

and excites the most bitter reproaches of our folly and our sin.

Say, have you not heard the hoary-headed sinner, and the impenitent youth in his prime, regret past evil conduct at such an hour, the agony of remorse piercing to the quick, and the prospect of everlasting punishment affrighting with all its terrors? Say, have you not heard them not only regret the past, but vow obedience most persevering, if again granted an opportunity of repentance and of love? But the stern tyrant heeded not their professions; pity has no seat in his adamant heart—and, prepared or unfitted for the awful change, he cuts the thread of life, and his victims rush into the presence of their God—of their JUDGE. To deliver themselves from the hand of the grave they cannot; and the icy clasp of Death secures them for his prey.

Age surrounds me, and youth listens to my words. The burden of declining years, with their long train of attendant sorrows, press heavily on some whom I now behold; and the joyfulness of health and vigour enlivens the hearts of others on whom I look. And is Death now doing his work alike with both? What! no escape for the gay and cheerful? no relief for the care-worn and afflicted? Even now, when the sinful principle of procrastination still holds its baneful influence over the aged, and urges them yet longer to delay the important business of time—preparation for eternity—does the last enemy approach? Even now, when the deceiving heart serves to lull suspicion asleep, and the hope of lengthened years persuades that the young are unlikely to become his victims, does he draw nigh? Look to those sad memorials which throng the last resting place of your departed friends; read the melancholy narratives which they record; hear the ashes of the dead testifying against you, who persevere in opposition to the oft-repeated injunctions of Holy Writ; who dare to trifle with your immortal