilgrim enter on the path of the just, than he meets with obstacles. We mention three sources from which the Christian may expect to meet with great opposition in fighting the good fight of faith.

### 1. THE WORLD

The world with its sinful pleasures and enjoyments is calculated to captivate the affections, enchain the heart, and impede the pilgrim's progress to the heavenly rest. A thousand fascinating charms are thrown around his pathway through this bewildering world. In city and in country; on land and on sea- everywhere, the soldier of the cross is surrounded by spiritual dangers and difficulties.

"Yet, the clear path to your abode,  
Lies through this horrid land;  
Lord, we would trace the dangerous road,  
And run at your command."

Love of the world is one great means of retarding our journey to the skies. O, how many have turned aside from following the blessed Jesus by placing all their affections upon this present, fleeting scene, which in a very few years at most, will profit them nothing! "Demas has forsaken me, having loved this present world."

See to it, Christian, that you do not love the world. By faith in the cross of Christ, and the bleeding glories of Calvary; this world with all its riches and honors will become a dim and dying object in your view.

"Then, pilgrim, let your joys and fears  
On time no longer lean;  
But henceforth all your hopes and fears  
From earth's affections wean."

Obey the warning voice of mercy if you would reach the blissful shore: "Stop loving this evil world and all that it offers you, for when you love the world, you show that you do not have the love of the Father in you." Notwithstanding the Christian's endeavors to live above the world, and near to God, how often is he compelled to cry out with the Psalmist: "My soul cleaves unto the dust: quicken me according to your word."

"From earth, and all its empty joys,  
Blest Jesus, set Me free;

How vain the worldling's gilded toys,  
Compared with heaven and thee!  
You are my hope, my way, my bliss;  
My glory, and my crown;  
Descend, O blessed Prince of Peace,  
And make my heart your throne."

We must expect to meet with OPPOSITION FROM AN UNBELIEVING WORLD. Those who have their part and portion here do not love those who have chosen a better inheritance above. The world hates a true follower of the Lamb! Jesus was himself the object of their hatred. No wonder then that his followers should meet with the same reception from unbelievers. The Savior says to his disciples: "If you belonged to the world, it would love you as its own. As it is, you do not belong to the world, but I have chosen you out of the world. That is why the world hates you." It has been truly said that if we are faithful, we must indeed expect reproach; if we boldly confess Christ before men, and steadily maintain that marked distinction which forms the line of separation between the church and the world, we must submit to have our names cast out as evil.

## 2. THE DEVIL

The Christian pilgrim will meet with opposition from Satan. "For we are not fighting against people made of flesh and blood, but against the evil rulers and authorities of the unseen world, against those mighty powers of darkness who rule this world, and against wicked spirits in the heavenly realms." The inspired writers give us directions how we are to meet and vanquish this arch enemy of souls. "Be careful! Watch out for attacks from the Devil, your great enemy. He prowls around like a roaring lion, looking for some victim to devour. Take a firm stand against him, and be strong in your faith. Remember that Christians all over the world are going through the same kind of suffering you are." "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you". "A final word: Be strong with the Lord's mighty power. Put on all of God's armor so that you will be able to stand firm against all strategies and tricks of the Devil. Use every piece of God's armor to resist the enemy in the time of evil, so that after the battle you will still be standing firm. Put on salvation as your helmet, and take the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. Pray at all times and on every occasion in the power of the Holy Spirit. " Let us follow this advice, and we shall win a glorious victory, and receive an immortal crown. The God of peace shall bruise Satan under our feet shortly.

In the arms of Jesus we shall be safe, eternally safe from the attacks of our subtle adversary. Satan will never be able to pluck a single believing soul from the hands of an Almighty Savior! Animated by such a consideration, let us press forward in our pilgrimage, armed with the panoply of Heaven; and in a little while the Satanic conflict will be over; then we shall take up sweet, unending songs of triumph in that happy place, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.

### 3. THE FLESH

Another enemy, with which the Christian will have to contend until this mortal life shall have put on immortality, is the flesh. As the believer is never perfectly sanctified in this life, the remains of corruption in his heart must be a source of continual annoyance to him in coming up from the wilderness to the land of perfection and bliss. Here, the flesh lusts against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh. The Canaanites are still in the land; and the soldier of the cross must be always on his guard, lest they surprise and overcome him.

"The remainders of corruption require continual watchfulness and caution, lest they increase and regain their former possession of the heart. Sin still dwelling in the believer, causes that warfare, which must never cease until this body is laid in the grave, never more to harm the disembodied spirit, encircled with heavenly glory." How often has the remaining depravity of the human heart made the good man weep and bend, as under an unendurable load, and long to be freed from the bitter thralldom of sinful flesh! This made Paul cry out in the bitterness of his soul, "Oh, what a miserable person I am! Who will free me from this life that is dominated by sin?" But almost with the same breath he exclaims, as he sees the Great Deliverer, "Thank God! The answer is in Jesus Christ our Lord."

Here, then, is our strength and deliverance. Jesus is the salvation of Israel. In Him we shall obtain complete dominion over the corruptions of our nature. How reanimating to hear that sweet promise whispered in our ears, while we are still in an enemy's land, "My gracious favor is all you need. My power works best in your weakness." So now I am glad to boast about my weaknesses, so that the power of Christ may work through me."

Then, if we would overcome all the difficulties which lie in our

pathway to immortal bliss- if we would reach the happy shores of Immanuel's Land- let us follow the advice of the Apostle. "The night is nearly over; the day is almost here. So let us put aside the deeds of darkness and put on the armor of light. Let us behave decently, as in the daytime, not in orgies and drunkenness, not in sexual immorality and debauchery, not in dissension and jealousy. Rather, clothe yourselves with the Lord Jesus Christ, and do not think about how to gratify the desires of the sinful nature."

What a glorious reward is held forth to him who is true to the cause of Christ throughout his pilgrimage on earth! "Remain faithful even when facing death, and I will give you the crown of life." O what unutterable bliss awaits the faithful follower of Jesus in that eternal, glorious world toward which they are daily advancing!

And how much is there in the Holy Scriptures to animate us in struggling amid the sorrows and conflicts of the Christian course! They tell us that all the riches and glories of the heavenly Canaan are to be enjoyed through the ceaseless ages of eternity, by those who have overcome by the blood of the Lamb. The cheering language of the Savior is- "To him who overcomes, I will give the right to eat from the tree of life, which is in the paradise of God." "He who overcomes will not be hurt at all by the second death." "To him who overcomes, I will give some of the hidden manna. I will also give him a white stone with a new name written on it, known only to him who receives it." "He who overcomes will, like them, be dressed in white. I will never blot out his name from the book of life, but will acknowledge his name before my Father and his angels." "Him who overcomes I will make a pillar in the temple of my God. Never again will he leave it. I will write on him the name of my God and the name of the city of my God, the new Jerusalem, which is coming down out of heaven from my God; and I will also write on him my new name." "To him who overcomes, I will give the right to sit with me on my throne, just as I overcame and sat down with my Father on his throne." "He who overcomes will inherit all this, and I will be his God and he will be my son."

