

have faded away; when the sublimest monuments that genius ever conceived and skill ever executed shall have mouldered into dust; when the pyramids of Egypt shall be levelled with the plains around them; when the immortal works (so called) of philosophers, legislators, historians and poets shall be lost; and when the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and all earthly things shall be as if they never had been—then, brethren, the effects of your studies, your visiting the sick and the dying; your catechising the young, and instructing the more advanced; your preaching the gospel; your performance of the offices of the church, and your administration of the blessed Sacraments, shall still *continue* and be seen of the assembled universe!!!

But, brethren, whilst we thus *magnify* the office, we feel that we are *humbling* the *instrument*. The high elevation to which we have been called—so far from begetting in us a *vain-glorious* spirit, calls us to *deep* self-abasement and reverence. “Woe is me,” was the language of the evangelical prophet, when contrasting the high honor conferred upon him with his personal meanness: “Woe is me, for I am undone; for I am a man of unclean lips.” How *humble*, and yet how appropriate the language of St. Paul; “unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.” And again: “I thank Jesus Christ our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that he counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry.” And *who* amongst us, brethren, can *help feeling* our utter *unworthiness*, when contemplating the duties of our high and holy calling, or using the unfeigned language of this great apostle of the Gentiles: “Who is sufficient for these things?”

But, though humbled under a sense of our utter unworthiness, we should also ever bear in mind the *heavy responsibility* resting upon us—a responsibility voluntarily incurred by us.