

Art thou pressed sore in the conflict with Satan? Tremblest thou at the approach of death? For every ail of thine, oh believer, there is a sovereign specific. Be strong then, oh Christian, and show thyself a man. Look to the "exceeding great and precious promises." Meditate deeply on them.—Roll them as sweet morsels under the tongue. Realize this as the sum of them. The Eternal God is thy refuge, underneath thee are his everlasting arms. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life. Very soon at the latest shall these promises be fulfilled. And then, oh believer, enthroned, crowned and triumphant, what can any more ail thee?

V. What aileth thee now, oh Dying Impenitent! Aye! what aileth *thee* now? Oh soul unrenewed, who hast sinned away thy day of grace and art summoned to the dread tribunal knowing full well that thou art all unprepared, everything aileth thee. As thou takest thy last look upon the earth—as thou drawest up thy feet within the bed—as thou turnest thy face against the wall; the past all lost—the present all fearful—the future all hopeless—no marvel that thy spirit faileth. Yes! everything aileth thee. There aileth thee an angry God unreconciled—a living Saviour scorned and rejected—a waiting Spirit obstinately resisted. There ail thee many a wasted Sabbath—many a faithful sermon—many a tearful entreaty—many a striking providence—perchance many a parental prayer. It may be there ail thee an unread Bible—a forsaken closet—an abandoned profession—a shipwrecked faith. Most assuredly there ail thee time past never to be recalled—opportunity lost never to be restored—eternity beginning never to have an end. God has often called in the still small voice in years gone by. But when he called thus thou refusedst. He calls now in language more terrible than the wind, the earthquake or the flame. And thou canst refuse no longer. The cold sweat of death gathers thick upon thy brow. Earth crumbles under thy feet. Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee at thy coming—that hell at which in the day of life and health thou strovest, but never even then with complete success, to smile as a delusion and a fable, *now* yawns a terrible reality to receive a new victim. It stirreth up the dead for thee, and they, unhappy spirits doomed and damned, mock thee in horrible derision. "All they shall speak and say unto thee, art thou also become weak as we, art thou become like unto us." FOR WHAT AILETH THEE NOW, O RUINED IMMORTAL, IS THE BEGUN GNAWING OF THAT WORM THAT NEVER DIES, AND THE FIRE THAT NEVER SHALL BE QUENCHED ALREADY FLAMING OVER THY HEAD. The smoke of thy torment shall ascend for ever and ever. Thou shalt have no rest day nor night. Cast off by God—excluded from happiness—shut out from heaven—it shall not so much as be asked concerning thee at all, "What aileth thee now?"

GOD BE MERCIFUL UNTO US, TRANSGRESSORS.

THE DAYS IN MOSES' ACCOUNT OF CREATION ARE TO
BE UNDERSTOOD AS NATURAL DAYS, AND
NOT LENGTHENED PERIODS.

[CONCLUDED.]

4. BUT the most gratuitous and unwarrantable assumption of all, and what is sufficient of itself to condemn this theory, is the assertion that the epochs of creation were represented to Moses in the form of a vision,—that Moses