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THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

THE hour of death is uncertain ; every year, every day, every moment may be the last. It is then a mark of folly to attach one's self to any thing which may pass away in an instant, and by that means lose the only blessing which will never fail. Whatever, therefore, you do solely for this world, should appear lost to you ; since you have here no sure hold of any thing ; you can place no dependence on any thing ; and you can carry nothing away but what you treasure up for heaven.

The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory, ought not to balance a moment the interests of your eternal state ; since a large fortune and an elevated rank will not assure to you a longer life than an inferior situation ; and since they will produce only a more bitter chagrin on your death beds, when you are about to be separated from them forever. All your cares, all your pursuits, all your desires ought, then, to centre in securing a durable interest, an eternal happiness, which no person can ravish from you.

The hour of death is uncertain : You ought then to die every day ;—not to indulge yourselves in an action in which you would be unwilling to be surprised ;—to consider all your pursuits as the pursuits of a dying man, who every moment expects his soul will be demanded of him ;—to perform all your works as if you were that instant to render an ac-

count of them ;—and since you cannot answer for the time which is to come, so to regulate the present that you may have no need of the future to make reparation.

In fine, the hour of death is uncertain : Do not then defer repentance ; do not delay to turn to the Lord ; the business requires haste. You cannot assure yourselves even of one day ; and yet you put off a preparation for death to a distant and uncertain futurity.

If you had imprudently swallowed a mortal poison, would you delay, to some future time, to apply a remedy which was at hand, and which alone could preserve life ? Would the death which you carried in your own bosom admit of delay and remissness ? This is precisely your condition. If you are wise, take immediate precaution.

You carry death in your souls, since you carry sin there. Hasten then to apply a remedy ; every instant is precious to him who cannot assure himself of a single one. The poisonous draught which infects your soul will not permit you to continue long ; the goodness of God as yet offers you a remedy ; hasten then to improve it, while time is allowed you.

Can there be need of exhortations to induce you to resolve upon this ? Ought it not to suffice that the benefit of the cure is pointed out to you ? Would it be necessary to exhort an unfortunate