"Oft as I look upon the road  
That leads to yonder blest abode,  
I feel distressed and fearful;  
So many foes the passage throng,  
I am so weak and they so strong,  
How can my soul be cheerful?  
But when I think of him whose power,

Can save me in a trying hour,  
And place on Him reliance,  
My soul is then ashamed of fear;  
And though ten thousand foes appear,  
I'll bid them all defiance.  
The dangerous road I then pursue,  
And keep the glorious prize in view,  
With joyful hope elated;  
Strong in the Lord, in Him alone,  
Where he conducts, I follow on,  
With ardor unabated.  
O Lord, each day renew my strength,  
And let me see your face at length,  
With all your people yonder;  
With them in heaven your love declare,  
And sing your praise forever there,  
With gratitude and wonder."

### **Encouragements- Provision by the Way**

"These are the ones who will dwell on high. The rocks of the mountains will be their fortress of safety. Food will be supplied to them, and they will have water in abundance." Isaiah 33:16

"I thirst! O God, great Source of Love!  
Infinite Life streams from above,  
O give one drop and let me live!  
The barren world has nothing to give:  
No solace have its streams for me:  
I thirst alone for heaven and thee."

When the Israelites were marching through the burning wilderness of Arabia to the promised land, God nourished them with bread from heaven, and with water from a smitten rock. Then he opened the doors of heaven, and rained down manna upon them to eat, and gave them of the bread of heaven. Men ate angels' food! He sent them food to the full. He opened the rock in the wilderness, and gave them drink as out of the great depths. He brought streams also out of the rock, and caused waters to run down like rivers.

The same is true, in a spiritual sense, of Zion's pilgrims, who are journeying through this barren wilderness world to the happy Canaan above. They are encircled in the same Everlasting Arms.

Their needs are supplied by the same Almighty Hand. They eat of the hidden manna, and drink of the water of life. How beautifully is this comparison illustrated by the Christian poet!

"When Israel by divine command  
The pathless desert trod,  
They found, though 'twas a barren land,  
A sure resource in God.  
A cloudy pillar marked their road,  
And screened them from the heat;  
From the hard rocks the water flowed,  
And manna was their meat."  
Like them we have a rest in view,  
Secure from adverse powers:  
Like them we pass a desert, too;  
But Israel's God is ours.  
Yes, in this barren wilderness,  
He is to us the same,  
By his appointed means of grace,  
As once he was to them."

A gracious God, in the infinitude of his love, has provided ample provision for the refreshment and support of weary pilgrims in passing through this dark valley to the joyous realms of everlasting light. Here, he has instituted the precious ordinances of divine grace and salvation for our joy and happiness until we come to worship Him in His temple above. As our kind Heavenly Father, he has given us the bread of life. Jesus Christ is the true bread from heaven, with which the souls of believers are nourished in their lonely pilgrimage. Says the Savior, "I am the bread of life. No one who comes to me will ever be hungry again. Those who believe in me will never thirst." "Yes, I am the bread of life! Your ancestors ate manna in the wilderness, but they all died. However, the bread from heaven gives eternal life to everyone who eats it. I am the living bread that came down out of heaven. Anyone who eats this bread will live forever; this bread is my flesh, offered so the world may live."

The Israelites, in their wanderings in the wilderness, were fed with manna; but we, in our journey to a better land, partake of the fullness of Jesus, whose flesh is food indeed, and whose blood is drink indeed. Here, in this wilderness,  
"Jesus, the bread of life, is given  
To be our daily food  
We drink a wondrous stream from heaven,



'Tis water, wine, and blood.  
Lord, 'tis enough, I ash no more,  
These blessings are divine;  
I envy not the worldling's store,  
If Christ and heaven are mine."

Here, we drink of the living waters of salvation- those streams of immortal joys, which issue from the pierced side of a blessed Redeemer, for the refreshment of thirsty pilgrims, wandering through the deserts of life. The perennial fountain of that river, whose streams make glad the city of our God, is to be found in a suffering Savior; and at this precious Fountain we may quench our thirst forever. "Everyone who drinks this water will be thirsty again, but whoever drinks the water I give him will never thirst. Indeed, the water I give him will become in him a spring of water welling up to eternal life." Here is the well of endless life.

O thirsty soul, come to a bleeding Savior, and drink, and live forever! You are earnestly invited to come to the Fountain of Life. These living waters are freely offered to all. This is the language of redeeming love, "Is anyone thirsty? Come and drink—even if you have no money! Come, take your choice of wine or milk—it's all free! Why spend your money on food that does not give you strength? Why pay for food that does you no good? Listen, and I will tell you where to get food that is good for the soul!" "To all who are thirsty I will give the springs of the water of life without charge!" "The Spirit and the bride say, 'Come.' Let each one who hears them say, 'Come.' Let the thirsty ones come—anyone who wants to. Let them come and drink the water of life without charge."

When the children of Israel left the land of Egypt, the Lord guided them through the pathless desert by a pillar of cloud and fire until they were brought to the borders of Canaan. Thus the great Leader of his spiritual Israel has kindled a light in this dark and dreary land to guide his chosen people to that glorious realm on high, where it is said, "The Lord shall be unto you an everlasting light, and your God your glory."

The blessed WORD OF GOD affords the Christian traveler light, comfort, joy, and provision by the way. Says the Psalmist: "Your word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. This is my comfort in my affliction; for your word has quickened me. Your statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage. Your

testimonies have I taken as a heritage forever: for they are the rejoicing of my heart. How sweet are your words unto my taste yes, sweeter than honey to my mouth." In the Bible there is everything provided for the needy traveler to Zion. "It embodies all," says an eloquent living divine (Waterbury), "that a Christian in this pilgrimage can need. It is his only chart through this tempestuous life. In trouble, it is his consolation; in prosperity, his monitor; in difficulty, his guide. Amid the darkness of death, and while descending into the shadowy valley, it is the day-star that illuminates his path, makes his dying eye bright with hope, and cheers his soul with the prospect of immortal glory."

Ample provision is set before the pilgrim of Zion in a PREACHED GOSPEL. Here it is that his soul is refreshed with the richest streams of divine grace. Here, he draws living water out of the wells of salvation with joy. No wonder, then, that the child of God loves, above all other places in this world, the habitation of God's house. No wonder that his language is, "My heart is breaking as I remember how it used to be: I walked among the crowds of worshipers, leading a great procession to the house of God, singing for joy and giving thanks—it was the sound of a great celebration!" "How lovely is your dwelling place, O Lord Almighty. I long, yes, I faint with longing to enter the courts of the Lord. With my whole being, body and soul, I will shout joyfully to the living God."

