



A  
**Sermon,**  
*Preached at the Wesleyan Chapel,*  
**QUEBEC,**  
**SUNDAY, MARCH 26th, 1820.**

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF  
*HIS LATE MAJESTY GEORGE THE THIRD,*

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BY ROBERT L. LUSHER.

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"Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age."    **JOB 5. 26.**

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*To the Members of the*  
***British Wesleyan-Methodist Societies,***  
*and all other Loyal Subjects*  
*throughout the Provinces of*  
*Lower and Upper Canada,*  
*who revere the memory of*  
***His late Majesty George the Third,***  
*The following Discourse*  
*is respectfully inscribed*  
*By their most obedient,*  
*and devoted Servant,*  
  
***The AUTHOR.***

## ADVERTISEMENT.



**I**N committing the following Sermon to the Press, which is done in compliance with the request of friends, the Author feels it to be his duty to state, that as little more than the outlines of it, as it now appears, were composed before delivery, he is aware that several ideas and sentences will now be found in it, which did not then occur—that others, which were before exhibited, will here appear in a more extended form—while it is probable some few thoughts and expressions, introduced at its delivery, may here be omitted. The Sermon, however, is substantially the same, and, no doubt, will be easily recognised by those who heard it delivered; and it is now presented to the public, with its alterations and imperfections, without further apology, as a sincere, though trifling expression of loyal and affectionate respect for the memory of our late revered Sovereign, and with an ardent desire that it may be rendered useful to those who shall think it worthy of a perusal.

*Quebec, April 7th, 1820.*

# A S E R M O N .

ECCLESIASTES 6. 6.

“ *Do not all go to one place ?* ”

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**T**HE sable draperies of death which we behold this day hung up in the House of God, silently, yet impressively announce the departure of one of our fellow-mortals from the shores of time and mortality ; nor need you be informed, that these emblems of grief and mourning, are sacred to the memory of that illustrious personage, who for nearly sixty years sustained the august title of **GEORGE THE THIRD, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, &c. &c. &c.** our late venerable and beloved Monarch, who has been permitted by Heaven to sway a sceptre, and wear a crown, longer than any of his predecessors ; but whose death has been recently announced. But as it was said of one of the Patriarchs, “ And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty and nine years and *he died,*” (1) so it may now be said of our late revered Sovereign—*And all his days were nearly four-score and two years and he died,* (2) or like Job, *So he died being old and full of days.*” (3)

This solemn event, though long expected, cannot fail deeply and painfully to impress our minds as British subjects, and

(1) Gen. 5. 27.

(2) His late Majesty, Geo. III. was born on the 24<sup>th</sup> of May, 1738, O. S. At his death, therefore, he had reached the advanced age of eighty-one years, seven months, and twenty days. He was proclaimed King on the 25<sup>th</sup> of October, 1760.

(3) “ Old and full of days.” Job had reached an advanced age, and departed “ full of days,” i. e. *satisfied* with days, fully satisfied with life, and willing to leave the world, and exchange his earthly possessions for an heavenly and incorruptible inheritance. Thus we have reason to believe our late virtuous King, not only “ died in a good old age,” but, like Abraham and Job, departed “ full of days,” fully satisfied with life, and willing to resign his earthly possessions and honors, for a kingdom and a crown which shall never fade nor fail.

British Christians. As British subjects—when we consider the national liberty and prosperity which we have enjoyed under his mild and wise administration. As British Christians—when we consider the religious liberty which has been allowed and secured to Christians of all denominations, during his long and arduous reign. And I may add ; as British Methodists, when we consider the many tokens of good-will, which we as a religious Body have received, both in England and in those colonies where we have Ministers and Societies. Recollections like these, cannot but cause us sincerely and deeply to mourn the loss of so powerful a friend, so good a King ; (1) at the same time, we ought to be thankful to the Almighty, that his valuable life and beneficent reign have been so long extended. The events of that reign, it remains for the pen of the Historian to record ; indeed, already, those of the greatest importance appear on the page of history.

