

When time ends there shall be no longer sins, temptations, fears, sorrows, or dangers to harass Christians. And no more instructions, invitations, remonstrances, or warnings for ungodly men.

O Time, Time! might each of us say. Time lost, Time yet given. Important, much and long neglected time! My salvation or perdition is to be recorded in God's book before I am done with thee.—O God! give me thy grace that I may be saved in time.

2. Discerning the time is to notice and know its brevity—to mark how swiftly it passes away from us.

The history of mankind is a long and tragic tale, running so far back into the misty past, that, except what we find in one Book, no trace remains of the beginning and early stages; and nothing more than a trace remains—a dim vestige of one dire and universal catastrophe, which overwhelmed the race of men after centuries of human life had passed away. And yet how brief the whole period! 6,000 years or so. That's all. Four figures sum it up. And how swiftly the 6,000 have glided along—never stopping, never minding what men said, or did, or thought all the while.

The origin of all existing nations is involved in mystery. From the time when authentic history casts its first light on their barbarous beginnings, down through all their blood-stained annals, to this, the day of their maturity or decay seems long indeed. How many generations have lived! How many kings have reigned! How much of toil, and misery, and oppression, and suffering, must have been borne! How many social convulsions, religious and political changes have taken place! How many great battles fought! How many great men flourished! And how many little, or unnoticed men must have lived—fought life's sore battle—now joyous and hopeful, now stricken, and sad, and weary,

and then have gone away to fatten unknown church-yards! And look back. Ten or twelve hundred years ago, these nations had not a name. How quickly time has passed from Charlemagne to this nineteenth century!

The pedigree of families can be ascertained in some cases. A reputed ancestor may be found in some man of note, who lived long since, and was famed perhaps for his crimes. And then when we enumerate the years that have elapsed since the patriarch lived, they are so few, that it seems to us as if these old times and men of renown must have vanished to be so completely lost to view.

Those of us who have reached maturity or old age, can remember their childhood, when years looked like unending things, and life was a summer day—sometimes o'ercast and stormy, but still a summer day. And coming winter was unthought of, and every prospect was radiant with hope and beauty. They can look back from their autumn or winter time, and with their sad experience, smile or sigh at the visions that charmed them once. But with all their experience, and with knowledge so certain of the fact, they can hardly realize the truth that so much time has passed so swiftly. 'Why it looks like yesterday,' the grey-headed man will say, 'when I ran, and laughed, and played with young companions;—where are they now that merry band? Two or three bowed down with years and cares,—the rest all gone! And it is not long since. There is the tree I planted when a boy; it is but a young tree yet, when my heart and flesh are fainting and failing! So swiftly passes time.

It has not paused in its flight. It is passing now—the time to secure an interest in Christ. The acceptable year of the Lord will soon be over. We cannot stay its progress. Let us try then to find