

O eternity! eternity! eternity!—Fall, fall, ye rocks, and hide my guilty head! Hide me from him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb! But, O! even this cannot be! I must endure his indignation, I must suffer the vengeance of eternal fire! My damnation is sealed! Who can dwell with devouring fire? Who can endure everlasting burning? Take warning, O my careless friends; a gaping hell awaits me; my soul is going; fiends are waiting to receive it; they encircle me round—O horror and eternity!”

The person described above was afterwards reprieved for a short season from the jaws of death; but he did not manifest any genuine repentance; and in about six months after, died in racking despair.

Let us next see the child of God; the heir of glory. Pleasing contrast! How different his prospect! He longs to reach his Father's house, and kisses the kind rod of his afflicting hand. The welcome news that he shall soon be there, elevates his soul with rapturous joy: he has a foretaste of those pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore, and the language of his heart is,—

“Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.”

Yes, blessed Saviour, and this thou knowest is also the language of my heart, while I now bid adieu to earth, and all terrestrial scenes!

Farewell, my dearly beloved, my Christian friends, with whom I have taken sweet counsel in the way to glory. I now leave you for sweeter converse above. On earth we have been one in

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