

God, can desperately resolve to persist in iniquity reckless of future consequences. It is too much for human nature, depraved as it is, with the prospect of eternal misery before it, to resolve upon final impenitency; but, alas! there is a refuge even for those who continue obstinately to resist the will and reject the counsel of God! A lying refuge indeed!—a refuge which may with propriety be denominated, the antechamber of ETERNAL DEATH—the refuge of delay—deferring a work we can by no means bring ourselves to resolve upon finally neglecting. And, alas! how common is this conduct—how innumerable the instances of procrastination from childhood, inexperienced age, to mankind's utmost limits. Procrastination appears to be the most powerful instrument of destruction, the great enemy of God and man ever wielded; other evils have had numerous victims, but this exceeds. Multitudes, with Felix, have deferred the all-important work of repentance to a season, which with perfect equity, has been denied: God punishing their positive obstinacy, with privative judgment—"swearing in his wrath that they shall never enter into his rest." Among the various causes which minister to this destructive evil, we shall find that of *presumption on long life*.—"Ye shall not surely die," said the tempter to our common parent, and with awful success does he insinuate the deceitful suggestion to Adam's degenerate children. Fearful indeed is the example our Lord has furnished of the man who presumed on *many years*, and therefore sought to gratify himself with the perishable enjoyments of the present life, while God, and Christ, and all the realities of a future state were studiously kept out of sight, until he was surprised in his infidel career, by the tremendous summons to surrender up his soul. Another cause of procrastination will be found in the prevalent opinion that man can absolutely do nothing towards his moral recovery—that he is to be entirely passive in this important work. But if this sentiment were correct, then would this article be entirely uncalled for, seeing that no man can incur guilt, by the non-performance of that, which, by the constitution of his nature, and the will of the Supreme, has been rendered impossible. But, what saith the Holy Ghost? "To-day if ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts;" and does not the divine oracle in this passage charge the guilt of hardness of heart upon those who refuse to hear his voice? "To-day" is the language of the Holy Spirit; but many remain utterly regardless of this and many similar admonitions, because they have entrenched themselves in the false assumption, that notwithstanding the repeated exhortations to repentance, and the awful threatenings denounced against them that go on still in their trespasses, they can no more repent than a dead corpse can arise out of its grave. Yes, while God is stretching out his hand, and Christ is pleading "spare them another year," and the Holy Spirit is repeatedly striving, and Ministers and Christian friends are vehemently urging them to flee from the wrath to come, they remain presumptuously secure, and utterly regardless.

The consequences of procrastination are very painful, whether we consider them as applying to a future state, or to the present life. How many young per-

sons, of cultivated mind and commanding talents, are hereby lost to the world, in that way, at least, which is worthy of supreme attention, where the loftiest intelligence would fall lowest in devout admiration, and the richest qualifications be confessedly far inadequate to the merit of the cause!—How much time is hereby wasted, worse than wasted, perverted to the purpose of making provision for deep repentance, even on the most favourable supposition, viz., that divine mercy should grant repentance. But Christ has taught us to pursue the subject further: he has exhibited the future consequences of this evil in striking parables, and in plain and forcible descriptions. Enlightened by him, we see miserable procrastinators repenting too late—knocking at the door of mercy, after it has been eternally closed, and dismissed by the Supreme with stern rebuke and awful denunciation; they take their portion with devils in everlasting fire. In this fearful, but just and scriptural view of the subject, how seasonable! how gracious! is the expostulatory address of divine wisdom, "How long ye simple ones will ye love simplicity? and ye scorers delight in your scorning, and ye fools that hate knowledge? Turn you at my reproof: behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you."

WM. SMITH.

To the Corresponding Secretary of the Wesleyan.

DEAR BROTHER—I have been sorry to see so few original articles in the Wesleyan, and have therefore sent you the above for insertion in your next number. I think it will be of service, as its reasonings are conclusive: being entrenched behind the ramparts of scripture and common sense. Wishing all prosperity to the Wesleyan,

I am, dear Bro., yours truly,

WM. SMITH.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.—One of the most sublime of all doctrines is that which teaches us that the soul of man is immortal. It is a doctrine which has withstood the test of the most fierce and malignant opposition. Learning and talent, wit and sarcasm, have been alike unsuccessful when, with all their force, they have been arrayed against it. Neither the sophistry of a Hume, or the wit and sarcasm of a Paine, nor yet the untiring perseverance of a Voltaire, have been able to overthrow it. "Truth is mighty and will prevail;" and under its mighty influence infidelity must writhe and struggle in vain, for she has received a blow from which she will never recover.

Without the consolations of that religion which inspires the soul with the hope of a blissful immortality beyond the grave, man would be of all created beings the most miserable. Place him where you will, but take away from him his hope, and you take away all that is calculated to make him truly happy. Whatever the infidel may tell you concerning the non-existence of a God, and the perishability of the human soul, place no confidence in him until you see him upon his death-bed—then you may believe him sincere, for

"Here tired dissimulation drops her mask,—
A death-bed is a detector of the heart."

But hark! what does he say? Does he resign his head upon the pillow and say, "I am going to drown my sorrows in an eternal sleep?" Far from it. "I am taking a leap in the dark," said one, just as his deathless spirit was about to take its flight to appear before his justly offended God! Such is the death of the sceptic.

But how dies the Christian? With glory beaming in his eyes, his countenance lit up with a heavenly smile, with hallelujahs upon his tongue, and, what