

are there, unclean desires and deadly passions are there. Look again at that dry tree. Mark the space it occupies. A living tree might grow upon the very spot where it stands, if it were only taken away. It defiles the place. The earth groans under the evil burden. It is a cumberer of the ground.

Sinner, thou art that dry tree. Multitudes of persons are blessings when they live. They know the world is perishing and they labor for its salvation. But men are no better for your presence upon the earth. You are no real good to them. You may do something for men's bodies, but you do nothing for their souls. You have not been an everlasting blessing to a single person. All your work will die with time and be forgotten in eternity. Thousands around you are fruitful trees in the garden of God bringing forth ripe faith, tender love, sweet hope and peace. God gathers their fruit in season and rewards them thirty, sixty and a hundred fold. But you are barren, without faith, love, peace, humility. You stand alike unmindful of God's commands and warnings, — a cumberer of the ground. But the evil is still worse. You take up the room which others might occupy with advantage. For example, suppose you are engaged in business, you have opportunities for serving God which you habitually neglect. If you were dead, some one else, with an eye fixed on the glory of God might take your place and do a mighty work in spreading abroad the knowledge of the Gospel among the perishing. But you occupy the room cumbering the ground. Or you are a parent and you have a garden to cultivate for God. But you