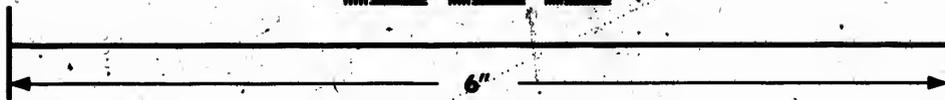
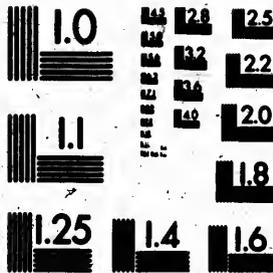


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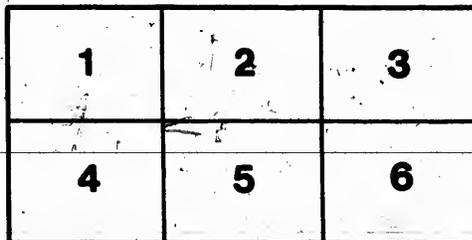
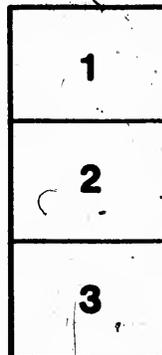
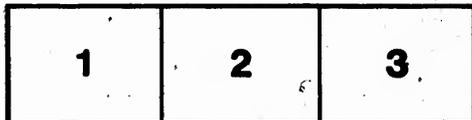
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A

FUNERAL SERMON,

Preached in St. James' Church,

ST. JOHNS, L. C.

ON THE

OCCASION OF THE DEATH

OF

MRS. ALEXR. HAMILTON PEIRCE,

ON

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1834:

BY

THE REV. JOHN COCHRAN, A. B.

ASSISTANT MINISTER.

MONTREAL:

PRINTED BY JAMES & THOMAS A. STARKE.

1835.

Hon. G. F. Rev.

The Lord Bishop of Exeter

With the most respectful compliments

his cordial and affectionate regards

Yours truly
J. G. M.

TE

TO

ALEXR. H. PEIRCE, ESQUIRE.

AND

THE RELATIVES OF THE LAMENTED DECEASED,

THIS SERMON,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THEIR MOST SINCERE

AND SYMPATHISING FRIEND,

JOHN COCHRAN.

St. Johns, January, 1835.

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FUNERAL SERMON.

PSALM LXXXIX, verse 48.—“What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death? Shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave?”

THE loftiest oak, whose branches shade the mountain's top, and whose head reaches to the clouds, shall decay; the highest towers of human greatness shall be levelled; the mountains themselves shall fall; the waters shall fail from the wide-spreading ocean; and the floods shall be dried up; “and all the host of Heaven shall be dissolved, and the Heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and all their host shall fall down, as the leaf falleth from the vine, and as a falling fig from the fig-tree.” Annihilation awaits the inferior creation; and, as the day was when the thousand inhabitants of the air and of the forest were not; so shall the period soon arrive when they shall cease to be. The Hand, which formed the other works of Omnipotence, created man also; and the Almighty,

“DIED, at St. John's, on Tuesday the 25th instant, Mrs. SUSAN HEATH, wife of Mr. A. H. PRICER, merchant, after a painful illness of two weeks, at the age of 25 years. The virtues and many excellent qualities of this amiable young Lady had endeared her to a numerous circle of friends; and her loss will be sincerely deplored, not only by her disconsolate husband and dotting parents, (of whom she was the only child) but by the society in general, of which she was a distinguished ornament. She left two little children, the youngest only six days old.”

(Extract Montreal Herald, December 26th, 1831.)

who called him into existence, blessed him beyond all other objects of his providential care. Not only did this favoured one of Heaven possess authority over every living creature, but he enjoyed the noble faculty of reason, and had within him the principles of immortality. God entered into covenant with the first man, and obedience, on the part of the latter, entitled him to never-ending life from his Lord. But the terms were not observed by Adam. He yielded to the tempter's power; and thus became liable to death, and entailed sin and its miseries on his posterity: From the time of man's fall "his days are determined, the number of his months is with God, who has appointed his bounds that he cannot pass. The debt, which all other works of the Most High must discharge, exempts not him from the obligation; and when nature demands its payment, he must cancel the bond, even with the forfeit of life.

