WARD NO. 4.

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LITERATURE.

A SERMON, On the Evil of Sin. .

By Rev. John A, Hearn, of Waterford, Chaplain at the Royal Sardinian Chapel, London.

" To thee only have I sinned."-PSALM L 6.

[Concluded.]

pustice. O what a blight upon the world, what the world. We have read the sentence which

a pestilence was let loose upon society, when sin rose from the abyss. Into the homes of the happy it had breathed its poison; in the annals of the loved and lost we can read its curse; into what family hath it not obtruded its withering presence. The sister and the brother played together in the fields of innocence, and she was happy but in the reciprocation of his love. She looked to him as her sole protector in this world of storms, and she loved him with a love, affectionate as it was enduring. They knelt by each other in the hour of prayer, and she prayed for him entreatingly as . for herself. But a change came over him, and she knew not why. Her endearments could not win him, nor her music charm him. She soon knew that he was a sinner, and she prayed and went; but he drove her from him, and his unkindness broke down that once buoyant spirit. But what cared he £3 15 2 1.2 for the wrongs which he inflicted? She might mourn and mourn on for many a year over the loss of a brother's love, his degradation before society; Subscription List of the Royal Artillery for but what cared he? O, no, the sinner cares but for himself. The ;, of the once happy family circle has departed the footsteps of the sinner fall heavily within his nome—the sweet communion of earth is broken, and the hopes of blessed re-union in heaven, blasted. O terrible entail! O bitter curse! even as in this beginning, sin, wherever it appears, blights the earth around it: and, as from it, death originally entered into the world, so does it still, wherever it flies over carth, shake from its sable pinions the mildew of corruption and decay.

> But what are these evils compared with the wrong which we do to God? The royal prophet did not even notice them: he looked to heaven. and he saw thee, my God, in thy love, thine endurance, and thy mercy-he saw thee; and as the light of thy majesty flashed upon his soul, he saw the extent of his wrong, and exclaimed, "Against thee only have I sinned." Merciful God! teach us to feel the wrong we do thee.

The mind of man never feels more embarrassed than when it tries to describe infinitude; and as sin is an offence against an infinite Being, it participates in infinite malice: and hince the impossibility of adequately describing its wrong. The child who rises up against the most affectionate of fathers—the subject who takes up the arms of revolt against the best of princes, can give but a feeble idea of the outrage which sin does to God. God of eternity, she never cursed him, she for- We can calculate its malice from the penalty ave him, and she prayed for him, wilt thou con-attached to it by an all merciful Being. For one emu? All earth and hell and heaven can bear sin of rebellion, and that only in thought, God in titness, that if Lam merciful, I am also just in an instant hurled myriads of the blessed spirits. The bones that are humbled shall rejoice;" but of his kingdom into eternal torments without a et the murderer repent, for a curse, and a heavy possibility of repentance. We know how one sin bie, is resting over him who hath done such deep of disobedience brought death and sorrow on