

CHEAP TRACTS,

Calculated to promote the Interests of Religion, Virtue, and Humanity.

No. VI.

Serious
Thoughts

FOR

The Living.

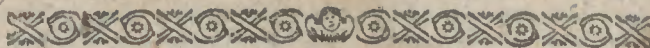
FROM HERVEY'S Meditations among the Tombs.

*'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
At once to shun and meditate his end.*

DUNBAR :

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SERIOUS THOUGHTS.

*Make the extended skies your tomb :
Let stars record your worth :
Yet know, vain mortals, all must die,
As nature's sickliest birth.*

*Would bounteous Heav'n indulge my pray'r,
I frame a nobler choice ;
Nor living, wish the pompous pile ;
Nor dead, regret the loss.*

*In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name .
There let it fill some humble place,
Beneath the slaughter'd Lamb.*

*Thy saints, while ages roll away,
In endless fame survive,
Their glories o'er the wrongs of time,
Greatly triumphant, live.*

O! That they were wise! said the inspired penman. 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 : Oh ! that they understood this !

that they had right apprehensions of their spiritual interests, and eternal concerns! that they had eyes to discern, and inclinations to pursue the things which belong to their peace!—But how shall they attain this valuable knowledge? I send them not, adds the illustrious teacher, to turn over all the volumes of literature: they may acquire, and much more expeditiously, this scene of life, by considering their latter end. This park of heaven is often lost under the glitter of pompous erudition, but shines clearly in the gloomy mansions of the tomb. Drowned is this 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 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 this house of mourning. None entertained fond

and eager expectations 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 feet 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 possessor. All the distinction that subsisted, was a grassy hillock, bound with osiers; or a sepulchral stone, ornamented with imagery.

Why then, said my working thoughts, O! 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 relics of humanity, there are, without doubt, persons of contrary interests, and contradicting sentiments: But death, like some able daysman, 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 embittered 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!——

—One is tempted to exclaim against the king of terrors, and call him capriciously cruel. He seems, by beginning at the wrong end of the register, to have inverted the laws of nature. Passing over the couch of decrepit age, he has nipped infancy in its bud; blasted youth in its bloom; and torn up manhood in its full maturity.—Terrible indeed are these providences, yet not unsearchable the counsels:

For us they sicken, and for us they die.*

Such strokes must not only grieve the relatives, but surprize the whole neighbour-

* Night Thoughts.

hood. They sound a powerful alarm to heedless dreaming mortals, and are intended as a remedy for our carnal security. Such passing bells inculcate loudly our LORD's admonition: "Take ye heed, watch, and pray; for ye know not when the time is." — We nod, like intoxicated creatures, upon the very verge of a tremendous precipice. These astonishing dispensations are the kind messengers of heaven, to rouse us from our stupor, and quicken us into timely circumspection. I need not surely accommodate them with language, nor act as their interpreter. Let every one's conscience be awake, and this will appear their awful meaning:—"O! ye sons of men, in the midst of life you are in death. No state, no circumstances, can ascertain your preservation a single moment. So strong is the tyrant's arm, that nothing can resist its force; so true his aim, that nothing can elude the blow. Sudden as lightning, sometimes is his arrow launched; and wounds and kills, in the twinkling of an eye. Never promise yourself safety in an expedient, but constant preparation. The fatal shafts fly so promiscuously, that none can guess the victim. Therefore, be ye always ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the final summons cometh."

Be ye always ready; for in such an hour as ye think not.—Important admonition! Mc-

thinks, it reverberates from sepulchre to sepulchre, and addresses me with line upon line, precept upon precept. The reiterated warning, I acknowledge, is too needful; may co-operating grace render it effectual! The momentous truth, though worthy to be engraved on the tables of a most tenacious memory, is but slightly sketched on the transient flow of passion. We see our neighbours fall: we turn pale at the shock; and feel, perhaps, a trembling dread. No sooner are they removed from our sight, but driven in the whirl of business, or lulled in the langours of pleasure, we forget the providence, and neglect its errand. The impression made on our unstable minds, is like the trace of an arrow through the penetrated air, or the path of a keel in the furrowed wave. Strange stupidity! —

How thin is the partition between this world and another? How short the transition from time to eternity!

