

them every day, and never yet realized from whence they came?—If you have, heaven pity you.

You have murmured under affliction; but who has heard you rejoice over blessings? Do you ask what are the mercies? Ask the sunbeam, the rain-drop, the star or queen of night. What is life but mercy? What is health, strength, friendship, social life, the Gospel of Christ, divine worship? Had they the power of speech, each would say, "I am a mercy." Perhaps you never regarded them as such. If not you have been a dull student of nature or revelation.

What is the propriety of stopping to play with a thorn bush when you may just as well pluck sweet flowers, and eat pleasant fruits?

But we have seen enough of men to know that they have a morbid appetite for thorns.—If they have lost a friend they will murmur at the loss, if God has given them a score of new ones. And somehow, everything assumes a value when it is gone, which man would not acknowledge when he had it in his possession, unless, indeed, some one wished to purchase it.

Happy is he who looks at the bright side of life, of providence, and of revelation. Who avoids thorns, and thickets, and sloughs, until his Christian growth is such that if he cannot improve them, he may pass among them without injury. Count mercies before you complain of afflictions.

---

#### NOT AN ENTHUSIAST.

---

The energy of the manner of the late Rowland Hill and the power of his voice, are said to have been, at times, overwhelming. While once preaching at Wotton-under-Edge, his country residence, he was carried away by the impetuous rush of his feelings, and raising himself to his full height, exclaimed, "Beware, I am in earnest; men call me an enthusiast, but I am not; mine are words of truth and soberness. When first I came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill; I saw a gravel pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud, that I was heard to the town below, a distance of a mile. Help came and rescued two of the sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then—and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrecoverably in an eternal mass of work, and call on them to escape by repenting and fleeing to Christ, shall I be called an enthusiast? No, sinner, I am not an enthusiast in so doing."