

TIME AND ETERNITY.

"When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return,"—
Job, xvi. 22.

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These are the words of the man of Uz, who has gone the way of all flesh, and being dead yet speaketh to us these wholesome admonitory words, suggestive of serious thought.

Job, whose name signifies what he himself was—One that weeps, was a man of sorrow, and had drunk its bitterest cup to the dregs; trouble the dark woof that was interwoven in the texture of his life. He had, on his own experience, proved the vanity of all earthly things, and so familiarized with the unseen world that death and the grave were household words with him—"Are not my days few, let me alone that I may take comfort a little before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death. The grave is mine house, I have said to corruption, thou art my Father, to the worm, thou art my mother and sister.—When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return."

Our text is useful and suitable, and by God's grace, a profitable subject for meditation. There are certain seasons and stages in our wilderness journey, when it is profitable to draw bridle and contemplate the way we have passed as well as that still before us, such is the present time. Let us look backwards and forwards. Our subject is trite and commonplace, but not, therefore, less true and important. Novelty is not essential to utility. Try and feel individually interested in it, and our trite theme will appear novel, for it is one that is seldom in your thoughts. Eternity is our subject. Let me, with studied simplicity, direct your attention to the following considerations.

I.—THE TIME WHICH LIES BETWEEN US AND ETERNITY.

II.—THE CLAIMS OF ETERNITY UPON OUR TIME.

I. *Time*.—Try now and contemplate this all-important problem, time, the flight of time, the shortness and uncertainty of life, the changing nature of our state below.—You are ready to say we know all you can tell us about it, what need is there to give us any further information; why prove what no one doubts? Does not everything around us teach these salutary lessons—the harvest past, the summer ended; the sear and falling leaf reminding us that we must fade and fall to the ground, our birth-place and our doom; the gathered harvest with its significant mementoes telling us, that our bodies are ripening for the grave, as a shock of corn cometh in his season, and our souls for the great day when the harvest of the earth shall be reaped, Rev. xiv. 15; the new year of yesterday fast growing old and drawing to a close, carrying its account to the bar of God, with its Sabbaths and religious ordinances neglected, its visible memorials of God on earth disregarded, with all its mercies, duties, sins, and opportunities never to be recalled. Do not sickness, sorrow, losses, calamities domestic and national, the day, the night, the seasons, do not all these concur to tell the same story, that change is written on everything earthly? that all flesh is as grass and all the glory of man as the flower of grass; that death, the grave, judgment are fast approaching, that we are so much nearer the end of our journey and the end of all things nearer at hand, and that when a few more years