Legions, legions of disasters, such as no prudence can foresee, and no care prevent, lie in wait to accomplish our doom. A starting horse may throw his rider; may at once dash his body against the stones, and fling his soul into the invisible world. A stack of chimneys may tumble into the street, and crush the unwary passenger under the ruins; even a single tile, dropping from the roof, may be as fatal as the fall of the whole

structure.—So frail, so very attenuated is the thread of life, that it not only bursts before the storm, but breaks even at a breeze. The most common occurrences, those from which we suspect not the least harm, may prove the weapons of our destruction. A grape-stone, a despicable fly, may be more mortal than Goliath, with all his formidable armour. Nay, if God give command, our very comforts become killing. The air we breathe, is our bane! and the food we eat, the vehicle of death.—That last enemy has unnumbered avenues for his approach: yea, lies entrenched in our very bosom, and holds his tortress in the seat of our life. The crimson fluid, which distributes health, is impregnated with the seeds of death. Heat may inflame it, or toil oppress it, and make it destroy the parts it was designed to cherish. . Some unseen impediment may obstruct its passage; or some unknown violence may divert its course; in either of which cases it acts the part of a poisonous draught, or a deadly stab.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!

What slight neglects what trivial faults destroy

The hardiest frame! Of indolence, of toil,

We die; of want, of superfluity.

The all surrounding heav'n, the vital air

Is big with death.

Since then we are so liable to be dispossessed of this earthly tabernacle, let us look

upon ourselves only as tenants at will ; and hold ourselves in perpetual readiness to depart at a moment's warning. Without such an habitual readiness, we are like wretches that sleep on the top of a mast, while a horrid gulph yawns, or furious waves rage below. And where can be the peace, what the satisfaction of such a state ? Whereas, a prepared condition will inspire a cheerfulness of temper, not to be dismayed by any alarming accident, and create a firmness of mind, not to be overthrown by the most threatening dangers.

Here lie their bodies in "peaceable habitations, and quiet resting-places." Here they have thrown off every burden, and are escaped from every snare. The head aches no more ; the eye forgets to weep ; the flesh is no longer racked with acute, nor wasted with lingering distempers. Here they receive a final release from pain, and an everlasting discharge from sorrows. Here danger never threatens them with her terrifying alarms ; but tranquillity softens their couch, and safety guards their repose.—Rest then, ye precious relics, within this hospitable gloom ; rest in gentle slumbers till the last trumpet shall give the welcome signal, and sound aloud, through all your silent mansions. " Arise, shine ; for your light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon you."

To these, how calm was the evening of life! In what a smiling serenity did their sun go down! When their flesh and their heart failed, how reviving was the remembrance of an all sufficient Redeemer; once dying for their sins, now risen again for their justification: How cheering the well grounded hope of pardon for their transgressions, and peace with GOD through JESUS CHRIST our LORD! How did this assuage the agonies, and sweeten the bitterness of death?—Where now is wealth, with all her golden mountains? Where is honour, with her proud trophies of renown? Where are all the vain pomps of a deluded world? Can they inspire such comfort, can they administer any support, in this last extremity? Can they compose the affrighted thoughts, or buoy up the departing soul, amidst all the pangs of dissolution?—The followers of the Lamb seem pleased and triumphant even at their last gasp. “God’s everlasting arms are underneath” their fainting heads. His Spirit whispers peace and consolation to their consciences. In the strength of these heavenly succours they quit the field, not captives but conquerors; with “hopes full of immortality.”

And now they are gone.—The struggles of reluctant nature are over. The body sleeps in death, the soul launches into the invisible state.—But who can imagine the

delightful surprise, when they find themselves surrounded by guardian angels, instead of weeping friends? How securely do they wing their way, and pass through unknown worlds, under the conduct of those celestial guides!—The vale of tears is quite lost. Farewel, for ever, the realms of woe, and range of malignant beings! They arrive on the frontiers of inexpressible felicity. They “are come to the city of the living God:” while a voice, sweeter than music in her softest strains, sweet as the harmony of hymning seraphim, congratulates their arrival, and bespeaks their admission: Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, that the heirs of glory may enter in.

Here, then, let us leave the spirits and souls of the righteous, escaped from an entangling wilderness, and received into a paradise of delights! escaped from the territories of disquietude, and settled in regions of unmolested security! Here they sit down with Abraham; Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of their Father. Here they mingle with an innumerable company of angels, and rejoice around the throne of the Lamb; rejoice in the fruition of present felicity, and in the assured expectation of an inconceivable addition to their bliss; when GOD shall call the heavens from above, and the earth, that he may judge his people.

Fools accounted their life madness, and their end to be without honour; but they are numbered among the children of GOD, and their lot, their distinguished and eternal lot, is among the saints! However, therefore, an undiscerning world may despise, and a profane world vilify, the truly religious; be this the supreme, the invariable desire of my heart! "Let me live the life, and die the death, of the righteous. Oh! let my latter end, and future state, be like theirs."

