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From the Author
to W.B.

135

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A DISCOURSE,
OCCASIONED BY THE LAMENTED DEATH OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
The Princess Charlotte of Wales,

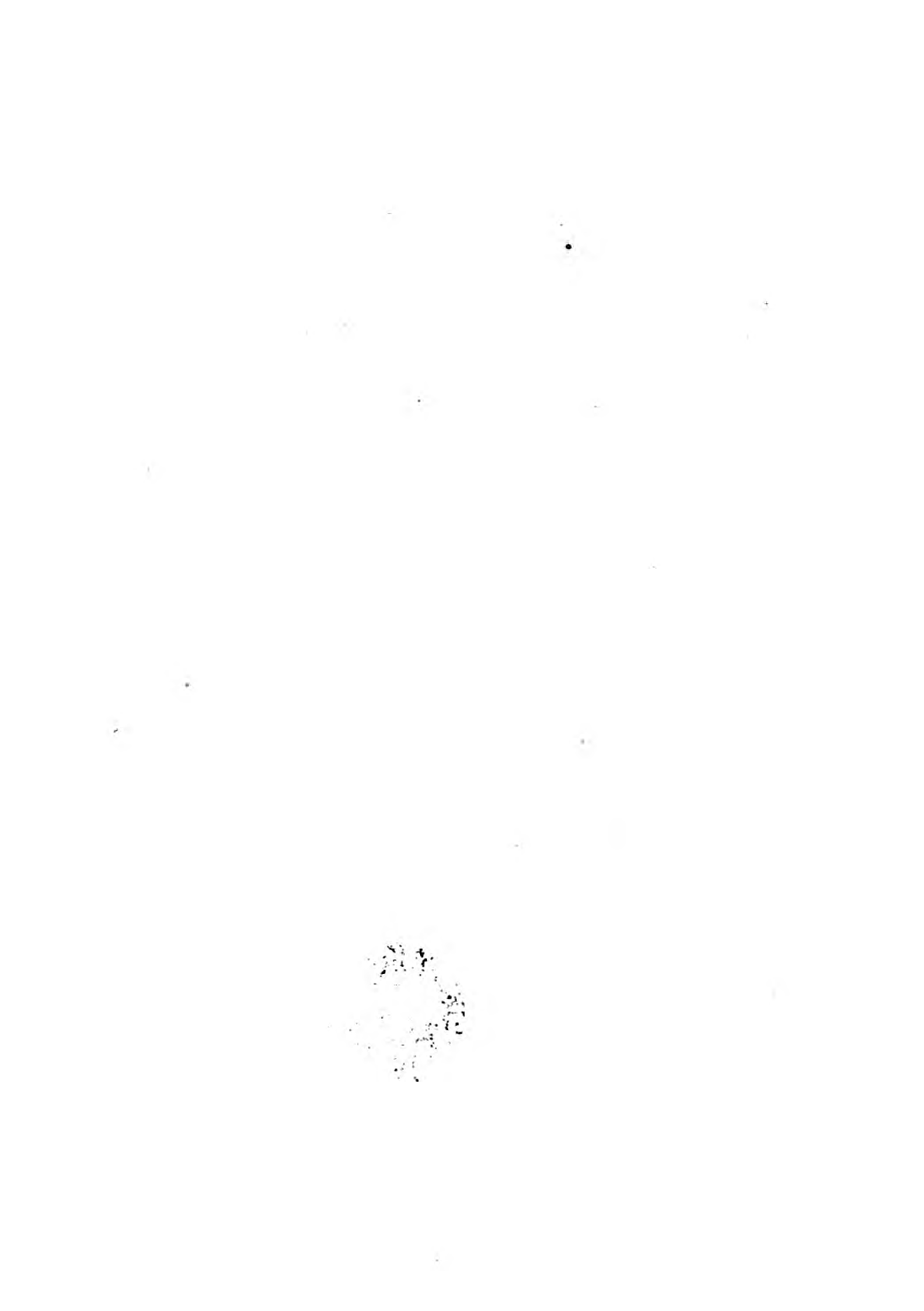
AND PREACHED AT

NEW BRENTFORD,

On the Day of Interment, November 19, 1817.

BY THE REV. JOHN DAVIES, A. M.

