

roar? Ah! surely the hearts of those, who can be guilty of such excesses, upon such an occasion, are hard as stone; nor need I hope that my words can make any impression on them, whom the sight of death itself so near them cannot move. Yet could I but inspire those who are still strangers to this monstrous vice, with a just horror and detestation for it: could I only prevail on those, who are not as yet slaves to it, to guard against it on all occasions, and always to shun the danger and the company of those, who are addicted to it; could I but throw some odium on so foul a vice, and attach some infamy to a practice so very unnatural and unchristian; I should not think my endeavours fruitless, nor my labours vain.

But as for reclaiming such as have once contracted the habit of drinking to excess, this is not to be expected without an extraordinary miracle of divine grace. Experience has shewn that drunkenness is one of those vices, which are seldom or never subdued. The demon of drunkenness is one of those strong devils, who keeps fast his hold, and will not be cast out but by much prayer and fasting. And when he comes to take possession of a soul, he seldom comes alone. He usually bring along with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself. And hence you may remark that the drunkard is usually addicted to many other vices besides that of drunkenness, and in particular to lewdness & cursing. He is a debauchee, and a child of malediction. What immodest speeches does he not commonly utter? What horrid oaths and imprecations does he not pour out, when intoxicated? It is then chiefly that the depravity of the heart unfolds itself to the view. It is in that unguarded moment that we may see the man such as he is, with all his vicious dispositions; when the veil of hypocrisy, with which on other occasions he covers his shame, is dropt, and when all muzzle of restraint is flung aside.

Nor must you imagine that you are not accountable for the sins which you commit when drunk. You shall not exculpate yourselves before God, by alledging that you knew not what you were doing. His answer will be, why then did you deprive yourselves of that reason, which I had given you as a counsellor to direct you as to your conduct? Or how could you so much undervalue this most precious of my gifts, as to fling it from you? Thus your very excuse will but enhance your guilt, and prove the cause of your condemnation.

Christians, did you but seriously reflect on the dreadful enormity of this vice of drunkenness; did you but consider its fatal consequences for time and eternity; I am persuaded that you would abhor it for the time to come, and carefully shun the dangerous company of such as are addicted to it.—May Almighty God grant you the grace so to do, in the name, &c.

See, with th' intemp'rate God, Silenus drench'd,
Till in the draught his reason's flame is quench'd;
Reeling and staggering on, with giddy poise,
He falls, and mutters madness where he lies.
With fifth omeine besmear'd, essays in vain
Erect his wonted posture to regain:

Bruis'd, numb'd, or drowning, feels the mortal throe,
Unconscious verging fast on endless woe.
Or, should he 'scape; his loathings sick confess
How life he shortens, by the vile excess,
'Tis pleasure's sting, that gives the frantic joy;
Sure in the end, his comfort to destroy.

As for the shambles fatted, sleek and fair,
Next views the glutton, gorg'd with dainties rare;
Happy he seems; nor other care has he,
But when to feast, and what his fare may be.
Yet, with the meats, that most his palate please,
Are mix'd the seeds of many a dire disease:
For at his board, presides the tempting foe
In pleasure's form; and plans his future woe:
His poison o'er the choicest viands flings,
Whence surfeit foulensues, and gout, that stings;
And fever lights her fast consuming flame;
And morbid humours mine his shrinking frame;
Or apoplexy's rush, our feaster gay
O'erwhelming sudden, sweeps from earth away.

Nor they, by Lust from reason's precincts led,
Are less to plagues expos'd, and dangers dread:
Whether they break the fence of wedded love,
And all an injur'd husband's vengeance prove;
Or, like the brutes, contending for their mate,
In jealous strife they madly tempt their fate;
Ev'n should no rivals spoil their guilty joys,
Disease waylays them, and their bliss destroys.

This Florio found, a youth of beauty rare,
And long the idol of th' admiring fair.
Like death embodied, now he moves along,
And scares, with carrion-look, the passing throng.
With all his features fine dissolv'd away,
He seems to life restor'd, the maggot's prey.

Next view by Av'rice sway'd, the wretched crew,
Curs'd most, when gain'd the object they pursue.

