

your work. You know the expectations entertained respecting you. May God be with you! Your working day will soon end, and the highest honour, or the deepest doom, will be the result of your conduct. Our next great meeting will be in the presence of the Master. The summons for our departure is even now sounding in our ears. Multitudes are gone, and our turn may be next. The shadow of death rests upon me as I speak. At the last Hull Conference, one of the truest men that ever lived stood in this pulpit to give the charge, Samuel Romilly Hall; and I was sitting in one of those pews listening to the words of fire that stirred my soul as it was never stirred before. Oh, how I longed for some penitent form to which I might run, and where I might publicly ask for pardon for the wasted, and guilty, past! What havoc death has made since then! That manly form has passed away, and Thomas Vasey, and Luke H. Wiseman, and R. W. Perks, and Morley Punshon, and Gervase Smith, and Samuel Coley, and a host of others, whose presence and leadership we expected for years to come, are gone; and when the next Conference is held in this good old town, many of us shall have followed them, and the memory of our "vanished forms" will throw shadows on their hearts, as theirs do on ours to-day.

We shall meet again. But when we next meet the day will be ended, and our probation over. Then the life history of each of us will be contained in the one word of "Faithful," or "Unfaithful." The one word bright with the light of heaven, and the other dark with the gloom of hell. There will be no escape, no appeal, no opportunity of redress. We must meet our lives again, where light is clear, and error impossible. The influence of every act, and word, will then be revealed. We shall need no accuser, "Every one of us must give an account of *himself* to God."

Take heed, therefore, that you live a life that will bear