

some of us remember how that the good seed was sown in our hearts by loving hands now mouldering in the grave, or rather holding the harp and the palm in glory? There was everything to foster the rise and progress of religion in our souls—the light of a revered father's countenance—the warmth of a fond mother's heart. The tender plant was watched with anxious care, was watered by many tears and prayers. No green-house full of rare plants and fragrant flowers was more securely sheltered from injurious influences, than were those homes of love which some of can recall. No granary in harvest was better filled with the finest of the wheat, than were our minds with sacred truth. What more could have been done for us? But have we profited as we ought? Instead of resembling the earth, which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, are there not those of us who resemble too closely that which beareth briars and thorns, which is nigh to cursing, and whose end is to be burned. Whenever I see any who have been cradled in piety, "setting light by their father and mother," and, in spite of their example, precepts and prayers, turning into the paths of folly, sin and shame, I think of those who will yet send forth this melancholy wail—"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

What fruit can we show of those holy *Sabbaths* that have passed over our heads, and those blessed *Sacraments* that have been dispensed amongst us. The Gospel sowers, bearing the precious seed, have been busy sowing. The Sun of Righteousness has been shining. Divine doctrine has "dropped like the rain, and distilled as the dew." The spirit has come down like "showers that water the earth." All the appliances of spiritual husbandry have been set in operation. Perhaps, my friend, you can call up a time when you felt more than usually serious. By some startling Providence, some stirring tract, some rousing sermon, you were induced to consider your ways. A talk with some pious relative or friend impressed you. Despised goodness came fresh upon you and led to repentance. The slighted Saviour turned and looked upon you; forgotten sins starting up passed before you; you went out and wept bitterly. Perchance your church was blessed with a "*time of refreshing* from the presence of the Lord." As the kingdom of God came nigh unto you, and some from your very side pressed into it, sympathy, example, the earnest appeals of pastors or parents, urged you to go and do likewise. But you held out. Sickness laid you low; you got a glimpse of the world from the gates of death. You "howled upon your bed," and vowed that if you were spared you would turn a new leaf. But the world's whirlpool has drawn you in again, and your goodness has proved as the morning cloud. The literal "harvest is past, and summer is ended," and seasons such as these, peculiarly favourable to spiritual growth, have taken their flight too, and as you sit down to think, if you be honest, you are constrained to confess—"We are not saved." And what a confession is this! "Not saved," though the City of Refuge is in sight, though the life-boat of Heaven is by your side. "Not saved" though "so great salvation" is pressed on you, and the gracious Saviour "stands at your door and knocks."—"Not saved" in a land of Bibles and churches, Sabbaths and Sabbath Schools. "Not saved," amid precious promises, solemn warnings, and winning invitations. "Not saved," and therefore bereft of pardon, purity, peace; with Heaven barred against you, and Hell yawning to receive you. "Not saved,"—and therefore *Lost*. And what a loss! You may lose your fortune and friends, you may lose your health or good name, and have such losses repaired; but this loss is irreparable. "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and LOSE HIS OWN SOUL?" A lost ship is bad; a lost son is worse; but a *lost soul* is worst of all. But this dark cloud has a silver lining. The bow of promise spans it. To you is born a *Saviour*. His name is Jesus, because *He saves*. On a mission of mercy He came, to seek and save THE LOST. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and THOU SHALT BE SAVED,—“lest thou mourn