

"THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL OF THE BLESSED GOD."

The following beautiful and eloquent eulogium upon the religion of the Bible, is from the pen of the celebrated *Vinet*:—we commend it to the millions who are floating "on the vast sea of human opinions"—"violently driven from one system to another," seeking for truth and rest and cannot find them. Judge not we say to such of the religion of Jesus by its numerous counterfeits. Go at once from all human systems. Sit as a little child at the feet of the Redeemer; learn of him from His own word, and you shall find rest to your soul.—

"But shall I hear from Christians, not the joyous accents of souls convinced, but the anxious appeals of hearts that are doubting still? No! let us together hail with our benedictions, that religion, alone complete, which responds to all the wants of man, in offering to each of his faculties an inexhaustible aliment; a religion of the imagination, to which it offers magnificent prospects; a religion of the heart, which it softens by the exhibition of a love above all love; a religion of thought, which it attaches to the contemplation of a system the most vast and harmonious; a religion of the conscience, which it renders at once more delicate and tranquil; but, above all, a religion of the grace and love of God; for it is necessarily all these combined. Why should not the truth entire satisfy men entire? Let us hail with admiration that religion which reconciles all these contrasts, a religion of justice and grace, of fear and love, of obedience and liberty, of activity and repose, of faith and reason; for if error has cut up and divided every thing in man, if it has made of his soul a vast scene of contradictions, truth brings back all into unity. Such is the religion which never entered into the heart of man, even in the highest culture of his moral sense, and the most extensive development of his intelligence; or, as the apostle expresses it, "which none of the princes of this world have known."

That which remained concealed from philosophers and sages, in the most brilliant periods of the human intellect, twelve poor fishermen, from the lakes of Judea, quitted their nets to announce to the world. Certainly they had not more of imagination, of reason, of heart, or of conscience, than the rest of mankind; yet they put to silence the wisdom of sages, emptied the schools of philosophers, closed the gates of every temple, extinguished the fire on every altar. They exhibited to the world their crucified Master, and the world recognised in him that which their anxious craving had sought in vain for three thousand years. A new morality, new social relations, and a new universe sprang into being, at the voice of these poor people, ignorant of letters and of all philosophy. It remains with your good sense to judge, if these twelve fishermen have used their own wisdom, or the wisdom which cometh from above.

We stop at this point,—man is found incapable of forming a religion, and God has come to the aid of his weakness. Bless, then, your God, from the bottom of your heart, you who after long search have at last found an asylum. And you who still float on the vast sea of human opinions, you who, violently driven from one system to another, feel your anguish increasing, and your heart becoming more and more tarnished; you