

THE SANDS OF TIME ARE SINKING.

READER, do you at all realize how rapidly time is passing, and how soon, how very soon the waters of forgetfulness will close over your head? In a very little while you will only be remembered here by, it may be, two or three, and every effort to recall you to the minds of many whom you now know will be in vain. "Let me see, I think I have a faint recollection of some such person as the one you speak of, but I am quite unable to recall any connecting circumstances."

I would ask you if there is not some one whose good opinion you value, whose favor you cultivate, and whose repulsion of you would be most bitter and galling, and the thought of whom arises in your mind when the Spirit of God is bringing before you, the ruined and lost condition in which you are; the inevitable consequences of your course of sin, and the pressing necessity for an immediate closing with God's offered mercy. Some one, who although exercising such an influence over your conduct and motives will soon like yourself have passed into oblivion as to this scene, and as the successive ages of ages roll on their unchanging course through an endless eternity, and you a lost soul enduring an anguish and a misery unalleviated by a single ray of mercy, your remembrance of the baneful, and as you will then see the contemptible influence which barred your way to a life of blessed-