

3. I cannot agree with your correspondent in her anti-preaching views: for highly as I value the Bible, and I would bless the Lord for his Holy Word in my own language; yet I must not forget the following portion of it, in my admiration of it as a whole. "And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark xvi. 15. "And he sent them to preach the Kingdom of God, and to heal the sick."—Luke ii. 2. "And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and to preach Jesus Christ."—Acts v. 42. "And he commanded us to preach," &c.—Acts x. 42. "That is the word of faith which we preach."—Rom. x. 8. "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe. But we preach Christ crucified," &c.—1 Cor. i. 21. 23. "For though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of, for necessity is laid upon me; yea, *woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel.*"—1 Cor. ix. 16. Beside these, there are numerous passages bearing on the subject, commands to preach it, and examples of its being done, and enjoined by the Apostle.

Our blessed Lord, even during his personal ministry on earth, says: "But when he saw the multitudes he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd. Then saith he to his disciples, the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few: Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest."—Matt. ix. 36—38.

My object, Sir, in addressing my former letter to you, has been misunderstood by your correspondent. It was not to supersede the use of the Scriptures of truth, that I called for ministers of the gospel to "go over and help" those people; nor was it to excite controversy; but that the distribution of the Word of God, it had been my duty and privilege to promote, might be followed up by the labours of his servants, that sinners might be converted unto him, and his people edified and "built up in their most holy faith."

I am, dear Sir, your's truly,

JAMES MILNE.

Montreal, December 14, 1839.

The New Year.

They pass, they pass—how swiftly do they fly,
Like shadows frail that melt in air away—
Like clouds that flit o'er evenings troubled sky,
They still elude our gaze—they will not stay.
They pass away—these fleeting years,
Blended with gladness and with tears;
E'en like the summer's flowing stream,
Or like the night's bewildering dream.

And whither do we tend? Is it the way
To Zion's hill wherein our footsteps go?
And is it Bethlehem's holy star, whose ray
Guides us in this our pilgrimage below?
Or does a sunny pathway smile
Before us, and our thoughts beguile;
A broad way, richly strewed with flowers—
Is that smooth path of evil ours?

Thou everlasting One, whose years fail not—
Eternal, undecaying, mighty God!
Frail, frail are we, and changes mark our lot,
But change can reach not to thy high abode.
In bright and deathless majesty,
Thou ever reignest there on high;
But we—a moment sees us here—
The next—and lo, we disappear!

And now we call on thee, as years pass by,
Oh teach our hearts to number them aright;
Give us the heavenly hope that will not die—
Illumine our souls with pure celestial light;
And lead us onward by thy grace,
Till we shall see thy glorious face;
And praise thee better far than here,
Through heaven's eternal, blissful year.