

Hath He promised, and shall He not make it good? He is the God of truth; He cannot lie. But some one has truly said, "It is astonishing how much more ready some of us are to believe the father of lies than to believe our Father in heaven."

—Precious friend and unchangeable priest is Christ—sweeter to you than honey and the honeycomb. How great is the goodness He hath *laid up* for them that fear Him! Just as the miser lays up his money, that he may feast his eyes upon it, so Christ has laid up unsearchable riches, that He may supply all our need out of them. Unfathomable oceans of grace are in Christ for you. Dive and dive again, you will never come to the bottom of these depths. How many millions of dazzling pearls and gems are at this moment hid in the deep recesses of the ocean caves! But there are unsearchable riches in Christ. Seek more of them. The Lord enrich you with them!—*Mr Cheyne*.

—How very much the power of the minister's preaching depends on the preparation of the hearer's heart. If you come up to the church with your minds crowded with trifles and puffed up with vanity, what can ministers do? They can do nothing but beat the air. What else can they do if there be nothing before them but air to beat at? It will make a sound, and that is all. I fear that many of my dear people spend more time on the Sabbath morning in putting veils on their faces than in taking the veil off their hearts—more time in trying to make themselves appear before men what they are not, than in trying to make themselves appear before God what they are.—*Rev. W. Arnot*.

—No man needs to complain of want of power or opportunities for religious perfections. A devout woman in her closet, praying with much zeal and affection for the conversion of souls, is in the same order to a "shining like the stars in glory" as he who, by excellent discourses, puts it into a more forward disposition to be actually performed. Many times God is present in the still voice and private retirements of a quiet religion, and the constant spiritualities of an ordinary life; when the loud and impetuous winds, and the shining fires of more laborious and expensive actions, are profitable to others only, like a tree of balsam, distilling precious liquors for others, not for its own use.—*Jeremy Taylor*.