

distinguished a part; and such were the men, whom  
 "THE LORD OF HOSTS" enabled you to disperse and  
 vanquish. O! of a truth—

The Lord is King, and earth submits,  
 Howe'er impatient, to his sway;  
 Between the cherubim he sits,  
 And makes his restless foes obey.

All power is to our Jesus given,  
 O'er earth's rebellious sons he reigns;  
 He mildly rules the hosts of heaven;  
 And holds the power of hell in chains.

And now, in this very place, where he once lifted up  
 a standard for us, does he appear in his imperial char-  
 acter, as "KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS."  
 His dazzling throne is set up before us.—He sits on it  
 "*High and lifted up*"—His train fills the temple—  
 an innumerable company of angels form radiant orbs  
 around him—The heavenly choirs are singing their  
 antiphon "HOLY, HOLY, HOLY," &c.,—and we are  
 paying our vows and ascribing our preservation to the  
 saving strength of his right hand—"Thy right hand,  
*O Lord, is become glorious in power; thy right hand,  
 O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy.*" Ex. xv. 6.

I. The abrupt but pathetic manner in which the  
 psalm, that supplies the text, commences, provides us  
 with a key to unlock the sentiments and feelings of its  
 author. It places him before us in the attitude of  
 thanksgiving and praise, while gratitude, astonishment,  
 and joy, rush upon his soul, producing their various  
 sensations, and exhibiting their different effects. For  
 a moment, the recollection of the danger from which  
 he escaped, occasions an involuntary shuddering that