

troubled soul; and like one of the olden prophets, zealous for the Lord of Hosts, and the honour of His name, and the sacredness of His temple on earth, thus proceeds:

"A deed has been done—what shall we call it? Against whom has the offence been committed? Against the living God—the Witness of all deeds, open and secret, against the Majesty of Heaven the attack has been made! The God whom Christians worship, has been insulted and profaned. And, O thought, fearful and alarming, *is he among us*, that hardened man, who neither fears God nor regards man, he who did this deed now composing a part of this congregation? If he is within the sound of my voice, surely he must possess the spirit of a fiend, else his blood must chill in his veins. O God forbid, my Christian hearers, that ourselves, our families, and our beloved sanctuary should have been within the influence of such a pestilence." After indulging in such anathema of righteous indignation, the preacher turns his weeping eyes towards the scene of the sacrilegious fire; and, touching plaintively the tender theme of woe and bereavement, says:

"The altar before which some have knelt to receive from the highest order of our ministry, and renewed their baptismal covenant; the altar around which husband and wife, parent and child, have knelt side by side, have devoutly received the emblems of the body and blood of their dying Saviour, have eaten and drunk thereof, and had their souls nourished by faith, as their bodies are by food; that desk, from which has ascended the sacrifice of praise and prayer; that pulpit, from which so many sermons have been delivered with the view of instilling the pure doctrines and salutary truths of the blessed Gospel into the hearts of the hearers; and, lastly, those walls, which have enclosed the mortal remains of those near and dear to many of you—these, brethren, are the objects which you have lost, which were rendered so valuable and dear from various associations.

"That edifice, consecrated to the worship of God. What has become of it? Over its ashes you sigh, you mourn, you shed the silent tear; that temple, with its altar, its bible, books of devotion, and its vestments, have fallen a sacrifice in the space of one short hour, to