

dictatorial, I crave your indulgence. How gladly would I receive instruction from the youngest amongst you! If bodily infirmity hinders my joining your assembly to-day, no clogs of the flesh can fetter the wings of the spirit. Still can I "joy and behold your order and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ." Still can I carry you unseen to the mercy-seat, that large blessing may descend. I part from you with a similitude which the locality in which you are now gathered has suggested. Now Mendip has caught the rain-cloud and detained it on its course, and the genial shower is falling to fertilize the hill pasture and enrich the plain. May such be the outpouring of the Spirit on you all and each, now the shadow has left the mountain, and even the "corrie" and the "combe" are sharing the sunshine from on high. Be such our blest experience! And when all terrestrial surroundings have departed, alike both as objects and as parables, may the blessed realities "within the veil" stand forth revealed in all their glory, and draw from our wondering lips the Queen of Sheba's exclamation, "Behold, the half was not told me!"

MIRACLES.

CHRIST'S wondrous miracles were signs indeed
 Of wondrous power, yet every miracle
 Of His had moral purpose, and was wrought
 To show this moral purpose, and perchance
 Thus is it that no longer we possess
 The power to do such deeds. Had you or I
 Such gifts, we still should heal unceasingly,
 Nor judge of the effects were cures but made.
 Where then would be God's discipline of pain?
 Where His just government of all His world?
 Where then would be His discipline of sorrow?

MACKENZIE BELL.
