

A

SERMON.

.....

PSALMS, cxix. 96.

I have seen an end of all perfection.



IN the gay and thoughtless morning of the day of life, when there is little experience of the dispositions and manners of mankind, our thoughts of the objects with which we are conversant are too often in extremes. The materials for judging are few, and ill assorted. The affections, which are warm and impetuous, are apt to mislead our judgment of individual and social merit. Some of those, who form the associations of our early youth, are all perfection in our notion of them: and others, whose education is a little different from our own, may not receive credit, even for the good which visibly belongs to them.

Few, at the outset of life, entertain just ideas of religious Bodies. That charity, *which thinketh no evil*, and distinguishes real christianity from its livery of outward forms, is not much understood by those who are carefully educated in the peculi-