

WAY TO SHILOH

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Prepare to meet thy God

THE TREES of the world's forest are all marked for the axe; let us not build our nests upon them. They will come down ere long beneath the strokes of time and death, and we shall share their fall if we seek our comfort in them.

Dear reader, set not your affection upon the fleeting things of time, but seek an everlasting portion, which shall be yours when sun and moon grow dim. Jesus, the Son of God, saves all those who trust their souls in his hands. His death upon the cross has made a great atonement for the sins of all those who believe in him. If you have never looked to him for life and pardon, LOOK NOW. Tarry not, for time is short.

In my lonely meditations I heard a voice, as of one that spake in the name of the Lord. I bowed my head to receive the message, and the voice said, "Cry," and when I said, "What shall I cry?" the answer came to me as to Isaiah of old, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass." Then I thought I saw before me a great meadow wide and far reaching, and it was like to a rainbow for its many colors, for the flowers of summer were in their beauty. In the midst thereof I marked a mower of dark and cruel aspect, who with a scythe most sharp and glittering, was clearing mighty stretches of the field at each sweep, and laying the fair flowers in withering heaps. He advanced with huge strides of leagues at once, leaving desolation behind him, and I understood that the mower's name was Death. As I looked I was afraid for my house, and my children, for my kinsfolk and acquaintance, and for myself also; for the mower drew nearer and nearer, and as he came onward a voice was heard as of a trumpet, and it said in my ear what I trust, dear reader, it may say in thine,

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD."

By *C. H. Spurgeon*