

which thus limits its desires to a perishing world,—thus prostitutes its noble faculties to the pampering of the flesh,—thus wraps up its energies in the narrow circle of selfish indulgence,—thus hangs its eternal destinies on a thread so slender as mortal existence?

Suffer me, my brethren, to press upon you the all-important question, How stands the matter, then, between God and your souls? Do you think of every thing but Him, and his righteous commands? Are you satisfied if your worldly designs prosper, without feeling any concern whether happiness or misery be your portion in eternity? Is the frown or the smile of your Creator and Judge, a matter of equal indifference to you? Is it your pleasure to live *without God in the world*, and while you remember with gratitude every other benefactor, to forget Him who gave you being? Have you no love to the Saviour, no delight in his service, no desire to be like him, no hope to be with him? Is this world *all* in your esteem, and the future nothing?

When you consider the mutable nature of all earthly good,—its limited power to satisfy the best desires of the soul, or rather its utter insufficiency for this end,—and above all the transient possession we have of it, for *we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out*,—you will at once perceive the wisdom of seeking *a more enduring substance*, of laying up *treasure in heaven*, of securing a title to an *inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away*. You surely need no argument to prove to