

the Word to be spoken, and the Sacraments to be administered, is He to carry on and complete His edifice. And oh! should it be in *but one heart*—in but one that joins this Church and attends our service, of whom it shall be said, “*He was born here,*”—what joy! But should the Lord grant not one, but many more than in the old, then there will be ground for exultation as when the topstone was laid with shoutings. Wherefore, pray that every time the voice of the preacher is heard, God’s Spirit be also heard calling to union with Christ; and as oft as you assemble here to worship, you may grow (for growth is the sign of life)—grow up as a temple to God, for this is the object of our ministry—to rear a spiritual temple; and herein our ministry and Emmanuel are one,—we laborers together with Him, your souls the materials of the edifice, He the master builder. Otherwise, far better to worship in a *barn*, than to forget that the great object of our assembling here time after time is to become a living temple to laud and serve God for ever.

(*Conclusion next month.*)

A PLEA FOR ELEGANT CHURCHES.

And here we may be permitted to congratulate this congregation on the final accomplishment of that arduous undertaking by which we are enabled to assemble to-night within this spacious and elegant temple. After years of anxious thought and laborious exertion, a solid structure has been raised for the worship of God, from whose gates shall be heard the psalm of thanksgiving when they whose liberal devotion executed the design shall have passed from earth to take up the song (let us hope) in a loftier sanctuary. Surely Christian men could not have devised to their children a nobler legacy. The Churches of a country are the monuments of its religious spirit, and are of far greater value than any other monuments whatever. We cannot suppose that the Architect of the Universe, who built for Himself so magnificent a temple, will despise the de-vout efforts of His creatures to erect a house to His name becoming His Kingly presence. God, in His own works, while He frames everything for use, fashions everything in *beauty*. There was no need that the curtains of the sky should be so finely woven and so richly painted, or that the earth should be trimmed and adorned like a bride; and when we in our attempts to worship the Most High, put on our best attire, and tune our voices to finest melody, and present the tribute of our praise within the comeliest sanctuary we can build, we have no reason to believe that He will be displeased at the offering. So thought the grand worshippers of the Elder time. As for the Apostles, they were warriors with the whole world to fight, and, like the Parthians, they had to shoot their arrows while flying. It was not for them to build when the earth afforded not a resting-place for their feet. As there are always some people, however, whose notions of usefulness would forbid the outgoing of the highest, the purest, and most ennobling sentiments of our nature, we would refer to a single incident in the life of Christ. Our Lord was sitting at a feast which had been prepared for Him in the house of Simon “the leper,” and, as we learn from St. John, Lazarus and Martha and Mary were there. Mary, approaching the person of Jesus, poured over it the contents of a box of precious ointment—an Eastern mode of expressing the highest degree of honour towards a guest. The brows of the disciples were immediately contracted, and, looking the one at the other, they silently voted the act of Mary an obtrusive exhibition of weak and foolish sentiment. Then taking courage, they spoke out, and began to cast the hot ashes of their contempt on one of the sweetest flowers that ever bloomed on this hard soil for the fields of Paradise: “Why was this waste of the ointment made? For it might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and have been given to the poor.”