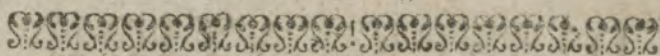


A
DISSERTATION
ON THE
First DAY of the Week,
AND THE
Last of the World;
OR,
A Beautiful Descant on the DAY
of JUDGMENT.

By a young Gentleman, Student in Divinity at
the University of Cambridge.

*Repent, Oh! man, before it is too late:
Leave off thy sins, make sure thy future state:
Then after death, a fairer place be yours,
Than all the sweets of Eden's pleasant towers.*

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G L A S G O W:  
PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1786.



A

Differtation on the first day of the Week,  
AND THE  
Last of the World.

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EXOD. xx. viii. *Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.*

**C**ONSIDER this, O man! and remember the strict commands of thy God. The almighty and everlasting Being, from his infinite goodness and mercy, has thought proper to give thee six days to labour in, and reserv'd only one day for himself; and will we puny mortals, beings of a day, dare to put the Almighty to defiance, and rob him of that too.

There is a certain pleasure arises in the mind of man from the strict observance of this most holy day, that all the wild variety of forbidden pleasure the world can afford, cannot equal, *In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day, wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it.* I say, that God who spoke the heavens and the earth and all their glorious retinue into existence, he who placed the glorious sun in the firmament, that splendid luminary, the fountain of light and heat, and of all the fair creation, the only resemblance of its great Creator: He who lighted up the silver moon, whose lucid rays yield beams of comfort to a benighted world: He who deck'd the spacious

arch of heaven with countless stars, and adorned it with all the lovely drapery of the skies: He who said to the wide extended ocean, hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: He it is, who commands thee to *remember the Sabbath day*; and dar'st thou, O man! disobey the strict commands of thy God, who, in the twinkling of an eye, can annihilate thee to thy original nothing. An air of reverential awe reigns this day o'er the spacious world, and all nature seems to assist in the grand solemnity. The flowing tresses of the beautiful Aurora, scarce waves in golden ringlets o'er the dappled east, when the early lark in notes far sweeter than his usual lay, ushers in the sacred morn, while all the sweet harmonious feathered tribe, in various plumage drest, that keenly perches on each lofty tree, or wings their way thro' fields of trackless air, join in the general concert to warble forth the praises of their Maker, and the world's great Lord.

The leafy woods, the hollow rocks and plains, the fragrant bowers, whose grateful odours breath ambrosial sweets, and blooming groves of sweet enamel'd flowers in each fair garden, rings with the joyful song, till heaven's high arch reverberates the sound. The neighing horse, the lowing ox, and all the numerous quadruped creation that sport along the enamel'd plains, or savage rove through distant wilds, assumes this day an air of gravity. The buzzing reptiles humm from pole to pole, and breathe in inarticulate sounds, the praises of their all-creating Lord. Noble examples, and solely design'd by God to instruct and teach mankind to shun the direful road of vice, and tread the golden paths of virtue, whose flowery walks lead after death to the mansions of eternal bliss. Thus the irrational creation outvies man in his duty this day, and strictly observes the laws imposed upon them

by their great Creator; nor since the day the great JEHOVAH made this spacious world and hung it in the air, did ever any yet of all the fair creation on earth, in air or sea, except rebellious man disobey the mandate of the everlasting Deity, or deviate from their first estate? No, 'tis only man that breaks his Lord's commands; but remember this, that your deaths are certain, and your judgment sure. The glorious sun from the golden chambers of the flaming east, will one day arise and dart forth his chearing beams on thee, but never to set on thee again; and one evening he will withdraw his parting rays from thee never to rise on thee again. I tell you there will come a morning, when you shall never see an evening, and an evening when you shall never see a morning. These things you may believe are no fictions nor vain imaginations of visionary brains, but all sad realities. Live therefore in this world, so as you may obtain an eternal happiness in the next, and if thou hast done evil, do so no more; for *what doth the Lord require of thee, O man, but to do justly, and love mercy, and to humble thyself to walk with thy God*, (by keeping his commandments), for thou may believe it; if thou breakest off thy sins by a sincere repentance, and fly to, and believe on the ever-blessed Jesus, he will have mercy upon you, and receive you, as he hath promised, into his everlasting kingdom. What are all the fleeting pleasures of this transitory world, compared to an everlasting happiness in the next? Is it possible then, that man, who is a rational being, and possessed of an immortal and never-dying soul, should so far forego his interest in an eternal world, as to place all his happiness in this. It is certainly a delusion. Can the sounding titles of a high birth, the airy grandures of a court, the numerous retinue of a gilded chariot, or all the flattering pageantries of state,



which often vanish e'er yet half enjoy'd, have so deep an impression on the mind of man as to render him altogether incapable of the sweet contemplations of a never ending felicity. If so, it were better we had never existed, nor wak'd to life in this world. If all our happiness is placed here, and after death no prospect but to exchange our darling pleasures and our short liv'd joys in this world, for eternal horror in the next: Oh! how I shrink back and shudder at the thought, nature recoils and chills the blood in every vein; but still there is hope on this side death, a lasting hope which dawns eternal day; for the blood of the immortal Jesus, through a sincere repentance, can wash from every sin.

