

to those of the body—heaven to earth—or immortality to a moment. Whenever I pass the threshold of the sanctuary, I feel that I stand on sacred ground; there “awful voices” are heard, and “holy inspirations” breathe; before me stands a man of like passions with myself,—but though no halo of celestial radiance encircle his brow, nor demonstrations of omnipotence attest his mission, not the less do I recognize in him a minister from no earthly court—a commissioned *ambassador of Christ!*

“There stands
The legate of the skies! His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.”

Oh, what must be the moral grandeur of his theme; what the importance of the destiny that hangs on the reception of his message, since the one challenges and rewards the profoundest investigation, while the other wakes the deepest sympathies of “the principalities and powers in heavenly places!”

Men and brethren! I have but a single question to propose in conclusion; and if, while *the unsearchable riches of Christ* have been displayed, you have not listened with the ear of the sceptical or the careless, I unsolicitously commit its solution and its practical operation to your own hearts and consciences—**HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE IF WE NEGLECT SO GREAT SALVATION?**

THE END.