

twenty years, for every one of us the judgment will be set, and the books opened. If that be true, far more than that must be true. Is there but one day of judgment? Why, for us every day is a day of judgment,—every day is a *dies iræ*, and writes its irrevocable verdict in the flame of its west. Think you that judgment waits till the doors of the grave are opened? It waits at the doors of your houses, it waits at the corners of your streets. We are in the midst of judgment; the insects that we crush are our judges, the moments we fret away are our judges, the elements that feed us judge as they minister, and the pleasures that deceive us judge as they indulge. Let us, for our lives, do the work of men while we bear the form of them, if indeed those lives are *not* as a vapor, and do *not* vanish away.

135. "The work of men,"—and what is that? Well, we may any of us know very quickly, on the condition of being wholly ready to do it. But many of us are for the most part thinking, not of what we are to do, but of what we are to get; and the best of us are sunk into the sin of Ananias, and it is a mortal one,—we want to keep back part of the price. And we continually talk of taking up our cross, as if the only harm in a cross was the *weight* of it,—as if it was only a thing to be car-