

world lethean slumber? would you ask yourself, What is this spell that drowns my senses, dims my sight, binds me like a galley-slave to the cursed launch, to toil and row in the stream of this world's ways till I drop senseless at the oar? How long would the revival last upon you? 'Till to-morrow? To-morrow shall find you out of the influence of the awakening voice; and then I see you, not the anxious inquirer who a few hours ago seemed only to live and hang upon the words of eternal life. Alas! how changed! Once more, the world has him. The keen bargain! the immense profit! the certain speculation! the smooth-tongued trade, has done its work—its fatal work! Immersed with sordid care, he returns "like a sow to her wallowing in the mire." Farewell! Thou art like Ephraim of old, of whom God said—"O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Judah, what shall I do unto thee? for your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away" (Hos. vi. 4). One word more, by the Prophet Amos, and I have done: "I have overturned some of you, as God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah, and ye were as a firebrand plucked out of the burning: yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord. Therefore thus will I do unto thee, O Israel: and *because* I will do this unto thee, PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD, O ISRAEL."

*elto*