

lency of that love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, and which, though clearly seen in the light of the Gospel, will yet be seen more splendidly in Heaven, where the Lamb and His love will be its very light, and joy, and honour and glory. Oh! What views spread before the redeemed of God in the vast, the boundless, the immense field of Eternity! views of moral wonders that shall be ever unfolding, and ever brightening, and consequently ever exciting more interest, and inspiring more joy. How magnificent their hopes! How exalted, unfading and imperishable, their future and everlasting enjoyments—all flowing through Christ, and all conferred by Him. Does not the love of Christ, then, pass all knowledge in respect of its objects?

*Finally.*—It passeth knowledge in respect of *its results*.

Love is unquestionably the spring of happiness among all the intelligent and social beings that people the Universe. And, if we search into our own hearts, we will find that we are all happy or miserable just in proportion to the degree of pure and practical benevolence, or of selfishness and envy, which are operating within us. If we wish to become perfectly happy, we must just have our souls set on fire of love to our God and our fellow-men. And, if we wish to be the means of scattering the elements of a pure and lofty and lasting happiness around us, we must just make the tide of operative good-will to undulate freely and copiously in the circles where we move. We may have all the wealth of a world at our disposal; we may have all the authority and dominion which a crown and a sceptre can confer;—and have all the powers of intellect which ever distinguished a Shakespeare and a Scott in the world of romance and the philosophy of Human Nature,—a Milton and a Pollock in the regions of Poetry,—a Locke, a Stewart and a Brown in the Philosophy of Mind,—and an Edwards, a Dwight, and a Chalmers in the more elevated department of a sublime Theology: in short, we may have all the giant attainments of the greatest of men: but, if we have not within us a well-spring of kindly, generous, and lofty evangelical feeling, we must turn out a curse to ourselves and to all who are within the spheres of our withering—desolating—ruining—damning influence. And, cold, and narrow, and calculating and selfish as our fallen race undeniably are, hateful and hating though they confessedly be, it is delightful to reflect that there have been always a few distinguished, and noble, seraph-like, and heaven-born spirits among an apostate population, who have understood this heavenly principle, and acted upon it; and who of course have left with the world some splendid and beautiful pictures of its blessed effects, and some magnificent trophies of its mighty conquests.

Yes, verily, we have had philanthropists amongst us, and we shall have them again, whose souls have been absorbed in the work of benevolence; who have drawn around them the aged and the infirm, the widowed and the orphan: who have poured into the soul the oil of consolation, and almost made the very victims of calamity to sing for joy. Now all this may please us; it may surprise us because it is rare; and we may even wonder and be astonished at the pre-eminence of goodness of heart which it displays. The most celebrated achievements of this kind, however, are but deeds of human beneficence, and they are perfectly level to our capacities in their principle as well as in their operations and results. But, when we speak of the blessed results of the love of Christ, the very use of the expression opens-up to us a field of contemplation so vast and so varied, so sweeping and boundless that we find it difficult to know where to begin, when thinking of it, or how to feel, when speaking of it: for here the subject swells out upon our view with a magnitude, and a glory, and an expansive grandeur which are more than sufficient to overwhelm the strongest, loftiest, and most gigantic created intelligences. Jesus Christ is all goodness—all benevolence to the children of men: and, if we consider how He came to exist as the Christ, we will find that He is the very offspring of love. Let us only consider how much pure and tranquil delight has been infused into the hearts of saints from the beginning till now in their worshipping assemblies, in their domestic circles, and in their devout everyday communings with their God in secret. Let us consider how much pardon and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost have been imparted to the children of men since the Trumpet of the Gospel was first sounded in their ears; how many triumphs of faith and holy fervour have been exhibited to view amidst the decays of nature, the severities of disease, the temptations of Satan, the corruptions of the heart, and the struggles and the agonies of their dying moments. And let us consider again what a scene of unmingled felicity shall be realized by the Church, when mighty multitudes of every kindred, and clime and people, and tongue, shall become righteous, shall know the Lord from the least of them even to the greatest, acknowledge and feel the majesty of His character, submit to His authority, and be devoted to His cause,—a cause, the purest, the loftiest, the best,—whose progress is marked and striking and glorious, and whose triumphs will finally be at once unfading and immortal. And, when we have considered the whole, let us recollect that all this amount of past, present and future felicity springs directly from the love of Christ; for there is not a Christian that breathes, who ever enjoyed a solitary gleam of genuine consolation but from this source.

Like the sun in the heavens, the centre of the planetary system, which sheds warmth, light and cheerfulness over the face of the material world: the love of Christ, the great moral sun in the centre of the moral universe, is the great central source of the life and vigour and home-felt delight which dwell in the bosoms of the people of God. And, as this love is obviously the sort of *moral vinculum* that binds together an angelic and regenerated human population, and, for aught we know, will unite them not only to angels but finally to all the pure and virtuous populations that may occupy the vast moral territories of Jehovah: we may reasonably suppose that all these populations do, and will and must, perhaps from the very constitution of the moral universe, for ever feel the benign, cheering, gladdening and transporting influence of that love of Messiah which in our dark world shone forth with such unutterable lustre, and threw an unparalleled radiance over the whole character and empire of the Most High. And, could this great, miraculous luminary be shorn of his rays, or could they be turned away from their favoured objects, all that is loving and comely in the moral world would stiffen and expire. But, in describing the love of Christ in two points of view, we must not confine ourselves to the Church on Earth; for all that is known of it here, in comparison with the state of the blessed, is but as the twilight of the morning to the radiance of noon. For it is this same principle which pervades, animates and gladdens the mighty multitude of the faithful in the "Heaven of Heavens." So that, unless we have tasted the pleasures of the Paradise of God, unless we have listened to the melody and learned to count the notes of the lofty song of God's redeemed, unless we can tell what it is for countless myriads of human spirits to be sustained in one continued eternal transport of delight after years have ceased to be numbered, and ages forgotten to revolve, our eye cannot see, our ear cannot hear, nor can it enter into our hearts to conceive of the blessed effects which shall never cease to flow from this love to all who shall dwell eternally around the Throne of God and of the Lamb.

The hand of him who penned the above and the two previous papers on the same subject in the *Presbyterian*, and whose heart's desire and prayer was, that the "Love of Christ, which passeth knowledge," should more and more glow in the hearts of his fellow-creatures, has now "lost its cunning." The eye is now closed, that alternately beamed with affection when speaking of this love, or kindled with indignation when denouncing the ingratitude of rejecting it: and the tongue that, but as yesterday, spoke with eloquence of such high and holy themes, is now