

giddy dancers trip, and the faster down the throat of fools flows the maddening drink. O men, be sober!

But you will say, "Should we be always grim, and dark-browed, and heavy-hearted?" No. The Master wants us to be joyous, hopeful, blissful. The Apostle stands yonder on the verge of a dark future, world-quaking events looming up and lowering before him, an awful death reaching out its ghastly ghostly arms to take hold of him; and, from his lofty prophetic outlook as the world's watchman, he can see the awful funeral pyre of the earth's doom, and, lifting up his earnest voice he cries to men down through the ages, "The end of all things is at hand!" But he fears not. His words are not the wail of despair. They have the ring of joy and hope in them. See! his face gleams with glory, and peace and hope dwell in his calm soul. He is safe in Jesus, and no hurt can come to him. And then, far across the end-gulf he can see a new earth and new heavens, and the King in His beauty; and he knows that there he shall reign.

O men of the world, weep and howl, for the world is your all, and it shall be burned up. Across the ages a voice comes to you to-night. Listen! "But the end of all things is at hand."

Ye people of God, rejoice! rejoice! Your salvation is near. The days of sorrow and sighing are all but over. Soon shall break upon your soul the glad light of eternity. Wake up, and take hold of life's duties anew. These are earnest times we are living in, and we must not sleep. Be sober, watch and pray unto the end. You are weary, disheartened, crushed. But the Apostle would cheer you, and stimulate your flagging energies, and so he rings out this joyous peal: "The end of all things is at hand!"