

ment, the state of mind, the inward peace and sincerity of faith, are what we would probably all wish to possess in our dying moments. In all these respects, we are ready to say, "let us die the death of this righteous man, and let our last end be like his." Only, we would wish, that it should not come so suddenly upon us. We would like to have some notice of the approach of dissolution. And, wherefore, I pray you, do we wish this? Whence arises this dread of sudden death?

I am afraid, my friends, that it can arise only from one cause, only from a secret suspicion, that all is not yet right within. It is to be feared, we still harbour something in our breast, that we wish to repent of in our last moments: still, there must be something of which we wish to pray for the forgiveness at our latter end, but of which we have not yet prayed for the pardon, because we still wish to indulge this darling passion a little longer. At least, if this is not the case, I confess, the dread of sudden death, more than of any other kind of death, appears to me utterly inexplicable.

But, now, we must see clearly, if we would not allow ourselves to see it before, that all such expectations are vain, and the very height of vanity. We may be called off in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. Most assuredly, we know not when our Lord doth come. But, prepared as, I believe, our late excellent Pastor was, we should have nothing to fear, nothing to excite one anxious wish.

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