

hen he expires in the arms of weeping friends and sustained with the hopes of triumphant grace. But it demands higher grades of evangelical perfection to be able like Paul to say 'I am now ready to be offered,' offered as a sacrifice on the altar, offered as a martyr in the cause of religion, now ready not only to die, but also to expire amidst the tortures of merciless persecution.

It is to be feared that there is little of this preparation for death in our depraved world. Else what means that attachment to the vanities of time to the abandonment of a heavenly treasure? What resemblance is there in the conversation of men of the world to the business and hosannas of the celestial courts?

The busy scenes of this life ought not to expel from our minds the awful certainty of death—we should remember that we must die, that soul and body must be parted, the one to return to dust, the other to appear a naked spirit before the presence of that God, who gave it. To die is one of the most weighty and serious things that ever creatures experience. Death is so terrible to some that they cannot bear the mention of the name yet none can avoid the thing. Several things concur to make it the king of terrors, strong pains, conflicts, and agonies go before, fears and terrors attend it, but above all, it is very solemn and awful in its consequences, as it is the door of eternity, the parting point between this world and that which is to come, the utmost line and boundary of all temporal things, translating us into an unknown world of spirits.

"Good God" on what a slender thread

Hang everlasting things!

The eternal state of all the dead,

Upon life's feeble strings.