

count of its cold formalism, wished him to preach only in connection with their body, and help forward the work in which they were engaged. To this, however, he objected, regarding himself as an evangelist at large. "I'll preach Christ," said he, "wherever they will let me." Yet he dearly loved the good brethren, and laboured with them very cordially, and God blessed his labours in the conversion of many souls.

After preaching in the Orphan House Park, to a large and attentive audience, some of the nobility came to bid him God speed, and among others a portly Quaker, a nephew of the Messrs. Erskine, who, taking him by the hand, said, "Friend George, I am as thou art; I am for bringing all to the life and power of the ever-living God: and therefore, if thou wilt not quarrel with me about my hat, I will not quarrel with thee about thy gown." He visited Scotland no less than fourteen times. He says, "Could I preach ten times a day, thousands and thousands would attend. Never did I see so many Bibles and people looking into them; plenty of tears flow."

Thus lived and died this noble champion for God and truth, whose voice could be heard by upwards of twenty thousand at a time, and frequently preaching three times in a working day, and in the course of a week receive a thousand letters from persons awakened by his ministry, and at the end of a charity sermon collect more than three thousand dollars for the poor. He received three hundred and fifty hopeful and happy converts in one day, and he crossed the Atlantic thirteen times in his great Master's work. In view of all this (and it is only a bird's-eye view we can now obtain, but the day is coming which shall declare it), here we can only exclaim, What hath God wrought? "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?"—*Extract from Memoirs of Mr. Whitefield.*

HUMILITY is both a grace and a vessel to receive grace. There are none that see so much need of grace as humble souls; there are none that prize grace like humble souls; there are none that improve grace like humble souls; therefore God singles out the humble soul to fill him to the brim with grace, while the proud are sent empty away.

THE ASCENSION.

Let us follow Jesus to the mount called Olivet. His closing counsels given, He leads His disciples out of the city. Did they, in open day, pass along through the streets of Jerusalem? If they did, how many wondering eyes would rest upon the well-known group of Galilean fishermen; how many wondering eyes would fix upon the leader of that group—the Jesus of Nazareth, whom six weeks before they had seen hanging upon the cross at Calvary. Little heeding the looks which they attract, they pass through the city gate. They are now on a well-known track; they cross the Kedron; they approach Gethsemane. We lose sight of them amid the deep shadows of these olive-trees. Has Jesus paused for a moment to look, for the last time, with those human eyes of His, upon the sacred spot where He cast Himself, on the night of his great agony, upon the ground? Once more they emerge; they climb the hill-side; they cross its summit; they are approaching Bethany. He stops; they gather round. He looks upon them; He lifts His hands; He begins to bless them. What love unutterable in that parting look! what untold riches in that blessing! His hands are uplifted; His lips are engaged in blessing, when slowly He begins to rise: earth has lost her power to keep; the waiting, up-drawing heavens claim Him as their own. An attraction stronger than our globe is on Him, and declares its power. He rises! but still as He floats upward through the yielding air, His eyes are bent on these up-looking men; His arms are stretched over them in the attitude of benediction, His voice is heard dying away in blessings as He ascends. Awe-struck, in silence they follow Him with straining eyeballs, as His body lessens to sight, in its retreat upward into that deep blue, till the commissioned cloud enfolds, cuts off all further vision, and closes the earthly and sensible communion between Jesus and His disciples. That cloudy chariot bore Him away, till He was 'received up into heaven, and sat down on the right hand of God.'

How simple, yet how sublime, how pathetic this parting! No disturbance of the elements, no chariot of fire, no escort of