

you are not so indifferent and hard-hearted as some others. Those who have grown old in sin, in the abuse of grace, and the neglect of the great salvation, are more obdurate and insensible than you. Those grown up men and women, for instance, that stand at the corners of the streets, or idly lounge by the wayside on the Sabbath-day, while the harvest time of salvation is passing away, or you old grey-headed man that sits Sabbath by Sabbath unmoved in his pew, and, though tottering on the brink of the grave, is filled with this world's cares, and thoughtless of eternity,—you are not yet so hard-hearted as they. Their hearts have become like a stone within them. They have ceased to feel. Nothing moves, nothing affects them. They can live contented under the wrath of God, and sleep sweetly and securely on the brink of eternal woe! Alas! what a dreadful state for a soul to be in! It is of this the Lord speaks when he says—"This people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed, lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their hearts, and should be converted, and I should heal them." *This is the palsy of the heart.*—Now, my children, this palsy will come on you too. It is begun already. It will grow upon you day by day, until you come to Jesus. Many who, when like you, were soft and tender-hearted, and even wept and prayed for pardoning mercy, are now cold and dead like the unconscious stones. And now sometimes they could fain pray, but cannot. When sudden terror comes upon them, or death knocks at the door, they flee to their knees, and haste to call upon God, but they cannot pray. Their cold, icy hearts will not break or melt. They would give the whole world now for one tear of true repentance, but they cannot get it.

Let me tell of one such case which I read of lately. A young lady, who was beautiful, gay, and fond of amuse-

ment, during a short period was concerned about her soul, but these impressions were resisted, they wore away, and she followed her thoughtless course of worldly pleasure. On one occasion a minister of the gospel met her, when she seemed as blooming and sportive as though earth had no sorrows and life no end. A few days after, a message was brought to him that she was thought to be dying, and wished him to go and pray with her. On entering the door of her apartment, she instantly cried out, "Oh, Mr. A., do come and pray for my poor soul; I am dying, and I am going to hell; oh! do pray for me." He went directly to the bed-side and said "You appear to be very ill." "Oh," said she, "I am dying, and I am unprepared to die; I am going to hell! oh! pray for my poor soul." He knelt down at the mercy-seat at her request. During the season of prayer she made little interruption either by groan, sigh, or struggle, but as soon as the prayer was ended, she cried out again, "Oh, I am dying unprepared, do pray for me again—I am going to hell! Oh! I am going to hell! Do pray for me again." Turning to her mother who sat at the other side of the bed in constant attendance on her daughter, "Oh, mother," said she, "I am dying; do pray for your dying child; I never heard you pray in my life—do pray for my poor soul." It was an awful moment. The chamber was filled with sobs and tears. Death had fixed his relentless grasp on the trembling victim. She is dying, and she is unprepared to die. The minister had prayed, but no relief was found. Her mother had been entreated to pray, but overflowing tears from a soul full of distress and terrors, were all the assistance she could afford to a despairing child. The attendants were weeping, but none of them could help the dying girl.

The man of God preached to her the gospel, the saving mercy of him who even at the eleventh hour will in no wise cast out. "Close," said he,