

AFTER DEATH, WHAT?

TO the merely *natural man*, who knows he is unpardoned—unsaved—death must be a fearful thing. If he thinks at all about it, and is intelligent and honest, the very thought of it must be dreadful. Death and judgment, the fruit of sin, are the two great objects of men's fears. And so they may be. Terrible indeed, to an immortal soul, must be the consequences and judgment. And how *humbling* too, is death to the natural man. He must succumb. The strong man must bow to it—the proud man must humble himself to it. The wise and the rich are alike unable to avoid it, or resist it. It is an implacable enemy that cannot be appeased or turned aside—that cannot be guarded against—that will not be sent away—that is relentless, rapacious, insatiable.

Can I prevail on my reader, if this be his, or her state, to give this subject a serious thought? And, oh, let it be now, just now. Delay not! Time is on the wing—thy days are flying fast—already they may be few. And what then? the eternal ages—an eternity of unmingled blessedness, or unutterable woe.

In the whole field of fallen human nature, there is nothing to be found more awful than death. For as in the forest, so in this field, "As the tree falls so it lies." How solemn—how eternally solemn! As death finds the soul, so will the judgment-seat; and so will a long, long, eternity. Beyond death there is no repentance. As the breath leaves the body, the state is unalterably fixed. This is man's last change—a