

that bow and break down the trees of the forest only shower from its bending branches leaves and fruit and fragrance upon the world beneath.

Behold in this the mission of Jesus! He was the refuge of the repentant, the rest of the weary, the home of the outcast. He was bread to the hungry and health to the diseased. Did the blind ever leave him sightless? or the hungry, empty? or the dumb, silent? Was He not more than the pool of Siloam to helpless sufferers? and than the waters of Jordan to leprous Naumans? Was He not the balm of Gilead to broken hearts? and the grave in which men buried their sorrows? When storms of trial and temptation swept across Him, what did they shake down but leaves of healing and the bread of life? What was He but the Tree of Life transplanted for a time from the everlasting Eden?

Take one more glance at the green tree. Mark its promise. Leave it untouched and what would it become? Will it not reach up to heaven, and spread till it overshadows the world? Whom will it leave without a shelter? What disease will it not cure? Will it not grow into a universal blessing? Behold the shadow of Jesus! Had he dwelt upon earth until now what would He not have done for mankind. If He freely forgave the sins of penitent publicans, and praying thieves, and weeping harlots, and cast out none who came to Him, how many now, if He walked this earth, would swell the train of His disciples?

When we think of it; how glorious was that green tree of God? Wonderful Jesus! How can we now turn from the brightness of Thy glory to the gloom of