

## S E R M O N .

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I. CORINTHIANS, VII. 29.—BUT THIS I SAY, BRETHREN, THE TIME IS SHORT.

The frailness of the human body—the brevity of life—the shortness and the uncertainty of our stay in this probationary world—these are things, my brethren, the truth and force of which there is but too frequent a recurrence of painful circumstances to bring home to our careless and worldly hearts. The toll of the death-bell—the sad and slow procession preceded by the sable hearse—the gathered crowd around the freshly-opened grave—the clattering of congenial earth and ashes upon the last narrow tenement of mortality—these are scenes which occur often enough to remind us, that although the world is a beautiful and a smiling world, it contains many a habitation of mourning ; that fair and garnished as this world is, it is not our settled abode—it is