

and all was hurry, confusion, and alarm around it, I was arrested by a trivial, but as it seemed at the moment, a significant occurrence. The clock, almost enveloped in fire, struck the hour; as if to say, time is passing, what thou doest, do it with all thy might. O let us remember this, while we are working for eternity. Time is passing from all of us; and we are passing from time. In a little space the clock will have struck the hour that marks our transition to an invisible world: the interval is short; work then, while it is called to-day; the night cometh when no man can work.

And here I am reminded that one aged member of this congregation, who was here at service last Sunday, and during the interval between the services spent the whole time upon her knees in her pew, a highly respected and useful inhabitant of this community, and as we have reason to think from a long and consistent life, a sincere believer in Christ, is now in eternity. To her, I doubt not, the change is a happy one. Her work was done. The hour came. The clock struck. She was ready. She went to her reward. My Christian Brethren! Look upwards to your home. Set your affections there. Be followers of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises. The night cometh when no man can work; but the day also cometh when your work will be done. Then you will quit the earthly Sanctuary to take your station in the heavenly one: you will leave the material, to occupy the spiritual Temple. That Temple, blessed be God, stands secure upon Mount Zion. No flames will ever deface its towers; no dangers befall its friends; no night will darken its skies; no member be removed from its Sanctuary. Beneath the canopy of the empyreal heavens, it will shine in everlasting light, reflecting the glory of the Sun of righteousness upon all its happy worshippers, who forever and forever, with increasing joy, will sing, "We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of thy Temple."

AMEN.