(5)



THE
FOLLOWING DISCOURSE
IS DEDICATED
TO THE
RT. HON. PETER, LORD GWYDIR,
BARON GWYDIR, OF GWYDIR,
IN THE COUNTY OF CARNARVON,
&c. &c. &c.

THIS permitted token of respect to a Nobleman, distinguished for his attachment to the Established Church, and the important cause of Religion, is most humbly and gratefully acknowledged by the author.



Printed by W. CLOWES, Northumberland-court, Strand, London.

JOB XXX. 23.

I KNOW THOU WILT BRING ME TO DEATH, AND
TO THE HOUSE APPOINTED FOR ALL LIVING.

THE indiscriminate hand of death makes such havoc in the world, and such inroads upon public and private happiness, as may well demand our most serious attention, and religious improvement.

None are exempt from the stern decree; high and low; the mighty and the mean, are swept off without distinction. Some depart into eternity, unnoticed and unknown. Beyond the boundary of their own village, no one laments their loss, remembers their worth, or bestows a blessing

on their memories. But when those in elevated situations are paying their full contingent to the general tribute levied on humanity ;—when, *from the steps of the throne*, we are admonished of the uncertainty of life, and the insecurity of even *virtuous* happiness in this world ;—when we contemplate the removal of one, on whom the high regard of a nation was deservedly fixed, we cannot wonder at the dejection and gloom visible on every countenance. Death has entered into our palace, and borne away in triumph its brightest gem ! From the full enjoyment of exalted rank ; accompanied with all the fascinations of youth, and every attractive grace that could adorn the female mind, she has sunk “ into that house appointed for all living.” But the shafts of the universal conqueror are so many in number, and so unerring in their flight, that we cannot help exclaiming “ O ! come hither, and behold what destruction he has brought upon the earth !!! Where shall a place of refuge be found, inaccessible to his approach ?” Those, who,

in ancient times, were celebrated for wealth or fame, have been long since despoiled of their possessions, and insensible to applause. Low lies the head, which was once employed on objects of superior enterprise: closed is the eye, which beamed with gentleness, or inspired terror: mute is *that* tongue, which commanded the admiration of listening senates: cold is the heart which once glowed with every feeling of generous emotion! But Death is no respecter of persons. He binds kings* in chains, and their nobles with links of iron.

Repair, in imagination, to the abodes of splendor, when invaded by sorrow and infirmity;—traverse the sumptuous apartments; enter the chamber of sickness, and

* It is related of Constantine the Great, who first established Christianity by the civil power, that, walking one day with his son, he stopped suddenly, and, with the point of his sword, marked out a few short, irregular lines upon the ground. Having so done, he observed with an expressive air, “Why should we thus toil and labour?—After we have done all, neither you nor I,” addressing himself to his son, “shall have more than the little space of earth I have been now describing.”

draw back the curtains of the bed ;—what do you behold? Is the prostrate sufferer disquieted with languor, or writhing with pain? Are the vital organs performing with difficulty their wonted offices of respiration? Where is the cottage,—where is the dreary retreat of want and wretchedness, that can exhibit a scene of *greater* misery? However fondly high birth, and enlarged possessions may *now* attract esteem, a day will soon arrive, when their insufficiency will be felt, and when the structures of enchantment will dissolve. In such comforters, put not your trust, for they will assuredly deceive you: they are like winter-brooks, which overflow when there is the least occasion for their service; but in the burning and oppressive heat of summer, when the

Hither, as to the grand retiring room,
 From earth's wide stage the diff'rent actors come,
 And here partake an undistinguish'd doom.
 Aside, their honors, with their robes, are thrown;
 In death's dark cave no proud distinction's known:
 The king, depos'd, forgets the noise he made,
 And the rude peasant crowds the *Royal Shade!*

CLAUDIAN.

thirsty traveller has recourse to them, for the relief of his necessity, he finds them dry.

Consult the annals of those, who, in past ages, wore the plumes of grandeur:—as they pass in review, marshalled by the pen of history, they just occupy a page, and are seen no more: the time, in which each individual, in the long procession is going by, comparatively speaking, is but as the interval of a minute: while the eye of admiration gazes, the pageant disappears.

