

our world;—like the Prophet's River, gathering volume and power as it rolls on, and carrying life and beauty where'er its healing waters flow. These views, in their minuteness of detail, or grandeur of development, constitute Jehovah's purpose, and the church's work;—"a new Heaven's and a new Earth," as distinguished for moral beauty, as earth to-day for loathsome vileness;—the grand consummation to which Faith and Hope point, when "the Lord shall reign in Mount Zion, and before His ancients gloriously";—and if, at Creation's dawn, "the morning stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy," what the rapturous harmony of that song, destined to signalize the final accomplishment of the great purposes of the Saviour's dying love! In all this, we are pledged,—sworn,—co-workers with God; but let us not forget, that God co-works only, where things are done "after the due order." "See that thou make all things after the pattern *shewed thee in the Mount.*"

But the results of the church's work are not limited by earth, nor exhausted in a world redeemed. In all their glorious perfection, they lie far beyond the present scene of christian activity. A home awaits its blest inhabitants,—a Church her members,—a King His subjects,—an inheritance its redeemed possessors,—the Saviour the travail of His soul; and ours the duty, the privilege, the honor of converting these waiting expectations into realities, by exhibiting truth in all its simple and impressive beauty, undefaced, undefiled by personal ambition, popular gratification, or cowardly expediency; "approving ourselves to every man's conscience;" gathering together into one, and sending Heavenward the ransomed Sons of God,—memorials of a Saviour's dying love,—monuments of ministerial faithfulness.

But this sublime picture has its shades of deepest gloom. Our message is Eternal Life to a dying world, and yet, that message, "the savor of life unto life," becomes "the savor of death unto death," to the unaroused and unconverted; and if this be so, as undoubtedly it too often is, under ministrations reflecting the mind of Christ, what shall we say of those reflecting mere individual views, prejudices and objects? As agents of the church, and ambassadors for Christ, we are bound,—sworn,—to give to perishing men what He has given to us, nothing less, nothing more,—free as the winds of Heaven,—pure as it flows from beneath the Altar; otherwise we belie our characters, and labour in vain, and souls fitted for "light inaccessible" go down to Eternal night. Measure the sublime results of faithfulness, in souls redeemed and God glorified, in contrast with mere hireling labour, and