

teousness. I see you standing in the midst of that throng, and the eye of God is fixed on you. It seems to you that He is not looking anywhere else, but only upon you, and He summons you before Him; and He reads your sins, and He cries, "*Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire!*" My hearer, I cannot bear to think of you in that position. It seems as if every hair of my head must stand on end to think of any hearer of mine being damned. Will you picture yourself in that position? The word has gone forth, "*Depart, ye cursed.*" Do you see the pit as it opens to swallow you up? Do you listen to the shrieks and the yells of those who have preceded you to that eternal lake of torment? Instead of picturing the scene, I turn to you with the words of the inspired prophet, and I say, "*Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?*" Oh! my brother, I cannot let you put away religion thus. No, I think of what is to come after death. I should be destitute of all humanity, if I should see a person about to poison himself, and did not dash away the cup; or if I saw another about to plunge from London Bridge, if I did not assist in preventing him from doing so; and I should be worse than a friend, if I did not now, with all love, and kindness, and earnestness, beseech you to "*lay hold on eternal life,*" "*to labour, not for the meat that perisheth, but for the meat that endureth unto everlasting life.*"

Some would tell me, I am wrong in so doing. I cannot help it. I must do it. As I must stand before my Judge at last, I feel that I shall not make full proof of my ministry unless I entreat with many tears that ye would be saved—that ye would look unto Jesus Christ and receive his glorious salvation. But does not this avail? Are all our entreaties lost upon you? Do you turn a deaf ear? Then again I change my note. Sinner, I have pleaded with you as a man pleadeth with his friend, and were it for my own life I could not speak more earnestly this morning than I do speak concerning yours. I did feel earnest about my own soul, but not a whit more than I do about the souls of my congregation this morning; and therefore, if ye put away these en-

treates, I have something else;—I must THREATEN you. You shall not always have such warnings as these. A day is coming, when hushed shall be the voice of every Gospel minister, at least for you; for your ear shall be cold in death. It shall not be any more threatening; it shall be the fulfilment of the threatening. There shall be no promise—no proclamations of pardon and of mercy—no peace-speaking blood; but you shall be in the land where the Sabbath is all swallowed up in everlasting nights of misery, and where the preachings of the Gospel are forbidden, because they would be unavailing. I charge you, then, listen to this voice that now addresses your conscience; for if not, God shall speak to you in His wrath, and say unto you in His hot displeasure, "*I called, and ye refused; I stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; therefore will I mock at your calamity; I will laugh when your fear cometh.*" Sinner, *I threaten you again.* Remember, it is but a short time you may have to hear these warnings. You imagine that your life will be long, but do you know how short it is? Have you ever tried to think how frail you are? Did you ever see such a marvellous thing as the human frame?

"Strange, a harp of a thousand strings,  
Should keep in tune so long."

Let but one of those cords be twisted—let but a mouthful of food go in the wrong direction, and you may die. The slightest chance, as we have it, may send you swift to death, when God wills it. Strong men have been killed by the smallest and slightest accident, and so may you. In the chapel, in the house of God, men have dropped down dead. How often do we hear of men falling in our streets—rolling out of time into eternity, by some sudden stroke. And are you sure that heart of yours is quite sound? Is the blood circulating with all accuracy? Are you quite sure of that? And if it be so, how long shall it be? Oh, perhaps there are some of you here that shall never see Christmas-day. It may be, the mandate has gone forth already, "*Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.*" Out of this vast congregation, I could not with accuracy tell how many will be dead in a year; but certain it is that the whole of us shall never meet together again in any