The inexpressible pleasure, which a truly religious man enjoys in the strict performance of his duty to God, (as far as in him lies,) so far out balances the sensual pleasures of this life, that a drop of rain to the spacious ocean, is no comparison. And the great duty of *remembering the Sabbath-day to keep it holy*, is certainly productive of every good; because there are very few, nay, I hope none at all, who delight to observe this holy day, but will have a guard upon themselves the ensuing week, and do all that in them lies to keep it holy too; but if we mispend this holy day, how can we expect the blessing of the Almighty to follow us in the other six. Therefore, O man, whomsoever thou art, for the good of thine everlasting soul, and for the sake of our ever-blessed and glorious Redeemer Jesus Christ our Lord, *Keep this day holy*: On this day did he who died for the sins of a ruined world, rise again to the resurrection of eternal life, and finish'd the glorious and incomprehensible plan of man's everlasting redemption. And on this memorable day, it may be, that our immaculate Lord and Saviour, the ever-

blessed Jesus, may command the archangel to blow the last trump, and summon both quick and dead, high and low, rich and poor, from the four winds of heaven, to appear before the awful tribunal of this our Lord, our Saviour, and most just Judge. Ah! in what a trembling situation will the wretched miserable sinner then appear, who has spent his life in all kinds of debaucheries, and has not before death repented of his folly, when he beholds in flaming glory, attended with all the glorious host of heaven, the radiant face of his offended Saviour, the omnipotent Judge of all the earth, descending in the clouds, to take vengeance on a guilty world, attended with ten thousand thousand myriads of saints and angels in his train. Oh! tremendous day, that with'd for day by the ever-blessed company of God's elect; but oh! with what dreadful horror, will that day burst upon those poor dejected souls deem'd to eternal perdition, all sorrowful, all disconsolate, all in tears and universal horror, will then sit ruefully triumphant on their meagre brows. Not one ray of comfort, nor beam of hope, nor joy, nor pleasure, will sparkle in their eyes, and nothing appear in their baleful countenances, but a fearful looking for a dreadful judgment. Oh! sinner, remember these things while here in this lower world, and meditate on thy latter end, for then, alas! it will be too, too late when the graves are opening, the rocks rending, the mountains rocking, the ocean boiling, and nature bursting from pole to pole; that awful day will put a period to all things, to the reign of kings, the power of princes, and the pomp of worlds. In that day shall the mighty emperors, the kings and princes of the earth, lay aside their purple robes of royalty, the golden sceptres, and the diadems of state, to take their trial before the King of kings; in that day will fall to pieces the sumptuous palaces,

the splendid maufoleums, and the triumphal arches of the great, the large and populace cities, which for trade and commerce had monopoliz'd the riches of the world, and whose stately and magnificent curiosities, had perhaps for ages unknown, been the wonder and admiration of the curious traveller, must then exchange their transitory greatness, to fall a victim in the burning world. In that day, shall the glorious Maker of heaven and earth, arrest the rapid motion of our rolling sphere, and stop the career of the glorious sun in the firmament, that splendid luminary that glads all nature with his cheering rays; the silver moon, that lucid orb, that supplies the absence of the distant sun, and gilds the horrors of the raven-colour'd night, shall no more move round her axis, no more observe her periodical revolutions, her blunted changes nor her blazing fulls; the planets stop in their rounds, and the twinkling stars commanded to move no more, by that God who made them, launch'd them from his arm, and hung them in the air; all shall cease and the glory of the world shall be no more, and the archangel shall proclaim in a voice as rolls the thunder load, that shall reach to the ends of the earth and sea, and reverberate the sound through the lofty arch of heaven, *That time shall be no more.* O! that divine contemplation in all her rich attire, would take full possession of the heart of every mortal while here in this world, and instil in their minds the continual thoughts of a future state; the heaven they have to enjoy, and the hell they have to escape. O! what man, upon a serious reflection on these two opposites, would not be enraptur'd with the endless joys of the one, while the dreadful thoughts of the everlasting torments of the other congeals the very blood in the veins; but O! what pen can describe, or imagination paint the transcendant happiness, that forever



reigns through all the mansions of eternal bliss. O! the joy, the ineffable pleasure it must be to a departed soul, to be ever in the presence of the ever-blessed and immaculate Lamb of God, to whom the saints and angels tune their golden lyres to resound his praise in eternal hallelujahs through all the golden concaves of heaven. There sits the supreme Deity enthron'd in flaming glory, at whose esulgent presence, the splendid rays of ten thousand suns would dwindle into nothing. There reigns an eternal spring; there is no night there, and a verdure unfading, crowns the celestial plains. There the flowers forever bloom, and diffuse immortal fragrance through all the bowers of everlasting bliss. There grows the tree of life, whose grateful fruit pregnant with nectarean juice, makes those who eat to hunger no more. There is the pure water of life, as it were running along sands of gold, and falling o'er rocks of transparent chrystal, forming the most beautiful cascades, of which if any one drink he shall thirst no more. This is the heaven for the wearied soul, the place of delights and the kingdom of felicity prepared for the spirits of the just made perfect. To this habitation may all the ends of the earth seek. *Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thought, and I will have mercy on him, and welcome him to these regions of unclouded joy, sayeth the great God of heaven and earth. Watch ye therefore and pray, for ye know neither the day nor the hour in which the son of man cometh.* Now to the sacred spring of all mercy, the ever-blessed and adorable Trinity, be all honour and glory, thanksgiving and praise, from henceforth and for ever. Amen.