Where is the vast succession of mighty empires, which once anticipated a duration coeval with time itself? scarce a vestige remains, beyond the doubtful record of the historian. The temples and monuments of antiquity, are deserted, and in ruins. Cities, formerly the habitation of multitudes, are desolate, and without inhabitant. Fields, once deluged with the blood of contending armies, are now lonely and peaceful. The noise of battle has ceased; where the rude memorial of victory has been raised, the blast of the desert now howls in

solitude. Little does it avail those who moulder in the grave, that they once attained the summit of human elevation ; the charm has long since vanished, and the vision fled. By what magic, then, are our affections chained down to earth, when the objects which flutter on its surface, are daily receding from our view ? The *longest* life, when weighed in the scale of eternity, resembles the lightning's flash, which, at the same moment exists, and expires. Whereas, the duration of *that* state which will succeed our present inheritance, what language can describe ? Count the stars which glitter in the firmament ; separate into drops the waters which form the ocean ; number the grains of sand on the sea-shore, —all these yield but a faint image of *eternity* ; it mocks the grasp of the human mind : it defies the excursive range of calculation !!!

Into that spiritual and invisible world, all the tribes of the earth are fast departing. The tomb is ever open to receive its victims. Upon the edge of such a precipice

shall we dare to trifle or transgress? Away with all presumptuous confidence in life! a vapour may snap its firmest thread; a vapour may extinguish its brightest flame! Feel the beating pulse; each throb distinctly lessens the sum of our remaining moments. Every funeral we behold; and every church-yard through which we pass, read us a silent lecture on the insecurity of our present condition. “Although a
 “man may live many years, and rejoice in
 “them all, yet let him remember the days
 “of darkness, for they shall be many.”

If we visit the solemn receptacles of the dead, where innumerable multitudes repose; and read over the memorial of their different ages, it will be seen, that more have closed their earthly career in the flower of youth, than in the *more advanced periods of declining life*.

When the *aged and infirm* sink down into the dust, the event is considered as the regular march of Death, proceeding consistently forward in the awful discharge of his high commission. But the case is far

different, when, in the painful surprise of our anguish, a wife is torn from our heart, or a child from our hopes, in whose endearing society we had every reason to expect a long and delightful continuance : it is *here* the *bitterness* of separation is felt : we are taken unprepared : and in the agony of grief, we are apt to consider the calamity as an unseasonable demand ; as the payment of a debt to nature, which we had too rashly concluded would not have been so suddenly called for. With such premature examples of mortality passing before our eyes, does it ever occur, that our own knell may give the *next* warning to a thoughtless world ? “ Therefore be ye also “ ready, for in such an hour as ye think not “ the Son of man cometh.”

Look through the streets of the Metropolis, and its adjacent villages ;—from how many mansions hang the ensigns of the universal destroyer ! In how many families is the scene of domestic happiness invaded ! Every year will exhibit the same changes : but whether we shall be permitted to re-

main as spectators ;—whether we shall wear the dress of mourning for *others*, or become the occasion of its being worn for *ourselves*, Heaven wraps up in impenetrable secrecy ! Human life, however extended, may be compared to the air-blown bubble rising on the wave, which bursts in a few moments, and again mingles with the mighty waters.

So rapidly do the generations of men vanish from the face of the earth, that when a few more years shall have revolved their silent course, another audience will be assembled within these walls, and *we*, who now form the present congregation, shall have taken our departure, and resigned our seats to others : or, if any poor remains survive, they will be feeble and few, like the gleaning grapes when the vintage is done. Pass but a little time, and estates will change their owners ; houses will have new inhabitants, and the neighbouring fields will be cultivated by the labour of other hands ;—while those who are yet unborn will be as eagerly engaged and make the same appearance, as those who lived before them. On the day of our

decease, come when it may, the business of the world will go on without interruption ; our habitations will make our successors as welcome as they made ourselves, and, in a short time, our very names will be clean put out.

Let not, then, every trifle which floats on the stream of vanity, divert our thoughts from considerations of infinite importance : let not *that* work, which the most indefatigable life can barely accomplish, be postponed to a more convenient season : for even those, whose *earliest* years are devoted to the attainment of religious wisdom, will find employment sufficient for their most *active* powers ; and those, who have *delayed* the great work of their salvation, can only expect to reap its promised blessings by delaying it no longer. Flowery as the path may *now* be, the road will soon turn down into the valley of the shadow of death. The evil day is drawing near, when the soul, disquieted and cast down, will search back, and endeavour to recollect some good and worthy actions, from whence a ray of light may issue to dispel the surrounding gloom.

