

richly laden with immortal fruit. The joys of Heaven stand in instructive contrast with the joys of earth. Man has his earthly inheritance, but it is *corruptible*—he seizes a joy from the hand of time, but it is *defiled*,—he plucks a flower from the coronal of spring, but lo! *it fadeth away!* You may have seen a bright-eyed child gathering the early primroses, and binding to it the young violet, and scampering home right cheerily with its prize of beauty; all day long the little wanderer has joyed over the simple treasure, and at night has carried it to rest,—in dreams the flowers have been gathered over again, and the heart of the dreamer has quickened its beat for very joy,—the morning has come, but alas! the primrose and the violet have drooped their heads to revive no more: blank amazement has marked the countenance of the child,—*his prize is gone!* Sirs! learn wisdom from the simple incident. How uncertain is health! The eye which now sparkles brightest with the fire of life may be soonest glazed in death. How fickle is friendship! A look, or a word thoughtlessly spoken, or a deed undesignedly performed, may change the friend of our bosom into our bitterest enemy. How transient are riches! They make to themselves wings and fly away. The wreath of fame, for which the student toils, the poet sings, the warrior fights and the statesman argues, withers before it is well bound round the winner's temples. Nay, the time is coming, fast as the revolving years can bring it on, when the present order of things will be broken up, and the great world itself, the scene of so many great events, shall pass away; but this city presented in the text, the bright centre of the universe, the abode of redeemed humanity, will continue firmly fixed on its immutable foundations for ever. And, let it be remembered, this city is not of yesterday. It is older than