

THE
CROSS OF CHRIST,

THE
CHRISTIAN'S GLORY.

A
S E R M O N

PREACHED

At the VISITATION of the REVEREND JOHN
BROWN, D. D. Archdeacon of Northamp-
ton; held at All-Saints, in Northampton,
on May 10, 1753.

*GALATIANS vi. 14. God forbid that I should glory, save
in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

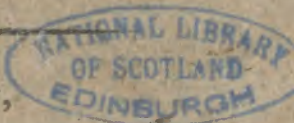
THE AUTHOR'S LAST SERMON.

By the late Reverend JAMES HERVEY, A. M.
Rector of Weston-Favell, in Northamptonshire.

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THE
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*GAL. vi. 14. God forbid that I should glory,
save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

THE cross of Christ was the favourite topic of St. Paul's contemplation; The cross of Christ was the chosen subject of his sermons, and the grand theme of his writings. At all times, and in every capacity, he professed, he avowed, he gloried in the cross of Christ. Nay, what is very remarkable, he gloried in nothing else—and, what is still more observable, he abhorred the thought of glorying in any thing else. He speaks of such a practice, in the language of detestation and dread, accounting it a high degree both of folly and wickedness: *God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

It may therefore be an employ worthy of our present attention, to enquire into the nature, the reasonableness, and the wisdom of this resolution. All which, I hope will appear if we consider,

- I. In what the apostle would not glory.
- II. In what he did glory.
- III. What reason he had to glory in the cross of Christ.

These points being briefly dispatched, I shall beg leave to add a word of application, suggested by the tenor of the discourse, and adapted to the circumstances of my several hearers. And may that adorable Jesus, who has exchanged his Cross for a heavenly Crown, accompany all with his divine blessing! Let us then enquire,

I. In what the apostle did not glory. Not in the greatness of his learning, as a scholar. He was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel; educated by the most famous tutor of the age. Nor was his genius or his industry, inferior to the other advantages of his education. Yet all these advantages, with their correspondent acquisitions, he accounted no better than pompous ignorance, or refined folly.

Not in the strictness of his life, as a Jew. In this respect he profited above his equals; *was taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers; after the strictest sect of their religion, he lived a Pharisee*: was zealous, exceeding zealous, of the whole ceremonial law, and all the traditional constitutions. Which accomplishments must finish his character among his countrymen; must open his way to some of the first honours of the nation; and give him a name among those worthies who were reputed the excellent of the earth. But what others counted gain, this he counted loss for Christ.

Not in the eminency of his gifts, nor in

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the extent of his usefulness of a Christian minister. He had been caught up into the third heaven; had heard the words of God, and seen the vision of the Almighty; had wrought all manner of wonders and signs, and mighty deeds.—What was still more valuable; he had planted churches, and converted souls. His labours were gone out into all lands, and his words into the ends of the earth. Yet all these acquirements, before the infinite God, were defective; all these performances, in point of justification, were insufficient. Therefore, in none of these he gloried. Which reminds me of the second inquiry.

II. In what did the apostle glory? He gloried in a cross. Strange! What so scandalous as a cross? On a cross rebellious slaves were executed. The cross was execrable among men, and accursed even by God, yet the apostle glories in the cross. Crucifixion not being used among us, the expression does not sound so harsh, neither is the idea so horrid. But to the ear of a Galatian, it conveyed much the same meaning, as if the apostle had gloried in a halter, gloried in the gallows, gloried in a gibbet.

Stupid creature, perhaps some may reply, to undervalue the same substantial endowments, and glory in infancy itself! But stop a moment, and hear the apostle farther. He glories in the cross of Christ; that illustrious person, who was anointed to be the

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all-instructing prophet, the all-attoning priest, and the all-conquering king of the church. In the cross of Christ Jesus; who, by the discharge of all those important offices, should save his people from the dominion of sin, and from the damnation of hell. In the cross of Christ Jesus our Lord; and not ours only, but Lord of all; *who hath on his vesture, and on his thigh written, KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS.*

And is it possible for any human heart to contemplate the cross of so divine a Being, and not to glory? is it possible to say, Angels, he rules over you; but he died, he died on a cross for me: and not exult in such transporting beneficence?—This will be more evident, if we examine,

III. What reason the apostle had to glory in the cross of Christ. The cross, though in itself an ignominious tree; yet, being the cross of Christ, is infinitely ennobled. It becomes the tree of life; it bears the divine fruit; its clusters are all spiritual and heavenly blessings. Two or three of those clusters you will permit me to select; and may the God of all mercy make them better than a feast to every humble soul.

