

## SERMON.

"Walk about Zion, and go round about her, tell the towers thereof—mark well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generations following."—*Ps. xlviii, 12, 13.*

My countrymen, and Christian friends,—it cannot be to us an object of much importance, whether our text be, as some imagine it to be, a grand, but laudable expression of national partiality, or which is much more likely, from the strain and structure of the Psalm itself, a fervent call on the citizens, to acknowledge by a solemn religious act, the Divine goodness manifested in some recent deliverance of the Jewish capital from imminent danger. In either case, we can easily enter into the feelings of the inspired penman. If in generous pride, he invites us to contemplate the external grandeur, and internal beauty of the "City of the Great King,"—the palaces, and the Temple of the "Holy Mountain," with their strong natural defenses, frowning defiance on every foe, we readily sympathise with the patriotic enthusiasm, that leads him in spirit-stirring strains to exult in the glory of his country. This is the common sentiment of humanity, not the peculiarity of a race. We all love the land we call our own. Every expression of admiration or regard for the land of his nativity that comes from the lips of another, touches a harmonious string in our own hearts, and instantly, as if by magic power, our own native land with its smiling landscapes, and endearing recollections, start up before our minds. Or if with others we suppose that the Psalmist's design is to lead us in solemn religious procession around the intact walls of Zion, which proud and powerful foes had confederated to level with the dust, we can with equal, or even greater facility, enter into the spirit of glowing piety, which directs the admiring eye to the lofty