When we come to take the last review of this fugitive and evanescent scene, those will appear the *brightest* parts of it, which were spent in devout intercourse with our Maker. On the subject of a future state, let us often dwell, with all the earnestness and reflection which its supreme importance demands. Then, we shall feel nothing of that restless vacancy, observable in minds long debased by low cares and sordid pursuits; on the contrary, we shall become possessed of *that* hope, which will sustain us in every difficulty, and cheer us in every sorrow.

Short as the term of life *is*, in its utmost extent, it has, to many of us, become much SHORTER from the portions of time already gone. When we look back on the years that are past, with what velocity have they flown! With the same incessant speed, the *future* will depart; for every moment comes, like a *winged messenger*, to ask our commands for another world:—no sooner is it arrived, than it hastens to be gone: with one hand it beckons us from the warm and busy precincts of the day; and

with the other, it points “to that house
“designed for all living.”

With these awakening truths full before us, so little value do we set upon *time*, that we not only consider it as a burden, but we often waste it with a prodigality which exceeds belief; and survey our extravagance, without the slightest indication of regret or alarm. God, who is liberal in all his other gifts, shews us how circumspect we ought to be in the management of *time*; for he never gives us *two* minutes together:—He only gives the *second*, as he takes away the *first*; keeping the *third* in his own hands, and leaving us in absolute uncertainty, whether it will ever become our's or not. So mysterious too are the operations of time, that with the greatest swiftness there is the most perfect silence; and though we seem to hear the rustling of his wings, yet he flies without the whisper of a sound!—without the shadow of a form! Wrapt in concealment, and imperceptible to human vision, he brings with him a proclamation, interesting to all the inhabitants of the earth: he tells them, “that, although

“ they may not find time for the exercise of
 “ religious reflection, they must, one day or
 “ other, find time, not only to despise the
 “ pleasures which now amuse, but to loath
 “ the food which now sustains them: he tells
 “ those, who cannot spare time to *pray*,
 “ that they must, one day or other, find time
 “ to *die*.” O! consider this, ye that forget
 God, lest he pluck you away, and there
 be none to deliver you. Remember that
 time was given you to provide for eter-
 nity; and eternity will not be too long
 to regret the *loss* of time, if you have
 mispent it.

Did we but fully convince ourselves of
 the unspeakable importance of religion;—
 did we but place in *one* scale the moment-
 ous concerns of eternity, and in the *other*
 the fleeting nature of our present existence,
 blended with its trials and its sorrows; did
 we but reflect, that at every period of life,
 from the dawn of infancy, to the decrepitude
 of age, mortals have been hurried to their
 long home;—that every day of the year,
 and every hour marked upon the dial, have
 concluded to some the term of their pro-

bation ;—such undeniable, and perhaps unwelcome truths, if they did not awake the mind to seriousness, might for awhile interrupt its repose.—Already may the tree be cut down, which is to bear you to your grave ; though with health in the countenance, and spirits buoyant with delight, soon may you become the solemn monitor of all whom your name can reach.

The event which has brought us together this morning ; which has deprived the world of one of its brightest ornaments, and the nation of its fondest hope, cannot be dwelt on without the deepest emotions of sorrow and regret. A few days only have elapsed, since the public mind anticipated a result, which would have spread unmingled joy and happiness throughout the realm. Every province of the united empire was preparing to lay at the foot of the throne, the homage of congratulation. The Royal House, it was anxiously expected, would be built up by an auspicious birth, and the line of succession extend unbroken to distant generations. The horizon ap-

peared a blaze of radiant promise ! Little was it suspected, that the cloud which carried the tempest was so soon to follow ; but the sun, which rose with such ascendant splendor, and shone for a short period, is suddenly gone down !

In the morning of youth ; with an unspotted name ; living in a state of connubial happiness, and with the delightful prospect of maternal endearments ; in short, with every thing that could gratify a virtuous ambition, this illustrious personage might reasonably have looked forward to many years of life, and health, and joy. Though born to royalty, and with all the blandishments of a court at her command, she preferred the comfort of retirement ; exhibiting the *rare* union of exalted rank, with unaffected piety, and practical benevolence. Happy in an alliance, entered into with the most cordial approbation of her own heart, and fondly anticipating the only event by which that happiness could be increased, behold her, called upon, in the hour of weakness and extremity, to renounce the completion of a mother's joy.

