

Infinite joy or endless woe!
Attend on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!"

Oh, what a strange alteration doth death make in every man's condition! either taking him from a house and lands, friends, honors and pleasures, and all the concerns and enjoyments of this world; hurrying him in a moment into the land of darkness, to drink in the fierce wrath of Almighty God forever, or translating him into the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, to partake of his happiness, in consummate, ineffable, and everlasting glory and joy, with obedient and happy spirits

Alas! What do men mean by loitering, who have these amazing, unchangeable scenes before them!—One would suppose that the very thoughts of death and eternal judgement, should keep from sleeping, and fill with astonishment all who are not by faith and holiness prepared for the comfortable welcome of it, seeing they know not but every day and hour may conclude their life, and when they shut their eyes at night, they may never open them again but in eternity. What solicitous concerns should those be in for their precious and immortal souls, who have so much guilt to be removed, so many evil dispositions and affections to be mortified, so many holy and virtuous habits to attain, and so many temptations from within and without to overcome; lest death should come unexpected and find them unprepared? With what sorrows will the review of our past lives fill us, if we are thus surprised! What bitter anguish of heart is couched in those expressions, which a dying person once uttered to a stander-by? crying out, 'Oh how have I been deceived! Oh, that I had thought of this sooner! Oh, that I had my time again? How mad was