

oh! what a chariot made out of evening cloud? Have you hung over the taffrail on the ocean and seen this cloudy vehicle roll over the pavements of a calm summer sea, the wheels dripping with the magnificence? Have you from the top of Ben Lomond or the Cordilleras or the Berkshire Hills seen the Jay pillowed for the night, and yet had no aspiration of praise and homage? Oh, what a rich God we have, that he can put on one evening sky pictures that excel Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" and Ghirlandajo's "Adoration of the Magi," and whole galleries of Madonnas, and only for an hour and then throw them away, and the next evening put on the same sky something that excels all that the Raphaels and the Titians and the Rembrandts and the Corregios and the Leonardo da Vincis ever executed, and then draw a curtain of mist over them never again to be exhibited! How rich God must be to have a new chariot of clouds every evening!—*Talmage.*

INSUFFICIENCY.

Brethren, I am conscious that I have not preached as I ought to have preached this morning. I have been mastered by my subject. I could sit down alone and picture my Divine Master on the cross. I delight to do so. It is my comfort to meditate on Him. I see Him hanging on the tree, and carefully survey Him, from His head, encircled with the thorns, down to His blessed feet, made by the nails to be fountains of crimson blood. I have wept behind the cross at the marks of the dread scourging which He bore; and then, coming to the front, I have gazed upon His pierced hands, and lingered long before that opened side. Then I feel as if I could die of a pleasing grief and mournful joy. O, how I then love and adore! But here, before this crowd, I am a mere lisper of words—words which fall far below the height of this great argument.

Ah me! ah me! With among the sons of men could I tell you of His unknown agonies, His piercing anguish, His distraction and heart-breaking? Who can fully interpret that awful cry of "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?"—My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me? Alone, I can hide my face, and bow my head; but here, what can I—O Lord, what can Thy servant do?

"Words are but air, and tongues but clay,

And Thy compassions are Divine."

I can not tell of love's bleeding, love's agony, love's death! If the Holy Ghost will graciously come at this time and put me and my words altogether aside, and set my Lord before you, evidently crucified among you, then shall I be content, and you will go home thoughtful, tender, hating sin, and therefore more deeply happy, more sincerely glad, than ever before. The Lord grant it for his name's sake. Amen,
—*Spurgeon.*

SPEAK TO THEM.

A young lady called to see a friend who was ill, and on leaving, one of the children, a sweet, intelligent little girl, took her down stairs. She was her own especial favorite and pet, and yet, being naturally of an extremely reserved disposition, she had never spoken one word to her on the subject of religion. Looking down into the thoughtful, loving eyes under a sudden impulse, she asked the question: "Maude, my darling, do you love Jesus?"

To her astonishment the child stopped abruptly, and drawing her into a room which they were passing, she shut the door, and clinging closely to her, burst into a flood of tears. Looking up at last with a glad, happy face, she said: "Miss Alice, I have been praying for six months that you would speak to me of Jesus, and now you have! Every time I have been to your house I hoped you would say something, and I was beginning to think you never would."

It was keen reproach to her friend, and one that she never forgot.

How many poor, sad, seeking souls, like little Maude, wonder why Christians never speak to them of the things nearest their hearts! O Christian, why do you neglect to let your light shine, and guide these weary wanderers home to God.—*Selected.*

CONCERNING SIN:

Do you suppose that sin is to be driven out of the human heart by some fine fancy, some sentiment, some easy method? Until you know what sin is, the Gospel will be an extravagant and unmeaning tragedy. If there is a mystery in redemption, there is equally a mystery in sin. This is the medicine that follows the disease. Herein is the solution of the mystery of the Cross. The ghastly Cross follows the ghastly sin; the tragedy of redemption is God's answer to the tragedy of crime. You find nothing in the atonement in the way of mystery that you do not find in the way of sin. God could not guide us away by soft words from the chains of hell. It could only be done by blood. You have been thinking sin a trifle. I wonder not, then, you have been thinking the Cross a tragedy extravagant beyond the necessity of the case. If you have been calling sin "infirmary," "mistake," I wonder not that you are frightened by the awful transactions that are here in the four gospels. You need the whole blood of the whole heart of the dying Saviour to help thee to get rid of sin and to be delivered from its bondage.—*Joseph Parker.*

—A lady once asked Mr. Wesley: "Suppose you knew that you were to die at 12 o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madam? Why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach