

even sin may be overruled so as to lead to a communion with God.

Let me live in continual preparation for prayer, in such a state of mind that I may immediately engage in it.

In conversation, let me draw persons from evil-speaking and contention, and painful or injurious subjects, by catching some thought suggested, and making it the ground of remark.

Let me strive to connect every personal enjoyment with acts of kindness to my neighbor. Whenever I enjoy, let me ask, How can I impart and diffuse happiness? and let me make every pleasure a bond of friendship, a ground of communion, esteeming it chiefly on this account. When I suffer, let me ask, How can I relieve similar suffering, wherever it exists? and so quicken sympathy, and improve experience.

### ETERNITY! O ETERNITY!

Immortal men, are you to spend an eternity in heaven or in hell? and are you losing yourselves among the vanities of this world? Will you never awake? Sleep on, then, and take your rest. But know you that the mists of death will soon gather around you. You will be laid upon a dying bed. Time has gone, and eternity has come. I see you lying there without a friend to help you in heaven or earth. I see you cast back your eyes on misspent Sabbaths, on murdered privileges, on wasted time. You remember the calls you once rejected. I hear you cry, "I had a soul, but prized it not; and now my soul is gone. Ten thousand worlds for one more year! ten thousand worlds for one more Sabbath in the house of God!" I look a little farther, and I see the perturbations of the troubled sky. The sign of the Son of Man appears in heaven. The last trumpet sounds. That body which had been committed to the grave is organized afresh. It opens its eyes on the strange commotions of a dissolving world. It is forced to ascend. The judgment-seat is set in the clouds of heaven, and the books are opened. I hear you cry to rocks and to mountains to cover you; but rocks and mountains are sunk in the general ruin. The books are opened, and on a black page are spread out all the sins of your life. That page is held up before a frowning universe. The judgment ended, the Judge prepares to speak. God of mercy, save me from that hour! Eternal justice lowers upon His awful brow. His right hand grasps ten thousand thousands. With a look, before which heaven and earth flee away.