The only infallible way of immortalizing our characters, a way equally open to the meanest and most exalted fortune; is "to make our calling and election sure;" to gain some sweet evidence, that our names are written in heaven. Then, however they may be disregarded or forgotten among men, they will not fail to be had in everlasting remembrance before the LORD.—This is, of all distinctions, far the noblest; this will issue in never-dying renown. Ambition, be this thy object, and every page of scripture will sanctify thy passion; even grace itself will fan thy flame.—As to earthly memorials, yet a little while, and they are all obliterated. The tongue of those, whose happiness we have zealously promoted, must soon be silent in the coffin. Characters cut with a pen of iron, and committed to the solid rock, will, ere long,

cease to be legible. But as many as are enrolled "in the Lamb's book of life," he himself declares, shall never be blotted out from those annals of eternity. When a flight of years has mouldered the triumphal column into dust; when the brazen statue perishes, under the corroding hand of time; those honours still continue; still are blooming and incorruptible, in the world of glory.

Could we draw back the covering of the tomb; could we discern what those are now, who once were mortals?—oh! how would it surprise and grieve us! Surprise us, to behold the prodigious transformation which has taken place on every individual; grieve us, to observe the dishonour done to our nature in general, within these subterraneous lodgments!

Here the sweet and winning aspect, that wore perpetually an attractive smile, grins horribly a naked, ghastly scull.—The eye, that outshined the diamond's brilliancy, and glanced its lovely lightning into the most guarded heart, alas! where is it? Where shall we find the rolling sparkler!—How are all its sprightly beams eclipsed, totally eclipsed!—The tongue, that once commanded all the sweetness of harmony, and all the powers of eloquence, in this strange land has "forgot its cunning." Where are now those strains of melody, which ravished our ears? Where is that flow of persuasion, which

carried captive our judgements? The great master of language, and of song, is become silent as the night that surrounds him.—The pampered flesh, so lately clothed in purple and fine linen, how is it covered rudely with clods of clay! There was a time when the timorously nice creature would scarce “adventure to set a foot upon the ground, for delicateness and tenderness,” but is now enwrapped in clammy earth, and sleeps on no softer a pillow than the rugged gravel-stones.—Here “the strong men bow themselves;” the nervous arm is unstrung; the brawny sinews are relaxed; the limbs not long ago the seats of vigour and activity, lie down motionless; and the bones, which were as bars of iron, are crumbled into dust.

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 merchandize, and the hurry of trade. In these solitary recesses, as in the building of Solomon’s temple, is heard no sound of the 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. No more is the sensualist anointed with oil, or crowned with rose-buds; he chants no more to the melody of

the viol, nor revels any longer at the banquet of wine. Instead of sumptuous tables, and delicious treats, the poor voluptuary is himself a feast for fattened insects; the reptile riots in his flesh; "the worm feeds sweetly on him".—Here also beauty fails; bright beauty drops her lustre here. O! how her roses fade, and her lilies languish, in this bleak soil! How does the grand leveler pour contempt upon the charmer of our hearts! How turn to deformity, what captivated the world before!

Should one of these ghastly figures burst from his confinement, and start up in frightful deformity, before me;—should the haggard skeleton lift a clattering hand, and point it full in my view;—should it open the stiffened jaws, and, with a hoarse tremendous murmur, break this profound silence;—should it accost me, as Samuel's apparition addressed the trembling king,—
 'The LORD shall deliver thee also into the hands of death; yet a little while, and thou shalt be with me'.—The solemn warning, delivered in so striking a manner; must strongly impress my imagination; a message in thunder would scarce sink deeper.—Yet there is abundantly greater reason to be alarmed, by that express declaration of the LORD GOD Almighty, "Thou shalt surely die".—Well then, since sentence is passed, since I am a condemned

man, and know not when the dead warrant may arrive; let me die to sin, and die to the world, before I die beneath the stroke of a righteous GOD. Let me employ the little uncertain interval of respite from execution, in preparing for a happier state, and a better life; that, when the fatal moment comes, and I am commanded to shut my eyes upon all things here below, I may open them again, to see my Saviour in the mansions above.

Since this body, which is so fearfully and wonderfully made, must fall to pieces in the grave; since I must soon resign all my bodily powers to darkness, inactivity, and corruption; let it be my constant care to use them well, while I possess them!—Let my hands be stretched forth to relieve the needy; and always be “more ready to give, than to receive.”—Let my knees bend, in deepest humiliation, before the throne of grace; while my eyes are cast down to the earth, in penitential confusion, or devoutly looking up to heaven for pardoning mercy.