But the most abundant provision is procured for needy pilgrims in THE LORD'S SUPPER. This is a most precious, a most soul-ravishing ordinance of grace. Surely, if there is a time when the Christian is permitted to lie down in green pastures, by the still waters, in this bleak and barren world, it is during communion seasons, when he draws around that holy table, and meditates on the wonders of Calvary. Then it is that his weary soul is refreshed with the abundance of God's grace, and with the goodness of his house. Then it is that he reposes with the greatest delight under the shadow of Jesus, who protects all his people from the burning wrath of an offended God. "I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste."

If there is a moment this side of heaven, when the Christian traveler seems to breathe a purer atmosphere than that of earth, it is when seated at the table of the Lord, he takes into his hands the emblems of Immanuel's broken body and shed blood, and, with the eye of faith turned towards Calvary, views that immaculate Savior nailed to the accursed tree, bleeding from every pore— in his

unparalleled love, dying for rebel man, and by his vicarious death opening the way to God and to glory.

When the believing communicant appropriates Christ and his righteousness as freely offered in this ordinance, he feels as if his happy spirit were fanned by the breezes of paradise. It is this appropriating act- this feasting on Christ crucified that refreshes the weary pilgrim infinitely more than all the enjoyments of a dying world. This rich provision satisfies the soul as with marrow and fatness. It fills it with joy, unutterable, indescribable and full of glory. Our poor pen cannot describe the joy and peace which a famishing soul experiences when it eats of the hidden manna, and drinks of the living water. It is impossible to tell how soul-reviving it is, thus to receive a crucified Savior as ours; to have his goodness imparted to our souls.

"How sweet the sacred joy that dwells  
In souls renewed by power divine;  
Where Jesus all his goodness tells:  
Oh! may this joy be ever mine."

Come, then, weary pilgrim, and repose in these green pastures, and bathe in the still waters. You will then be invigorated for treading the pathway through the shadows of earth to that bright, happy region where you shall forever eat of the fruit of the tree of life in the midst of the paradise of God; and where you shall drink of that perennial fountain which issues from the throne of the Eternal.

How happy is the condition of Zion's pilgrim even in this land of sorrow! Their needs are all supplied out of Jesus, in whom it has pleased the Father that all fullness should dwell. Their provisions are prepared by the God of all grace; and they are sufficient. "They will be my sheep, grazing in green pastures and on hills that were previously bare, and their pastures shall be in all high places."  
"They will be my sheep, grazing in green pastures and on hills that were previously bare. They will neither hunger nor thirst. The searing sun and scorching desert winds will not reach them anymore. For the Lord in his mercy will lead them beside cool waters. And I will make my mountains into level paths for them. The highways will be raised above the valleys. See, my people will return from far away, from lands to the north and west, and from as far south as Egypt. Sing for joy, O heavens! Rejoice, O earth! Burst into song, O mountains! For the Lord has comforted his

people and will have compassion on them in their sorrow."

Go then, Christian traveler, on your way to the peaceful shore of glory, singing, with a cheerful heart, the pilgrim's song of Psalm 23—

The Lord is my shepherd;  
I have everything I need.  
He lets me rest in green meadows;  
he leads me beside peaceful streams.  
He renews my strength.  
He guides me along right paths,  
bringing honor to his name.  
Even when I walk  
through the dark valley of death,  
I will not be afraid,  
for you are close beside me.  
Your rod and your staff  
protect and comfort me.  
You prepare a feast for me  
in the presence of my enemies.  
You welcome me as a guest,  
anointing my head with oil.  
My cup overflows with blessings.  
Surely your goodness and unfailing love  
will pursue me all the days of my life,  
and I will live in the house of the Lord forever.

## **THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM IN THE VALLEY OF BACA**

"Who passing through **the valley of Baca** make it a well; the rain also fills the pools." Psalm 84:6

"When they walk through **the Valley of Weeping**, it will become a place of refreshing springs, where pools of blessing collect after the rains!" Psalm 84:6

"God, in Israel sows the seed  
Of affliction, pain, and toil;  
These spring up and choke the weeds  
Which would else o'erspread the soil.  
Trials make the promise sweet,  
Trials give new life to prayer;  
Trials bring me to his feet,  
Lay me low, and keep me there."

Our pilgrimage to the Heavenly Canaan lies through a valley of weeping. This earth is a valley of tears: and it is a path which all of Zion's pilgrims must tread until they come to that place where the voice of weeping shall no more be heard. "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." Of God's own chosen people, it is said, "You have fed us with sorrow, and made us drink tears by the bucketful." The followers of Jesus must not, therefore, expect to find a smooth road to glory. "You have tested us, O God; you have purified us like silver melted in a crucible. You sent troops to ride across our broken bodies. We went through fire and flood. But you brought us to a place of great abundance."

"Our path is strewn with piercing thorns;  
Each step is gained by arduous fight,  
Yet wait, till hope's bright morning dawns,  
Till darkness changes into light."

Some of the trials which render this world a valley of tears, and which the Christian pilgrim is called to suffer, are, bodily sickness, mental anguish, adversity, and bereavement. Who has not experienced some of these afflictions? Our limits will permit us to notice only the last mentioned- that of BEREAVEMENT. And whose cheeks have not been moistened by the tears shed for the loss of some dear companion? Who has not, in this land of death, been called to take the last look of some loved associate in his toilsome pilgrimage? To see, perhaps, his dearest friends lowered in the cold, dark grave? O how trying to flesh and blood, is bereavement!

"This is the bitterest of all earthly sorrows. It is the sharpest arrow in the quiver of God. To love tenderly and deeply, and then to have to meet together for the last time on earth; to bid farewell for time; to have all remembrances of home and kindred broken up- this is the reality of sorrow. To look upon that face that shall smile on us no more; to close those eyes that shall see us no more; to kiss those lips that shall speak to us no more; to stand by the cold side of father, mother, brother, sister, friend, yet hear no sound and receive no greeting; to carry to the tomb the beloved of our hearts, and then to return to a desolate home with a blank in one region of our souls which shall never again be filled until Jesus comes with all his saints- this is the bitterness of grief; this is the wormwood and the gall."

This is what the saints of God, as well as the men of the world, are

daily called to endure; and this is what renders earth such a valley of tears.

But we would also notice the DESIGN which God has in afflicting the righteous. It is to prepare them for that better land, where there is fullness of joy. It is to draw their affections from earth to heaven- from the wilderness to Canaan. It is to make us mindful of our inheritance above- to make us feel that we are strangers and pilgrims on the earth- to make us cleave to Jesus by faith- to make us meditate on the wonders of his redeeming love- to qualify us for a participation of the joys of the redeemed before the Throne. Our light, momentary affliction works for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

"Affliction," says one, "not only profits us much just now, but it will serve us much in eternity. Then we shall discover how much we owe it. All that it is doing for us, we know not now, but we shall know hereafter. It is preparing for us a 'more abundant entrance,' a weightier crown, a whiter robe, a sweeter rest, a home made doubly precious by a long exile and many sufferings here below."

