

creature,—That he was born, not in barbarous climes, but in Greece,—That he lived not in the more uncultivated ages, but in the time and under the tuition of Socrates.

How much greater reason, Sir, have we to bless God, that in his Providence, our lot has been cast in a land of light and gospel privileges! Many of us have been accustomed to read the word and hear it expounded, almost from our infancy, and if we now have it in our power to put others in the possession of the same privileges, is it not our incumbent duty?

It is a remark, Sir, perhaps worthy of notice, which fell from an old Roman Poet, that the man accomplishes every thing, who combines the useful with the agreeable. And if he had lived in our day, when the sciences are generally cultivated, and the number of religious institutions vastly increased, would he not have found many striking examples of the truth of his observation?

But in his day, Sir, the useful and the agreeable were measured by a very low and defective standard indeed. This transitory world with its diversified succession of interests and pleasures, engrossed minds of the highest order, to the complete practical exclusion of futurity. To the achievements of the patriot, the philosopher, and the statesman, was the highest appeal made in evidence of utility and happiness. Hence we find that their deeds constituted the burden of ancient song, and are immortalized as the most sublime efforts of intellect and genius.

Now mark, Sir, what does Christianity teach? What does the Bible teach? It has taught mankind to form and entertain incomparatively more correct and exalted ideas of utility and enjoyment. It reveals with celestial clearness the eternal destinies of our race, and, teaches, that whatever promotes their felicity on the most exalted scale, is entitled to our profound consideration: it weighs in one scale, all that this earth can possibly yield, whether of pleasure or of profit, and in the other the immortal nature of the soul, and so immeasurably vast is the difference, that it asks the broad question, "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

What, let me ask, is the world? What is there in the world? Take this world as it seems to be, consider it merely as it is, without any reference to another; and I venture to say, there is no one living, who can assign a single end or purpose for which it was made. Its inhabitants rise to life, flutter abroad for a short time, then droop and disappear. Even the firmest human-establishment, the best contrived system of policy, can scarce boast of a nobler fate, or a longer duration. The mightiest states and most signalized nation perish like individuals. In one leaf you read their history, admire their achievements, become interested in their success: but when you proceed a little further,

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