

It is not preaching, but the sighing over your souls that is hard work. I could preach for ever ; I could stand here day and night to tell my Master's love, and warn poor souls ; but 'tis the afterthought that will follow me when I descend these pulpit steps, that many of you, my hearers, will neglect this warning. My Master says, " Son of man, hast thou heard what the children of Israel say concerning thee ? Behold, thou art as one that playeth a tune upon an instrument ; they make merry with thee, and they go their ways." Yes, but that were little. To be laughed at is no very great hardship to me.

Spit on me, but oh ! repent ! Laugh at me, but oh ! believe in my Master ! Make my body as the dirt of the streets, if you will, but damn not your own souls ! Oh ! do not despise your own mercies. Put not away from you the gospel of Christ. There are many other ways of playing fool beside that. Carry coals in your bosom ; knock your head against a wall, but do not damn your souls for the mere sake of being a fool, for fools to laugh at. Christ waits to accept thee. Trust Him now, and be saved. Amen.

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And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away ; and there was found no place for them.

And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God ; and the books were opened ; and another book was opened, which is the book of life ; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.—Rev. xx. 11, 12.