—With humble resignation, and holy acquiescence to the will of Heaven, she received the sad tidings of a *lifeless* child, and displayed, in her last moments, an unsubdued fortitude of mind, which religion only could inspire. To Her might be applied the animated language of the dying Saint, “The time of my departure is at hand : I have fought a good fight ; I have finished my course ; I have kept the faith ; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day : and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing.”

If the most admired virtues of domestic life ; if a nation’s high regard ; if the reverence and esteem of the neighbourhood which surrounded the royal residence, and if the prayers of the poor, could have arrested the awful summons, the land would not have been turned into mourning : the day of calamity would have been averted :—a day that will be long remembered for the severity of its trials, and for the overwhelming nature of the awful dispensation with which

it was connected. There is a quiver stored with arrows, against which, the shield of human precaution is held up in vain. On this day of unbidden solemnity, and in the devout spirit of christianity, the multitudes, which compose the nation are seen, holding a communion with the sorrows of the great, and consecrating, on the altar of individual grief, the sufferings of their superiors. With the captive daughter of Sion, they have sat down beside the waters of affliction, and wept. The melody of the harp has ceased. The mirth and the banquet are suspended. Not only the places of public resort and amusement have closed their gates, but the habitations of commerce, and even the lowly dwellings of laborious toil, put forth the unassuming tribute of sympathy and condolence. The approaching interment is the thought of every heart; the theme of every tongue. What innumerable crowds are now collected to view the trappings of sepulchral splendor, and behold the venerable pile, destined to receive the remains of *her*, whose removal is a striking commentary on the

precarious nature of sublunary grandeur, and the vanity of all human expectations! Picture to yourselves the sad obsequies of one, suddenly cut off in the bloom of youth; borne to the grave amid the heart-felt grief of thousands, and followed by a husband, dumb with the weight of sorrow, and seeming almost as much in need of support, as the corpse which claims his tears!!!

Could we penetrate into the secret recesses of the palace at this hour of unutterable anguish, we should see an agonized father, sitting solitary, and refusing to be comforted; bereaved of an only daughter; —the prop, the ornament of his declining years. Alas! says a pathetic writer, where there are *many* children, one can more easily be parted with; inasmuch as those who survive, can supply, in some degree, the comforts of those that are gone: but when every hope must live or die in *one*, the loss admits of no alleviation. From the afflicted parent, turn to the dejected mourner, so lately cherishing the fond, but visionary expectation of caressing his infant child, who, at no immeasurable dis-

tance of time, would wield the sceptre of regal power, and preside over the councils of the state. A few hours only have elapsed, since the illustrious partner of his bed, faint with travail, and exhausted with agony, extended to him the hand of affectionate consolation,—but it was extended for the last time!

Educated, as this accomplished Princess was, by men eminent for piety and learning, her progress through life had been watched with more than ordinary solicitude and care. Uncorrupted by the dissipation of foreign cities, with all their seductive allurements, and disgusting follies, she had neither imbibed the poison of infidel precept, nor dissolute practice. In *her*, the nation recognized *that* lofty independence of character, so requisite to give energy, and decision to a female reign. Accomplished in every useful and ornamental branch of literature and science, she neglected not the cultivation of those graces, without which, all the efforts of human attainment are unprofitable, and vain. “She remembered her Creator in the days of her youth.”

Such was the commanding influence of her high example, that it diffused a religious decorum throughout every department of her household. Convinced that no circle of pleasure was so complete as not to leave a *void*, requiring a supply from a far different source than an *earthly* fountain, she diligently sought after *that* wisdom which cometh from above; a wisdom, described by the pen of inspiration, as “the brightness of the everlasting light,—the unspotted mirror of the Almighty; the reflected image of his own unbounded goodness;” a wisdom far exceeding the beauty of the sun, and above all the order of the stars: she put on righteousness, and it clothed her; it became her as a robe, embroidered with the offerings of mercy, whose multiplied gifts enriched the remotest folds, and went down to the skirts of her clothing. When the ear heard her, it blessed her; when the eye saw her, it gave witness unto her; because the print of her footsteps were daily to be traced to the desolate abodes of poverty and hunger; she had learnt the sacred lesson of feeling for the

misery, which she did not herself experience. All the weight which honourable testimony, and uncontradicted facts can give to the essentials of moral and religious conduct, seem applicable to this lamented Princess, as a Daughter, a Wife, a Benefactress, and a Friend! “ But Thou, Lord, hast
 “ made her glory to cease: the days of her
 “ youth hast thou shortened!!!”