As in the flower of the field, so in the finely based mountain; as in the stately forest-tree, so in the unshaken rock, every moment hastens the work of decay, and directs the contemplative mind to that futurity, when all which delights the eye, or gratifies the sense, shall have ceased to exist. In the observance of inanimate objects, O son of man, recognize thy own approaching destiny! In thy frame now, as if thou wert merely born to die, the seeds of mortality are sown, and thy towering greatness rises but to fall. Tender infancy beheld thy entrance upon life's bustling stage; the affectionate solicitude of parental fondness watched over thy helpless years, and through the unguarded errors and unforeseen exposures of thy feeble childhood, a parent's care conducted thee. Thus cherished in thy early days, thou hast flourished to manhood's prime; yet what can be said of thee, but that thou art a destined inhabitant of the grave—but that thou wilt soon become a tenant of the tomb? Every step, which thou takest in life, is an approach to death—

Every breath, which thou drawest, is an advance to eternity. As an hand breadth is thy existence; thine age is as nothing before God; "verily man, at his best estate, is altogether vanity."

This is the fruit of man's disobedience and guilt; and, since his fall from the high position in which he once stood, the doom pronounced against our rebellious race, still hangs over our heads, and, of few days and full of trouble, is man of woman born. As the sentence of Omnipotence went forth against our common father, so do all his posterity journey apace to the land of forgetfulness;—are claimants of the habitations appointed for all men living. The wealth of the rich affords him the manifold enjoyments of the present, and seems a defence against the intrusion of the unwelcome visiter—Death; but neither wealth nor luxury can defend against his entrance. Though the riches of the universe pertained to the world's votary, not one moment of existence here can he purchase. The poverty of the wretched forms a sad contrast to the circumstances of the former, and seems to reduce the miserable child of sorrow beneath the notice of the fell destroyer; but neither his poverty nor his wretchedness exempts him, and when the call is made, he too must obey. One moment's repose none can obtain; all hurry along with rapid pace. "As the eagle hastening after his prey; as the swift ships that pass along;" so is our course through this transitory world. And, although the motion is so rapid, yet is it also so gentle, that we perceive it not until we have almost reached our allotted limits. Then, we begin to know that we have travelled over a barren wilderness, and when too late, perhaps, lament the few enjoyments which we experienced during our progress. Religion, with its numerous comforts, like wells of water in a thirsty land, invited us to partake; and, at the solemn moment when we must part with all below, retrospection adds to our grief for the refusal of them,

and excites the most bitter reproaches of our folly and our sin.

Say, have you not heard the hoary-headed sinner, and the impenitent youth in his prime, regret past evil conduct at such an hour, the agony of remorse piercing to the quick, and the prospect of everlasting punishment affrighting with all its terrors? Say, have you not heard them not only regret the past, but vow obedience most persevering, if again granted an opportunity of repentance and of love? But the stern tyrant heeded not their professions; pity has no seat in his adamant heart—and, prepared or unfitted for the awful change, he cuts the thread of life, and his victims rush into the presence of their God—of their JUDGE. To deliver themselves from the hand of the grave they cannot; and the icy clasp of Death secures them for his prey.

Age surrounds me, and youth listens to my words. The burden of declining years, with their long train of attendant sorrows, press heavily on some whom I now behold; and the joyfulness of health and vigour enlivens the hearts of others on whom I look. And is Death now doing his work alike with both? What! no escape for the gay and cheerful? no relief for the care-worn and afflicted? Even now, when the sinful principle of procrastination still holds its baneful influence over the aged, and urges them yet longer to delay the important business of time—preparation for eternity—does the last enemy approach? Even now, when the deceiving heart serves to lull suspicion asleep, and the hope of lengthened years persuades that the young are unlikely to become his victims, does he draw nigh? Look to those sad memorials which throng the last resting place of your departed friends; read the melancholy narratives which they record; hear the ashes of the dead testifying against you, who persevere in opposition to the oft-repeated injunctions of Holy Writ; who dare to trifle with your immortal

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souls, in opposition to daily taught experience. There the infant sleeps in quiet with the aged—there “the wicked cease from troubling,” and the believer is at rest from the cares and sorrows of humanity—there the child of God awaits the trumpet’s call to endless glory, and the child of sin the final summons to eternal woe.