During this protracted period, however, how many surprising and important events have taken place on the theatre of the world ! For a moment let us reflect.—While the British Throne has remained unmoved and untouched amidst those political convulsions which have agitated Europe and the world, that of almost every other kingdom has either tottered or been thrown down. While England has escaped the dreadful scourge of war, its horrid din has been heard, and its destructive ravages experienced, in almost every other land. But the pleasing and mighty change which has been effected in the moral aspect and condition of the world, by the diffusion of the light of Religion and Science, through the establishment and operation of institutions which have originated in England during the last reign, and particularly towards its close, is a circumstance which not only forms one of the grand characteristics of that reign, but may be considered as forming a new epoch in Science, and a new era in the Christian dispensation. I now refer to the formation of Bible, Missionary, Philosophical, and Benevolent Societies, Sunday-Schools, and

(1) A Nobleman one day in conversation with his Majesty, observed, that the Methodists prayed for him. The King answered, "I place more confidence in the prayers of my people than in my fleets and armies." In such cases, Kings may be said to be nursing fathers, and queens, nursing mothers of the Church of Christ. And, upon every occasion, hitherto, the King has proved himself our firm friend, and has laid us under obligations to love and pray for him

*Crowther's Portraiture of Methodism.*

other noble and useful institutions, which have not only proved blessings to that land of light and liberty where they originated, but have been the means also of promoting the temporal and immortal interests of men of other climes and countries; yea, "Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

But as it is not now my intention to deliver either a political or historical Sermon, or to occupy your time wholly in panegyricizing the dead; I shall proceed to the subjects before us, and which have been suggested by the mournful event to which I have referred.

And, my hearers, DEATH and ETERNITY are the subjects on which I propose, for a few moments, to dwell; and with the thoughts and solemnities of which, I am desirous to impress and fill your minds.

We have again heard of the universal conqueror prevailing over the man of age and honour, and, by levelling him with the dust, together with one of his illustrious sons, (4) filling a nation with grief and lamentation. But as this is the dispensation of that glorious and all-wise Being, "By whom Kings reign," whose throne is in the heavens, and whose kingdom ruleth over all, who doeth according to his will among the celestial armies and the sons of earth—let us bow with Christian submission to his sovereign will.

But they, being dead, yet speak. Suffer me, therefore, to take you by the hand, and, by meditation, conduct you with solemn step down to the lonely mansions of the tomb, that you may there learn from clods, and worms, and bones, that great moral lesson—that man, in his best and most honorable estate, is altogether vanity; and that all men may say with Job: "The Grave is mine house; I have made my bed darkness; I have said to corruption thou art my father, and to the worm thou art my mother and my sister." And what more profitable subjects than these can we contemplate? Are they

(4) His Royal Highness Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, &c. &c. who died on the 23d Jan. 1820.

not matters in which we are all deeply and personally interested? Do they not refer to an event and state which, sooner or later, will be realized by us all—by the youngest and healthiest in this assembly? And what, though the meditation should discompose our spirits—alarm our fears—appal our minds, and embitter our worldly pleasures? let us not shrink from a duty so important, or turn from a meditation so salutary; but consider the subject with all that attention, seriousness, and self-application, which it requires and deserves, and which become us, as creatures who are born to die, and as travellers already on the road (and some of us a considerable way) to “the house appointed for all living.”

Our Text is an interrogatory, which we shall consider and endeavour to answer.

“Do not all go to one place”? The question is plain 'tho important; it refers to the catastrophe of human life, and asks, whether the final earthly destiny of all men be not equal, or the same. Or, in other words, whether all men are not mortal, whether it is not appointed unto all men once to die. Or, when men have descended to the grave, that land of darkness and forgetfulness, whether all those distinctions of Rank and Character and Office which elevated or depressed them in the view of mortals, while mingling with the living multitude, are not there unknown? Such appears to be the nature and design of the question as proposed by Solomon.

But viewing man as a complex being, viewing him not only as a mortal creature but also as an immortal intelligence, possessing an immaterial, deathless Soul, as well as a material dying body, we may extend the question and enquire—If in the invisible and future world, all men will find the same destiny, or meet the same reward? Taking this two-fold and extended view of the inquiry, we propose to answer it both affirmatively and negatively.

**I. AFFIRMATIVELY.**—Human life has frequently been contemplated and described under the idea of a Valley, and from the various scenes of suffering and affliction which it presents, has been called a vale of tears, and a vale of woe.