One blessing is the pardon of sin; the pardon of all sin, original and actual; Sin that is remembered, and sin that is forgotten: Sin, however circumstanced, or however aggravated, the pardon of all was purchased by the death of Christ;—completely pur-

chased;—so that, against the true believer, sin shall never rise up in judgement; shall not so much as be mentioned unto him; shall be done away as tho' it had never been. For, thus saith the ambassador of the Prince of peace, *Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by him all that believe are justified from all things.* Oh, my soul! my guilty soul! what are all the kingdoms of the world, and the glories of them, compared with this ineffable blessing! Yet this is but one among a multitude.

Another benefit, accruing from the cross of Christ, is reconciliation with God. *When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God, by the death of his Son.* Not pardoned only, but accepted; from a state of enmity, restored to a state of favour! even that favour which is better than life. A privilege of such superlative excellency, that it was celebrated in the hymns of angels. When the heavenly host offered a song, this was the subject of their harmonious joy; *Glory be to God in the highest; and on earth peace, goodwill towards men.* “By the birth of this
 “wonderful Child, and the death he sh^d all
 “sustain, peace is made between heaven
 “and earth: and not peace only, but a
 “divine friendship commences. God re-
 “gards the poor apostate race of men, not
 “only without indignation, but with com-
 “placency and delight. He rejoices over
 “them to do them good.”

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Another benefit is holiness; or, if you please, the true, the Christian morality. Let none think, the believer in Jesus disparages true morality. True morality is the image of the blessed God: It is most charmingly delineated throughout the whole Bible: It is the beginning of heaven in the human soul; and its proper origin is from the cross of our divine Master. For, thro' the merits of his death, sinners are made partakers of the holy Spirit; who writes upon their hearts, and makes legible in their conversation, what was anciently written upon the mitre of the high-priest, HOLINESS TO THE LORD. And oh! what a motive is the cross of Christ to the exercise of every virtue! He died; my Lord, my Judge, my King died; to redeem me from all iniquity, and make me zealous of good works. How powerfully, far beyond any naked instructions, or abstract reasonings, do such considerations invite us, urge us, constrain us, to renounce all ungodliness, and adorn the gospel of God our Saviour!

Another blessing is victory over death. This also is the fruit of that once detested, but now ever beloved tree. For thus it is written, *That through death, he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their life-time subject to bondage.* The devil is said to have the power of death; because, by tempting too success-

fully our first parents, he brought death into the world; because, by tempting their posterity to sin, and too often prevailing, he arrays death in horror; he arms death with its sting. But Christ, by expiating our guilt, has disarmed this last enemy; has taken away its sting, and made it not loss, but gain to die. The gay, and the healthy, know not how to form an estimate of this deliverance; nor can any words of mine describe it with proper energy. Go to dying beds; there you will learn its true worth. Ask some agonizing friend; he, and he alone can tell you, what a blessing it is to have the king of terrors, converted into a messenger of peace.

One blessing more I would mention, and earnestly wish it, in due time, to all my hearers; an entrance into heaven. This too is the produce of our Redeemer's cross. St. John saw a bright assembly of happy beings, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, rejoicing before the throne of God. *These*, said one of the venerable elders, *are they who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white, in the blood of the Lamb.* THEREFORE are they before the throne. *They came out of great tribulation*: They suffered, it is probable, in the service of Christ: perhaps they laid down their lives for his sake. But this was not their passport into the regions of bliss. *They washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb*:

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they had applied to their own souls' merit and atonement of the crucified Jesus. By this means they were presented without spot, and blameless; on this account they were admitted to see the King of heaven in his beauty! and to be ever, ever with the Lord.

Since then the cross of Christ was demonstrative of such stupenduous love; since it is productive of benefits innumerable, invaluable, and eternal; was there not a cause for the apostle to glory on this behalf? Nay, might not the very stones have cried out, to reproach him with insensibility and ingratitude, if he had neglected to glory in the cross of Christ. And since this love was shewed, these benefits were procured, not for him only, but for us, and for all generations; does not this afford me an opportunity of applying the doctrine to each particular hearer?

