

tion, whether we shall share in the glory of the final triumph, may depend on our promptitude in the space of time now just before us. Many of the 16,000 will find no time to share in this enterprise beyond the present year 1869. Let the 70 or 75,000, or in other words *our whole people*, weigh well the end of life, and the call and claims of its great author and Redeemer. In a world of such uncertainties, how seriously and faithfully should we work while it is day.

Work for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the days grow brighter
Work in the glowing sun;
Work for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

ONE IN CHRIST.

Worldly interests of various kinds tend to divide men, and to stir up their feelings against one another. What is dark to one seems bright to another. What one ardently desires another abhors. Questions, more or less difficult, arise, and every one "takes sides." It may be a question about the location of a road, the erection of a school-house, the building of a bridge; or it may be the choice of representatives to Parliament: no matter how important or how trivial the cause of difference, it divides men, because they cannot all see things in the same light. In barbarous countries, and in the cruel old days, men thus divided would hold communion in nothing, would detest each other, and seek each other's lives. They would appeal to the sword, and the victory would rest with the strongest, not in reason and right, but in

arms. Happily, the light of the blessed Gospel has raised us above such folly and wickedness. The Church of Christ is now a strong connecting link between men otherwise far apart and antagonistic. God has blest us with the great gift of reason, and the right to exercise it. We are accountable to Him for the use to which we put His gift. In this respect every one must bear his own burden—for we all must appear before the judgment seat of Christ to receive the reward of our deeds. Although we are not responsible to men for our views, we are accountable to God, for "God alone is Lord of the conscience." This is, or ought to be, well understood among Presbyterians; and hence they concede the largest possible amount of freedom to one another. "We be brethren." Whatever may be our divisions in the matters of this world, we do not carry these with us into our pulpits or pews—into our Sessions, Presbyteries, or Synods.

Christ is the Head of the Church—of the Church as a whole, of every congregation, and of every individual believer. His Kingdom is not of this world. In his house we divest ourselves of every secular care and feeling; we disregard the dividing lines that may separate us outside, and we feel and know our essential and everlasting unity as members of the body of Christ.

We never hear, without shame and deep regret, of any one carrying worldly feuds of any kind into the Church. It is Anti-Christian, it is wicked and most mischievous to do. It tends to the barbarism of those wild and cruel days when all differences were settled, or attempted to be settled with the sword.

In the presence of death how light and worthless seem most of the matters that divide us, when the full tide of life and health is throbbing in our veins! But the presence of God is much more solemn and important than the presence of disease and death. Do not drag one feeling or thought into Church, or into a Church Court, that you would not indulge on a dying bed, in the dying hour. For in our Churches, Sessions, Presbyteries and Synods, Christ is ever present; and His sacrifice, it is