

the pains of death, the loathsomeness of the grave, the tears of bereaved friends, his awful indignation against all iniquity !

But dark as is this picture, the half is not yet portrayed ! Had Adam been the only sinner in the world, good would it have been for the family of man. The dreadful truth, however, is that "ALL have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Thus, as by Adam's sin all mankind were made heirs to the temporal death, and all the physical ills of this world ; so by their own sins, have all mankind constituted themselves heirs to the SECOND DEATH, and all the miseries of the world to come ! But here our descriptive powers fail ! The consequences of ALL the sins of the WHOLE world, neither the tongues of men nor of angels can express ! Judgment, eternity, must paint and exhibit this picture ! When both the souls and the bodies of the finally impenitent shall be destroyed in hell, then the tragic scene will present in heaven's awful eloquence the turpitude of iniquity : yea, when the sinner shall stand in the presence of his judge ; when all his thoughts, words, and actions, shall be brought to light ; when he shall be made to remember gospel privileges slighted, the great salvation neglected, the authority of God contemned, the blood of the Lord Jesus trampled under his feet, his horrified soul will feel at its convulsed centre the inexpressible sinfulness of sin. "Cursed sin," he will say, "O fool that I was to serve sin in yonder world ! O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from going down to the pit ? Yonder is the blackness of everlasting darkness ! Yonder is the never dying worm ! the never ceasing fire !"

Sin is a mortal disease, destructive to both soul and body. Its approaches may be imperceptible, but its ravages are progressive and its effects most deleterious. Not the less is it to be dreaded, when its invasion of the soul is soft and noiseless ; when it whispers peace and security to its victim ; when it lulls the sinner into quietness and repose. Ah ! how deceitful ! Sin, like the consumption, is a flattering disease, but infinitely more dreadful ; being in cases infinitely more numerous, mortal, and attended with infinitely worse consequences. Let yonder sombrous cloud, as it slumbers above the horizon, indicate the work of death in the sinner's diseased and perishing soul. The lightning is in that cloud, but as yet it sleeps, and you see no flash ! The linked thunderbolt reposes within its bosom, but you hear no sound ! Another moment and the atmosphere is fraught with death, destruction flies abroad on the wings of the wind ! So it is with the sinner. His disease has almost reached a mortal crisis, but he feels not his danger ; death is fast spreading through his soul, but he knows it not. The farther the baleful influence spreads, the more bespotted and infatuated is the sinner ; the more are his faculties and moral feelings steeped in insensibility. "A little more sleep," says he, "a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands, a little longer indulgence in sinful pleasure"—the cloud bursts, and as Satan fell from heaven, the deluded votarist of sin plunges into destruction and perdition. Yes, it may be, that while he is even fascinated with the motions and effects of sin within him, while he shall be saying, "tomorrow shall be as this