

Why should not churches of various name move like yon glorious planets on high, each indeed in its own orbit, yet all in harmony around the Sun of Righteousness?

Once more: it is the duty of the members of Christ's Church, as heirs of the celestial inheritance, to set their hearts and hopes on heaven.

How natural is it for the wanderer on a foreign soil to think with fond affection of his native hills. How natural for the expatriated Hebrew to turn his eyes and his heart towards his far-off holy land. And shall not Christ's soldier, who is here on service in a strange land, long and pray for the time when the soft peace-march shall beat, "Home, brothers, home!" Even were there nothing to make the present life a weary exile,—no wicked world to seduce us—no fiery darts of Satan to wound us—no strife of tongues to disturb us—no painful bereavements to agonize our hearts, it would still be our duty to look beyond this evanescent scene to the glory in store for us in our fatherland. But when earth is confessedly a vale of tears, and heaven the only land of rest and joy, what an additional inducement is there to go up by faith and hope to take possession! Here, Christ our glorious Head is concealed from view, or but dimly discerned by the eye of faith; yonder, He appears in manifested glory. Here, the Church is torn by strifes and dissensions, inasmuch that her unity is rather a matter of faith than of observation; yonder, no note of discord grates the ear, no broils divide the Christian family. Here, we must often go sorrowfully and in mourning weeds to bury our dead out of our sight; in yon happy world, there are no tears, and no farewells, and no gloomy church-yards, and no bleeding hearts. Heaven is the very contrariety of earth,—a region of holiness, instead of sin—joy, instead of weeping—of triumph, instead of warfare—a region of blessedness—boundless, endless, ever-growing blessedness. And such a region—shall it not kindle our hopes, and captivate our hearts? Death indeed lies between,—death, from which nature shrinks, and guilt recoils. But ought death to interpose any dark shadow between the Christian believer and his heavenly hope? To him death is only the gateway to the house of many mansions. One parting struggle—and it is over; one long-drawn sigh—and he is at home!

Let me ask, my friends, whether you are members of that spiritual Church, whose privileges and duties have now engaged our thoughts? You are members of one of the visible churches, and you probably value and observe its ordinances; but that is not enough. "Neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth anything, but a new creature." Are you new creatures? Are you ingrafted into Christ by faith?—and, not content with enjoying the privileges which flow from union with Him, are you living in the habitual performance of

the correlative duties,—loving and serving Him supremely, loving your brethren as yourselves, aspiring after meetness for the future glory? If this is not your condition as character, why is it? Is it that Christ is unwilling to receive you into His holy Church? Is it that He has barred up the way with obstructions hard to surmount? Oh! no. It is, that you love to be as you are; it is, that you have no heart for Christ's service. To all-merciful Redeemer is not reluctant,—no, but inexpressibly ready to receive you; and so far from exacting hard conditions, he offers you the blessings of salvation, without asking at your hands anything whatever, either as a title to them, or as a qualification for receiving them. He has, Himself, paid the whole price of these inestimable blessings, and to you He proffers them *freely*,—without money and without price. You have but to accept them, and they are yours. But you prefer your own sins to His friendship; you prefer the world to salvation; and this seals your ears and your hearts against His gracious calls and entreaties! And do you really intend to go to death and judgment in such a state of mind? Oh! take pity on your own souls! Bow, while yet you may, before Christ's golden sceptre of mercy. Accept, while yet they are in your offer, the forgiveness and friendship and salvation, which He so generously tenders. With Zion's gates flung open to admit you, do not—oh! do not stand still and wait till it is closed again, and closed, perhaps, for ever!

FATHER CHINIQUY.

There is, perhaps, not one of our readers who has not heard of Father Chiniquy, the converted priest, who amidst trials and difficulties of no ordinary nature, has had the intelligence to see, and the honesty and firmness to abandon, the errors of Popery after having seen them. To do this, was to do much; but he has effected even more, the bringing over of nearly the whole of the people to whom as a priest he had been in the habit of ministering. We are all acquainted, more or less, with the general character of the French *habitans* of Lower Canada: we know that living in the midst of British institutions and customs, they have for more than a century adhered pertinaciously to the habits of their ancestors, retaining the language, dress, laws and religion of their fatherland. Such a thing as even a single conversion of a French Canadian has hitherto been almost a rare occurrence. They have rather been remarkable as a simple-minded, primitive, unchanging, and of course, non-progressive people. Father Chiniquy must possess powers of no ordinary nature to have wrought so entire a revolution in religious sentiments throughout a whole district. Some