

All opportunities for attending to religion, beside the present, are totally uncertain. Nothing is more common than procrastination in this great concern; yet nothing is more dangerous; nothing more frequently fatal. That *convenient season*, never present, yet ever in imagination near, has lured thousands to their eternal ruin. The young are too generally prone to expect a long life, and to flatter themselves that they will have sufficient opportunity to secure religion hereafter, though the present should be neglected. Vain flatteries! Delusive expectations.—For how often has the giddy, unprepared youth been summoned into eternity, just as he was laying the deepest plans, and indulging the fondest expectations, of worldly happiness? O the unutterable folly, guilt and wretchedness of such a case! Be warned, then, ye careless youth, who have neglected religion hitherto, and neglect it no longer. As you value your immortal souls; as you would not pluck down ruin on your heads, procrastinate no farther the all-important business.

My dear young friends—we are all dying creatures. We have seen many of our friends and relatives laid in the grave, many as young as ourselves and apparently as likely to live. Some we have seen carried off by long and lingering diseases, and some cut down suddenly without warning. God only knows when we are to follow them into the eternal world. We know not the day of our death. Our times are in God's hand. It may be to night. We are certain the moment of death must come. We are certain it can be at no great distance but we know not how near.

It is a great thing to be prepared to die; to collect fortitude of soul to pass through a scene, at which the stoutest heart is appalled; when the past has been filled with guilty imperfection in the best of our race; while uncertain futurity covers our immortal all. It is the season of awful anxiety to the christian, even