In every friendly interview, let the “law of kindness dwell on my lips;” or rather if the seriousness of my acquaintance permits, let the gospel of peace flow from my tongue. O! that I might be enabled, in every public concourse, to lift up my voice like a trumpet; and pour abroad a more joyful sound than its most melodious accents, in proclaim

ng the glad tidings of free salvation! — Be
 hut, my ears, resolutely shut, against the
 malevolent whispers of slander, and the
 contagious breath of filthy talking; but be
 wift to hear the instructions of wisdom, be
 ll attention, when your Redeemer speaks;
 mbibe the precious truths and convey them
 carefully to the heart.—Carry me my feet,
 o the temple of the LORD; to the beds of
 he sick, and houses of the poor—May all
 my members, devoted entirely to my divine
 Master, be the willing instruments of pro-
 moting his glory.

Then, ye embalmers, you may spare your
 pains: these works of faith, and labours of
 ove; these shall be my spices and perfumes.
 Enwrapped in these, I would lay me gently
 own, and sleep sweetly in the blessed Jesus;
 oping that God will “give commandment
 concerning my bones;” and one day fetch
 hem up from the dust, as silver from the
 urnace, purified, “I say not, seven times,
 ‘but seventy times seven.”

Resurrection! that cheering word eases
 my mind of an anxious thought, and solves
 most momentous question. I was going
 to ask, “Wherefore do all these corpses lie
 here, in this abject condition? Is this
 their final state? Has death conquered?
 and will the tyrant hold captivity captive?
 How long wilt thou forget them, O Lord?
 For ever?”—No, saith the voice from

heaven, the word of divine revelation ; The righteous are all “prisoners of hope.” There is an hour (an awful secret that, and known only to all-foreseeing wisdom) an appointed hour there is, when an act of grace will pass the great seal above, and give them an universal discharge, a general delivery from the abodes of corruption.—Then shall the **LORD JESUS** descend from heaven, with the shout of the archangel, and the trump of **GOD**. Destruction itself shall hear his call, and the obedient grave give up her dead. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, they shake off the sleep of ten thousand years, and spring forth, like the bounding roc, “to meet their **LORD** in the air.”

And, O! with what cordial congratulations, what transporting endearments, do the soul and body, those affectionate companions, re-unite! But with how much greater demonstrations of kindness, are they both received by their compassionate Redeemer! The Ancient of days, who comes in the clouds of heaven, is their friend, their father, their bridegroom. He comes with irresistible power, and infinite glory. But they have nothing to fear from his majestic appearance. Those tremendous solemnities, which spread desolation and astonishment through the universe, serve only to inflame their love, and heighten their hopes. The Judge, the awful Judge, amidst all his

magnificence and splendour, vouchsafes to confess their names; vouchsafes to commemorate their fidelity, before all the inhabitants of the skies, and the whole assembled world.

Hark! the thunders are hushed. See! the lightnings cease their rage; the angelic armies stand in silent suspense; the whole race of Adam is wrapt in pleasing or anxious expectation.—And now that adorable person, whose favour is better than life, whose acceptance is a crown of glory, lifts up the light of his countenance upon the righteous. He speaks; and what ravishing words proceed from his gracious lips! What ecstasies of delight they enkindle in the breasts of the faithful! “I accept you, O my
 “ people! Ye are they that believed in my
 “ name. Ye are they that renounced your-
 “ selves, and are complete in me. I see no
 “ spot or blemish in you; for ye are washed
 “ in my blood, and clothed in my right-
 “ eousness. Renewed by my Spirit, ye have
 “ glorified me on earth, and have been
 “ faithful unto death. Come, then, ye
 “ servants of holiness, enter into the joy of
 “ your LORD. Come, ye children of light,
 “ ye blessed of my Father, receive the
 “ kingdom that shall never be removed;
 “ wear the crown which fadeth not away;
 “ and enjoy pleasures for evermore!

The wicked—My mind recoils at the

apprehension of their misery. It has studiously waved the fearful subject, and seems unwilling to pursue it even now.—But, 'tis better to reflect upon it for a few minutes, than to endure it to eternal ages.

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.” 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 heart; and felt the envenomed shaft fastened in their vitals.—Good God! what fearfulness came upon them! what horrible dread overwhelmed them! How did they stand shuddering and aghast upon the tremendous precipice: excessively afraid to plunge into the abyss of eternity, yet utterly unable to maintain their standing on the verge of life.

