

## Sermon.

LUKE xiii. 7.

BEHOLD, THESE THREE YEARS I COME SEEKING FRUIT ON  
THIS FIG-TREE, AND FIND NONE: CUT IT DOWN; WHY  
CUMBERETH IT THE GROUND?

**T**HE Immortal nature and final destiny of man carry our views and prospects far beyond this transitory and perishing scene of existence, to a state of never ending duration; to objects of the utmost interest and magnitude, to the mansions of joyous felicity, and the abodes of unutterable misery and wo. Were the present fleeting life the measure of our existence, were the soul to sink into annihilation at the death of the body, were there no hereafter to provide for; then we might safely pursue that path, which appetite points out and inclination recommends, without any dread of a future reckoning to arrest our progress, or to damp our enjoyments: we might eat and drink, because to-morrow we shall die. But when we look forward, when we extend our views beyond the present narrow span of duration, *eternity* bursts in upon our minds in all its reality and in all its importance, claims us as the subjects of its endless reign, and holds out every thing to influence, if any thing can possibly influence, the hopes and fears, the desires and expectations of such blind and depraved mortals as ourselves. We behold a life of holiness and piety ter-