

by a just God, before whose awful bar you must shortly appear, to answer for these daring breaches of his holy law?

S. That is a hard question, corporal; but as I mean no harm to any body by what I do, I hope God will be merciful to me.

C. God has not promised to be merciful beyond the grave; and if you continue in a course of drunkenness and swearing, till death shall seize you, your punishment in a future world is certain, and dreadful beyond expression. It ought to make you tremble.—Consider how God has already displayed his long-forbearing mercy towards you, in not having suddenly cut you off in the day of battle; while many were falling on your right hand and on your left. Can you possibly forget the hair-breadth escapes you have had; or be ignorant of the dreadful ravages the late fever made amongst us? Look round the regiment, and reflect what death has done, since you and I have been in it. What a number of our old comrades are gone into eternity! Hardly any of them left, and yet we are spared, as monuments of his mercy, in a land of hope. Is not this distinguishing goodness sufficient to awaken your gratitude, and excite your love to your great Benefactor?

C. Why, corporal, do you think me void of gratitude? I hope I love my Maker, and trust in his mercy.

C. How then can you presume still to violate his most positive commands, and provoke his wrath, as if you dared him to do his worst? Remember, my dear comrade, God is inflexibly just, as well as merciful. He will not be mocked, neither will he always bear with these daring insults. He has positively declared he will not. Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished." There is a time of awful and certain vengeance fast approaching. It may be prevented now; but believe me there is no time to lose. Neglected too long, it will surely fall, and overwhelm you for ever.

S. I am not the only wicked fellow in the regiment, corporal. I believe the rest are all as bad as I am, except yourself and one or two more; and if we must go to hell, there will be some comfort in going with so large a company; though, to be serious, I do not much like the thoughts of it.

C. Do you remember, Bob, last year, when we returned from the West Indies, what a tremendous gale we had near the banks of Newfoundland; and how near foundering the transport was that carried us?

S. I shall never forget the horrid scene; I did not shut my eyes two days and nights together, expecting every moment to be