

not our continuing city—it is not our proper country, nor our permanent home.

Many, already, are the memorials of life's frailness and brevity in the receptacle of the dead which encompasses this house of prayer ; and right and meet it is, when we approach this holy edifice to hold communion with our God, that the sense of our nothingness should be deepened and quickened by these visible traces of the common spoiler death ; that, when we bend the knee in prayer to the Father of mercies and raise to his throne the voice of supplication, we may apply the more earnestly to the mercy-seat, from these surrounding evidences that "the time is short."

Yes, even in this very season of the year, there is something consonant to the train of feeling which the words that I have just repeated are so powerfully calculated to awaken,—that we have but a transient hold upon the joys of the world, that to all its creatures and inhabitants "the time is short." A little ago, we saw the world in the fulness of its beauty ;—a little ago, the trees and plants wore all the luxuriance of their green ; the flowers expanded their matchless tints to the balmy air, and threw their per-