Let me yet proceed with this solemn consideration, and lead your attention still farther from the present to the past. Let the memory of bye-gone years array before you the long train of early friends, of beloved connexions, who now sleep in quiet on the cold bed of the grave. How many of them began their progress through life, promising to themselves a long continuance here, whose journey has terminated by the unexpected stroke of the Almighty? That they lived and died, is the only remembrance which you possess of their having once been your fellow pilgrims. They have gone a little before you, but how little who can tell? Does the pride of life uplift you? do the pleasures of it animate you? do the cares of it distract you? Look into those lonely cells, which contain the mouldering remains of the departed, and there you will behold the worthlessness of all terrestrial pursuits, and the nothingness of all earthly gratifications; and, while you look therein, remember—I beseech you to remember—you must soon follow your companions; soon enter into the dominions of the dead; soon mingle your dust with the kindred clay of your fathers.

Did I refer you, my brethren, to scenes which have long since passed away, or circumstances which wear but a faint print on memory’s page, you might, perhaps, have some grounds for the indifference with which too many regard these evidences of mortality. But I call not upon the old to teach the young what they have seen in their days, or that of which they heard as occurring in the times before them. I address myself alike to both, for—alas!—both have be-

come sadly familiarised with the sorrowful proofs of life's uncertainty. Beneath these grassy coverings, lie the remains of many, who, on the first Sabbath of the year now nearly at a close, looked forward with joyous expectation to the happiness, which would mark its progress—and now, ere its final knell has rung, how many have confirmed the position maintained in the text—that every man shall see death; and that none can deliver his soul from the hand of the grave. Turn your eyes within these walls as you will, on every side you witness the absence of several, who, not twelve months since, with you bowed the knee “before JEHOVAH’S awful throne;” with you sought for the “grace of GOD which bringeth salvation;” with you, desired an interest, through faith, in the all-sufficient sacrifice of the LAMB. They, as little as you now consider your latter end, dreaded a removal, and thought not that their place, which knew them once, should so soon know them no more. In all the relations of life, the voice of lamentation and of grief has arisen. Parents have mourned over their children—and children have bewailed the departure of their parents;—husbands have felt the bitter pang of separation from those, who, at the sacred altar, pledged to them their early love—and the widow has lamented for the partner of her youth. As though the ordinary messengers of Omnipotence sufficed not to summon His creatures into His presence, He again sent His destroying angel among us; and we have to grieve for numbers who yielded to his fatal power. All these matters do the memorials of one year (omitting any notice of previous seasons) record—Oh! why not hearken to the admonition which they convey? It is the voice of reason, demanding compliance with what your hearts confess—the voice of departed friends upbraiding you with indifference and unconcern—and the voice of Scripture unites its testimony, and enjoins obedience to the revelation of GOD.—Oh THOU!

“without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy;” who bestowest both the hearing ear and the understanding heart, enable us to profitably receive the lesson, which we are thus taught; to reflect on the uncertainty of our continuance here; and consider the value of our precious souls, which shall live hereafter! Give us grace fervently to seek for the divine influence to “create in us new hearts and renew right spirits within us.”! grant unto us faith in the only Hope of sinners, that we may “inherit the promises,” and obtain “an entrance, ministered unto us abundantly, into the everlasting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST!”

— Let me lead you from the contemplation of this general scene of affliction, which passed before you during this year, to meditate on that particular one, which your yet awakened hearts deplore. Let me conduct you from the numerous habitations of the departed, to that narrow spot which contains the remains of her, whom living we esteemed, for whom dead we mourn. Upon her the hand of the destroyer has seized in the prime of life and in the midst of usefulness, and hurried her, under circumstances peculiarly distressing, to the prison of the grave. How brief on mortal stage was her lot! how unexpected her removal to another world! How many now assembled, would, a few short days since, have regarded their departure at hand, long ere the period of hers drew nigh! Wonderful are the LORD’S dealings with the children of men—His judgments reach far beyond our conceptions.—His ways are past finding out. The glow of health afforded no protection when the fatal shaft was aimed against her breast; the vigour of youth resisted not the assault of the last enemy. The prayers of the poor yielded no defence against the stroke of death; the affection of husband and relatives served not to secure her from the assailant. Heavily as this melancholy occurrence rests upon the minds of surviving

friends, they want not the only genuine consolation, which such an event requires; and, as it has been her Heavenly Father's good will to remove her from a world of sorrow, we trust, they can rejoice in the certain hope of her admittance into the realms of bliss.