The figure is just and appropriate, and will assist us in our meditations.

In this Valley we are all found journeying; many of us have made considerable progress through it, and it is probable that most of us are nearer to its extremity than its entrance. In considering the question before us however, let us return, and stand for a few moments at its entrance, and mark the various characters and pursuits of the travellers who enter.

In this Valley there are various roads leading to different places, where the travellers make a temporary halt. There is one road leading to the temple of Fame, another to the Hill of Science, another to the busy scenes of Commerce, while there are others which lead to cottages, to mansions, to thrones, and to the field of battle, where the jarring interests of the multitude too frequently lead them to assume towards each other every aspect and attitude but those of a brother and a friend. And we mark the travellers as they enter, that they do *not* all take the *same route*—they do *not* all go to the *same place*. The Prince bends his way to a Throne, and the Plebeian his to a Cottage.—The man of honor seeks the Temple of Fame—The Philosopher climbs the Hill of Science—The Merchant and the Mechanic press forward to the busy scenes of Commerce, while the warrior rushes to the field of Blood and Death. Here in these different stations, those who reach them—make a temporary halt; a few are found to sojourn in this vale for three score years and ten—some but for thirty, and by far the greater part for a much shorter period. But short and uncertain as is the period of their stay, what changes and revolutions do we behold among them. We see the mansion and the cottage, the abodes of the affluent and the destitute, changing masters, the rich becoming poor and the poor becoming rich. The Sun of Prosperity which shone with meridian splendour upon the one, is suddenly enveloped and obscured by the dark clouds of disappointment and adversity, while the gloomy horizon which bounded the prospects of the other, suddenly and unexpectedly brightens up, and a serene and cheerful sky surrounds them. Nor do the mansion and the cottage alone change masters, the palace and the dungeon sometimes exchange inhabitants. We have heard of the Prince and the Prisoner changing places and

stations, the one being driven from the kingdom and throne of his ancestors by the force of an unnatural Rebellion, or the victorious career of a foreign enemy, and either left to wander a fugitive in the earth, unattended and unbenefitted; or loaded with chains, is cast into a loathsome dungeon—while we have heard of the other, issuing from his dark and dreary abode, arrayed with the insignia and invested with the prerogatives and powers of absolute Monarchy. And indeed to continue the figure, in every part of this Valley cross roads are to be found, in which these various characters meet and pass each other. Such are the varied destinies, and such the ~~various~~ state of men while inhabitants of earth.

*mutaba*

Having marked the different characters and pursuits of men while standing at the entrance of this Valley, let us now remove to the other end of it, and we shall find that as there is but one place of ingress, so there is but one place of egress, and that *all go to one place*—that although the roads appear to diverge at the entrance, they are found to converge at the extremity, namely, at “the house appointed for all living”—Here all the travellers meet—this is the great and only pass thro’ that unscaled Alpine Barrier, which divides the visible and invisible worlds. Time and Eternity. Through it the countless myriads of the Sons of Earth have passed, that have ever lived, and shall pass, that may live, for it is the irrevocable decree of Heaven in consequence of primeval transgression, for “all men once to die.” Each therefore may say with Job, “when a few years are come then I shall go the way whence I shall not return,” for “I know thou wilt bring me to death and to the house appointed for all living.” Or with David, “What man is he that liveth and shall not see death? shall he deliver his soul from the power of the grave?” Or with the woman of Tekoah, “We must needs die and are as water spilt on the ground which cannot be gathered up again, neither doth God respect any person.” Who ever did, or ever shall, escape the blow of death? Who is there mad enough to indulge the hope of eluding or overcoming “the last enemy.” There never were but two instances of mortals entering the eternal world otherwise than by the dark isthmus of death, and it is probable there will never be another to the end of time. We read that

Enoch and Elijah were removed from earth to heaven, without traversing this dreary region. "By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death, and was not found, because God had translated him;" and of Elijah it is said: "And behold there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder, and Elijah went up by a whirlwind to heaven." None, however, may now hope to experience a similar fate; the decree is gone forth with reference to all the sons and daughters of Adam, "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return."