I. Let me address, or rather let me congratulate my brethren in the ministry. Tho' you cannot controul the laws of nature; though you cannot see into the secrets of futurity, you have the same cause of glorying with the very chief of the apostles, a cause of glorying, which that holy man of God esteemed far above all such miraculous abilities. You have the cross of Christ for your study, as men; for your hope, as Christians; for your preaching, as ministers.

For your study, as men. Here the reasoning faculties may exert themselves with

everlasting improvement, and everlasting delight. Here we contemplate the wonders, the unparalleled wonders, of a God made man; dying as a pattern of patience, as a martyr for truth, as an ail-perfect sacrifice for sin. Here the LORD JEHOVAH hath fully granted what his servant Moses so earnestly requested; he hath made all his glory to pass before the astonished eyes of angels and of men. Here justice has set her most awful terrors in array; even while goodness appears, with inexpressive loveliness, and the most attractive beauty. Here truth, more unshaken than a rock, takes her immovable stand: and mercy, tenderer than the mother's tears, yearns with bowels of everlasting pity. In a word, the cross of Christ is a conspicuous theatre, on which all the divine perfections unite, and harmonize, and shine forth with transcendent lustre.

As christians, we have, in the cross of Christ, the richest provision for our own spiritual wants. This is a foundation of the sublimest hope, and a fountain of the most exuberant joy: this affords matter of the deepest humility, and yields fuel for the most flaming love. Faith in our crucified Jesus is an ever-active principle of the most cheerful and exact obedience: is an ample and inexhaustible magazine, from which we may fetch arms to conquer, absolutely conquer the allurements of the world, the solicitations of the flesh, and the temptations of the de-

vil.—By this a way is opened for us into THE HOLY OF HOLIES: and what may we not venture to ask, what may we not expect to receive, who have the blood of the everlasting covenant to plead in all our approaches to the throne of grace? Having therefore such an high priest; having in this cross, unsearchable riches; who shall make our glorying void? What shall hinder us from rejoicing and saying, Blessed be God for the opening beauties of spring! Blessed be God for the expected fruits of autumn! Blessed be God for ten thousand thousand gifts of his indulgent providence! but above all, blessed be God for the cross of Christ.

As ministers of the gospel, we are not left to set before our hearers a system of refined heathenism; or to entertain them with cold spiritless lectures of virtue. No; we have the infinitely tender love, the immensely free grace, of the bleeding, dying IMMANUEL, to display, to improve, to enforce. And is there a topic in the whole compass of oratory, is there an argument amidst all the stores of reason, so admirably calculated to touch the finest movements of the soul, to strike all the inmost springs of action, with the most persuasive, the most commanding energy? Would we alarm the supine, or intimidate the presumptuous? we may call them to behold God's own Son weltering in blood. God's own Son transfixed with the arrows of justice; we may bid them consider, if judge-

ment begins with the immaculate Mediator, where shall the irreclaimable sinner appear? how will he escape the stroke? how bear the weight of God's everlasting vengeance? Would we comfort the distressed; we may point them to an atonement, whose merits are infinite, and able to save to the very uttermost; we may lead them to a righteousness, whose efficacy is unbounded, and sufficient to justify the ungodly. And what balm can be so sovereign for an wounded conscience? Are we to support the weak, and animate the doubting? here we may shew them promises, free promises, exceeding great and precious promises, ratified by the oath of Jehovah, and sealed by the blood of his Son. And what cordials can be so restorative to the drooping Christian?

In short, the doctrine of the cross is suited to answer all the great ends of our ministry, and promote all the truly valuable interests of our people. By this the holy spirit delights to work: and this, *O Satan, shall be thy plague; this, O Sin, shall be thy destruction.* However; therefore, the cross might be to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness; God forbid that we should glory in any thing else! Let this be the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and ending, of all our public ministrations. Let us leave a favour of this knowledge, which is far better than precious ointment, in every private company. Let it appear,

from all our conversation, that the affections of our heart, and the labours of our life, are devoted, wholly devoted, to our adored Redeemer's cross. Happy the people who are under the care of such ministers? and blessed the ministers who walk according to this rule!

