

The Uncertainty of Life.

T is seldom we take up one of the Daily papers without reading the account of one or more of

our fellow beings having been suddenly called from time to eternity. Railway Collision, Disasters at Sea, Accidents on the public streets, Murders,—all these are contributing their quota toward removing men from their sphere of active labors into the eternal world. aside from these, the insiduous

workings of disease are evidenced in the sudden deaths recorded. And, after all, we hear of but a tithe of these events. Here and there a prominent personage or, one less prominent, removed under some special circumstances, has public attention called to his removal, and then the reader lays the paper aside, and dismisses all thought as to who may be

Friend, are you prepared for this change, should it come to you? Remember that at best your time is short. Have you ever given a thought to the subject? We ask you to note the following calculation, based on the probabilities of death:-" I suppose myself to behold here a congregation of 2,000 souls. In the course of one year 66 of them will die. In ten years 588 will have died. In twenty years 1,078 will be gone. In thirty years 1,477 will be no more. In forty years 1,744 will be in eternity. In fifty years 1,922 will be dead. Only 78 lett in the land of the living! What a picture of the probabilities of life. Would that this picture were as efficacious as it is appalling! My friends, your days are last numbering. The sands in your glass of life are fast falling. For you the shroud is nearing; for you the bed of death is spread! Your seat here will soon be vacant, and the ear that now listens to me will be sealed up till the trump of the archangel shall awake the dead. Death is certain. Life is uncertain. 'To-day, if ye will hear his yoice, harden not your hearts.' To-morrow may be too late