

underneath all the differences of opinion, temper, and character, which belong to us as individuals, there is a great and glorious work of separation ever advancing amongst us—secretly, silently, steadily advancing,—more radical, more irreconcilable, more permanently disuniting, than the feuds which keep hostile tribes apart, or the wars from which new nations spring! As our present mortal existence goes out, day by day, upon the ebbing tide of time, Divine Truth, like a rock in the midway of waters, cleaves in twain the current of our spiritual life, and the two streams of human souls, thus parted, flow on, each to its own ocean of eternal destiny—Heaven or Hell!

O thou blessed word of might and grace, seed incorruptible from the source of life, irrevocable mandate of happiness and woe, discerners of the thoughts and intents of the heart, How long shall the children of men esteem it a light thing how they hear thee? How long shall they dare to deal with thee as if thou wert the word of man, and not of God? How long shall it be deemed a matter of indifference or mere custom to wait upon thy ministrations? Awake, awake, put on strength, that the careless daughters of Zion may cease to be at ease, that the dwellers in the dust may be lifted up, that the nations of the earth may be converted to the Lord! *Amen!*