

our neglect their blood will be required at our hands. For us there is no middle destiny—we must have either a loftier seat in glory or a deeper hell: if, therefore, sinners will perish let their blood be upon their own heads, and not in our skirts. Soon, yea, very soon, we shall have to meet with our respective charges at the bar of a holy God—we to give an account how we preached, and what we preached; and they what they heard and how they heard. What an awful scene will then present itself between each Pastor and his flock!—Then will a neglected Saviour be a severe Judge!—The silly excuses that we now make for a neglect of duty will not be heard there.—Then will it be made appear to an assembled world that an all-seeing eye was upon us every time we composed a sermon—read every motive and motion of our heart—followed us to the pulpit—watched every indifferent feeling—and witnessed every reach we made after the applause of men! There shall be no sleepy hearer there—no heart will wander then—the *Sunday Distemper* will be no longer felt—all hearts and eyes will be fixed on their own misery, which they will not now believe!—O my dear brethren! think if you can what will be your feelings when you hear from the happy throng on the right of the Judge bursting shouts of praise that ever they heard the sound of your voice!—And a wretched herd of miserable wretches on the left hand weeping blood, and groaning forth their bitter lament, that you had not lifted up a louder voice and more faithfully warned them! You will not think then, that your sermons were too plain, nor your prayers and intreaties too importunate and agonizing.

What form is that I see? A form of man! a ruined, haggard form, with tears like molten lead drops standing in his eyes! Hark! how he wails—and grates his teeth! while around him crowd infuriated beings, whose eyes and gestures show they are piling curses on his head already scarred more deeply than the rest! It is an unfaithful minister; who, while he talked of heaven, walked down to hell with most of his congregation!—See! how they cling unto his guilty soul, and like mill-stones bear him down into the lowest hell!—where all the sermons he to them in time has preached,—to him they will recite throughout Eternity! His doom is sealed and hopelessly he sinks to drink the cup of wrath—while hell's dark caverns thunder with the sound of his own groans, and the curses of his flock! My soul