

SPRING, SPRING, BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

What happy thoughts are called forth while watching the sun rise on a bright spring morning, all nature awaiting in quiet peacefulness the coming day! As the sun darts forth his golden beams, one feathered songster, then another and another, warbles a note of gladness, until, grouping together in happy harmony, they burst into full chorus of grateful praise.

Willingly would we be reminded by these little messengers of joy that our waking thoughts, morning by morning, should be given to the Lord. Reader, have you not something to praise the Lord for—the bounteous giver of every good, your Preserver and Keeper, day by day, and hour by hour, even until now?

Let, then, your morning petition be—

“Come thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace:
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.”

One beam of light divine from Christ the Sun of Righteousness, can illumine the soul once dead in trespasses and sins, and can awaken it to life and joy. then, and only then, will the heart be rightly tuned to sing His praise—to join with the sweet singer of old in that praise which is acceptable to the Lord: “O sing unto the Lord a new song, sing unto the Lord, all the earth;” “Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name;” “I will praise Thee, O Lord my God, and I will glorify Thy name for evermore;” “To show forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night;” “Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee.”

May He who first made the light to shine out of darkness shine into your hearts, dear readers, so that you may see clearly the way of salvation, even Christ Jesus the Lord, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, “whom to know is life eternal.” Then, whether in Spring, Summer, Autumn or Winter, you will have found a light sufficient to guide you through all the changing scenes of your earthly pilgrimages.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Home has a thousand attractions. Who can feel indifferent to the place where he received his birth; where he passed his days of infancy, and indulged in the diversions of youth; where his body has been so often refreshed with sleep, and screened from piercing cold, and descending torrents; and where he has shared so many social joys, from conversation and looks, around the friendly fire, or the adjoining garden.—*Jay.*

ADMIT, that a man be never so well furnished with an ability of speaking suddenly and without premeditation; yet, certainly, premeditation and care would improve and heighten that ability, and give it a greater force and lustre, in all performances. And if so, we are to remember that God calls for our best and our utmost; we are to bring the fairest and choicest of our flock for an offering, and not to sacrifice a wandering, lame, unconnected discourse to God, when our time and our parts are able to furnish us with one much more accurate and exact.—*Rev Dr. Smith.*