

dwells within. The world is still a Bethel—the angels of God ascend and descend here, and if we were more spiritual we should see and hear their movements, and say with the deepest reverence, "How dreadful is this place!" It is "the house of God, the gate of heaven!"

But our reverence should be yet more intense in thinking of and preaching the gospel; for God in Christ is brought nearer to us, and made more real to the mind than in his mental works. The priests of the Roman Church exhibit frequently the figure of the cross, and thereby make it common. One who was a far-seeing observer of men and things wrote thus concerning their doings:—"We hold it a damnable audacity to bring forth the torturing cross, and the Holy One who suffered on it, or to expose them to the light of the sun, which hid its face when a reckless world forced such a sight on it; to take these mysterious secrets, in which the divine depth of sorrow lies hid, and play with them, fondle them, tickle them out, and rest not till the most reverend of all solemnities appears vulgar and paltry." What those priests do by their unholy exhibitions others have done, and may do again, by means of speech. Rude, random, presumptuous word-painting has been too often regarded as preaching Christ crucified. Only once in the year was the Jewish high-priest permitted to go into the most holy place; for the cloud of glory was not to be made a common spectacle. Christianity has its "holy of holies"—the "sanctuary of sorrow"—the sufferings of Christ; * * * * and when we enter here, it should be in the spirit of humility and godly fear; for the place whereupon we stand is "holy ground." It is given to us to approach Calvary, but we must walk with reverent steps; we may unveil the cross, but should do so with a tender hand, and we may look upon the crucified One, but not with tearless eyes.

Our preaching should express the

spirit of the gospel, as well as declare its doctrines. There is more in a great work of art than the forms and colors which you see, more also than a special style of painting and grandeur of conception; for it has a gem of its own, which proves it to be the work of some celebrated master. It is impossible to define or describe this; we cannot tell what it is, or in what it consists; but we know that it is there, for we feel its power, are hushed by its presence; or if we speak at all it is in low, subdued whispers. So there is a genius of the gospel which makes it unlike all other systems of religion. There is nothing wherewith to compare it in the transcendentalism of the East, the mythology of Greece, the religion of ancient Rome, or the philosophies of modern Europe. It is like itself only—pure, tender, sorrowful, human, divine. This creeds with which we were at one time content are found to be too narrow for a resting-place. It may be objected that this ought not to be, and that we should rest satisfied with our first views. The reply is, We cannot help ourselves. To think is to grow; and the garments of the child are too small for the man. And as our years multiply, we outgrow the world; we discover that it cannot satisfy the yearnings of our mind. The soul turns away from it all, calls it "vanity and vexation of spirit," and longs for "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." But it is not so with regard to Jesus Christ our Saviour. As we grow older, wiser, and holier, He becomes greater, more real and divine, more to be desired, and more wonderful in our sight. At one time we may speculate concerning Him, and endeavor to explain the mystery of his person, work, and power; but in after years we fall at his feet, we trust and love, worship and adore. Some fancy that they have outgrown Christ; but this is as if a man should say, I have ascended above the firmament, forgetting that the firmament is boundless—heaven beyond heaven in glorious and