Grippus, when young, was not ungen'rous thought.
What on his mind such woeful change has wrought?
An Aunt's estate bequeath'd, and bags of gold;
These, with their keeper, Av'rice took such hold
Of his whole soul's affection, that not more
Seeks he on earth, but how t' augment his store.
Relations, friends, acquaintance, e'en himself,
He all neglects; nor cares, but for his pelf:
Counts it by day, and adds some sorry mite;
Then sleepless o'er it keeps his watch by night:
Grudges the needful pittance, to supply
His daily wants, that cost him many a sigh.
So thin and thread-bare clad, the frame he shows
Wastes in proportion as his treasure grows.
His far exceeds the penitence severe
For Heav'n endur'd by rigid Cordelier.
Though death, he knows, will bid him all unclasp
His hoarded wealth, and break his strugg'ling grasp;
Rul'd by the fiend, that marks him for his prey,
He hastes the fate he'd shun, or would delay.

ON THE PARTICULAR JUDGMENT OF THE SOUL AFTER DEATH.

AFTER death immediately follows the particular judgment of the soul. No sooner has she left the body, than she finds herself irresistibly carried before the judgment-seat of her God. Ah! who can describe those cruel agonies of despair, which the soul of the sinner shall then endure? who can paint her bitter anguish, her deep confusion, when she appears before the Almighty Judge, now clothed in all his errors, with fire in his eyes, and fury in his countenance? When she finds herself now abandoned and left to her fate by her guardian angel, who then gives up his charge; by the saints her patrons, whose names she bore; and by all her heavenly friends and protectors, whose good works can rescue thee from thy impending fate.—But, alas! look up and read thy shame. The books wherein the whole history of thy life is recorded, are now laid open to thy view. Art thou now convinced that there is a God, whose piercing sight can penetrate into the innermost recesses of thy heart? See here and read even thy most secret thoughts. See here the several omissions of thy duty; and here are noted down even thine idle words. But why dost thou recoil with horror?—

Whither dost thou turn thine eyes? Wretch, are not these thy crimes, numerous as the sands on the sea shore? Read here, nay, here read all thine abominations, and judge thyself.

Is this then, shall the Judge say, the return which thou hast made me for all my favours? Is this that gratitude, which my unbounded love for thee deserved? That love which made me stoop so low as to take upon myself thy nature; and in the mean disguise of thy humanity, to appease by my sufferings and death the wrath of my heavenly Father enkindled against thee? That love which made me bear the burthen of thy sins upon my own shoulders in the garden of Gethsemani, where labouring under the intolerable load, I lay all imbrued in a sweat of blood. That love which made me endure without complaint the scoffs and insults of mine own creatures, by whom I was judged and reputed a fool; blindfolded, buffeted and spit upon, scourged at a pillar, crowned with thorns, and nailed at last to an ignominious cross, on which I at last completed thy ransom; but thou hast rendered it void and null, In return for all that I had done and suffered for thee, I asked thee but thy love, and even this thou didst refuse me. I offered thee my friendship, but thou hast chosen my hatred. I would have given thee my blessing, but my curse thou hast preferred; and my curse shall be thy portion and thine inheritance for ever. *Depart from me thou cursed into everlasting flames, prepared for the devil and his angels.* That moment shall the wicked spirits lay hold on their prey, and hurl her headlong into the unquenchable flames of hell.

Oh how different is the fate of the just man from that of the sinner! No sooner is his blessed soul released from the prison of the body, than she finds herself surrounded with troops of angels and saints once her guardians and intercessors, now her companions for ever; who come to welcome her to her eternal home, and to conduct her to the bar; not as a criminal, but as a new citizen of the heavenly Jerusalem, now about to be restored to her birth-right and now going to get her rights and titles ascertained. See how the Judge receives her smiling, and gives her the kiss of peace.—*Thou hast fought a good fight, shall he say to her; thou hast triumphed over all thine enemies thou hast kept the faith: thou hast now finished thy course; wherefore have I in reserve for thee a crown of glory, which thou shalt wear for ever in the kingdom of my heavenly father.* "Arise then my beloved, arise and come. The winter is now past: the floods and storms are over. Come and possess the kingdom prepared for thee from the beginning of the world. For I was hungry and thou gavest me to eat: I was thirsty, and thou gavest me to drink: I was a stranger, and thou didst take me in; naked and thou didst clothe me; sick and in prison, and thou didst visit me. For what thou hast done to the meanest of my brethren, that do I account as done to myself." Thou hast kept my commandments, and hast not received my grace in vain; nor hast thou buried