

thousand thousand fold you might learn again, if you turned to your right, or to your left, in this world, and found Christ—Christ the all glorious—Christ the all beautiful—Christ the full love of God—found Him, as you may, growing besides you, if I may so speak, and then begin to ask—“If there be a Father who has set all this love and grace besides me—close to my very heart—a Father who has not spared *this His own Son* but given Him up for us all, how shall he not *with Him also* freely give us all things?”

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THE CRADLE OF NOSS.

“And a queer cradle it is!” some of our readers will be likely to exclaim. The gulf, which is exactly presented in