

which linger on our ears and in our hearts as this sweet chapter closes. Mercy! God's best and dearest attribute! Mercy! earth's last and fondest hope! Mercy! Heaven's crowning and eternal triumph! It is stammered out from mortal lips that fain would lisp its music—it swells in grandest diapason in the song of the redeemed. Last and longest of the impressions which this subject may have made upon our minds, this thought of mercy clings. And now that we are closing this series of life-pictures, drawn with a trembling hand, and with a deep consciousness of latent beauty and power in the subject which are beyond the artist's skill, one vision seems to fill the foreground: it is that of the Father clasping the prodigal to his embrace in the sight of earth and heaven, and saying, in tones to which the choirs of angels were discord, and which each seraph hushes his song that he may hear, "I am He that speak in righteousness," and

"MIGHTY TO SAVE."