"I wonder," says that godly man of other days, Samuel Rutherford, "I wonder many times that ever a child of God should have a sad heart, considering what the Lord is preparing for them." Says one, "When we shall come home, and enter into the possession of our brother's fair kingdom, and when our heads shall feel the weight of the eternal crown of glory, and when we shall look back to pain and sufferings, then shall we see life and sorrow, to be less than one step or stride from a prison to a glory, and that our little inch of temporal-suffering is not worthy of our first night's welcome home to heaven. However matters go, the worst shall be a tired traveler, and a joyful and sweet welcome home."

But amid all our affliction here we are not without strong consolation. The most precious promises are extended to the mourning pilgrims of Zion. There is One who speaks to them in the tenderest love and compassion. "Sing for joy, O heavens! Rejoice, O earth! Burst into song, O mountains! For the Lord has comforted his people and will have compassion on them in their sorrow." "I, even I, am the one who comforts you" There is an eye that watches over suffering pilgrims. There is a hand that smoothes the rugged passage to the realms of day. There is a Friend in Heaven, who feels for his sorrowful disciples in this valley of tears. Jesus is that Friend who sticks closer than a brother; and his encouraging

language to his afflicted followers is, "Let not your heart be troubled: you believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions." "He that goes forth and weeps, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with Him"

"Beloved, it is well. It is good to be afflicted. Our days of suffering here we call days of darkness; hereafter they will seem our brightest and fairest. In eternity we shall praise Jehovah, most of all for our sorrows and tears. So blessed shall they then seem to us, that we shall wonder how we could ever have wept and sighed." (Horatius Bonar)

There is a joyful 'harvest-home' for weeping pilgrims in New Jerusalem. In that happy home, no tears shall ever flow, through the glorious ages of vast eternity.

"There purity with love appears,  
And bliss without alloy;  
There those who oft had sown in tears  
Shall reap again in joy."

Of those who are marching through this valley of tears to Immanuel's land, our gracious Heavenly Father has said: "They will come home and sing songs of joy on the heights of Jerusalem. They will be radiant because of the many gifts the Lord has given them—the good crops of wheat, wine, and oil, and the healthy flocks and herds. Their life will be like a watered garden, and all their sorrows will be gone." Then shall every tear be wiped away from the faces of all the redeemed before the throne of God.

A consideration of THE BREVIDITY OF THEIR EARTHLY TRIALS ought to afford relief to weary pilgrims who are looking to Jesus for eternal life. They will not be long in the valley of Baca. They will soon have reached the heights of Mount Zion. Our light affliction is but for a moment. "His anger lasts for a moment, but his favor lasts a lifetime! Weeping may go on all night, but joy comes with the morning." How pleasing is the thought that our redemption is every moment drawing nearer. We may well lift up our heads with joy, for the coming of the Lord draws near.

Our journey to the skies is but a short one. We are rapidly advancing to the tearless region. "Every hour that strikes- every morning that dawns, and every evening that darkens around us, brings us nearer to the end of our pilgrimage." A few more tears of

sorrow; a few more days of darkness, and nights of weeping, and we shall forever be with the Lord in that better country, where we shall find fullness of joy in the presence of Him who has loved us with an everlasting love- who has washed us from our sins in his own most precious blood, and who will wipe away all tears from our eyes. Then the Lord will be our everlasting light, and the days of our mourning be ended. Even so, come, Lord Jesus!

## **THE CHRISTIAN ON PISGAH'S MOUNT**

"Your eyes will see the king in his beauty and view a land that stretches afar." Isaiah 33:17

"Your eyes will see the king in all his splendor, and you will see a land that stretches into the distance." Isaiah 33:17

"I was a groveling creature once,  
And basely cleaved to earth;  
I lacked the spirit to renounce  
The clod that gave me birth.  
But God has breathed upon this worm,  
And sent me from above,  
Wings such as clothe an angel's form;  
The wings of joy and love.  
With these to Pisgah's top I fly,  
And there delighted stand;  
To view beneath a shining sky,  
The spacious promised land"

Before the children of Israel gained possession of the land of Canaan, they were refreshed with a taste of its delicious fruits. In like manner, the Christian, before he reaches the better country, has many sweet foretastes of celestial joys in the valley of weeping. There are times when he seems to live above the world, and to have nothing but the glories of heaven in his eye. At such delightful seasons, he can adopt the soul-stirring language of Payson: "The celestial city is fully in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart."

The views of the pilgrim, when by faith he surveys the better land, are similar to those of the Christian when showed the Delectable Mountains. How beautifully and strikingly is this described lay the immortal Bunyan: "Then I saw in my dream, that on the morrow he



got up to go forward, but they desired him to stay until the next day also; and then, said they, we will, if the day be clear, show you the Delectable Mountains; which, they said, would yet farther and to his comfort, because they were nearer the desired haven than the place where at present he was; so he consented and staid. When the morning came, they took him to the top of the house, and bid him look south. So he did, and behold, at a great distance, he saw a most pleasant mountainous country, beautified with woods, vineyards, fruits of all sorts, flowers also, with springs and fountains, very delectable to behold. Then he asked the name of the country. They said it was Immanuel's land; and it is as common, said they, as this hill is, to and for all the pilgrims. And when you come there, from thence you may see to the gate of the celestial city, as the shepherds that live there will make appear."

We would notice, in a word or two, HOW and WHERE the Christian obtains the most glorious views of that Promised Land which lies beyond the Jordan of death.

1. As Moses obtained a view of the earthly Canaan from the top of Pisgah, so we yet a glimpse of heavenly glory FROM THE MOUNT OF MEDITATION— our spiritual Pisgah. "By meditation," says a pious old divine, "I can converse with God- solace myself in the bosom of my Beloved- bathe myself in rivers of pleasures- tread the paths of my rest- and view the mansions of my eternity. What do you gain, then, O my soul, in this valley of tears? Go up upon the mount, and view the Land of Promise! What can you look for in this wilderness of trouble? Up upon the wing, and take your flight to Heaven— let your thoughts be where your happiness is, and let the heart be where your thoughts are. Though your habitation may be on earth, yet your conversation shall be in Heaven."

2. It is while waiting upon God IN THE COURTS OF HIS HOUSE— while seated at the table of the Lord, that the Christian pilgrim sometimes obtains the brightest views of heaven. It is in the earthly temple of the Lord that we oftentimes obtain a glimpse of the heavenly mansion. Here it is, that a sweet promise has been repeatedly verified to the children of God: "Your eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off." O how delightful is it thus to glance from earth to Heaven- from a dying world to one of immortal bloom- from the turbulent scene of our toil and suffering; to the peaceful mansions of our rest and felicity!

There is nothing that transports the soul of a weary pilgrim like a faith's view of his eternal rest beyond the swelling floods of Jordan.  
"How rich the prospect glows  
Beyond this vale of tears;  
Where crystal water flows,  
And verdure crowns the year."