Where is the vast antedeluvian population of our world? and where the numerous generations since the days of Noah? "They are carried away as with a flood—they are asleep." Where are all the great men of renown—the monarchs, warriors, legislators, philosophers, and martyrs of antiquity? whose memory and whose fame are perpetuated by the page of history.—Where is Nebuchadnezzar, before whom all people, nations, and languages, feared and trembled? And where is Cyrus who, as the conqueror of the impious grandson of that haughty Babylonian monarch, seized upon his kingdom and succeeded to his throne? Where is Alexander, and Cæsar, and Hannibal, &c. at whose nod armies rushed to the conflict, and at whose mandate nations bled? They, like the subjects whom they governed, and the nations whom they conquered, have been swept from the face of the earth. Where are the men of wisdom and virtue?—Solomon, and Plato, and Socrates, and Paul, and Newton, who once shone as stars of different magnitudes in the dark firmament of our world? Death has extinguished them, and plucked them from their spheres.

And where is *he* who wore the honors of a British monarch longer than any of that race of kings, whose names are found enrolled on the annals of that Empire over which he reigned—longer than any of those Princes whose names and deeds are recorded on the page of sacred history; and longer, perhaps, than any sovereign ever did before him. I mean our late venerable and beloved King—the father of his people—the zealous promoter of Science and Religion—whose alliances, counsels, and armies, have given stability to his throne—tranquillity to Europe—Liberty to Africa—and Peace to the world.—

Where is *he* ? Alas ! “ Death hath reigned over him.” He too, like his predecessors, has laid aside the splendours and the cares of royalty, and now reposes in the cold embrace of the universal conqueror ; unconscious of the mournful honors which were paid to his memory, by his children and his nobles, at his sepulchre, and of the praises of his virtue which now circulate through the world.

Let us proceed one step further. Where shall we all be shortly ?—

Shrinking from the cold hand of death,  
We too shall gather up our feet—  
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,  
And die our father’s God to meet.

For ought we can tell, some of us may now be found, for the last time in the House of God. Those active feet, which have again brought us to the place of worship, may have performed, for the last time, their friendly office ; and to-morrow may be cold and motionless in death. The youthful countenance this day brightened with cheerfulness, and flushed with health, will soon be wrinkled by time, but perhaps sooner covered with a deadly paleness ; the whole of this worshipping assembly will soon realize the common lot of our fallen species, yea very soon, we and the whole existing race of mortals like the generations we have succeeded, will be with respect to those who shall come after us, as tho’ we had never been ; except that the names and deeds of a few will be historically handed down to posterity, to the lasting honor of some, and the perpetual disgrace of others. The cold blast of death will pass over us, and chill the active fluid of our mortal nature ; we shall droop and fall, and the place which knows us now, shall know us no more.

The solemn truth therefore is, that with respect to *Death* and the *Grave*, all do go to one place. The young and the old, the rich and the poor, the noble and the ignoble, yea the righteous and the wicked, all go to one place, all descend to the silent mansions of the tomb. Neither youth nor beauty, age nor wisdom, vigour nor riches, honor nor virtue can shield us in the mortal hour, or turn aside the fatal dart when once the days of our pilgrimage shall be accomplished ; when *Death*

knocks at the door of our clay tabernacles, no excuses, entreaties or promises will prevail with him to pass on ; he must be admitted. "There is a time to be born, and a time to die."

And when once the sons of Earth have entered this dark and middle region which lies between both worlds, all previous earthly distinctions become annihilate ; Death levels them all, and blends mankind in undistinguished ruin. The King enters the grave without his crown and sceptre. The rich man leaves his bags of gold, his houses and his lands behind him. There ; in that dull mansion, the favorite books and studies, the deep and well-planned schemes of art and usefulness are laid aside, are forgotten and unknown ; "for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave." Titles, influence, wealth and power, are there things of nought.— "Their breath goeth forth, they return to their earth, in that very day their thoughts perish."

There ; the crawling worms pay no more respect to the body of the mightiest potentate, than to that of his meanest subject ; both alike become their food and their inheritance. "They shall lie down alike in the dust, and the worms shall cover them ;" yea, "The womb shall forget them, the worm shall feed sweetly on them, they shall be no more remembered." "All (says Solomon) go to one place, all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again."

