

"The groans of nature in this nether world,  
Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end.  
... Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh  
Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course  
Over a sinful world; and what remains  
Of this tempestuous state of human things,  
Is merely as the working of a sea  
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest.  
For He whose car the winds are, and the clouds  
The dust that waits upon His sultry march,  
When sin hath moved Him, and His wrath is hot,  
Shall visit earth in mercy; shall descend  
Propitious in His chariot paved with love;  
And what His storms have blasted and defaced  
For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair.

... All things were once  
Perfect, and all must be at length restored.  
Haste, then, and wheel away a shattered world,  
Ye slow-revolving seasons! we would see  
(A sight to which our eyes are strangers yet)  
A world that does not dread and hate God's laws,  
And suffer for its crime; would learn how fair  
The creature is that He pronounces good,  
How pleasant in itself what pleases Him."

III. The positions above illustrated lead at once to the conclusion that *he is the true peacemaker who labours to promote the spread of the purifying principles of the Gospel.*

Fancy to yourselves a vessel leaving a Christian land for some distant country, where the glad tidings of great joy have never yet been proclaimed, and where even the name of the Redeemer is unknown,—a country, it may be, where nature wears her fairest aspects, where every scene presented to the eye is beautiful, and fragrant odours are wafted on every breeze; but where, at the same time, sin reigns in its most detested forms,—a country whose homes, because unvisited by the Gospel, are the habitations of strife and horrid cruelty. The vessel carries one who has forsaken his native land, his kindred, and all that men commonly hold dear, in order that he may publish the