Come then, fellow pilgrim, and survey your everlasting happy home. Ascend the Mount of Pisgah, and behold the glorious land before you. View the Celestial City, with its twelve gates of pearls, and its streets of gold, enlightened by the glory of God and the Lamb. See the river of pleasure, with its crystal streams, flowing from the Eternal Throne; and the Tree of Life, with its twelve kinds of fruits, standing in the midst of the Paradise. Behold the countless throng of the redeemed before the throne. Hear their sweet, melodious strains, which shall forever gladden the realms above: "All praise to him who loves us and has freed us from our sins by shedding his blood for us. He has made us his kingdom and his priests who serve before God his Father. Give to him everlasting glory! He rules forever and ever! Amen!" "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

"There shall the ransomed throng  
A Savior's love record;  
And shout, in everlasting song,  
Salvation to the Lord!"

Above all, contemplate your blessed Redeemer, seated on his great white throne, encircled with heavenly glory. Look at the King in his beauty! It is the sight of a glorified Savior that will make the heaven of the believer. Endeavor now, by the eye of faith, to behold the Lord Jesus in all his matchless beauty and excellence. Contemplate his glorious character; his infinite mercy; his unparalleled condescension, and his boundless love. There is enough in Jesus to employ the soul in rapturous meditation through a vast eternity— his excellence, his goodness, and his love can never be fathomed. O, then, keep your eye fixed on this adorable Savior, while you sojourn in this valley of tears; and in a little while you shall see him as he is— face to face, and ascribe to him unceasing praise.

How reviving to the weary Christian traveler, from the top of Pisgah, is a view of his distant, happy home in the Heavenly

Canaan! His feelings on this delightful spot are well expressed in the following beautiful lines—

"As when the weary traveler gains,  
The height of some o'er-looking hill,  
His heart revives, if across the plains  
He eyes his home, through distant still.  
While he surveys the much loved spot,  
He slights the space that lies between;  
His past fatigues are now forgot,  
Because his journey's end is seen.  
Thus when the Christian pilgrim views  
By faith, his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.  
The thought of home, his spirit cheers,  
No more he grieves for troubles past;  
Nor any future trial fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.  
'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell  
With Jesus, in the realms of day;  
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,  
And he will wipe my tears away."

### **THE POSTURE OF THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM IN COMING UP FROM THE WILDERNESS OF THIS WORLD**

"Who is this that comes up from the wilderness, **leaning upon her beloved?**" Song of Solomon 8:5

"But, firm as on a rock,  
The saint on Christ relies;  
He smiles in death's dissolving shock,  
And mounts into the skies!"

The Jewish church came up from the wilderness, leaning on the Eternal God for her support. He was the Guide, the Rock, the Salvation of his chosen Israel. "He found them in a desert land, in an empty, howling wasteland. He surrounded them and watched over them; he guarded them as his most precious possession. Like an eagle that rouses her chicks and hovers over her young, so he spread his wings to take them in and carried them aloft on his pinions. The Lord alone guided them; they lived without any foreign gods."

In like manner, the Christian church is passing through the deserts of life, has Israel's God for its Leader. The same gracious eye that watched over the wandering tribes of Israel in their long journey through the Arabian wilderness, is now watching with the tenderest care and love over that chosen band, who have forsaken all for Christ, and who are marching through a changing, terrestrial scene to a higher, brighter, nobler world on high. "But the Lord watches over those who fear him, those who rely on his unfailing love." "He that touches you, touches the apple of his eye." (Anyone who harms you harms my most precious possession.) The same kind hand that led Israel of old to the promised land, guides the humble followers of Jesus to mansions of glory in the skies. "The Lord of hosts is with us." "The eternal God is our refuge; and underneath and around us are the Everlasting Arms."

In the 8th chapter of the Song of Solomon we have the posture of the pilgrim, advancing to the celestial city, beautifully presented to us "Who is this that comes up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?" Here we see the blessed object on which the Christian reposes, while passing through this scene of fluctuating and perishing mortality. He relies entirely upon Jesus Christ, the Beloved of his soul. He look to no other source for protection and support. He hopes in no other refuge. His language is, "Lord, to whom would we go? You alone have the words that give eternal life."

We would advert to a few ways in which a believing soul, in coming up from the wilderness, rests on Jesus, the sinner's Friend.

1. He rests on him for STRENGTH. The poor pilgrim has no might in himself; but relying on Christ, he can say with holy Paul, "When I am weak, then I am strong." What a happy thing it is to feel our own weakness and nothingness in the sight of Heaven; and then to cast ourselves into the strong arms of Jesus— those arms of infinite love, which encircle and sustain all the righteous. "The name of the Lord is a strong fortress; the godly run to him and are safe." It is by leaning upon the Beloved of our souls that we are made strong.

Helpless pilgrim, would you obtain strength for gaining the joyful heights of Zion? Then look to Jesus. Rest in him now; and in a little while, when you cross into Canaan, you will rest with him in that happy land, where weariness and sorrow are unknown. Do not trust to your own strength; but lean upon the Lord, and you will be

upheld with divine grace and power. Then you will be enabled to press onward with the greatest speed and alacrity to the heavenly mansions. "The Lord's voice will roar from Zion and thunder from Jerusalem, and the earth and heavens will begin to shake. But to his people, the Lord will be a welcoming refuge and a strong fortress."

"Have you never heard or understood? Don't you know that the Lord is the everlasting God, the Creator of all the earth? He never grows faint or weary. No one can measure the depths of his understanding. He gives power to those who are tired and worn out; he offers strength to the weak. Even youths will become exhausted, and young men will give up. But those who wait on the Lord will find new strength. They will fly high on wings like eagles. They will run and not grow weary. They will walk and not faint."

"Blest Jesus, to my soul  
Your grace and strength impart;  
Till, clothed in perfect righteousness,  
I see you as you art.  
As I wander through the desert,  
Be my constant help and stay  
Shine upon my path, and lead me  
To the realms of endless day."

Happy is he who in the morning of life casts all his care upon Jesus; who takes the Savior as his all and in all— as the strength of his heart and his portion forever. He may sweetly sing as he is tossed upon the surging billows of life's ocean, "Praise the Lord! He was angry with me, but now he comforts me. See, God has come to save me. I will trust in him and not be afraid. The Lord God is my strength and my song; he has become my salvation."

"But Jesus is my living way,  
My only trust, my hope, my stay;  
From him, I all my strength receive,  
And daily on his fullness live."

2. The Christian CLEAVES TO JESUS BY FAITH. He knows that his Redeemer lives, and he rests his whole weight upon him. He lives upon an unseen Savior. Our life in the wilderness is a life of faith. Here, we live by faith and walk by faith. This will be the manner of our life until we come to behold our Redeemer face to face in the Heavenly Jerusalem, and enjoy all the blessedness of that better

country above. But such a life is one of comfort and joy to the Christian pilgrim in this wilderness land. "O! the blessedness and joy of faith! How does it bring near, and realize a view of Christ in glory! Do we indeed see Christ by the eye of faith? Is he the one chief object of our souls? Is he precious to us? Verily, then, we shall count our days on earth toilsome ones, and long for the full fruition of him in glory. It will be our great joy to see him, whose blessed head was crowned with thorns, and whose lovely face was spit upon, for us! Until then, let us live by faith in him, constantly crying, "Come, Lord, Jesus, come quickly."

