

ner, a rebel. You have turned your back upon the best of beings. You have turned aside from the best of paths. You have trampled upon the best of laws, and rolled sin as a sweet morsel under your tongue. You have neglected your duties, you have forgotten the God that made you, he has not been in all your thoughts. Like the prodigal you have gone far from the domestic roof, you have plunged into sin, and want and woe. The husks which the swine eat have not satisfied your hungry soul. By running away from the best of Fathers you have brought yourself to ruin. Every sinner is his own greatest enemy, and his own destroyer. You have destroyed yourself. You have fallen by your iniquity. You are the author of your own sin, misery, degradation, and spiritual destitution. O unconverted reader, you are away from the fountain of happiness, the source of light and life, of peace and purity.

*But even this is not all.* You are every day that you remain impenitent, going farther and farther away from God, from happiness, from heaven, and from all that is happy, and holy, and heavenly. Oh! it is fearful to be going down to *the pit*; the pit of perdition, the pit of woe,—the bottomless pit,—that pit into which if you once enter you shall never get out again.

The language though figurative is very significant. It presents before our minds the most awful idea of hell which we can well conceive. To be going down, or sinking deeper and deeper into bottomless perdition, moral wretchedness, degradation, and hopeless woe! No doubt much of the happiness of the redeemed in heaven will consist in their moving along, and up the banks of the river of life, which flows from the throne of God and of the Lamb. Their conscious progressive ascent nearer, and still nearer to the infinite fountain of all grace and all glory, will be an important element in their cup of bliss. To eat of the fruits that grow there, to drink of the waters that flow there, to feel the feelings that are felt there, to see the sights that are seen there, and to be eternally drawing nearer and nearer to the infinite source of all moral excellence and enjoyment, is, and surely must be HEAVEN. Well, if this be heaven, *surely the very opposite of this must be HELL.* O how dreadful to be always going down into the pit,—to be sinking deeper and deeper into endless, hopeless, unmitigated, ever-increasing misery. “Where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.” “Who among us shall dwell with devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burn-