

encourage procrastination, but there is much to exclude despair. In your sore agony, turn your eyes to Gethsemane. Let your heart, overshadowed by "a horror of great darkness," and riven as if by an earthquake, turn to the more awful scenes of Calvary. When in the anguish of your soul, you cry, 'For me there is no mercy—no hope—God hath forsaken me'—listen to the dying cry of the Son of God, and dare not distrust that love that was so wonderfully displayed—dare not controvert that declaration of pardon to every penitent sinner, so emphatically proclaimed. Is the agony of Gethsemane—the sufferings of Calvary—the horrible darkness of the cross, insufficient to expiate your sins? Is the love, that meekly, patiently, willingly bore all this, that you might live, to be quenched by your guilt, and ingratitude?—tremendous as that is!—Will you impiously dare, in the face of all this, to give the lie unto God?—like the impenitent thief in the very moment of death! You have but a moment for decision—the happiness or misery of eternity is in the issue!

But, weary pilgrim of Sion! it is another scene that opens to your view. Your dim eyes are scarcely sensible to the things of time—but an inward light—a ray from the eternal throne, reveals to you the things that are unseen to mortal eye, as objects real, glorious, enduring. Your ears have become deaf to the din of the world—even the soft tones of affection hardly penetrate them, but on the inward sense, the sweeter tones of the song that is ever new, are already heard. Long have you been driven by the winds, and battered by the rains of a tempestuous world—your toils are ended—your never ceasing happiness is begun