Though the believer may be walking to darkness, yet he must still, by faith, lean upon the Beloved of his soul. "Who among you fears the Lord and obeys his servant? If you are walking in darkness, without a ray of light, trust in the Lord and rely on your God." The pathway to the celestial mansions is often obscured by darkness. Here, at best, we see but through a glass, darkly. "We are but as wayfaring men, wandering in the lonely night, who see dimly upon the distant mountain-peak the reflection of a sun that never rises here, but which shall never set in the 'new heavens' hereafter."  
(Bonar)

"Darkness overspreads us here,  
But the night wears fast away  
Jacob's star will soon appear,  
Leading on eternal day!"

The commission of sin is the great cause of the Christian being often left to wander in darkness. "Your iniquities," says the prophet, "have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hidden his face from you, that he will not hear." How sad is such a condition! When, for a season, the light of God's countenance is withdrawn from the believer, he is led to cry with pious Job, "I long for the years gone by when God took care of me, when he lighted the way before me and I walked safely through the darkness. In my early years, the friendship of God was felt in my home. The Almighty was still with me..." "I go east, but he is not there. I go west, but I cannot find him. I do not see him in the north, for he is hidden. I turn to the south, but I cannot find him."

At times he cries with the Psalmist, "I thirst for God, the living God. When can I come and stand before him?" And he can also say with the pious Cowper, who trod a gloomy path to the realms of day,

"O for a closer walk with God!  
A calm and heavenly frame!  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!"

The duty of the Christian, walking in darkness to trust in the name of the Lord, and lean upon his God. Let him always be found leaning on his Beloved; and, though his days on earth may be darksome, yet at the "evening time" of his pilgrimage, "it shall be light." How sweet will be the light of Heaven to such a soul!

"We journey through a vale of tears;  
But often from on high;  
The glorious bow of God appears,  
And lights up all our sky.  
Then through the breaking clouds of heaven,  
Far distant visions come;  
And sweetest words of grace are given,  
To cheer the pilgrim home."

In order to obtain the greatest light and comfort now, let the follower of the Lamb be found diligently improving the means of grace and salvation, which God has afforded him. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." How often has a beam from Heaven darted upon the pilgrim while engaged in the sweet employment of praising God!

"Sometimes a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings;  
It is the Lord who rises  
With healing in his wings!  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain."

3. The believer RESTS ON JESUS FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS AND PARDON. The language of a renewed soul is, "In the Lord I have righteousness and strength." "But in the Lord all the descendants of Israel will be found righteous and will exult." Man had no righteousness of his own to justify him in sight of Heaven. Not a single soul could have gained the celestial Paradise if the Son of

God had not assumed humanity, and by a life of obedience and suffering, fulfilled the violated law, and brought in an everlasting righteousness. Blessed be God! the Son of Righteousness has arisen upon our benighted world; and Zion's pilgrims walk in his light.

"Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one who believes." In the 23d chapter of Jeremiah he is called, "The Lord Our Righteousness." Every believer in Christ is arrayed in that linen, clean and white, which is the righteousness of saints. His robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. How happy is the condition of the saint! His sins are all cancelled by the atoning righteousness of our Lord and Savior, whose language is, "I, even I, am he that blots out your transgressions for my own sake, and will not remember your sins."

As the Christian pilgrim journeys towards the realms of peace, leaning upon Jesus for righteousness and pardon, he can raise his voice in triumphant songs of praise to his Redeemer. This is one of his sweetest songs in the house of his pilgrimage: "I am overwhelmed with joy in the Lord my God! For he has dressed me with the clothing of salvation and draped me in a robe of righteousness. I am like a bridegroom in his wedding suit or a bride with her jewels."

He can also look forward to the dark waters of Jordan, and say, with the poet,  
"When death shall loose the silver cord,  
Obedient to your mandate, Lord,  
My soul shall joy and peace possess,  
If Jesus be my righteousness."

4. The Christian pilgrim relies on Jesus FOR GUIDANCE THROUGH THIS VALLEY OF TEARS to the peaceful shore of a blessed eternity. "You shall guide me with your counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."  
"Jesus, on you our hope depends,  
To lead us on to your abode:  
Assured our home will make amends  
For all our toil while on the road."

Amid all the vicissitudes of a sublunary scene- in prosperity and adversity, in health and sickness, in life and death, the weary pilgrim reclines on the Almighty arm of Jesus, and all is well. He



knows that what the Savior has promised, he will perform; and he reads, with unspeakable delight, these precious promises: "I will guide you along the best pathway for your life. I will advise you and watch over you." "The Lord will guide you continually, watering your life when you are dry and keeping you healthy, too. You will be like a well-watered garden, like an ever-flowing spring."

5. The believer trusts in Christ FOR ETERNAL LIFE. Of that little flock who have chosen the better land for their inheritance, Jesus says, "I will give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand;" and again: "I am the resurrection and the life. He who believes in me will live, even though he dies; and whoever lives and believes in me will never die." This is the most precious promised blessing of the covenant of grace. No created mind can comprehend the full import of these words— Eternal Life! They include in them the highest bliss of Heaven. Such a life will the Savior eventually bestow upon those who now repose in him.

There is a blissful hour fast approaching, when the weather-beaten pilgrim shall be raised above the storms of life by the Savior's hand. Beyond the swellings of the Jordan of death there is a peaceful shore, a happy, land, where the pilgrims of Zion shall be invested with the robes of immortality, and rein with Christ forever and ever. Fellow pilgrim, we would earnestly invite you to come and put your trust in him who will sustain you amid the heart-rending trials of this valley of tears, and who will bring you to a better land- who will bestow upon you immortal existence, an unfading crown of glory in that world beyond the stars.

In all your wanderings through this world, cleave closely to Jesus. Live for Him who died for you. O, may the redeeming love of the blessed Savior constrain you to be wholly his. Live with an eye fixed upon his cross. Turn to that sacred mount and behold a Savior expiring for your salvation; hear him exclaiming, "It is finished."

O the sweet wonders of that cross,  
Where Christ, my Savior, loved and died;  
Her noblest life my spirit draws  
From his dear wounds and bleeding side."

Go, then, and live upon Christ. Live in the daily contemplation of his glorious atonement, and in the sincere belief of his all-

sufficiency to save your soul. May your language ever be that of an enraptured Apostle: "As for me, God forbid that I should boast about anything except the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. Because of that cross, my interest in this world died long ago, and the world's interest in me is also long dead."

If you thus live by faith in Christ, and in the blessed hope of a glorious immortality, you need not fear, at the close of life, to tread along death's dark valley to cross Jordan's swelling stream; for in that solemn hour, Jesus will sustain and comfort you by his presence; and God will redeem your soul from the power of the grave; for he shall receive you.