But *what* is death ? Speaking of death as personified, we have styled him the last enemy, the universal conqueror, and represented him as reigning over all the children of Adam ; and in doing so, we have spoken agreeably to truth and the word of God. After all, our knowledge on this subject is confessedly imperfect, and perhaps at most is only negative. In answering this question, however, we may with much truth say, Death is the extremity of life—the end of time—the closing scene of mortality and probation—the verge and gate of immortality.

But *where* is this place of rendez-vous where the men of all ages and all nations meet ? Its situation is on the confines of eternity, but what kind of place it is we know not now. The living have never entered its secret chambers and there

fore cannot say. The dead are not permitted to reveal the hidden mystery. No traveller has ever returned to tell us what it is. Scripture itself, that fountain of information concerning things on which every other book is silent, is on this subject almost silent also. It rather announces that event as common and certain unto all men—describes its consequences,—bids us prepare for it, and makes known to us in what that preparation consists, than reveals the secrets of its nature. We may, however, collect a few ideas from the following sublime passages from the book of Job, which describe the state of the dead ; “ there the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together ; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and the great are there, and the servant is free from his master.”—Again, “ are not my days few ; cease then and let me alone that I may take comfort a little, before I go whence I shall not return even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death, a land of darkness as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death without any order, and where the light is as darkness.” It is by dying only that we may know what death is.

Considering the question, therefore, as referring to Death and the Grave, we unhesitatingly reply in the affirmative, *All do go to one place.*

As this is a truth which none are disposed to deny or doubt, let us pause here for a moment and reflect—1st. On the folly and vanity of priding ourselves on account of any of those worldly distinctions which may elevate us among mortals, or render us the objects, either of their envy or admiration, seeing they are ours for a period so short and uncertain. Youth, beauty, riches, honors and terrestrial pleasure, Alas ! constitute the supreme good of more than half the world, so far as they are possessed. But what will these things do for men, when they are called to bid farewell to all sublunary objects ? What will these things do for them, when “ the rains shall descend, and the floods shall arise, and the winds shall blow, and the storm of death shall overtake them, and beat upon their house, which they have built upon the sand ? ” alas ! these things will only tend to make the bitter cup, which all are called to taste, yet more bitter ; and by leading them to cleave with greater tenacity to life, render the solemnities, and agonies, and horrors of their last hour still more dreadful. O

death ! " thou prevailest against them and they pass, thou changeest their countenance and sendest them away, their sons come to honor and they know it not, and they are brought low, but they perceive it not of them."

2. Are all men destined to the grave? Let the humbling truth not only mortify our pride, but teach us also to estimate worldly honors, emoluments and enjoyments, according to their real worth and intended end ; and seeing " the fashion of this world passeth away," lead us to set our affections on things above, and to " lay up for ourselves treasure in heaven."

II. " Do not all go to one place?" Taking another and more extended view of the question, we reply in the NEGATIVE ; *All do not go to one place.*

We have gone along with the generations of men through the valley of human life, and have seen that men of all nations and all ages, of all characters and all conditions, though travelling in roads apparently diverging from each other, arrive at last at the same point, and following each other in quick succession, enter the dark tabernacle of death. But mark ! they make no stay here ; their deathful slumbers are not eternal ; their Being is not annihilated ; they only change the *mode* of their existence. It is true, they leave their bodies to rest on beds of dust, until the morning of the Resurrection, when

The great Archangel's trump shall sound  
While twice ten thousand thunders roar,  
Tear up the graves and cleave the ground,  
And make the greedy sea restore.

But their immortal, disembodied souls, have continued their march onward, and have commenced their eternal career of glory or misery.

That gate of Death which opens on the side of eternity, presents to every immaterial traveller two destinies ; the celestial regions above, and the infernal abyss beneath ; but no intermediate state ; and to one or other of these abodes he immediately hastens. Nor is it *then* left to *choice* which of these shall be his endless residence. It will not then be said unto him, " Choose ye *this day* whom ye will serve," as it was a

thousand times while travelling through the vale of life, and as it is said unto us this day. But *then*, time and a state of trial will be over, and that place, and that employment, and that master and that reward, which men have freely chosen as probationers, and to which their moral natures will then be found suitable, shall be theirs in a retributive state of existence for ever; whether the service of God and the enjoyments of heaven, or the drudgery of Satan, and the miseries of hell. Nor is it possible for the inhabitants of those far-distant abodes to exchange situations, as it was while journeying in the terrestrial vale. A great and impassable gulph is fixed, and it is therefore absolutely and eternally impossible for the wicked to enter heaven, or the righteous to enter hell.

