

come sadly familiarised with the sorrowful proofs of life's uncertainty. Beneath these grassy coverings, lie the remains of many, who, on the first Sabbath of the year now nearly at a close, looked forward with joyous expectation to the happiness, which would mark its progress—and now, ere its final knell has rung, how many have confirmed the position maintained in the text—that every man shall see death; and that none can deliver his soul from the hand of the grave. Turn your eyes within these walls as you will, on every side you witness the absence of several, who, not twelve months since, with you bowed the knee “before JEHOVAH’s awful throne;” with you sought for the “grace of God which bringeth salvation;” with you, desired an interest, through faith, in the all-sufficient sacrifice of the LAMB. They, as little as you now consider your latter end, dreaded a removal, and thought not that their place, which knew them once, should so soon know them no more. In all the relations of life, the voice of lamentation and of grief has arisen. Parents have mourned over their children—and children have bewailed the departure of their parents;—husbands have felt the bitter pang of separation from those, who, at the sacred altar, pledged to them their early love—and the widow has lamented for the partner of her youth. As though the ordinary messengers of Omnipotence sufficed not to summon His creatures into His presence, He again sent His destroying angel among us; and we have to grieve for numbers who yielded to his fatal power. All these matters do the memorials of one year (omitting any notice of previous seasons) record—Oh! why not hearken to the admonition which they convey? It is the voice of reason, demanding compliance with what your hearts confess—the voice of departed friends upbraiding you with indifference and unconcern—and the voice of Scripture unites its testimony, and enjoins obedience to the revelation of God.—Oh THOU!