"O, could I find, from day to day,  
A nearness to my God,  
Then would my hours glide sweet away,  
While leaning on his word. "  
Lord, I desire with you to live  
Anew from day to day,  
In joys the world can never give,  
Nor ever take away.  
Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,  
And make me wholly thine,  
That I may never more depart,  
Nor grieve your love divine.  
Thus, till my last, expiring breath,  
Your goodness I'll adore  
And when my frame dissolves in death,  
My soul shall love you more."

### **Passage over the Jordan of Death**

"When you pass through the waters, I will be with you: and through the rivers, they shall not overflow you." Isaiah 43:2

"How sweet the hour of closing day,  
When all is peaceful and serene,  
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,  
Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene!  
Such is the Christian's parting hour,  
So peacefully he sinks to rest;  
When faith, endowed from Heaven with power  
Sustains and cheers his languid breast."

As the Christian pilgrim is about to leave the wilderness of this world forever, he has to cross a dark stream. The Jordan of death rolls between this world and the Celestial Canaan. Before they obtained full possession of the promised land, the Israelites lead to pass over Jordan; so every traveler to the Canaan above must cross over the river of death, before he is admitted into the courts of paradise, and obtains possession of the heavenly inheritance. In the third chapter of Joshua we have an interesting account of the Israelites' passage over Jordan. We there read as follows: "When the people set out to cross the Jordan, the priests who were carrying the Ark of the Covenant went ahead of them. Now it was the harvest season, and the Jordan was overflowing its banks. But as soon as the feet of the priests who were carrying the Ark touched the water at the river's edge, the water began piling up at a town upstream called Adam, which is near Zarethan. And the water below that point flowed on to the Dead Sea until the riverbed was dry. Then all the people crossed over near the city of Jericho. Meanwhile, the priests who were carrying the Ark of the Lord's covenant stood on dry ground in the middle of the riverbed as the people passed by them. They waited there until everyone had crossed the Jordan on dry ground." Joshua 3:14-17

Now, all this is typical of the believer's triumphant passage over the Jordan of death. When the fainting Christian pilgrim comes to the brink of this last swelling stream, over which all must pass, Jesus Christ, our great High Priest, who bears the everlasting covenant on his shoulders, goes before and rolls back the surging waves, that the ransomed soul may pass safely over into glory. In the prospect of dissolution, the saint may say, with a Christian poet—

"A swelling Jordan rolls between,  
A timid pilgrim I;  
But grace shall order all the scene,  
And Christ himself be nigh.  
He shall roll back the foaming wave,  
Command the channel dry;  
No sting has death, no victory grave,  
With Jesus in my eye."

What we design in the few following pages, is, to comfort the timid Christian in the prospect of death; to show that Jesus is with believers in the dark valley; to cite some of the last words of eminent saints, who, sustained and cheered by the Savior, have passed over Jordan with songs of triumph; and to contemplate the

happy termination of the Christian pilgrim's journey, and his joyful entrance upon the rest above.

1. THE PRECIOUS RELIGION OF JESUS AFFORDS THE STRONGEST CONSOLATION TO THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM IN THE VIEW OF DEATH. There is no reason why he should dread its approach. Its terrors are subdued; its sting is extracted; it is a disarmed enemy. Death cannot harm the child of God; but for him to die is gain. To such it is the beginning of everlasting, celestial joys- the daybreak of a glorious eternity. It is only a peaceful slumber in Jesus- an entering into the joy of the Lord. It is but to depart from a land of sorrow and bereavement, and be with Christ, in those happy regions where God shall wipe away all tears from the eye. To the Christian, "death has changed its nature and its name. Call it no more death; it is the sweet sleep of the body, deposited in its earthy bed, under the eye of the Redeemer, until the morning of the resurrection."

Many pious Christians are held in bondage by the fear of crossing the river of death. Their feelings with regard to this subject are not what they should be. They ought to rise above the fear of dissolution; for Christ has delivered us from this bondage. He has achieved this victory by the assumption of humanity- by destroying the works of the devil, and by passing through the swelling Jordan in our nature. "Because God's children are human beings—made of flesh and blood—Jesus also became flesh and blood by being born in human form. For only as a human being could he die, and only by dying could he break the power of the Devil, who had the power of death. Only in this way could he deliver those who have lived all their lives as slaves to the fear of dying."

The Savior has warmed the cold grave for his disciples. He has made an easy way through the swellings of Jordan for the faithful followers. Why, then, fellow pilgrim, are you afraid to cross this stream when the channel is dry? when you see the footprints of your Redeemer in the bottom? when death is but a sure step into glory? Surely there is no ground for dismay to the believer in that solemn hour which terminates his earthly pilgrimage; but every reason for joyfulness. "For we know that when this earthly tent we live in is taken down—when we die and leave these bodies—we will have a home in heaven, an eternal body made for us by God himself and not by human hands."

There is no condemnation to the believer; for, being justified by

faith, he has peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. He has peace during his pilgrimage; he has peace in the hour of death. In Christ, he obtains a complete victory over death and the gloomy grave. Washed in the atoning blood of the Savior, and clad in the snowy robe of his righteousness, he can shout forth joyfully, upon a dying bed, "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is your victory? O death, where is your sting? For sin is the sting that results in death, and the law gives sin its power. How we thank God, who gives us victory over sin and death through Jesus Christ our Lord!"

It is Jesus, the sinner's Friend, who disarms death of its terrors- who makes a dying bed so easy to the believer. Hence many a once timid pilgrim has been able to say in his last moments, "Is this dying? Is this the enemy that dismayed me so long, now, now appearing so harmless, and even pleasant?" O, how reviving that, "Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

2. CHRIST IS WITH HIS CHOSEN PEOPLE IN THE MIDST OF JORDAN. His precious promise is "When you pass through the waters, I will be with you; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow you." In their passage through death, the Lord upholds and cheers the souls of his ransomed ones by the endearing manifestations of his gracious presence and wonderful love.

"How happy is the dying saint,  
Whose sins are all forgiven;  
With joy he passes Jordan's flood,  
Upheld by hopes of heaven.  
The Savior, whom he truly loved,  
Now cheers him by his grace;  
A glory gilds his dying bed,  
And beams upon his face."

Hence, thousands of God's children have been enabled to exclaim, while descending into the shadowy valley, "Even when I walk through the dark valley of death, I will not be afraid, for you are close beside me. Your rod and your staff protect and comfort me."

It was the soul-ravishing manifestation of the Savior's presence and love that made the martyrs so joyful at the stake; and it is this that

has made many a departing saint burst forth with rapturous joy in such language as this: "O! why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot? Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly!" O what amazing mercy does Jesus often bestow upon his faithful follower in the darksome valley, and in the deep Jordan, when the cold hand of death is upon him!

"Jesus, the vision of your face  
Has overpowering charms;  
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,  
If Christ be in my arms."

3. We now proceed to cite the DYING SAYINGS of a few eminent, pious Christians, who have been wonderfully sustained by divine grace during their passage over the Jordan of death. We mention the following glorious examples—

Donald Cargill: "This is the most joyful day that ever I saw in my pilgrimage on earth. My joy is now begun, which I see shall never be interrupted."

