

Ascension Day.

OUR Lord went away that He might come again to receive us to Himself, and that we might be together to all eternity.

What joy there is to loving faithful hearts in the comfortable assurance of the ascended Lord, that He has gone to prepare a place for His own in His Father's House of many mansions.

Meanwhile we must first be moulded to His Image, or we shall be little fit for that heavenly place. It is true that His Word and His Promise stand fast for ever, and that 'whither our Saviour Christ is gone

before, thither man may also ascend, and with Him continually dwell.'

But this glorious destiny is for those who are quickened and regenerated in the divine life.

If when our labour is ended and our appointed rest is over we are to awake in His likeness who is our glorified Brother, we must be growing into something of that likeness now.

Are we growing in Christ's likeness? If so, no man can take away from us the joy of the comfortable assurance of the heavenly home prepared for us.

Ascensiontide.

COMFORT IN A CLOUD.

A FRIEND of mine told me of a visit he had paid to a poor woman, overwhelmed with trouble, but who always seemed cheerful. 'Mary,' said he, 'you must have very dark days; they must overcome you with clouds sometimes.' 'Yes,' she said, 'but then I often find there's comfort in a cloud.' 'Comfort in a

cloud, Mary?' 'Yes,' she said, 'when I am very low and dark I go to the window, and if I see a heavy cloud, I think of those precious words, "*a cloud received Him out of their sight*;" and I look up and see the cloud sure enough, and then I think—well, that may be the cloud that hides Him, and so you see there is comfort in a cloud.'

The Missionary Spirit.

EVERY true Christian is a missionary in intention, and within the limits that his providential work makes possible, though he may never have looked in the face of a

heathen in his life—just as every serious Christian bears within his heart the spirit of the martyr, though he may never be called upon to witness the faith with his blood.—CANON LIDDON.

