

**THE CITY OF THE LOST,  
AND OTHER SHORT  
ALLEGORICAL SERMONS**

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The City of the Lost, and Other Short Allegorical Sermons by Various

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**VARIOUS**

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AND OTHER SHORT  
ALLEGORICAL SERMONS**



SHORT ALLEGORICAL SERMONS.

THE  
CITY OF THE LOST,  
AND OTHER  
SHORT ALLEGORICAL SERMONS.



*\*Ατινά ἐστιν ἀλληγορούμενα.*

*Gal. iv. 24.*

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1873.

*100. w. 233.*

## P R E F A C E.

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**I**T is hoped that the following Sermons, though, probably, open in many respects to adverse criticism, may yet be found a not unwelcome innovation on the somewhat stereotyped form in which sermons are generally cast.

Religious appeals to the head and the heart are frequent and vigorous; but the imagination,—to which, after the example of much of our Lord's teaching, these short allegorical discourses are principally addressed,—seems to be comparatively neglected.

No doubt the present extravagant fashion of sensational writing is doing much mischief. But since "the abuse of a thing doth not hinder the rightful use thereof," it may be a question whether a more vivid style than that usually adopted might not, on occasion, be advantageously employed. Thus the sermon would perhaps gain in interest without forfeiting its "power for edification."

Nor should it be forgotten that, while the ordinary address is apt to fade quickly from the mind, that which has succeeded in rousing the imagination seldom fails to retain a lasting hold upon the memory.

The book is published anonymously, that it may be judged entirely on its own merits, and that the names of the authors may in no way bias the verdict of the reader.



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## SERMON I.

### The City of the Lost.

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PSALM xi. 6.

*Upon the wicked He shall rain snares, (marginal reading, quick burning coals,) fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest; (marginal reading, a burning tempest;) this shall be the portion of their cup.*

ABOUT eighteen hundred years ago,—some forty years after our blessed Lord was crucified,—there stood on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea one of the wealthiest and loveliest cities of southern Italy. The very joy of the whole earth, indeed, it seemed in the eyes of its luxurious and pleasure-loving inhabitants. On the one side the bright blue waters of the Mediterranean rippled against its walls, and reflected tremulously the lovely forms and colours of its marble temples and palaces, while the white sails of the light ships and pleasure-boats flashed like sea-birds' wings as they glided to and fro. On the other side lay a land fertile and beautiful as Paradise, in which flowers and golden oranges gleamed