

evening—health, home, food, friends, reason, life with all its accompanying mercies—a due appreciation of which, should fill us with gratitude. The fever that laid others upon a bed of pain, to be raised up again to find the hearing gone, or eyesight impaired,—the pestilence that smote down suddenly our fellows, causing a wail of sorrow to go up from desolate homes and saddened hearts,—the storm, that swept like a broom of destruction, spreading desolation in its course,—the raging fire, that devoured in a moment the earnings of years of hard toil, and, perhaps, many a valued life!—the earthquake, that has rocked thousands in its giant cradle, and hushed their wild cry in the sleep of death; *from* these, and *against* all these, a kind and merciful Providence has preserved you. Should these blessings, that we sometimes call *Common*, be received by us as our right, or this exemption from trial as though it were our due? By no means. We should have a care here in our prosperity, lest we, little by little, become unthankful. It is said of the Carthaginians, that when their commodities were small, they used yearly to send a tenth of their income to Hercules, the peculiar god of the Tyrians; but, when they became masters of great matters, they fell off little by little, until they sent nothing, and began to condemn Hercules, their god. Let this never be said of us concerning our God, who loadeth us with benefits. But the rather as our riches do increase to honor Him with our substance, and raise ourselves up to Him by humble acknowledgment, by whose favor it is we *enjoy* what we have. But let me remind you, especially, of Spiritual mercies—blessings of Grace. Time was when you had no pleasure in the service of God. Once you were an alien and a foreigner, but you were brought “nigh by the blood of Christ.” The joy of that hour will never pass from your memory; and, that you might abide faithful, and promote His glory, God gave you a place in His Church. “This is the Lord’s doings, and is marvelous in our eyes.” As a Church, we should join in thanksgiving. The emblems of the church are many. It is called a building: Christ the foundation—the “corner stone.” For more than eighteen hundred years this building has been going up—Rising; not standing still or crumbling to the foundation, upon which another structure must begin. The workmen have not left off toiling, or the Master Builder commanded them to stop. Rising! The tokens of Divine approval have not been withheld, nor the laborers without reward. Rising! Not as rapidly as we would desire, it may be, where God has put us to labor on the wall; but over yonder, on the other side of the building, in yon neighboring city, circuit, or church, the walls are going rapidly up; many are being converted to God. Rising here, too, thank God, although slowly. Of some in our midst it may be said, “This man was born here.” Rising, despite the opposition of wicked men and devils, and will *continue* to rise, while the great Gospel-day wears on, past its noon-day splendor, towards the evening of time. This grand work shall go *on* until the last saved sinner—the last stone shall be brought upon the completed structure, and angels shout “Grace, grace unto it!” The Church has been compared to a *vessel*, and we sometimes sing, “We are out on the ocean *sailing*,” but against this vessel the storms of persecution have directed their fury. The billows of Infidelity and Un-