Do all then go to one place? No; because we have reason to believe that death does not find all men in the same *moral condition*, actuated by the same principles, possessed of the same dispositions, supported by the same hopes, and building on the same foundation. Do all men then sink to perdition? Were this question proposed to the inhabitants of the heavenly world, ten thousand times ten thousand voices would answer *No*. But the question belongs to us as inhabitants of earth, and as such we reply, Glory to God in the highest! all men do not sink to perdition, though all deserve it, and are by nature and their sinful practices, exposed to it. We read that "*many* sons will be brought to glory," through the once suffering, but now exalted and all-conquering Captain of Salvation. St. John, in visions of the future, "beheld, and lo a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands."

Do all men then go to Heaven? I know there are some persons who would answer this question in the affirmative, and who would gladly persuade themselves and others, that there is no other state or place beyond the grave, to which they can go. God (say they) is too wise and good to dash to pieces like a potter's vessel, or consign to everlasting destruction, such a piece of exquisite workmanship as is the complex nature, the human soul and body of man; or to allow a creature originally formed for endless being and happiness, as was man, to be for ever shut out from his presence and kingdom. Such

opinions, how consonant soever they may be with the false views, and vain desires and hopes of men, have no foundation in the word of God. We read, that when the last day shall dawn, and the last trumpet shall sound, they that "sleep in the dust of the earth, shall awake, *some* to everlasting life, and *some* to shame and everlasting contempt." We read that in the day of judgment, that decisive period, when assembled worlds shall appear before the august tribunal of a just and holy God, that a *separation* will then take place; the righteous, like a flock of sheep, shall be placed on the right hand of the Judge, and the wicked, like a herd of goats, far on the left.—The former shall be welcomed to heavenly and everlasting habitations; the latter "shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power." We read also of "a lake which burneth with fire and brimstone," into which all those shall be cast, whose names shall not be found written in the book of life. From these plain and positive declarations of the word of God, and many others of similar import which might be cited, we are irresistibly led to the conclusion, that while all men do not sink to perdition, neither do they all soar to the celestial mansions of the blessed; and that although the company of the redeemed, already form a populous and countless assembly, and will be greatly augmented upon the arrival of that period when a nation shall be born in a day, when the sons of God shall come from afar, and his daughters from the ends of the earth, and when at last the elect shall be gathered together from the four winds; yet that the prince of darkness shall also have an empire, and that that empire too shall be populous, "because wide is the gate and broad is the way which leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat."

These are plain, solemn, and fearful truths, which it is probable, yea certain, do not suit the taste of all those who hear and read them. To those who say, with some of the ancient Israelites, "Prophecy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things," they convey the most alarming and unwelcome tidings: But as they are not gratuitous assertions—not romantic notions,—not the wild chimeras of a disordered imagination, but scriptural and infallible truths, in which we are all deeply concerned; they imperiously demand our most serious and diligent

attention, and it is hoped that they will henceforth suitably impress our minds, and influence our lives.

Let it be observed, however, that the reason of that final, and solemn, and lasting, and unalterable distinction in the moral character and future destiny of men, which we have contemplated, is not because the Almighty has everlastingly and unconditionally decreed the salvation of some of his creatures, and the ruin of others; but because those who are so unhappy as to be involved in condemnation, freely choose darkness and death, rather than light and life.