When the presumptive heiress to a throne, distinguished for high talents and dignified attainments, is removed from this earthly scene, after having lived only long enough to excite universal admiration, we are ready to deplore the event as *singularly* calamitous, and to think how much the public welfare would have been promoted, if her time had been proportioned to the ardour of her zeal, and the extent of her benevolence. But it belongs to God alone to prescribe the *portion* of service, which any of his creatures shall perform. We ought not to calculate what this illustrious and accomplished Personage *might* have done, had her valuable life been prolonged, but to consider what she *actually has* done ; and if her

exertions corresponded with her means and opportunities ;—if she irradiated the sphere in which she was appointed to move, her death is not premature. Abrupt as may seem to us the termination of her life, her work is finished : she has discharged the duties of a short, but brilliant career. By such events, we are reminded, that God is not dependent upon the services of any individual.* Whatever obstacles may arise, in our apprehension, the accomplishment of *his* designs will neither be defeated nor retarded. Means and instruments, are never wanting to *him*, who can create them at his pleasure. When he putteth down one, he setteth up another ; and can make the mantle of Elijah rest upon Elisha : he can remove the diadem, and take off the crown ; he can exalt him that is low, and abase him that is high.† In the hand

* Vide Dick's Discourse on Ps. lxxxix.

† It is worthy of remark, that many of the kings of England have been crowned in the same place where they have been afterwards buried. Proceeding along the venerable aisle to take upon them the solemn investiture of their dignity, they have passed close to the mausoleum of those who formerly ascended the altar, with the same

of the Lord, there is a cup, and the wine is red,—of an angry and inflamed colour ; it is full mixed, and he poureth out of the same. In the exercise of his high and undefined prerogative, and in the event we now deplore, God has spoken to the great *Congregation of the Empire!* and in a tone that will be heard throughout the civilized regions of the globe. Embalmed by the tears of a disconsolate people, this beloved and lamented Princess, carries with her an imperishable memorial, that the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance !

sounds of music, the same crowd of attendants, and the same jubilee of rejoicing ! the throne has been erected in a manner over their grave.

But does the lesson here conveyed, impair the magnificence and splendor of a coronation-day ? How might this circumstance be improved, were an herald to approach the Royal canopy, and proclaim aloud, in the hearing of the august assembly :

“ Sire, this throne cannot render you immortal. You
 “ must die as well as your predecessors, now mouldering
 “ at your feet. From this chair, you must descend into
 “ that vault, and the sacred Dome which is now the witness
 “ of your *highest elevation*, will, at no distant period, become
 “ the scene of your *lowest abasement*” !!!

Great as the trial unquestionably *is*, which we are called upon to endure, it behoves us to meet it with the fortitude, and resignation of Christians. Consoling ourselves with the hope of succour from above, let us not lose sight of the conditions on which *that* succour will be granted; “they that honour me,” saith the Lord Jehovah, “I will honour; but they that despise me, shall be lightly esteemed:” “Be not deceived; God is not mocked:”—As well may the husbandman expect a harvest without previous culture; as well may you hope to grow wise in the school of folly, or have your existence prolonged by poison, as expect to reap the fruits of eternal life, without *first* sowing the seeds of piety. “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.”

Who, that has taken a moral perspective of *the signs of the times*, but must consider this day, as a day of trouble, and rebuke? we have provoked the Holy One of Israel unto anger: the children are

come to the birth, and there is not strength to bring forth: a voice has been heard in Ramah, lamentation, and mourning, and woe; the sound has gone forth to the remotest corners of the land, and forced its way even into those circles, where the admonitions of religion are not often regarded.—That our zeal for reformation may be enlivened, let us endeavour to enumerate some of the prominent sins* which reign among us.

