

never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his eel begging bread.' In his pictures of youth and age, and of the sole consolation—'the one thing needful'—which should sustain both, he broke forth into the following sublime emblem :

'My friends, as I look down from this advantageous eminence, upon the different mortal ages that appear before me—upon cheeks painted with the rosy bloom of childhood, and lips redolent with the corrugated lineaments and snow-sprinkled temples of age, my mind labours with a fearful comparison. I contrast the full veins and fair moulded features of childhood, with the thin and shrivalled aspects of declining years : and I liken them all to the scenes which we meet with on the broad ocean of existence. In our better days, we leave the pleasant land of youth in a fairy bark ; the sunshine laughs upon the pennon, and trembles on the sail ; the sweet winds refresh our nostrils from the flowery shore, the blue vistas delight our eyes, the waves dance in brightness beneath our keel ; the sky smiles above us, the sea around us, and the land behind us, as it recedes ; and before, a track of golden brightness seems to herald our way. Time wears on, and the shore fades to the view. The bark and its inmates are alone on the ocean. The sky becomes clouded—the invisible wind sweeps with a hollow murmur along the deep—the sun sinks like a mass of blood over the waters ; which rise and tumble in mad confusion through a wide radius of storm—the clouds, like gloomy curtains, are lifting from afar. The sails are rent ; the tackle departs ; broken cordage streams and whistles to the tempest ; the waves burst like molten mountains upon the half submerged and shuddering deck ; masts are rent in splinters ; the seaman is washed from the wheels. Cries of terror, and anguish mingle with the remorseless dash of billows, and the howling of thunder and storm. The foundered boat sinks as she launches—the deck is breaking. God of mercy ! Who shall appear for the rescue ? Where fold the arms, the arms that are mighty to save !

Men & brethren aid is near at hand. Through the rifts of the tempest, beaming over the tumultuous waters, moves a pavillion of golden light. The midnight is waning ; gushes of radiance sprinkle the foam ; a towering form smiles on the eyes of the despairing voyagers, encircled with a halo of glory. It is the Saviour of Man—it is the Ark of the Covenant ! It moves onward, the waves rush back on either hand,—and over a track of calm expanse, the Ark is borne. Who steps from its side, and walks over the deep, as if upon land ? It is the great Captain of our Salvation—the Mighty to save !—He rescues the drowning from death, the hopeless from gloom. He stills the fury of the tempest ; and for the spirit of mourning, he gives the song of rejoicing and the garments of praise. Ark of the Covenant roll this way ! We are sinking in the deep waters, and there is none to deliver. Let the prayer be offered, and it will save us all.'

Such is a faint sketch of the exhortation I have mentioned. In illustrating this point, the preacher said : ' Let not this sketch be deemed the dream of a fanciful mind. We are the voyagers, ours is the danger, and God is the Power who guides the Ark of deliverance : These things are not visible to the naked mortal eye, but their truth is the same. The things which are seen, are temporal ; from them depend those momentous things, which are unseen and eternal. How shall I illustrate the boundless difference between the glories of the spiritual and temporal world ? Some years ago, I remember, I was in a town in a neighbouring State, when there chanced an eclipse of the sun. I had forgotten the anticipated event, and was reading in my room, unmindful of the pale and sickly twilight that had gradually stole over my page. A friend came in, and said, ' Brother are you aware that the eclipse is now taking place ? ' I answered no ; and joining him, I walked down into the long, broad street. It was full of people ; and the houses of the town on all sides were covered with the population. I took a small fragment of smoked glass, and survey-