

of his harp, despoil him of his crown? Yes. See! There enters a destroyer whose name is Pride. He assaults the angel, and his harpstrings are snapped in twain. His crown is taken from his brow, and his glory is departed, and yon falling spirit descending into hell, is he who once was Lucifer, son of the morning. He has now become Father of Nights, even the Lord of Darkness, Satan the fallen one.

See again the happy pair walking amid luscious fruits and flowery walks and bowers of paradise? Can aught spoil Eden and ruin those happy beings? Yes. Pride comes in the shape of a servant, and asks them to seek to be as gods. They eat the forbidden fruit, and pride withers their paradise, and blasts their Eden. Out they go till the ground whence they were taken, to begat and bring forth us, we are their children, sons of toil and sorrow.

Or look upon the sweet Psalmist, that man after God's own heart, continually singing his Maker's praise? Can aught make him sad? Can you suppose that he shall ever be laid prostrate on the earth, groaning and crying, and asking "that the bones which God has broken may rejoice?" Yes. Pride can do that. It will put into his heart that he will number his people, that he will count the tribes of Israel, to show how great and mighty is his empire. It is done, and a terrible pestilence sweeps o'er his land on account of his pride. Let David's aching heart show how destruction comes to a man's glory when he once begins to make a god of it.

Behold Hezekiah, that good man, who like David was much after God's own heart. He is rich and increased in goods. Babylonian ambassadors are come, and he shows them all he has. Do you not hear that threatening, "Thy treasures shall be carried away and thy sons and thy daughters shall be servants to the king of Babylon?" The destruct-

ion of Hezekiah's wealth must come because he is proud thereof.

But see the most notable instance of all—yonder palace, perhaps the most magnificent which has ever yet been built. In it there walks one who, lifting up his head on high as if he were more than mortal man, exclaims: "See ye this great Babylon that I have builded?" Oh! pride, what hast thou done? Thou hast more power than a wizard's wand? Mark the mighty builder of Babylon creeping on the earth. Like oxen, he is devouring grass, his nails have grown like birds' claws, his hair like eagles' feathers, and his heart has gone from him. Pride did all that, that it may be fulfilled which God hath written: "Before destruction the heart of man is haughty."

Is thine heart haughty, sinner this morning? Does thou despise God's sovereignty? Wilt thou not submit thyself to Christ's yoke? Dost thou seek to weave a righteousness of thine own? Art thou seeking to be or to do something? Are thou desirous of being great and mighty in thine own esteem? Rieze me, then sinner. Destruction is coming upon thee. As truly as ever thou exalted thyself thou shalt be abased. Thy destruction, in the fullest and blackest sense of the word, is hurrying on to overwhelm thee.

And oh! Christian, is thine heart haughty to-day? Art thou come here glorying in thy grace? Art thou proud of thyself that thou hast had such high frames and such sweet experiences? Mark thee, brother, there is a destruction coming to thee also. Some of thy proud things will be pulled up by the roots; some of thy graces will be shattered, and thy good works, perhaps, will become loathsome to thee, and thou wilt abhor thyself in dust and ashes. As truly as ever thou exaltest thyself there will be a destruction come to thee. O saint. The destruction of thy joys and