

VII. Finally, beloved, let our present Union intensify our longings for a yet grander confederation—when all of every name and nation shall be gathered into one fold, under one shepherd.—Incited yet more by this visible incorporation to love the brotherhood, let us realize more than ever the fellowship of kindred minds to be like to that above. No grander spectacle have we witnessed here below, than when, in that spacious Hall, so providentially provided for the purpose, hand joined in hand, and heart beat responsive to heart, and there rose our song of jubilee “as the voice of a great multitude,—and as the sound of many waters.”

But we shall see yet greater things than these.

The General Assemblies of earth will fade into insignificance when we come “to the General Assembly of the Church of the Firstborn whose names are written in Heaven.” What a surpassingly glorious meeting will *that* be! Our Assemblies here will seem to have no glory, by reason of that glory which excelleth.

At the close of the Franco-Prussian war, the triumphant victors came to Berlin for a reception of welcome. As each regiment approached the city gate from the Thiergarten, it was halted by a choir, demanding by what right it would enter the city. The regiment replied in a song, recounting the battles it had fought and the victories it had won.—Then there broke from the admiring Choristers the joyous acclaim: “Enter ye the city.” And so the next came up, recounting its deeds, and so another and another was challenged and welcomed. They marched up the Linden between rows of captured cannon; and with the banners they had borne and the banners they had taken, they saluted the statue of grand old Frederick,—the creator of Prussia. So, when the warfare of earth shall have been accomplished, and the kingdom of Christ assured, the phalanxes of His church shall go up to the City with songs and tokens of victory. We belong now to different regiments. We vary a little in our colours, like the soldiers from the diversified Principalities of which the now consolidated Fatherland is made up. But we even now feel as they, that we have one cause, one Captain, one glorious Emperor, who has on His vesture and on His thigh a name written, King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

“One army of the living God.
At His command we bow,
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.”

As we tarry in the enemy's country, the “*esprit de corps*” runs through the ranks. Our commander's messages—“Love the brotherhood;”