

ness here, and of unalloyed joy hereafter will but increase your mental sufferings, the poignancy of your remorse and despair.

The ninety-fifth year of this century is now on the wane; it will soon have followed its predecessors down the long vista of time. How many of them have you known? Can you point to one of these rapidly receding figures and say, That one is dear to me, for during his existence I was born again, and brought into the light of the knowledge of the glory of God which shines in the face of Jesus Christ. Or, as you thoughtfully contemplate one and another in the long procession, do you think of a time, perhaps many of them, when you felt the burden of your sins, a desire for forgiveness, and a vague hope that you might after this life of unrest and disappointment, be received into those blest abodes, and be the guest, the companion of the glorious Person who is the attraction and centre of all?

The hand now guiding the pen which makes this appeal to you, will soon have mouldered into dust, or have been changed into incorruptibility, but the mind occupied with the lines you are reading, yours and mine, will be in activity forever and ever. Oh! how can I impress you with the reality of eternity, how can I arouse you to a sense of the value of your never-dying soul! What mind can conceive, what tongue can express the tremendous issues at stake which so many, perhaps yourself, think so lightly of!

Reader, why should you trifle or dally with this question longer? Why not now, the last month of