2. Let me exhort all the true believers; those who are vile in their own eyes, and to whom Christ alone is precious. Remember, brethren, what is written in the prophets: it is a description of your estate; it is a direction for your conduct. *In the Lord, the Lord Jesus Christ, Shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and in him shall they glory.*

Let none say that religion is a gloomy or uncomfortable state; I call upon you this day to rejoice. Let none say that religion is a mean and despicable thing; I call upon you this day to glory; and have the divine authority for both. You will dishonour the blessed Jesus, you will disparage his surpassing excellency, if you do not confide in him, and make your boast of him. Christ is King of heaven, Christ is Judge of the world, Christ is God over all. And of such a Saviour shall we not glory? Yes, verily, and in all circumstances, and on every occasion.

Amidst your manifold infirmities, glory in Christ. For, though he was crucified in weakness, he hath all power in heaven and earth. And it is written before him, it is one of his immutable decrees, *Sin shall not*

have dominion over you. Amidst your various failings, glory in Christ. For his righteousness covers all your imperfections, his righteousness secures you from wrath and condemnation; and, though deficient in yourselves, you are complete in him. Under the pressure of tribulations, lift up your heads, and glory in the cross: because the Captain of your salvation, was made perfect through sufferings. If you suffer with him, you shall also reign with him, and the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the happiness which Christ hath purchased with his agonies, and will quickly bestow on his people, when death approaches, death that cuts off the spirit of princes, and is terrible among the kings of the earth; do you still glory in the cross. Adhering to this banner, you may boldly and triumphantly say, *O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory?* When that great tremendous day shall come, which puts an end to time and terrestrial things; when that awful, that majestic, voice is heard, which commands all the race of Adam to appear at the bar; then, my dear brethren in Christ, then also shall you glory in the cross. When others, in an agony of terror, call upon rocks to fall on them and mountains to overwhelm them; this shall be your sedate appeal; rather, this shall be your heroic challenge: *Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? it is God that justifieth; who is he that*

condemneſt? It is Chriſt that died. Then ſhall you enter the harbour of eternal reſt; not like a ſhip-wrecked mariner, cleaving to ſome broken plank, and hardly eſcaping the raging waves; but like ſome ſtately veſſel, with all her ſails expanded, and riding before a proſperous gale.

3. Let me caution the ſelf-righteous; thoſe who more frequently think of their own piety than of Chriſt's obedience; are more apt to cry out, with the Pharifee, *I am no extortioner; no adulterer;* than to confeſs with the Publican, *God be merciful to me a ſinner.* What ſhall I ſay to theſe perſons? Let me not be thought cenſorious, when my only aim is to be faithful. Beware, I beſeech you, leſt you build for eternity, not on a rock, but on the ſand. However you may appear in your own ſight before the adorable Majeſty of the everlaſting God, before the conſummate perfection of his holy law, you are leſs than nothing, you are worſe than nothing: you are indeed; you are deficiency and ſin. Renounce, therefore, renounce all dependence on ſelf. Trust no longer in a refuge of lies; leſt all your admired attainments, at the day of final retribution be like ſtraw, and hay, and ſtubble, in Nebuchadnezzar's burning fiery furnace. Imitate the bleſſed penman of my text. Are you blameleſs in your external carriage? ſo was he. Are you exemplary in many points? ſo was he. Yet all this righteouſneſs he ac-

courted dung, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord. Be this your pattern. Write emptiness upon your own duties, emptiness upon your own works; and you shall be filled with all the fulness of God your Saviour. Every other cause of glorying, will be like the morning cloud, or the early dew, which passeth away; but this cause of glorying will *stand fast for evermore, as the moon, and as the faithful witness in heaven.*

Can I conclude, without adding a word of admonition to the wicked; those, I mean, who are enemies to the cross of Christ; who mind earthly things, but neither hunger nor thirst after righteousness. My soul remembers the wormwood and the gall of such a state, and cannot but tenderly pity these unhappy people. Alas! my friends, what have you to glory in? The devil and his angels expect ere long to glory in your destruction. Those malignant fiends are eyeing you as their prey, and are impatient to begin your torment. Great, inexpressibly great is your danger: the Lord Almighty open your eyes to discern it. Nevertheless, your case is not desperate. You may yet be delivered, *as a bird out of the snare of the fowler.* Look unto the crucified Jesus. Why does he hang on that bloody tree? Why are his hands pierced with iron? why is his body racked with pain?—Why is his heart torn with anguish?—It is for you, sinners, for you.

