

He is a sure foundation for our interests.

We can have no real interests in opposition to moral purity. But we have no place where we can build our interests secure, but upon J.C. We may build them in the earth but they will be swept away. We may found our interests on human love &c. In bank stocks & granite blocks & yet not fully safe. All that human foresight can do, will not prevent their being swept away. But if all our interests centre in J.C. If it is the ultimate end of all our labor to be like him & to be accepted of him &c. And what I have said of interest is true to expose. Let a young man hope for what he the most as, for rule gradually yield it up &c. Or for more than ordinary powers of intellect &c.

He is the Precious Corner Stone.
A Corner Stone is one that joins the bricks together & gives it stability & strength. We have no security for our own principles, or future course of action, only as we are built into this corner stone. The man that discards J.C. either in theory or practice, or both, is uncertain as to the principles he may adopt, or the life he may pursue. He may have been indoctrinated by his parents, & lived under the influence of such a sweet & unclouded spirit &c. that he may never be able or willing to give up his belief in the God of J.C. And yet if he does not embrace him &c. He little knows the dangers of wickedness he may arrive at. Of how his passions will yet be set on fire of hell, his conscience &c. His whole soul dyed &c. Or he may discard him in his theory - cutting love from the world, & endeavoring to strike out to pick up what he himself approves, discarding every thing but what he approves, despising himself every man a worshiper of himself you know not where he will bring up &c.

No stability in principle & action only as the soul is builded in J.C. But if you leave your confidence that a man is built into J.C. you know just how he will do in a given case &c. Corner Stones are not only for strength & stability but for ornaments. We build in J.C. for beauty of M-lr. There is no moral beauty, the fashioning hand of the skillful sculptor is not on the unengraved &c. There is beauty in life but we are dead. No rock upon which the storm & the machine beat alike without moving it is as dead as the rock. It is in cold, hard, dead. There is beauty even in death if it images, innocence, purity &c. Love. In the cold stone, as chiseled by the hand of a master.

But go with me to that little old Grecian City we have heard that in the gates of our old temple &c. there is beauty, they carved statues &c. I begin to look at it in pieces, the eyes look strange, there are real eyes there not of love but serpents eyes. One portrait his head from between his lips &c. Such is the human heart defying God, blaspheming his name, hating his law &c. There is beauty in the corpse just after life has taken its flight &c. But there is corruption. Greas takes hold of my dead soul, that touch gives me power to look at him I look that loathing look &c. He lets his precious blood flow &c. it distroy my passions, I put my arms of faith about him &c.

This is a Precious Corner Stone
This is to which we build, that gives stability and beauty to the whole Ch. is no ordinary stone from the quarry. He is the most precious jewel of heaven put into h-h to transform the whole. We sometimes emblemize things very precious by h-stones, thus we speak of being built upon the author of all these &c. But he is especially precious in the redemption of those whose hearts he transforms. To them he is the chief &c. The richest Jewels of earth are nothing, In comparison its finest jewels are gewgaws, all other associations & influences, we value less &c. The soul cries out, O the great treasure of all space & time if J.C.

He is a tried Stone
One recent author says that the religion of J.C. is now on trial &c. No more than it has been for 1800y. Wicked men &c. have done all possible against J.C. But he has always conquered at last. And knowing what I know about J.C. I have no more fear &c. He was tried in the days of his incarnation &c. He was tried when the infant Church with him in the midst was pitted against the world &c. He has been tried as the apes have swept on breaking up against this rock &c. By untold millions of perishing sinners all they have trusted to him their all &c. And as the engine, tide has crushed them up on the shore &c. (See that belleve &c.)