To portray the character of her who is no more, is to paint all that is amiable in disposition, all that is praise-worthy in private life. From her earliest years she was known to the greatest part of this congregation, and I can confidently appeal to you for the correctness of my delineation. I could refer to others also whose wants she studied to relieve, whose sorrows it was her earnest desire to alleviate. Benevolence marked her short course, and the tale of misery found hers a ready ear to which it could have access. The willing hand obeyed the dictates of a kind and feeling heart, and the blessings of the needy were daily her portion. I might refer also to her equals in age and situation, whose friendship unabated continued to the last moment, and who would join me in saying that she has not left one, who of her can entertain an unkind thought. In all her actions she was directed by the exalted principle of doing whatever good her circumstances permitted, not for the sake of applause, but through love to all around her, and for the commendations of an approving conscience. Where the mind is actuated by such motives, we cannot think so harshly of human nature as to suppose, that envy or malice would vent their bitterness against a character so worthy.

In these points, we can unhesitatingly affirm, that she has left us a most excellent example. But here we must not rest. In these instances, the natural feelings may obtain, and excite their possessor to good will to others, while the individual still leads an unrenewed and impenitent life. Often do we see the utmost benevolence prevail in the breasts of those, who, we have cause to regret, carry their religion no farther

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than morality—who, while they rejoice to benefit their fellow-men, and add to the well-being of society, neglect the observance of the first and great commandment—"Thou shalt love the LORD thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength." Different was the life of our now departed friend. You have witnessed her constant attendance on the public worship of her Creator; you have beheld her regularly uniting with those, who professed a Saviour's name, by commemorating His dying love, at His holy table. And yet, though these evidences of a lively faith in CHRIST will always appear as characteristics of the sincere follower of the LAMB, they may also mark the mere formalist, and be displayed by the grossest deceiver. Our blessed LORD—to warn us of the danger of profession where vital godliness exists not—has declared that—"Not every one that saith unto me Lord! Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." Faith and obedience go hand in hand in the Gospel, and the possession of the former and the practising of the latter are indispensably requisite to eternal happiness. The one relies firmly on the Most High for His approval and His favour—the other extends its benefits to mankind for their good and for God's glory. The one is a light, which shines from above illuminating the way to heaven and displaying the beauties of the celestial land—the other tracks the path with unwearied step, until the light has ceased to shine, when the faithful servant has entered into the joy of his LORD. But it was not mere profession with her. From intimate acquaintance with her walk and conversation, I can express the fervent hope of her "acceptance in the Beloved." There was nothing in her religious experience to denote that warmth of emotion, which we observe in some—there was not that burning zeal which many disciples of their Master display. There were the

calmness of demeanour, the desire after increasing blessings, the delight to speak of, and meditate on, the things of a happier world, which prove that the heart is engaged on the side of heaven. She was a consistent Christian, endeavouring to "serve the LORD with fear and rejoice with trembling;" seeking by patient continuance in well-doing, for glory, honour and immortality, through the infinite merits of a crucified SAVIOUR; humble and dependant. To converse on the subject, which, of all others excites the grateful emotions of the believer—that of God's unbounded mercy in sending His beloved Son to die for man's salvation—seemed to afford her the highest pleasure. And that tongue, which is now mute in the grave, I have heard speak in warmest terms of the free grace of GOD in CHRIST; and those eyes, which have now closed upon all things below, I have seen suffused with tears, at the remembrance of a SAVIOUR'S dying love. The peculiar circumstances of her last illness prevented her from expressing, at that solemn season, with greater confidence and more joy than formerly, the feelings which, for some time, she experienced. I doubt not her last days would have been triumph, and her last accents praise, had the favour of the Most High visited her with the opportunity so much desired. But He, who directs all things for his own glory, was pleased to order it otherwise; and we can only look upon a virtuous and godly life, as evidence of the lively faith in CHRIST, who has now, we trust, welcomed her into the bliss of eternity.

From the contemplation of the past, let me direct your thoughts to the progress of Death around you, and consider the numbers of your fellow men, he even now marks for his own. How many of them even at this moment lie stretched upon a bed of sickness from which they will never arise; how many are struggling with the unequal enemy; how many gasping forth the vital breath; how many—yea, at this very mo-

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ment, how many—ascending to the judgment-seat of God? These are most solemn subjects for our calm and frequent meditation, and they serve to impress on our minds the imperative necessity of being always ready, for “in such an hour as we think not, the Son of man cometh.”

