

some of you o'er whose heads seventy winters have blown. When do you hope to find a convenient season? You are within a few days' march of the tomb; if you do but open your eyes, you may see death but a slight distance in advance.

To sleep in youth is to sleep in a siege; to sleep in old age is to slumber during the attack. What! friend, wilt thou, that art so near thy Maker's bar, still put Him off with a "Go Thy way?" What! procrastinate now, when the knife is at thy throat—when the worm is at the heart of the tree, and the branches have begun to wither—when the grinders cease even now, because they are few, and they that look out of the windows are darkened? The sere and yellow leaf has come upon thee, and thou art still unready for thy doom! O my hearer! of all fools, a fool with a grey head is the worst fool anywhere. With one foot in the grave, and another foot on a sandy foundation, how shall I depict you, but by saying to you, as God said to the rich man, Thou fool! a few more nights and thy soul shall be required of thee; and then where art thou?

Come, come! thou shalt not go away till my whole soul hath poured itself out over thee, not until I have cast mine arms around thee, and tried to stop thee this time from turning from the face of Him that bids thee live.

Thou sayest, "Another time," how knowest thou that thou wilt ever feel again as thou feelest now! This morning, perhaps, a voice is saying in thy heart, "Prepare to meet thy God." To-morrow that

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