

is represented as having wings. These were outspread for us sinners to take refuge under. They are compared to those of an eagle for strength and protection, (see Exod. xix. "I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto Myself.") And to those of a hen, for love and care. "Like as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings," &c. In the Jewish tabernacle, two cherubim were placed in the holy of holies, whose extended wings, joining together, overshadowed the Mercy Seat. When Christ died His arms were stretched out, and these were as wings of love which He opened, and still holds wide open to receive all that come unto Him. Let us then, said the preacher, enter boldly into the Holy of Holies. A friend threw me some flowers to revive me when I was faint, but the mercy of the Lord is far more reviving. It is this that I would hold out to you and drop into your very bosoms. May it sink deep there. His saving mercy is above the richest perfume, for He saves both man and beast."

His soul kindled into intense fervour as he proceeded, and the fervour of his soul seemed to throw a radiance around his very presence. To say he grew animated is below the truth. His weakness was lost sight of; freedom and even unwonted energy was in every utterance. It was as though an angel spirit from the other world had come down from the very throne of mercy, to minister to the congregation. His appearance and manner grew seraphic. He seemed to be carried above all the fears and feelings of mortality. An irresistible influence attended his words; an awful concern was awakened through the whole assembly. Every heart was uncommonly moved, and when he had ceased speaking, we caught ourselves leaning forward looking intensely at him. Everything around us had been forgotten. We were weeping, and felt as did the disciples on their way to Emmaus. Our hearts burned within us. He turned to descend from the pulpit. We felt a sad presentiment that we should hear his voice no more. He seemed already more than mortal. As he came down, he walked : t once up to the Communion table. On his way thither we caught these words as they fell from his lips, "I AM GOING TO THROW MYSELF UNDER THE WINGS OF THE CHERUBIM, BEFORE THE MERCY SEAT." The scene became almost distressing from its very sublimity. The pent up feelings of the congregation found vent in sobs, and audible groans and tears. Again and again he sank exhausted,