

bane, and brought forward some personal matters from that quarter, on reports which were unworthy of his notice; and to which Mr. M<sup>c</sup>K.'s letter before us appears to give a satisfactory reply.

At the same time we must defend Mr. F. from the imputations which Mr. M<sup>c</sup>K. has cast upon him. He has not thought it sufficient to answer his charges, but has added some insinuations respecting his *motives* and *design*, which are evidently gratuitous, and which his character and usefulness as a Christian Minister render inadmissible. Mr. F appears to us to have lent too ready an ear to reports, which are always to be received with caution (if received at all) where they are given by one party respecting another; and Mr. M<sup>c</sup>K. in replying to them to have dealt too much with Mr. F. as though he had been the author of them.

The character of both these brethren stands, now, just where it was at the commencement of this dispute. May it long be maintained there by their own personal excellencies, and their abundant labours. We hope that with this explanation both will be satisfied, and that the dispute will now end and be forgotten."

#### THE CORONATION.

That was a splendid pageantry, when the thousands of England gathered in the temple of their Lord, to crown their sovereign with the diadem of royalty. It was a sublime spectacle—and yet when the excitement of the scene has passed, and we look back upon it, how it fades in the view!

I do not know that others have been led, as I have, by the story of this coronation, to look away to another scene, surpassing this in splendor as far as heaven outshines the earth, or the King of kings exceeds in glory a monarch of clay. But I

have loved to think that a more gorgeous spectacle will one day be displayed to our eyes, when he who once was crowned with thorns will receive the diadem of heaven, and be seated on the throne of the universe as God over all—that every knee shall bow before him, and every tongue confess that Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. In every respect, that scene will infinitely exceed the glare, and glitter, and magnificence of the day when a mighty people laid their hearts at the feet of a youthful queen.

The *place* is more glorious. Westminster Abbey is a noble place. Its columns, and arches, and towers, are all venerable, and on that day they were decked in all the beauty that human resources could supply. But this was only an earthly court—a vestibule to *that* temple. Heaven is the palace of the skies. God built it. God heaved its pillars, and stretched out its curtains, and flung its arches, and planted its towers. God covered it with beauty, and made it 'all glorious within.' The wall is of jasper; the city of pure gold; the foundations are garnished with all manner of precious stones. It has no need of the sun, neither the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

The *assembly* is more glorious. A richer assembly was probably never gathered, than met to witness the Coronation of England's Queen. The nobles vied, with princely extravagance, to outshine each other at that proud fete. Monarchs of distant lands were represented there, and people from every clime were congregated on that great day. But the universe was not there. Cherubim and Seraphim did not fly on wings of glory, and 'angels bright in robes of light' did not hover over the scene. But when the great white throne is set, a mightier multitude than earth or heaven has ever seen will meet