That blood is poured out, to cleanse you from guilt; those wounds are sustained, to heal your consciences; that anguish is endured to obtain rest for your souls. In that mangled body *dwells all the fullness of the Godhead*. Great, beyond imagination great is the merit of these sufferings. Why then, O! why will you die? Why will you perish for ever who have an all-sufficient propitiation in the cross of Christ? Fly to this sanctuary: fly, before it be too late: fly without a moment's delay. It is an inviolable sanctuary. None ever perished that fled by faith to the compassionate, the divinely compassionate Redeemer, his death shall be a full satisfaction for your iniquities. A sense of his immensely rich goodness shall win your affections; shall incline (what all the threatenings of damnation could never effect) shall smooth your path, and expiate your progress, to the regions of immortal honour and joy.

Having now, with great plainness of speech, addressed my brethren in the ministry, having exhorted believers, cautioned the self-righteous, and warned the wicked; let me commend the whole to your serious recollection, and to God's gracious benediction. And, O Lord most holy! O God most mighty! O holy and merciful Saviour: by thine agony and bloody sweat, by thy cross and passion, let not the word now spoken be in vain in the Lord! Amen, and Amen.

F I N I S.

THE LAST

S E R M O N

OF THE

REVEREND JAMES HERVEY, D. D.
Rector of Weston-Favell, in Northamptonshire.

CONTAINING,

A WALK TO THE BURYING PLACE.

WITH

Observations on the Death of a Wicked Person.

DEUT xxix. 19. *O that they were wise to consider their
latter end.*

INSTRUCTIVE LESSONS.

OH that they were wise, said the inspired writer, it was his last wish for his dear people; he breathed it out, and gave up the ghost. But what is wisdom; it consists not in refined speculations, accurate researches into nature, or an universal acquaintance with history: The divine Law-giver settles this important point in his next aspiration; O that they understood this! that they had right apprehensions of their spiritual interest, and eternal concerns! that they had eyes to discern, and inclinations to pursue the things that belong to their peace!—But, how shall they attain this valuable knowledge; I sent them not to run over all the volumes of literature, they may much more expeditionly acquire this science of life, by considering

their latter end. This spark of heaven is often lost under the glitter of pompous crudition, but shines clearly in the gloomy mansions of the tomb; drowned in the gentle whisper, amidst the noise of mortal affairs, but speaks distinctly in the retirements of serious contemplation.—Behold how providentially I am brought to the school of wisdom: The grave is the most faithful master, and these instances of mortality, the most instructive lessons.—Come then, calm attention, and compose my thoughts: come thou celestial Spirit and enlighten my mind; that I may so easily peruse these awful pages as to become wise unto salvation.

Examining the records of MORTALITY, I found the memorials of a promiscuous multitude. They were huddled, at least they rested together, without any regard to rank or seniority. None were ambitious of the uppermost rooms, or chief seats, in the house of mourning. None entertained fond and eager expectation of being honourably greeted in their darksome cells. The man of years and experience reputed as an oracle in his generation, was content to lie down at the foot of a babe. In this house appointed for all living, the servant was equally accommodated, and lodged in the same story with his master. The poor indigent lay as softly, and slept as soundly, as the most opulent professor; all the distinction that subsisted was a grassy hillock, bound with osiers; or a se-

pulchral stand ornamented with imagery.

Why then, said my working thoughts, Oh, why should we raise such a mighty stir about superiority and precedence, when the next remove will reduce us all to a state of equal meanness! why should we exalt ourselves, or debase others, since we must all one day be upon a common level, and blended together in the same undistinguished dust? Oh that this consideration might humble my own, and others pride; and sink our imaginations as low as our habitation will shortly be.

Among these confused relicks of humanity, there are without doubt, persons of contrary interests and contradicting sentiments, but death like an able days-man, has laid his hand on the contending parties, and brought all their differences to an amicable conclusion. Here enemies, sworn enemies, dwell together in unity. They drop every imbittered thought, and forget that they once were foes. Perhaps, their crumbling bones mix, as they moulder, and those who, while they lived, stood aloof in irreconcilable variance, here fall into mutual embraces, and even incorporate with each other in the grave. Oh that we might learn from these friendly ashes, not to perpetuate the memory of injuries; not to foment the fever of resentment, nor cherish the turbulence of passion; that there may be as little animosity and disagreement in the land of the living, as there is in the congregation of the dead!