And who will attempt to describe the situation of the spiritually dead when the period of natural death approaches? Bitter remorse and self-reproach for the opportunities which they neglected, for the seasons of grace which they abused, for the proposals of heavenly mercy which they despised, oppress their minds. They begin to shrink beneath the power of Him, whom in the days of their prosperity they regarded not, and to shudder at the terrific prospect of His wrath. They look up to Heaven, but as they did despite to the HOLY SPIRIT, He no longer strives with them, and as they “denied the HOLY ONE and the JUST,” He appears not to comfort them, and faith in CHRIST yields no hope beyond the grave. And, if they endeavour to form some faint hopes of mercy, how are their minds distracted with alarming terrors and keen reflections! Unaccustomed to pray, they cannot lift up their hands to God, and offer the fervent petitions of the soul. Unacquainted with the Word of Truth, which presents a fruitful source of consolation to the believer, under the last trial, as well as under any other affliction of life, they cannot derive that benefit which they ought to obtain. On the contrary, every verse testifies against them, and every page pronounces their condemnation. The work of repentance is too serious, too difficult a matter to postpone, until a death-bed urges its importance; and, therefore, little reliance can be placed on its efficacy then. To avoid this anguish of soul, and the direful forebodings of the last hour, the surrender of the heart to God, through faith in CHRIST JESUS, and with an unfeigned contrition for past offences, affords a certain means. To make such an offering, by

the aid of divine grace, when health promises a long sojourn on earth, when the faculties maintain their wonted energies, is always well-pleasing to the Most High. Though He is the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, yet with him that is of an humble and a contrite spirit will He dwell, to revive his spirit and cheer his heart, as he advances to the heavenly country. And how happy is the latter end—how peaceful the departure—of those, who have their loins girt and their lights always burning! The fears of everlasting misery distract the guilty; the justice of a Holy God affrights the impenitent; but before them no alarms arise, around them no terrors spread. As they loved the LORD, and sought Him while He might be found; as they believed in Jesus, and, by faith, appropriated to themselves the promises; so they rejoice in the hope of glory and everlasting bliss, through the mercy of God and the redemption that is in CHRIST. Around their path, faith sheds a purer light than the starry firmament displays, to guide them to the Zion of their King. Around the death-bed of the Christian, it casts a radiance of unclouded splendour, which shines more and more unto the perfect day, that forever cheers the children of God in their holy habitations. In the final struggle, when the body yields to the stroke of death, the soul, still victorious, contemns the fruitless assault; and, borne in the chariot of Hope, it ascends from the field of its triumph to the throne which the soldier of the cross has won.

Say, then, my brethren, as you contemplate the closing scenes of the sinner and of the Christian, and as you call to mind the weighty fact, that through one of them you must pass, whenever the summons from above must descend, which do you prefer? In the words of Scripture, you will at once exclaim—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" This desire after eternal happiness is an inherent principle of our nature, and, therefore, this

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prayer will fall from every lip. To lead you, by the divine influence, to attain this blessed consummation, is my most anxious desire, and that you should honour God, in your life, and glorify him in your death, that you may be His for ever, is my most earnest petition. But how can you expect thus to live and thus to die, if you continue in the ways of the world, and devote not yourselves entirely to Him. Our blessed LORD has told you wherein your duty consists, and if you render not to Him the homage of the heart, as well as of the lip; if you think to please him with a divided soul, mammon possessing one portion, and God having the offer of the other, you only deceive yourselves, the truth is not in you.

Let me, therefore, earnestly entreat you to employ the opportunities which you possess to greater advantage than hitherto—pray for the gracious influence of the HOLY SPIRIT to impress your hearts with a proper sense of your condition as sinners, and your need of forgiveness through CHRIST, and to lead you to Him, who is alone the way and the life, that everlasting glory may be yours. Thus, and thus only, can you enjoy real happiness in life, be in readiness for death, and exult in the prospect of never ending bliss in the mansions of your Father.

Widely different are the concluding scenes of the two classes, when reason continuing permits reflection, or protracted sickness affords opportunity of referring to the past.

