

depths of sensualism, or become lost in the wretched mazes of externalism. When the sublime and saving idea of God is practically excluded from the Life, what wonder if they gradually degenerate into practical atheism. But on these matters I cannot now enlarge.

Christian Friends,—This is the first day of the New Year. What better topic could we consider at this time than that which concerns our human Life? To-day we start on a new stage of Life's momentous journey. The days and years which lie behind us are gone forever. Last night's bell fixed yesterday's closing year as firmly in the irrevocable past, as is the year of Adam's birth. To-day is ours in which to live; and future days are before us, which we may reasonably hope to see. But how many of these, who can tell? This is 1854. Look back to 1754, and the comparison shows many changes now accomplished. Other generations labored, and we have entered into their labors. Look forward, again, to 1954, and what dim images of change do we see rising there likewise. Other generations, again, will have entered into our labors, and be treading over our dust. But man's individual experience cannot sweep the centuries. These overshadow him, stretching their years before him and behind. The single years roll gradually past from their commencement to their close, and he may gather up the teaching thereof, as so many chapters in the volume of his experience. From the first day of 1854 we may look back to the first day of 1853, and though the days which intervene may have passed "swifter than a weaver's shuttle," we may still see that they, too, have brought many changes. And then, again, when we look forward to the first day of 1855, dim images of change rise once