

by motives of laudable curiosity, to see the ancient relics preserved on this mountain, you have not been deterred or frightened by the steep ascent you had to climb, but persevered manfully until you had reached the top; and now your toils are richly rewarded by a sight of these ancient relics of ages long past. But, how did you get here? you could not have climbed the hill in any sort of vehicles that man has ever made. You could not have come riding on horses:—for you have passed over a steep ascent, some places almost perpendicular, where the best footed horse in the world, could not stand for one moment; such is the nature of the bold ascents which lead to this lofty eminence, that a man, however willing, cannot help the neighbours, (except now and then when he happens to obtain a footing,) by a short pull, or by a word of encouragement. Every one had to climb the hill himself, with but very little more assistance than it pleased Providence to give him. I wish you, then, my friends, to observe that there is a moral lesson to be learned from this excursion to the mountain. The hill on which we stand is high, but heaven is higher than the earth. The world in which we live will wax old. The works of our hands, even of the best and most durable materials that can be found, will grow old and decay: and such of them as shall escape the ravages of time through a few ages, will appear to succeeding generations as antiquated as these ancient curiosities, preserved in these moss-covered caverns now do unto us. The generations of men that felt as proud in their day of these antiquated relics, as we can be of the productions, and achievements, and refinements of our times, have long been mouldering in the dust, and their names and memories are totally lost and forgotten. We shall soon be mingled with our kindred earth: but the vital spark that has been kindled within us can never die, live it shall in the fields of intellectual perfection, where all is purity, goodness, love and happiness, with myriads of other beings in the kingdom of light with God—the fountain and source of all goods, to men and angels, or in darkness to which neither light nor joy can ever penetrate. When we quit this lower world, the vital spark—the undying spirit within us,—must be ready to enter into one or the other of these regions of felicity or darkness. There is no half way between them. It is, at one leap endless happiness, or endless sorrow; happiness is high above the earth, and not the fruit of the earth, except only by snatches, and at the best, of very short duration. It uniformly ends with human life. True happiness, that which is durable, and worth having, must be derived from above. You did not, my friends, arrive at the top of this lofty mountain without hard labour. Neither can you climb up to the hill on which the author of all good has his throne, without labour. True it most certainly is that in love

to our world, He sent his well beloved son to be our Redeemer, Advocate and Saviour, that He might redeem us from sin, by His death, and open for us the gates of His everlasting kingdom; but that we may be prepared to enjoy the blessings of that kingdom, it is indispensable that we receive and serve Him as our king,—be taught by Him as our prophet, and love Him with all our hearts. If we embrace His salvation on the terms and conditions on which it is offered to our acceptance, we enter on the ascent which leads to a higher eminence than this lofty mountain. We have to labour and to strive; for He says, “seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;” “strive to enter in at the strait gate—labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that which endureth to eternal life.” You have, in the name of your king, and by using the armour which He gives you to put on, to strive against your own and His enemies; and these enemies are, your own evil passions and propensities—your love of wealth, pomps, pleasures and vanities; and the wily stratagems of the evil one, the spirit that keeps possession of the hearts of the disobedient. Your enemies are numerous, powerful, vigilant and alert. They are around—in your path wherever you move; and what is worse, you entertain, in your own bosoms, traitors that are ready to favour their views. They attack you in various forms and ways. Sometimes they throw a glare over all that you see in the world, which flatters you into the belief that no bliss is equal to that which it promises. Sometimes you are beguiled into the belief that you are in a fair way of reaching to celestial happiness without taking any other trouble than merely to let yourselves swim down with the tide of time, in the soothing hope that time itself will land you on the happy shore. But mind none of their services. The path which you are going to tread is chalked out as the map of your journey, by Him who shed His blood for you, and further explained by His intimate friends who were with Him while He was upon earth, and upon whom He dropped His mantle, Elijah like, at His departure into glory. If you be attentive, you cannot miss the path. The marks are conspicuous and obvious. Every where it is marked with TRUTH and HOLINESS, giving glory to God and peace to men. If you be in this way you will be adorned with the spirit of peace, meekness, patience, devotion and charity, and the object most conspicuous, seen at the further end, but not so far distant as not to be seen by a GOOD EYE, is the Saviour himself, standing in His royal robes, with a crown of gold in His right hand, ready to put on your heads, if you so strive and run as to obtain. So certain as it required you, in order to reach the top of this lofty mountain, to strive hard, so certain it is that, in order to arrive at a blessed immortality, you must fight, under the banner of the Cross, against your spiritual enemies.”

When the reverend man got so far in his discourse