A - las, black soul! How long wilt thou continue in evil? How long wilt thou lie in idleness?

Why dost thou not tremble at the dread judgement seat of the Saviour? What defence wilt thou make or what wilt thou answer? Thy works will be there to accuse thee: thine actions will reproach thee and condemn thee: O my soul
the time is near at hand; make haste before it is too late, and cry aloud in faith:

I have sinned, O Lord, I have sinned against Thee; but I know Thy love for man and Thy compassion, O good Shepherd, deprive me not of a place at Thy right hand in Thy great mercy.