

enter into glory, shall lay aside the weapons of our warfare, and taking the golden harp, sing the praises of Zion for ever and ever !

Rings not thy Captain's call to day,
My Brother, in thine ear ?
Gird thee, the summons to obey,
With heart of warrior cheer.
Farewell, or burial need thou not,
But on, and share the conqueror's part !

Do we not profess by our constitution to desire a greater union of action—a more enlarged sympathy—a greater amount of brotherly love ? In fact, is not our Society founded for this very end ? Oh, my brethren, by all that is sacred, let me entreat you to see that we end not in mere profession ! Let me entreat you, by the virtue of our cause. And is it our own individual cause alone ? Is it not rather the cause of our Dear Lord—the Brother of brothers—the Head of all—the Author of all that we have both for time and eternity ? See to what a high and noble position we are raised. We are raised to be no less than messengers of mercy to the sorrowful and sighing Body of Christ—to be no less than stewards in His Great House, to minister to the wants of His people. What a different aspect our neighbourhood would wear if we only did our duty, each man in his several office.

Finally, my dear brethren, let us, one and all, strive to the best of our power to breathe new life into our body. Let us stand firmly together, one supporting the other—bearing and forbearing. Then shall we be mighty to do good, and nothing shall be able to withstand us. Let us be prepared to receive our brethren, as they come, with open purses, with cheering word, with loving heart. Let us make ready a way for them. Let us, above all things, see that they have room in their Father's House that they may worship him, as in their native land. And, if there is not sufficient provision made, then let us not rest content till we have sufficient.

“ Unfurl ye the banner ! yea, open it wide,
And Zion's contentions the sword shall decide ;
Yea, the word of the Spirit, the word of the Lord,
For to love shall His wisdom and rule be restored !
Then unfurl ye the banner—unsheath the bright sword ! ”