

hand and from mouth to mouth, bursting through and overleaping the restraints of effete creeds, and the bars of denominational orthodoxy, passes the *goodness of God to sinners even the chief*, pressing a welcome to salvation upon the faithful acceptance of all, without distinction or exception. From many a rank and condition of men the King is multiplying his servants, that a message strong, and full, and free, many invite the starving sinner to a share of the "feast," whose dainties alone can satisfy the soul. These things are so. Bear with us while we humbly seek to point out our duty.

Your duty and mine amid such changes may be summed up in few words:—"Be up and doing."

While it is true that God has made men to change; and that there is no place in the universe, no period in duration, in which men shall be unchanging and unchangeable, it is especially worthy of notice that in the progression of these changes, man is like the forest tree; first the sapling sprouting from the seed, and growing into a tree producing fruit, after its kind, and towering perhaps—a gnarled forest king, only to become at last a leafless, branchless log, dissolving in the autumnal blast. Aye, there is something awfully momentous in the reflection that God sees us all just now at different stages of a series of changes through which we pass into the abode of the dead. Who can tell whether the present may not be the last of the years to you or me in this changeful scene? Are you ready for the last of your changes on this side time? It is a change which comes like a thief in the night. Will it come upon you unawares? That last change! How serious! It is a serious thing to die—"to fall into the hands of the living God," you say—How serious then must it be to live! To be simply what we are—to have changes going on in us now which in their consequences, never, never, never, will end—which through the gate of death will bear us on into eternity—on, on, on, for ever and for ever.

The work of this present life then is not for itself. No, it is for eternity—but a sowing time for the unending hereafter to which we are hurried on the wings of the fleeting moments. And "He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap live everlasting" (Gal. vi. 8). The one important question of your life, then, is this:—What are you sowing? Is it bliss or woe, glory, honour, immortality, blossoming into eternal life? or is it contention, dis-