O! what pale reviews, what startling 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 affrighted eyes on attending friends. If accomplices in debauchery, it sharpens their anguish, to consider this further aggravation of their guilt

that they have not sinned alone, but drawn others into the snare. If religious acquaintance, it strikes a fresh gash into their hearts, to think of never seeing them any more, but only at an unapproachable distance, separated by the unpassable gulph.

At last, perhaps, they begin to pray: But why have they deferred, so long deferred their addresses to God? Why have they despised all his counsels, and stood incorrigible under his incessant reproofs? How often have they been forewarned of these terrors, and most importunately entreated to seek the LORD, while he might be found?—I wish they may obtain mercy at the eleventh, at the last hour. But, alas! who can tell, whether affronted Majesty will lend an ear to their complaint? whether the holy One will work a miracle of grace in behalf of such transgressors? He may, or aught any mortal knows, “laugh at their calamity, & 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 throes; pains unsupportable throbbing thro’ every pulse; and innumerable darts of agony transfixing their conscience.

Happy dissolution! were this the period of their woes. But, alas! all these tribulations are only the “beginning of sorrows;” small drop only from that cup of trembling which is mingled for their future portion. —No sooner has the last pang dislodged

their reluctant souls, but they are hurried into the presence of an injured, angry God;—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 to draw a veil over their practices. They must also awake; must arise; must appear at the bar; and meet the Judge; a Judge before whom “the pillars of heaven tremble, “and the earth melts 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 upon the blood of his Son, and offer despite to all the gracious overtures of his Spirit,

Behold! the books are opened; the secrets of all hearts are disclosed; the hidden things of darkness are brought to light. How empty, how ineffectual now, are all those refined artifices, with which hypocrites imposed upon their fellow-creatures, and preserved a character in the sight of men!—The jealous God, who has been about their path, and about their bed, and ’spied out all their ways, “sets before them the things that they “have done.” They cannot answer him one in a thousand, nor stand in the awful judgement. The heavens reveal their iniquities, and the earth rises up against them. They

speechless with guilt, and stigmatized
with infamy before all the armies of the sky
and all the nations of the redeemed.—

How must the wretches scream with wild
amazement, and rend the very heavens with
their cries, when the right-aiming thunder
bolts go abroad! go abroad with a dreadful
commission, to drive them from the kingdom
of glory; and plunge them,—not into the
torments of a moment, or the tortures of an
hour,—but into all the restless agonies of un-
quenchable fire, and everlasting despair.

Misery of miseries! too shocking for re-
flection to dwell upon. But, if so dismal to
referee, and that at a distance, together with
some comfortable expectation of escaping it.
—O! how bitter, inconceivably bitter, to
hear, without any intermission, or any miti-
gation, through hopeless and eternal ages.

Wonder, O man; be lost in admiration,
at those prodigious events which are coming
upon the universe: events, the greatness of
which nothing finite can measure; such as
will cause whatever is considerable or mo-
mentous in the annals of all generations, to
sink into littleness and nothing. Events
(JESUS, prepare us for their approach! de-
mand us, when they take place!) big with the
everlasting fates of all the living, and all the
dead.—I must see the graves cleaving, the
earth heaving, and swarms unsuspected, crowds
unnumbered, yea. multitudes of thronging
nations, rising from both.—I must see the

world in flames; must stand at the dissolution of all terrestrial things; and be an attendant on the burial of nature.---I must see the vast expanse of the sky wrapt up like a scroll; and the incarnate God, issuing forth from light inaccessible, with ten thousand times ten thousand angels, to judge both men and devils.—I must see the curtain of time drop; see all eternity disclosed to view: and enter upon a state of being, that will never, never have an end.

And ought I not (let the vainest imagination determine; ought I not) to try the sincerity of my faith, and take heed to my ways? Is there an inquiry, is there a care, or greater, of equal, of comparable importance.—Is not this an infinitely pressing call, to see that my loins are girded about, my lambs trimmed, and myself dressed for the Bridegroom's appearance; that, washed in the fountain opened in my Saviour's side, and clad with the marriage garment, wove by his obedience I may be found in peace, unblameable, and unreprouable.—Otherwise how shall I stand with boldness, when the stars of heaven fall from their orbs? how shall I come forth erect and courageous, when the earth itself reels to and fro like a drunkard? how shall I look up with joy, and see my salvation drawing nigh, when the hearts of millions and millions fail for fear?

F I N I S.