

by the just sentence of the righteous judge, he will speak, and speak to you in his wrath. "*He will vex you in his sore displeasure.*" How will the proud be vexed, to be sentenced to the same doom, and have as fellow-sufferers for ever, those whom they have despised and disdained on earth! How will the cruel be vexed, to be bound up in the same bundle with those whom they have oppressed and punished, and be forever taunted and tormented by them! How will the seducer be vexed, to have associated with him forever those whom he has seduced, charging their destruction on his guilty head! He will vex them, by casting them out of his presence, by inflicting the severest pain, by shutting them up in despair, and terrifying their consciences forever. Then will he rebuke them for their crimes, terrify them with a sense of their guilt, trouble them on the waves of the ocean of his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.

Then, after he has long borne with them. Then when he gives them up to their own heart's lust. Then, when He shall render unto every man according to his works. O sinner! *God speaks lovingly to you now*, for he is slow to anger, and of great mercy. Hear him, and flee from wrath! Hear him, and come to Jesus! Hear him, and be saved with an everlasting salvation! *He will not long speak as he does now.* Patience, even the patience of God has its limit. Mercy, the mercy of the eternal God has its bound. Long suffering will not last forever. Will you neglect God's warnings. Will you neglect his great salvation? Will you force your passage to the flames? O extreme of madness! O amazing folly! Shall it be said of you, that Jesus would have gathered you, and have safely housed you from the storm, but ye would not? shall it be said, that God called and ye refused, until at last he laughed at your calamity, and mocked when you were filled with fear? Must He, who now speaks to you with all the love of a tender Father's heart, be compelled by your carelessness and indifference, by your stubborn perverseness, to *speak to you in his wrath, and vex you in his sore displeasure?*—*The Appeal.*

For the Good News.

THE SAINTS' ADIEU TO EARTH.

Ye objects of sense, and enjoyments of time,
Which oft have delighted my heart;
I soon shall exchange you for joys more sublime,

For joys that will never depart.

Ye wonderful orbs that astonish mine eyes,
Your glory recedes from my sight;
I soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies
And stars more transcendently bright.

Thou Lord of the day, and Thou Queen of the night,

To me ye no longer are known;
I soon shall behold with increasing delight,
A sun that will never go down.

Ye mountains and valleys, ye rivers and plains,
Thou earth and thou ocean adieu;
More permanent regions where righteousness reigns,
Present their bright hills to my view.

My weeping relations, my brethren and friends
Whose souls are entwined with my own;
Adieu for the present, my spirit ascends,
Where friendship immortal is known.

The sight of transgression shall grieve me no more,

'Mid foes I no longer reside;
My conflicts with sin, and with sinners are o'er,
With saints I shall ever abide.

Ye Sabbaths below which have been my delight,

And thou blessed volume divine,
You've guided my footsteps like stars during night,

Adieu my conductors benign.

Thou tottering seat of disease and of pain,

Adieu my dissolving abode;
I soon shall behold and possess thee again.
A beautiful building of God.

Come, come my dear Jesus, come quickly, release

The soul Thou hast bought with Thy blood,
And bid me ascend the bright regions of peace,
To feast on the smiles of my God.