But should the former privilege be denied, should the advantage of the latter be withheld, how awful is the fate of those who “fall into the hands of the living God!” how appalling to the mind the idea of rushing into His dread presence without one moment’s preparation, without one thought of eternity! The eloquence of man cannot depict the horrors which arise in the guilty soul, when it thus considers the possibility of a sudden removal. They are felt, they cannot be

described. I beseech you, by the tender mercies of God, by the compassion of CHRIST—if these cannot move you—by the concern which you ought to experience for the salvation of your immortal souls; to live so that this “day may not come upon you unawares!”

You now feel the loss which our community has sustained, in the removal of our lamented friend; the dictates of nature demand the tear of sorrow for one universally esteemed—the sympathies of humanity are now awakened, and a more fitting season than the present, the Preacher need not desire, to endeavour to impress the immediate necessity of preparing to meet your God. It is true, that you have frequently assembled to perform the last sad offices to departed friends—and it is equally true, that too little, if any effect, has been produced on your hearts, by the solemn duty. Shall the present melancholy instance of Almighty power, exemplified in her case, have no better effect than in others? Will you leave this house of prayer, without a resolution, by God’s grace assisting, to live anew? If you do so, how will you answer in the day of account, for this and the other warnings of heaven, which you have received? Oh! put not off the momentous work of eternity; but, when you retire from this place, meditate on what you have heard, remember the sudden departure which you have witnessed, and consider your own latter end. And as you know not how soon you may have to bow before the arm of Death, when former sins rise against you, and startled nature shrinks with the fear of instant dissolution; when misspent time and neglected opportunities; when oft-repeated iniquities, contrary to light and to knowledge, stare you in the face, and point to “the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone,”—without delay, while the gate of heaven is yet open, seek for admission within its precincts, lest the next moment exclude you from it forever! Father of mercies! give each of us grace so to do! impress our minds with the weight of

our petition—"From sudden death, good Lord, deliver us!" influence us, by thy divine power, immediately to "set our house in order," for we know not when we shall have to appear in thy presence—we know not the circumstances under which the call may be made! "Teach us so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom!"

Can youth, or health, or beauty's bloom, protect from the advance of the last enemy? Let me remind you of her, who is now gone, and you will own that these, could they have availed aught, had been a sure defence to her. Can the esteem of a large circle of acquaintance, and the respect of all around, retard his progress? Again I refer you to our departed friend, who enjoyed these advantages most largely. But, who of you can, for a moment, entertain ideas so repugnant to either reason or Scripture? The text speaks most markedly, and from the manner in which the truth contained is expressed, it bears additional weight:—"What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death? shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave?" No, my brethren, "there is no escape from that war." Even against you has the mighty victor aimed the fatal blow; each of you has he selected for his victim; each of you is unbared to receive the deadly stroke. The Most High "has determined your times, and noted the bounds of your habitations;" and when will the Supreme Disposer of events cause your existence to cease? You know not how soon; and like the unconscious victim ascending the altar-steps, you will fall a sacrifice. None can pretend to say that he will survive till another day shall dawn; much less that he will descend to the last abode "in a full age, as a shock of corn cometh in his season." Even towards you, to whom appearances seem so favourable, the fell destroyer of mankind stretches forth his hand; and you will soon fall prostrate beneath his arm. The foe to others, will not show compassion to you; and whether

it be "in your full strength, being wholly at ease and quiet, or in the bitterness of your soul, never eating with pleasure, you shall lie down in the dust, and worms shall cover you." But, when will this dreadful day arrive? when will you enter into the house appointed for all living? God alone, who governs all things, knows, and His wisdom directs the period of your continuance here. But, if you would farther inquire, ask "the flower of the field, over which the wind passeth and it is gone"—ask "the vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." Refer to Scripture, and learn from its faithful testimony that "your days are as a shadow, and there is none abiding." Refer to experience, and add the weight which the present instance of mortality affords. Forget not, that, in her sudden removal, you have beheld the stamp of truth impressed on every evidence of the Bible, relative to life's uncertainty. And, what a solemn consideration arises from this instruction! what a momentous question comes pointedly to every heart! "Is the yawning grave at hand to receive me, who apparently have so little cause to dread its power? is the lonely tomb already opening its prison-door to receive me, who so little think of its captivity?" Yea, even at this moment, the voice of mortality proclaims in thy ears—"There is but a step between thee and death;" and the voice of revelation thunders aloud—"Prepare to meet thy God!"—Hearken, then, to the words of wisdom, and the admonitions of Scripture—benefit by the lessons which experience teaches—suffer not this melancholy event to pass without due improvement.