Luther: "Into your hands I commit my spirit; God of truth, you have redeemed me."

Thomas Holland: "Come, O come, Lord you bright Morning Star! Come, Lord! I desire to be dissolved and to be with Jesus, Jesus, you."

John Flavel: "I know that it will be well with me."

Alexander Henderson: "I am near the end of my race, hastening home, and there was never a school boy more desirous to have the play, than I am to have leave of this world."

Thomas Cartwright : "I have found unutterable comfort and happiness, and God has given me a glimpse of heaven."

John Locke: "O the depth of the riches of the goodness and knowledge of God."

James Evans: "In Jesus I stand."

Augustus Toplady: "I believe God never gave such manifestations of his love to any creature, and allowed him to live."

John Tennent: "Welcome God and Father! Welcome sweet Lord Jesus! Welcome death! Welcome eternity. Amen. Lord Jesus, come, Lord Jesus."

Samuel Finley: "I see the eternal love and goodness of God. I see the love of Jesus. Oh, to be dissolved, and to be with him! I long to be clothed with the complete righteousness of Christ."

Dr. Waddell: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

Ralph Erskine: "Victory, victory, victory."

John Wesley: "The best of all is, God in with us."

Felix Neff: "Adieu, adieu. I am departing to our Father in perfect peace. Victory, victory, victory! by Jesus Christ."

Dr. Bogue: "I am looking to that compassionate Savior, whose blood cleanses from all sin."

Dr. Nevins: "Death! Death! Now come, Lord Jesus- Dear Savior."

To Dr. Waugh one said, "You are now in the deep Jordan; have you any doubt that Christ will be with you?" He replied, "Certainly not! Who else? Who else?"

D. H. Gillette: "O that I had strength to shout! I feel so happy. O, the precious Savior; what is the world to me? All its vanity? Give me Jesus. Do not weep for me, I am going home."

Alexander Proudfit: "When will this lingering conflict end? Oh, for a speedy and easy transition! Oh for deliverance from this corruptible body- this body of sin and death! Come, blessed Jesus, dear Savior, come! come! I long to depart."

J. H. Rice: "Mercy is triumphant!"

Dr. Nettleton: "It is fit to trust in the Lord."

Robert Anderson: "Peace! peace! How gracious God is in so making it all peace!"

Elisha Macurdy: "The Savior is all my comfort."

Thomas Cranfield: "A few more sighs, and then- " Wilberforce

Richmond: "The rest which Christ gives is sweet."

Mrs. Hannah More: "Jesus is all in all. God of grace, God of light, God of love: whom have I in heaven but you? It is a glorious thing to die." Her last word was, "Joy."

Mrs. Isabella Graham: "I have no more doubt of going to my Savior, than if I were already in his arms."

Thus, we have presented a few dying sayings of several pious Christians who passed the river of death upheld by divine grace. Innumerable other similar cases might be cited; but these are sufficient to show with what great mercy and loving kindness the Lord generally deals with his people in the hour and article of death. Although many of God's children have not enjoyed such bright, sensible manifestations of his gracious presence in their dying moments- although they may have gone to heaven under a cloud, yet their passage over the Jordan of death was as safe as that of the most joyful believer.

In the matchless dream of Bunyan, we have an admirable description of the triumphant passage of the pilgrims over Jordan. There we find that the most timid got over as safely as the most fearless. The last words of Ready-to-halt were, "Welcome, life." The last words of Feeble-mind were, "Hold out, faith and patience."

The last words of Despondency were, "Farewell, night! welcome, day!" Even his daughter, Much-afraid, "went through the river singing; but no one could understand what she said." But how transporting were the last words of Mr. Standfast! "This river," said he, "has been a terror to many; yes, the thoughts of it also have often frightened me; but now methinks I stand easy, my foot is firmed upon that on which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood while Israel went over Jordan. (Joshua 3:17) The waters indeed are to the palate bitter, and to the stomach cold; yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and of the convoy that waits for me on the other side, are as a glowing coal at my heart. I see myself now at the end of my journey; my toilsome days are ended. I am going to see that head which was crowned with thorns, and that face which was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be, with him in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too. His name has been to me sweeter than all perfumes. His voice to me has been most sweet, and his countenance I have more desired than those who have most desired the light of the sun. His words I used to gather for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. He has held me, and has kept me from my iniquities; yes, my steps has he strengthened in his way."

4. Here we see THE HAPPY TERMINATION OF THE CHRISTIAN'S PILGRIMAGE ON EARTH. His sorrowful days are ended. He has fought the good fight; he has finished his course; he has kept the faith; he has obtained the victory; he has crossed the swellings of Jordan, and gone to receive an immortal crown. But who can describe the glories which encircle the saint, safely landed on the happy shores of Immanuel's land?

"In vain my fancy strives to paint  
The moment after death;  
The glories that surround the saints,  
When yielding up their breath.  
One gentle sigh their fetters breaks;  
We scarce can say, They're gone,  
Before the willing spirit takes  
Her mansion near the throne."

Now the Christian traveler has reached his everlasting home- that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Now the trying



scenes of earth are passed, and the wanderer, raised above the storms of life, steps upon another shore; he enters a land, blooming with immortality, and illuminated by the effulgent beams of the Sun of Righteousness. Now he is ever with the Lord. Now he is seated with Immanuel on his heavenly throne. Now he is arrayed in the shining robes of glory, and drinks of the rivers of pleasures at God's right hand.

When we contemplate the past suffering condition, and the present felicitous state of such a one, we may truly say— "These are the ones coming out of the great tribulation. They washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb and made them white. That is why they are standing in front of the throne of God, serving him day and night in his Temple. And he who sits on the throne will live among them and shelter them. They will never again be hungry or thirsty, and they will be fully protected from the scorching noontime heat. For the Lamb who stands in front of the throne will be their Shepherd. He will lead them to the springs of life-giving water. And God will wipe away all their tears."

O happy termination of the pilgrim's journey on earth! O blessed beginning of his felicity in heaven!

'Tis past- the voyage of life is o'er,  
The wanderer hails another clime;  
On perils borne to yonder shore,  
He views afar the waves of time.  
The storm that muttered o'er his head,  
The flame that quivered round his path,  
Are sweetly hushed; the cloud has fled,  
And gone the angry lightning's scath.  
'Tis past; and grief is changed to songs  
That angel-cordons love to hear;  
The harp that to delight belongs,  
In softest murmur soothes his ear.  
For secret sighs that rent his breast  
There's peace to seraphs only known-  
The tear that told the heart, oppressed,  
Is gemmed upon the eternal throne.  
Blessed voyager! how happy thou,  
Safe moored within the port of peace;  
Once heir of death— immortal now,  
Of pain— your toils forever cease.  
O, may I, too, thus sweetly rise,

Thus tread yon bright empyrean free,  
With joy regain those native skies,  
Secure at last in love like thee."