When we walk abroad through the streets, and lanes of the city, or travel on the public road, is not the blasphemy of the multitude heard on every side, venting itself in curses and execrations? Is not

* If we carry back our recollection but for a short space, what infuriate acts of wickedness present themselves to the mind! The vestibule of the Imperial Parliament in open day; the mansion of private worth by night;—together with the humble abodes of industry, situated in the immediate suburbs of the capital, and in the midst of a populous and frequented district, have each in their turn, been found reeking with massacre, and adding a fearful novelty to the calendar of crime: though the scaffold is crowded with victims, yet every man occasionally trembles for his own safety!!!

that solemn appeal to God as a witness and avenger, which is always implied in the taking of an oath, treated as a traditional form of common business? Is not the Lord's day neglected and profaned, as if it were superstition to observe it? Is not every engine of dissipation industriously employed to pacify the wayward importunity of jaded spirits, and stifle the upbraidings of remorse? Is not the ordinance of the blessed sacrament, that communion for which our fore-fathers endured so many fiery trials, almost forgotten in its genuine acceptation;—while it is retained by many as little more than a *civil* ceremony;—and received with no higher view than *that* of a necessary qualification for *offices of trust*? Are not the blessings of revealed religion, with all their awful sanctions, exposed as the offspring of enthusiasm and imposture? Hardened in unbelief, there are thousands, who refuse prayer to the God who made them; who despise the merits of Christ who redeemed them, and who deny the presence of that divine Comforter, which the *Emanuel* himself be-

queathed as our only refuge in the day of trouble. “ Shall I not visit for these things, and shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this ? ”—In scenes, more retired and domestic, fast as time flows, folly flows as fast : if children be *accomplished*, it signifies very little whether they be *good* ; if servants serve their *masters*, we are not over-solicitous of inquiring whether they serve *God*. Even among those, who would not be thought deficient in moral duty, the most profligate habits are varnished over by a sickly form of speech, which almost gives a colourable excuse for crimes, destructive of the happiness of families, and the well-being of society.—But it is not by miscalling vice, that you can change its nature:—should Satan array himself like an angel of light, he would be Satan still ; his qualities would be truly devilish under the most dazzling raiment of celestial glory !!!

The world at present may infatuate and deceive : its pleasures may engross our thoughts ; its advantages may engage our esteem ; but the hour is fast approaching,

when the truths connected with this discourse, will appear in the streaming eye, and the uplifted hand. When every earthly consolation fails, will a life, devoted to levity and pleasure, become our passport to the realms of bliss? Will the heart, which has been a stranger to religion,—unimpressed by its importance, and careless of its end, be qualified for the society of angels, and of just men made perfect? Will the amusements, on which we have so long doated, enliven the gloom of our departing pangs, and sustain us through the conflict of expiring nature? Whose death-bed, do you think will be most tranquil; *his*, whose probationary period has been wasted on folly; or *his*, whose life has been passed in uniform obedience to the will of Heaven?

A due preparation for that inevitable change which awaits the human race, can never be acquired in scenes of vanity, or amidst the tumult of irregular desires. Those delusive pleasures, which the cheated imagination holds forth to captivate and enslave the thoughtless multitude,

may be compared to so many glittering baubles, scattered on the stream of time, which are caught at with eagerness, with avidity; but when possessed, they only deprave our principles, and lay waste all the moral and intellectual powers of man!

In the evil day, when trouble and anguish come upon them, how shall the scoffers and profane call upon that *Being*, in whom they have not believed, and against whose laws they have lived in uniform and avowed rebellion? May the calls to repentance, now in mercy given, be heard and obeyed! May the neglected closet, and the public sanctuary, engage a greater portion of our attendance for the time to come; remembering, that every hour, however enlivened by novelty, or crowded with delight, advances us nearer and nearer to *that precipice*, on whose brink, human frailty, in defiance of every awful warning, loves to play! Convinced, as every rational Being must be, that ere long we shall be brought down to the gates of death—to that house appointed for all living, we cannot but exclaim, O! that

men were wise, that they understood this ;
—that they would consider their latter end.
And may we who survive, in *this* and other
like daily spectacles of mortality, reflect
on the uncertainty of our own condition ;
and so number our days, that we may
apply our hearts to *that* wisdom which can
alone secure for us the promised blessing of
eternal life, through the mediation and
atonement of Jesus Christ, who died for our
sins, and rose again for our justification.

