

in a place of absolute safety; and also for those who are heedlessly rushing on to destruction. The former, as their translation and glorification will precede it; the latter, in that their anguish and despair will be indescribable; their condition remediless; and their future rayless. A morn will arise over this earth—when the saints of God shall have been silently removed to their heavenly home—the darkest and most alarming since creation. The sun indeed will take his accustomed journey; the rain will as ever come down to the refreshment of the earth; but the heavens will disregard the cry of those upon whom judgment is about to be executed. No servants will proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ, and urgently press their acceptance. And as God's holy angels proceed to execute their awful mission of casting into a furnace of fire the offenders whom they had previously bound in bundles for the burning; we are assured by the infallible word of God, that out of that appalling vortex there will proceed—what? A sound of mirth, of dancing, of revelry? Shouts of applause at the actor's realistic presentation of violence and corruption? Or at the buffoonery of the painted clown? The silvery laughter, or the vain conversation that ascends from the ball-room? Ah, no! None of these, but in the terse and unfailing words of scripture; “wailing and gnashing of teeth.”

Oh! whoever you are who are reading these lines and drifting aimlessly, hopelessly, carelessly down that river of life, whose current increases in rapidity as the cataract is neared; let me speak a word in

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