

and the poor victim of his sin, with an eye that expressed reproof, tenderness, and terror in its glance, said, "My father, last year I would have sought the Redeemer; father, your child is——" death stopped her voice, she seemed about to say, "is lost." How many that are eternally undone, may, in agonies of distress, exclaim, "Last year I might have sought the Redeemer; he waited to be gracious, but waited in vain. He called, and I slighted; now he calls no more." You may seek the Redeemer now; next new year's day it may be too late.

Perhaps, to you, the year now opening on earth is to finish in eternity. In this uncertainty respecting the future, there are but two suppositions that suit your case, and each of these is connected with two more. You may, like many, die this year; or you may, like many others, live to see its close.

Think, first, what would be the consequence to you of *dying this year*, if that be your appointed lot.

What in that case would be this world to you next new year's day? What would be its cares, its comforts, its pains, its pleasures, its pursuits, its possessions, that so much interest you now? All is nothing, or less than nothing, and vanity. Perhaps now your heart beats high with hopes and expectations of future good; you exult in friendships formed, and in possessing the affections of beloved fellow mortals; but should you die this year, what will all this concern you when the coming year begins? Nothing, oh nothing! The love of friends will not delight, nor the enmity of foes distress you. This world, and all it has, and all it is, will have left you for ever, and be of no more worth to your mouldering dust, or your immortal spirit, than chaff driven away by the wind.

Solemn as are these considerations, others much more solemn call your attention. Should you die this year, unrenewed by the Holy Ghost, and uninterested in the death and righteousness of the Son of God, this year will end your "accepted time" and "day of salvation." All your religious privileges will cease this year; all the calls of God in his Gospel will end this year; and all strivings of the Holy Ghost will finish for ever.

Should you die this year, your last opportunity of escaping from hell, and fleeing to the Saviour, will end. And the last season will finish in which regenerating grace could efface the likeness of Satan from your soul, and fix that of Jesus there. God will cut you down as a cumberer of the ground. Pardon, peace, hope, heaven, will all be finally lost. Lost once—lost for ever.

A minister of the Gospel, well known to the writer, related the following fact:—In a village where he preached, a young man attended his ministry, whose parents were true Christians. This young man, though he heard the Gospel, never appeared to give his

heart to God. He was taken ill, and his illness was his last. For a time he kept almost a sullen silence on the great subject of religion; but one day, when his parents and other friends were mournfully surrounding his dying bed, he suddenly exclaimed, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." He referred to times when his mind had been impressed, and he thought he would turn to the Lord; but he had not done it, and again he said, "The harvest is past and the summer is ended, and I am not saved;" and as far as the narrator knew, he died without a gleam of hope. Your harvest is not yet past, your summer of mercy is not yet ended: but should you die unconverted this year, with what sad feelings might you take up the language of a dying man of pleasure: "O Son of God, would that I had not rejected thee till it was too late!"

If in such a state you should die this year, awful beyond expression will be your condition next new year's day. Then this year you will enter on eternal scenes; and oh! what sights will open on your departing soul! Oh! what will you see if you leave this world unsaved? This year you will meet your Judge, and know your endless doom. This year you will become one of the spirits in prison—in the dreadful prison whence none come out. Oh fearful change! to begin the year a careless trifler, and to end it a lost soul! to begin it where peace and pardon may be found by the guiltiest, and to end it where there is no peace, no pardon for ever! to begin it where you might become a child of God, and to end it where the horrible character of a child of the devil will be fixed on the soul for ever! Oh dreadful thought! to begin the year on earth, and end it in hell! to begin it with men, and end it with the devil and his angels! to begin it, though unsaved, in the possession of many mercies, and to end it where not one comfort will ever be known, nor one faint gleam of light ever shine. Oh! shrink not, reader, from the painful but salutary consideration, that should you die unconverted this year, even this year, all these evils will overwhelm you.

If, however, you may enjoy, or should from this hour earnestly and prayerfully seek the Saviour's grace, a very different prospect opens before you. Should you die as his disciple this year, though your last, it will be your best and happiest year; for it will take you from the sorrows of time to the bliss of eternity. Then, Christian, this year life's great business will be done: this year will all your conflicts finish, and all your sorrows cease. This year will end your imperfections, still your griefs, banish all your fears, wipe all your tears away, and bring you to your expected and desired home. By blissful experience you will understand the Saviour's sweet promises—promises too rich to be fully understood on earth: "In my father's house are many mansions:—I go