And when we consider the qualifications necessary for the vision and enjoyment of God in the heavenly world—when we remember that the Son of God, who is “the faithful and true witness,” hath declared “Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God”—when we think of that uprightness and purity, and universal charity, without which we can be neither the disciples of Christ on earth, nor the inheritors of his glory hereafter—and when we look around, us in the world, when we look at others, and when we look at ourselves, and see so much iniquity prevailing, and hear of so many of our fellow mortals being cut down in the midst of their impieties—we have too much reason to fear, that after all that God has done for men in the gift of his Son, his Word, his Spirit, ~~and~~ the institution of religious ordinances, and the great forbearance he has exercised towards them; many will be “weighed in the balances and found wanting.” And that many among those who now make very splendid professions of religion, will hear the Judge of quick and dead, pronounce with reference to themselves, that startling declaration, “I never knew you: depart from me ye that work iniquity.”

Let the reflection awaken in our minds, those feelings of concern for our personal salvation, which we ought ever to cherish; let it lead us frequently to institute the solemn enquiry, Am I prepared, or preparing for death and heaven? and at the same time lead us to “fear lest a promise being left us of entering into rest, any of us should come short of it.”

In closing this subject, let us advert once more to that mournful event which has given birth to these reflections.

What a breach has death recently made in the Royal Family of England ! Two years have scarcely elapsed, since we were filled with grief and consternation by the tidings of the sudden and unexpected death of HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA, daughter of his present Majesty, and consort of H. S. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD OF SAXE COBOURG, who died in child-birth of a *presumptive Heir to the imperial throne of Britain*.—Another messenger followed soon after, bringing the mournful intelligence, that our late *revered* QUEEN was no more.—Scarcely had we recovered from the surprise and grief which this intelligence produced, than another messenger is dispatched to announce the sudden death of HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE EDWARD DUKE OF KENT, whom some of you probably knew, at the period when he was a military commander at this fortress.—While this messenger is yet speaking, (like those who, following each other in quick succession, brought the tidings of Job's calamities) another arrives, bearing the long-expected, yet mournful tidings of the death of the *Venerable* SIRE, our late beloved SOVEREIGN. Thus in a few months, sweeping away five of the members of that illustrious family.

Here we see again, that death is no respecter, either, of Persons or Families—he visits the palaces and mansions of the great, as well as the cottages and hovels of the poor, and flings his mortal shafts around him in the brilliant circles of Honor, Affluence and Beauty, with the same regardless and relentless fury, that he does when he ravages the inferior fraternities of society, or the barbarous clans that wander in the desert. All are alike destined to become his victims, and all eventually fall under his power.

Let us then piously wait and watch for that period, when the unceremonious visitor shall enter our houses, and our family and friendly circles, and by snatching away relations on one hand, and friends on another, fill them with lamentation and sorrow. Meanwhile, let us “weep with those that weep;” and thus share, by sympathy, the sorrows and the burdens of others.

Again. As “it is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the Judgment.”—As all men *must* go to one place, as it respects the grave, but *may not* and *will not* go to the same

place as it respects a future state of rewards and punishments : Whither, my friends, are *you* bound? Where do you expect to find your destined place? Can you say; "*What after death for you remains?*"

Let me pause for a moment while you reflect.—Do you say; that you desire and expect to be admitted into heaven? This hope must either be fallacious, like that of the hypocrite, which shall perish; or, sure and stedfast, like that of the true believer, which maketh not ashamed. If it be the latter, (which I fervently pray may be the portion of you all,) it may easily be distinguished by that faith, and love, and peace and purity, and obedience, which invariably accompany it, and characterize all those who are in reality travelling to the kingdom of heaven.

Finally. As travellers to eternity; as Beings who, assisted by divine grace, are called to "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling;" let us remember, that with respect to most of us, the day of life is far spent, in which the vast concerns of a future state of being must be settled, if settled at all, and that the night of death is at hand, in which no man can work. The ever-rolling stream of time is carrying us along with inconceivable rapidity, towards the boundless ocean of eternity. "Prepare to meet thy God," is echoed around us by a thousand voices. Let us therefore obediently regard the exhortation of Solomon: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."

And now may the Lord God Omnipotent pour out his blessing upon our gracious Sovereign, King George, who has been recently called to fill the throne of his ancestors. May his reign be peaceable and prosperous. And may God Almighty grant that every member of the Royal Family may continue to enjoy his favor and protection in this world. May the late afflictive dispensations of Providence by which they have been visited, be sanctified and overruled to their eternal advantage; and after having finished an illustrious career on earth, may they "shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever." Amen.

