

S E R M O N .

TEXT—Ezekiel, Chapter 43. 1st and 2d verses.

“Afterward he brought me to the gate, even the gate that looketh towards the east :

And, behold, the glory of the God of Israel came from the way of the east ; and his voice was like the noise of many waters : and the earth shined with his glory.”

In the five and twentieth year of the captivity of the Jews in Babylon, in the tenth day of the month, and on the fourteenth anniversary of that memorable day, when the Lord of Hosts arose in his fury—made bare his arm—and smote Jerusalem with the devastating sword of Nebuchadnezzar :—on that day the prophet Ezekiel, one of the most distinguished of the captives, appears to have repaired to the river Chebar, in order to enjoy the luxury of retirement, and to weep over the desolations of his country. During the *interregnum*, or the time that intervened between the death of Joshua, and the coronation of Saul, the land of Judea presented a scene of the most revolting disorders. Insulted peace, grieved at beholding the spears of the Philistine and the Amorite lifted up against the bosom of the country, and the inhabitants rending the bowels thereof by internal commotion, gathered up from the mire of the streets the scattered shreds of her mutilated bond, and fled into the wilderness to indulge her grief :—while the affrighted spirit of unity, unable, like Noah's trembling dove, to procure a resting place for the sole of her foot, escaped to Mount Ephraim, and poured her lament over the grave of Joshua.