You cannot, as the text maintains, and as every day testifies, deliver your soul from the hand of the grave; all that live must see death, But shall it be so always? shall the victor for ever have power over the captives of his bow and spear?

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" To the tree comes the bud,
 And the flower to the plain ;
 But the good and the wise,
 Shall they come not again ?"

Have the great and mighty for ever sunk into oblivion, for ever fallen that they cannot rise? No, my brethren; this gloomy prospect can never be realized. **JESUS** submitted to the stroke of death that he might atone for our sins; but "He rose again for our justification," and proved the certainty of our resurrection by His own. "He was the first-fruits of them that slept, that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." And those heavens, which opened their everlasting doors to admit him triumphant over the grave, shall again witness His appearance to summon every descendant of Adam to stand before His dread tribunal. Here, arraigned in His presence, the book of God's remembrance will declare the guilt of each; and Oh! what an awful moment for the sinner, what a glorious one for the saint, will this be!

The sinner lived without God in the world; the pleasures of life engrossed his attention; any thing, every thing, but his immortal soul, claimed his regard. All the loved enjoyments of time, all the anxious cares of the world have passed away; and there, O guilty one! thou standest undefended against God's wrath. No imputed righteousness, of a sufficient surety, protects thee; no faith in **CHRIST JESUS** shields thee; but all the horrors of eternal misery await thee! Thou didst refuse mercy, thou didst despise grace, thou didst contemn the blood of the covenant, thou didst defy Omnipotence, thou didst brave the terrors of the Almighty! Could worlds come at thy command, worlds thou would give for another brief season, such as thou didst permit to pass unheeded—but all opportunity is now forever gone, and nought can oppose the indignation of the **LORD** against thee. Do you now think of these matters, my brethren; do you weigh them now

in your minds, as you will weigh them when a death-bed proves to you the folly of all dependance, save **CHRIST** and Him crucified; the nothingness of every trust, save in an all-sufficient **REDEEMER**? Do you now reflect on the punishment which awaits the impenitent? do you now shudder at the thought of the worm which never dies, and the fire that cannot be quenched? To this everlasting state of suffering and of woe, the fiat of the Almighty will consign all whose "names are not written in the **LAMB'S** book of life"—all who have not experienced the saving power of God in their souls. And you too will be of this number, if, cut off in your sins, you are hurried into eternity. As you know not the moment, when you shall be called from this world; as you are convinced that the penalties of the world to come are not fables, let me enforce this serious matter on the heart of each, and urge the importance, nay, the necessity, of immediately making your peace with God, through the **LORD JESUS CHRIST**. Let me intreat all, who yet know not a **SAVIOUR**, to pause in their soul-destroying career, and rest not in their endeavours to obtain reconciliation, until the **HOLY SPIRIT** bear witness with their spirit that they are the children of God, and joint heirs with His beloved Son. Thus will they avoid the threatenings of the Most High, which speak directly to every unrenewed, to every obdurate, heart—thus will they escape the wrath to come.

On the other hand, the believer will rejoice, when summoned by the last trumpet, to meet his **LORD** in the air—its sound brings to him the glad tidings, that soul and body will for ever be united, and for ever partake of the pleasures which are at God's right hand. Yes—Christians—when once the sleep of ages shall have been broken, you will enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise. No sorrow can there distress you, no pain annoy you. Sickness and death have for ever been banished from

the celestial habitations, and the joys of eternity await you in realms of glory. You will join the general assembly and church of the first-born—for you thrones in the heavenly kingdom are prepared—for you the robes of spotless white, the honours of a never-ending triumph are reserved. There the spirits of the just made perfect have gone before you—there, you hope, your fathers, your friends, and she, whom, lost to us, we lament, have already gained admission—there the SAVIOUR of the world reigns in endless glory—there the LORD JEHOVAH, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST, dwells in light uncreate, and inhabits the praises of eternity. What encouragement does such a prospect afford “not to be weary in well-doing!” What a distinguished reward awaits you, who will be “faithful to the end!”

Spirit of the living GOD! direct the heart of every one here present, that he may profit by what he has heard—that he may daily increase in godliness—that he may place his affections on things above, and when removed from this world, he may receive a glad welcome into that heavenly land, where his treasure has already been! AMEN.

