

may we make an end? It reaches back to the beginning of all things, before even the Sons of God were born—and forward to a period which the imagination fails to comprehend. Gracious God, grant us the eye of Faith rightly to know and believe in Jesus; and give us a new and tender heart worthily to look on Jesus, and to understand this great truth concerning Him—*His eternal sameness*.

Consider 1st: The mutability of all earthly things as suggested by the terms of the text.

"Yesterday!" Where is *it*—with all its lights and shadows, its pleasures and pains, its promises and expectations, its omissions and commissions? What is it? Shall we call it a phantom? A shadow? A delusive dream? And whither, too, may we pursue it? It is gone, alas! Forever gone, into the abyss of the past, as much so even as the Yesterday of 500 years since! How *near* it seems! How *fresh* is our recollection of it! How warm our memory! But recall it we cannot—neither can we make up for its deficiencies—nor retract the errors we then committed. It is something like a golden coin which hath slipped suddenly from the hand and fallen down a steep declivity, affording no other consolation to the astonished owner than the tinkling sound produced in its descent, and the conviction that it lies concealed in the *debris* below. "*Yesterday*," therefore being beyond our reach and leaving only slight traces behind, marks the *change* to which earthly things are subject.

But, "To-day!" What of it? It is now, this moment as we speak. Thus far we hold it in possession; it is ours. "To-day," I say, is verily ours. But, see, it flies! It eludes our grasp! Stop it will not. It may not tarry though we be ever so importunate. We seek to catch it as it passes; it is however too swift for us. Ere we can find time to say, "Here it is," behold! it is gone, and gone for ever!

"To-day," perchance, we revel in the apparent security of our person and goods, and believe that nothing can injure or destroy the one or the other. We pride ourselves on the various and manifold comforts which surround us, the result of much toil and arduous exercise. We look with complacency upon the accumulation of our worldly store,—the well-merited fruit of constant industry. We look with fond and parental delight upon the little ones, which like Olive Branches, gather round our table and help to cheer our solitude; and we feel that no small part of our earthly happiness is wrapt up in their interest; whilst the unpleas-

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