

and the richest hues : he sees no wonders ; not he ! He only marvels at your admiration, and is disposed, as the world deals with those whose delight is in the word and service of God, to set you down for a hypocrite or a fanatic, a liar or a fool. You are neither.—There are stars in heaven and flowers on earth. The man does not see them, because he is blind ; and so are we, if we have no relish for the word of God, nor see any gracious and glorious wonders there.

Open a blind man's eyes. With what amazement, admiration, happiness, overflowing joy will he gaze, nor tire gazing, on all above and around him, from the sun blazing in heaven to the tiniest flower that springs in beauty at his feet ! And let God open a sinner's eyes, the Bible will seem to him a new book, and he seem to himself a new creature.

Wonders ! He will see his heart and wonder at its wickedness.

He will see the Saviour, and wonder at his love.

He will see how God has spared him, and wonder at his long-suffering.

He will see sin in its true colour, and wonder he could love a thing so vile and so detestable.

He will see salvation as the one thing needful, and wonder he could have taken a night's rest, ventured to close his eyes in sleep, till he had found peace with God.

He will see the King in his transcendent beauty, and wonder, as he throws himself at Jesus' feet, that all the world does not do so—that all men do not go after him, saying, as he does, Jesus, thou art all my desire. Whom have I in heaven but thee ? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. Thou art chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely !—*Dr. Guthrie.*

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

A clergyman lately addressing a Christian audience on this subject, spoke as follows:—

I wish to tell you, my friends, how much I esteem, and how much every Christian minister esteems the religious press as his ally in doing good. And I wish to affirm that there is no other outward agency on earth which we prize so highly. The influence of a religious periodical in a family is valuable beyond computation,—as necessary, in the view of those who are accustomed to take and read it, as their daily bread; enlightening the minds of the religious public in respect to all religious operations; and, what is better, enlarging their hearts, making them Christians of large views

and large charities, because they thus learn what the world needs.

And to convince you, my brethren, of the interest I feel in this matter, and of the great importance I attach to the press as my helper in the ministry, I tell you that if I had the pecuniary ability I would pay for, and send regularly to every family in my congregation, a religious paper, rather than have them be without it. It is worth ten times more than it costs to any man. No head of a family ought to consent for a week to be without it. It will help you in every way. It will make you better Christians. I affirm that the Christians in every Church of largest views and most firmly established Christian character, and the most ready helpers of the pastor in every good word and work, are those who take and read a religious paper. Scarcely the extremest poverty should shut it out from your doors.

It will help to refine and train and Christianize your children. It will stir and warm your own hearts. It will inevitably and always do good. And, if it does not already spread its cheer around your firesides, I cannot but urge you not to let another week elapse before you enrich yourself by the possession of so great a treasure. Eminently as the religious press has been owned and blessed of God, it deserves a large place in every Christian household, in every Christian heart.

LET GO !

One great trouble with convicted sinners is that they don't believe in the grace of Christ and his willingness to save them just as they are. They long to acquire a sort of claim to mercy, by deep conviction, or long striving or great sacrifices. The idea of being saved wholly by the sovereign grace of Christ is not acceptable. Dr. Spencer, in his sketches, gives an illustration of this in a sermon reported by one of his inquirers :

" You know your sermon that you preached just before I came to have any hope—I don't remember the text—but it was about wandering sinners lost on the mountains."

" No, indeed, madam, I have no recollection of it."

" Well, I can't tell you what it was ; I can't repeat it ; may be I can tell you enough to make you remember it. I know you represented us in that sermon as lost sinners, lost in the woods, wandering over mountain after mountain, in dark and dangerous places, among the rocks and precipices, not knowing where we were going. It grew darker and darker—we were groping along, sometimes on the brink of a dreadful precipice, but didn't