

be dissolved, they have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."*

Since, then, we see the patriarch's estimate of life was so correct, since so few and so evil are the days of the years of our pilgrimage through this world of care, let me engage you, beloved, to weigh by this standard the importance of a plain and common question, "How old art thou?" It is no question now, beloved, of idle curiosity; it is one which the Lord himself seems this day to address to you, by the last accents of another year. Let me press it upon your attention, and pray God to apply it in seriousness to your hearts.

How old art thou, my younger friend? enquires the closing year of you, beloved, who are yet *in the morning of your days*. Some ten, some fifteen, some twenty, and some five-and-twenty years have passed over your heads, and have you yet begun to live, or must the closing year be added to the pile of wasted days, that shall cry out against you when He who has bidden you "occupy till He comes" shall call you to account? Short as your life has yet been, beloved, it has been too long to have been spent in sin, and under the wrath of God. Few as your days have been, they are too many to

* 2 Cor. v. 1.