

is the noblest form into which God has fashioned matter; yet in longevity it is surpassed by the trees of the forest. More glorious than the stars, it is as fading as the summer flowers.

"Behold the emblem of thy state,
In flow'rs that bloom and die,
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
That mocks the gazer's eye."

A day's sickness, the touch of fever, the crashing of an accident, and it falls lifeless to the ground. Why is the body so feeble? *To teach us our dependence on God.* A stout healthy body, covering a stout sinful soul, would nourish a proud, self-reliant temper. The antediluvians found strength for their rebellion in the length of their lives. After the flood, God made the span of human life the shorter, that men might not err so vilely. Some of us would never think of God, of judgment, or of sin, unless through suffering in the body we were compelled to think. *To remind us this world is but our pilgrim home.* We build our nests firmly and strong, as though we were to live here always. God shakes them to pieces to prepare us for our future flight. We devote to the creature the soul's worship, which of right belongs alone to God. To deliver from idolatry God destroys the idols. When sermons and sacraments, Sabbaths and services have failed, in some little trial, some trailing sorrow, God teaches, "he builds too low who builds beneath the skies." The first step towards the health of the soul has frequently been physical affliction. The grave of a child has been the treasure-house from which the bereaved parents have taken the "wealth without wings" that never flies away. Ah! my brethren, with a finished atonement, and an omnipotent spirit, and a universal gospel, it is diffi-