

THE
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“ THAT THE SOUL BE WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE, IT IS NOT GOOD.”—Prov. xix. 2.

JANUARY 1st, 1858.

WE have entered upon another year. No voice of trumpet heralded the event—no change in the face of nature marks it. Transition from one season of time to another makes no such appeal to the senses as change of locality. Two scenes will hardly be found in the longest journey precisely alike. Continued variety reminds the traveller that he is moving onward, and prevents him from imagining that he is ever stationary. It is not so in the progress of time. One day is so like another, one week so like the week that preceded it, that we are very ready to forget that life is fast passing away. Even those remarkable events which distinguish particular periods and render them memorable have little influence in arresting our attention and fixing it upon the *constant* flight of time. The Old Year goes out, and the New Year comes in, and we are sensible of no change. We are advised of the fact only by the Almanac, or the kindly greetings of our friends.—Every one of us knows that another year of life is gone,—that by so much is death—and the judgment—and eternity nearer; but we know this—not by any sensible experience—but by logical process, and truth thus known does not strongly impress. To learn the lessons of the season then we must give ourselves to earnest and prayerful meditation. “So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.”

The Old Year has passed away,

“Gone! gone forever!—like a rushing wave
Another year has burst upon the shore
Of earthly being—and its last low tones
Wandering in broken accents on the air
Are dying to an echo!”

A very profound thinker has happily illustrated “the time of our sojourning as regards its inevitable and constant expenditure by the position of a criminal confined in a vault. There is water within reach which he draws for himself—but draws in darkness. The supply is limited, but its amount unknown. It has sufficed for the past, and it suffices for the present. But it is contained in a reservoir. It does not spring up from a fountain. He drew from it yesterday, as he had drawn from it the day before; and draws