

"There lives and works a soul in all things, and that soul is God."

This glorious being is the God with whom we have to do. We live and move and have our being in him. We draw no breath which he carries not to our mouth. Our lungs are moved to inhalation and exhalation, just because his presence is power, and his presence is everywhere. Our pulse beats, our nerves thrill, our body is held together to do its work, just because God is. We have life fitted to our fallen state; it is ours because God is. We think, feel, and will, because God is, and is the source of life.

To be opposed to this God is death. By the word death we mean not the dissolution of the body. We believe that constituted as man is now since the fall, that the death of the body is only one step among the thousands which men in general must take ere they reach the gates of life. But the death of the soul is an unending series of dire ruins without a parallel. It never ends. It consists first in separation between God and the soul. The soul cuts connection between itself and its God. From that moment it begins to descend. Its course, it was intended by God, should have been ever upward in the path of duty. A downward course is most unnatural to it. It is the ruin of the soul. For as the soul pursues its downward course that which should ever guide it, viz., principle, is driven out from its authority, and passion takes its place. Then begins the rule of sin. The law of death begins to work. And there are no bounds to the deep into which the soul which dies the second time descends. "*Their worm dieth not. Their fire is not quenched.*" This it is to be opposed to the living God. Ah! Let the potsherds strive with the potsherds of the earth. Let men fear the Lord. If his wrath be kindled but a little he will dash such broken dishes as you and me into dust; and lick us up in the whirlwind of his anger into unending tortures. "For our God is a consuming fire."

God gives man life, as we have seen

"Life is the season God hath given,
To fly from Hell, and rise to Heaven."

If the frown of God be death, his favour is life. Oh seek this favour now, my fellow-sinner. What is wealth, influence, friends, or all that time can give, compared to the smile of your heavenly Father? It is a blessing now,—it is an unjoying treasure here—