

soften with a sense of the goodness of the Lord, and mellow into the tenderness of mature affection towards Him? Were you not still fruitless, aye, and dead? And now winter has come to some of you and your sun of life is sinking low. Soon shall you sink in the midnight storm, soon shall time cover your last resting-place with withered leaves and the ashes of mortality. Oh! miserable one, hast thou not within thee still the spirit of life, the earnest of immortality? Do cold hearts beat? No. Dead in spring-time, dead in summer, in autumn and winter. Thou hast remained unchanged by the light of experience, by the warnings of years, by the swift flight of seasons, by blighted hopes and gathering shadows. Thy past, lost; thy present, perishing; thy future, God only knows.

Look again unconverted man or woman at that dry tree. Never does the rising sun shine upon it, but it finds it more decayed than it was the day before. Branch after branch drops off as it slowly rots to the core. Sinner, thou art that dry tree. You are not more dead now than you were in childhood, but you are more corrupt. Then you were fresh dead, now you are long dead. You have exposed yourself to many things that have hastened your decay, harboured much that has bred decay. Once you had little knowledge of what was bad and people called you innocent. But your knowledge of evil increased, you became wise about men's open follies and learned about men's secret sins, while Satan's power over you increased. Your memory took on fresh stains every day, the good faded or was forgot-