

reflect the light of truth divine upon all around us. Let us turn back the tide of corruption, and elevate the thoughtless and depraved of this generation to the holiness and happiness of heaven. The life-giving influence of the church should be felt everywhere. She is a fond mother and strengthens from her own breasts her dear children. She feeds and nourishes them, that they may grow up unto Christ, their living head, and be fitted for his service in the world. Look well to your personal religion. We need deep-toned, self-denying, self-devoting piety. The minds of men are terribly excited—public opinion is restless and feverish—men are disposed to break asunder the bands of Christian brotherhood, and cast away the cords of their allegiance to Christ. The signs are not dubious that a fearful crisis is coming upon the world and the church will not escape. Judgment will begin at the house of God.

In the fourth place, cultivate a spirit of Christian sympathy and good will towards all who bear the name and spirit of Christ. Be open, frank and fearless in the advocacy of the truth. Make no compromises with error. Have no fellowship with the workers of iniquity, but extend the hand of fellowship to all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity and in truth. Avoid all worldly policy in matters concerning the faith. It is selfish, animal, devilish. The gospel of Christ frowns upon it as a most impertinent thing. It says, "Paul I know, and Christ I know, but what are you?" Let your motives be as pure as the light and as open as the day. An act that we would fear to be *seen* doing by men, we should tremble even to *think* of in the presence of God. Carefully guard against connecting in any manner the interests of the church with the affairs of the state, or the politics of the day. Let there be no political combinations for religious purposes. Church and state are two distinct things, and should not be united. Such a tendency will destroy both.

The church should withdraw itself as much as possible from all the strife and collision of this tempest-tossed age. The church asks nothing from human government but to be let alone; and she should be careful not to entrench on the rights of human government. The truth and promise of God, the immutable foundation of Christ and the Apostles, are enough for her to stand upon. She can fight her own battles and win her bloodless triumphs, without so much as the blast of a ram's horn to help her. I say nothing about the rights of freemen. We are men as well as Christians; under human government as well as the divine. Enough has been said on these subjects. I want to look at the church in her relationship to the world and to her Head. It is in the closet, in the family, in the Sunday school, in the prayer meeting, in the sanctuary, that her power is generated and felt. She comes forth under these influences, and with

these agencies, to bless, to enlighten, to redeem. She looks forth like the Sun, or as the bright shining of the firmament after the rain.

And in the fifth and last place, I would say that the gospel loses none of its power by the changes and revolutions of states and kingdoms. The Savior knew well the character of the world he came to save. Its history had been written in blood before he entered it; and prophecy anticipated its broken fortunes, its fire and sword, its fierce and ferocious conflicts, to the end until the baptism of fire should consume all bad government, and give us a renovated heavens and earth. Let no one be startled, as if any strange thing had come upon us. The world is an adept in war. She is an old sinner. She loves the sword. She delights in garments rolled in blood, and in the noise of battle. She snuffs up her pray from afar. This is her settled policy, and has been from the beginning, and will be to the end. She is delivered over to the sword. "A voice shall come even to the ends of the earth: for the Lord hath a controversy with the nations. He will plead with all flesh: he will give them that are wicked to the sword, saith the Lord." But in the midst of all this strife and conflict, the Saviour is going forth in the chariots of salvation. He has sent the gospel, as winged seed, upon the winds, to fall here and there, and to take root wherever there is any soil to nourish it. Sickness, famine, pestilence, war, and all the dread ministers of vengeance cannot prevent its fruitfulness. The desolations sweeping the earth, the ploughshares of wrath and ruin, make furrows for the seed. The disappointed hopes, the blasted fortunes, and the anguish of desponding nations, shew how utterly vain are all attempts to secure the soul's chief good on earth or from the earth. Sow, then, thy seed, O Christian, beside all waters. Minister of Christ, be faithful! Go forth to thy work, and look not to the clouds. Is the day dark and stormy? It has ever been so—ever will be, till thy work is done. There is no rest for thee here. No better time than now to sow—to reap. We have tried it—others have tried it: success has crowned our efforts, and will crown them.

Wait not until this contest is over to begin thy work. It may be too late. Work while it is called to-day—the night cometh wherein there is no work. To the end Christ will be with his people. For eighteen centuries the church has been borne along through all the revolutions of states and kingdoms, and not a spar has been broken—her ribs are still strong, her sails unrent. Her flag yet floats. Her Captain is on board. She is a power in the earth, above all powers, terrestrial or infernal. She is safe, whatever may become of all human institutions. She is a kingdom—a heavenly kingdom—lifting up to her own mighty realms all, in every place, attracted by her beauty and excellency, and won by the charms of her authoritative ruler. A single angel, sent by