

day and much more abundant," he shall be called to take the frightful leap out of time into eternity, to claim companionship with demons, and to be forever whelmed beneath the raging waves of the lake that burns with fire and brimstone ! O sin, with what floods of misery and pollution hast thou deluged the world ! In what direction soever we turn our eyes, we behold thy direful ravages, we contemplate thy devastating footsteps ! Eldest born of hell ! and will men still love thee, will they still embrace thy serpent form ? Murderer thou art, stained with the gore of innumerable millions, red with the blood of souls ! and yet, men nourish thee in their families, in their bosoms !! Strange infatuation ! Persons who would shriek and shudder, and retreat convulsed from the uplifted head, and speckled convolutions of the rattlesnake, live unalarmed, and sometimes die dreaming of heaven, with sin's whole brood of hell-envenomed vipers coiled around their hearts ! If the rapacious wolf commits depredations in a neighborhood and kills only a few sheep, the hue and cry is raised, and a host hunts the enemy from the earth ; but sin is permitted to fatten upon souls ; this giant murderer riots in butchery unmolested !

Sinner, upon this awful subject, what more shall we say ? The time would fail us, were we to attempt to point out definitely the constituents of the whole black catalogue of sins now prevalent among men—the wraths, strifes, idolatries, heresies, envyings, emulations, murders, revelings, drunkenness and such like. We say again, judgment, eternity must paint and exhibit this picture ! What a mountain of abominations has lust brought forth ? Shall we assimilate each sin to a serpent ? Then what a mountain of serpents ! more, infinitely more, lofty than the Alps or the Andes ! and each infinitely more poisonous than the envenomed adder. Will the sinner make an effort to connect this mountain of serpent-sins with the greater mountain of sin's direful consequences ? Alas ! one of the consequences of sin, and one not less than others to be deplored, is the apparent incompetency of many sinners to perceive and feel the turpitude of iniquity. Satan's temptations are barbed arrows with poisoned points ! These convey morbid poison to the soul ; these cause the fever and delirium of sin ; these are Satan's narcotics, by which he mantles the sinner with the sleep of moral death, darkens his mental eye, and prevents him from seeing the turpitude of sin. The disease of sin, is therefore, a disease not by nature, but by poison, injected by the Devil's fiery darts ; and hence, the tardiness and apparent reluctance of the sinner, to see his lost, his ruined, his perishing condition !

Even the christian, renewed as he has been in the spirit of his mind, and daily experiencing the efficacious remedies of the great physician of sin-sick souls, feels, that by some means, he has received a tremendous moral shock. He feels it in the shortness of his memory, in the defectiveness of his judgment, in the dimness of his reason, and in the sometimes capricious freaks of his imagination ; he feels it in the coldness of his heart, in the lightness of his thoughts, in the barrenness of his mind, in the scantiness of his praises, in the smallness of his joys, and in the poverty of his gratitude. He feels within him continually,