Here the man of business forgets all his favourite schemes, and discontinues the pursuit of gain. Here is a total stand to the circulation of merchandise, and the hurry of trade. In these solitary recesses, as in the building of Solomon's temple, is heard no sound of a hammer and axe. The winding-sheet, and the coffin, are the utmost bound of all earthly devices: Hitherto may they go, but no further. Here the sons of pleasure take a final farewell of their dear delights.

The wicked seem to lie here, like malefactors in a deep and strong dungeon! reserved against the day of trial.—Their departure was without peace. Clouds of horror set lowring upon their closing eye-lids, most sadly foreboding the blackness of darkness for ever. When the last sickness seized their frame, and the inevitable change advanced: When they saw the fatal arrow fitting to the strings, saw the deadly archer aiming at their life; and felt the invenomed shaft, fastened to their vitals——Good God! what fearfulness came upon them! What horrible dread overwhelmed them! How did they stand shuddering upon the tremendous precipice; excessively afraid to die, yet utterly unable to live! O what pale reviews, what sparkling prospects conspire to augment their sorrows;—they look backward, and behold a most melancholy scene! Sins unrepented of, mercy slighted, and the day of grace ending. They look forward, and nothing

presents itself but the righteous Judge, the dreadful tribunal, and a most solemn reckoning. They roll around their affrightened eyes on attending friends. And, if accomplices in debauchery, it sharpens their anguish, to consider the further aggravation of their guilt, that they have not sinned alone, but drawn others into the same snare. If religious acquaintance, it strikes a fresh flash in their hearts, to think of never seeing them more, but only at an unapproachable distance, separated by the unpassable gulph.

At last, perhaps they began to pray: Finding no other way of possible relief, they are constrained to apply unto the Almighty. With trembling lips and faltering tongue, they cry unto that sovereign Being, who kills and makes alive——But why, O why have they deferred their addresses to heaven so long! Why have they despised all his counsels, and stood incorrigible under his incessant reproof? How often have they been forewarned of these terrors, and most importunately intreated, to turn to the Lord! —I wish, they may find favour at this last hour. But alas! who can tell whether affronted Majesty will lend an ear to their complaint? He may for ought any mortals know, *laugh at their calamity, and mock when their fear cometh.*

Thus they lie groaning out the poor remains of life, their limbs bathed in sweat,

their heart struggling with convulsive throbs; pain insuperable, throbbing through every pulse; and innumerable darts of agony transfixing their conscience.

If this be the end of the ungodly; *My soul come not thou into their secret, unto their assembly mine honour be not thou united!* Oh how awfully accomplished is that prediction of inspired wisdom! *sin, though seemingly sweet in the commission, in the issue biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.*

Happy dissolution, were this the period of their woes. But alas, all their tribulations, are only the beginning of sorrows; one small drop of that *cup of trembling*, which is mingled for their future portion.—No sooner has the last pang dislodged the reluctant soul: but they are hurried into the presence of an injured angry God: not under the conducting care of beneficent angels, but exposed to the insults of cursed spirits who lately tempted them, now upbraiding them, and will for ever torment them.—Who can conceive their confusion and distress; when they stand guilty and inexcusable, before their incensed Creator? They are received with frowns: *The God that made them, has no mercy on them:* The Prince of Peace, the Fountain of Felicity, rejects them with abhorrence, he consigns them over to chains of darkness, and receptacles of despair, against the severer doom, and more public infamy of the great day: Then all the phials

of wrath will be emptied upon these wretched creatures: The law they have violated, and the gospel they have slighted, the power they have defied, and the goodness they have abused: will all get themselves honour in their exemplary destruction. Then God, the God to whom vengeance belongeth, will draw the arrow to the very head, and set them as the mark of his inexorable displeasure.

Resurrection, will be no privilege to them, but immortality itself their everlasting curse—Would they not bless the grave, *that land! where all things are forgotten*, and wish to lie eternally hid in its deepest gloom; but the dust refuses to conceal their persons, or draw a vail over their practices. They also must awake, must arise; must appear at the bar, and meet the Judge, a Judge before whom *the pillars of heaven tremble, and the earth melt away*; a Judge once long-suffering and very compassionate, but now unalterably determined, to teach stubborn offenders what it is to provoke the Omnipotent Godhead, what it is to trample on the blood of his Son, and offer despite to all the gracious overtures of his holy Spirit, to whom be glory, honour, and immortal praise, now, and for evermore. Amen.

F I N I S

G L A S G O W,

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