

tempt and malignity to the narration of the young parson's doings; and explain the whole phenomena by a general principle, inexpressibly galling and discouraging to the young parson. "Oh," says the cynical, heartless old individual, "new brooms sweep clean!" That was all. The whole thing was explained and settled. I should like to apply a new knout to the old individual, and see if it would cut smartly.

"What is the use of washing my hands," said a little boy in my hearing: "they will very soon be dirty again!" Refuse, my reader, to accept the principle implied in the little boy's words: however specious it may seem. Whitewash your manse, if you be a Scotch minister, some time in April: paint your house in town, however speedily it may again grow black. Write your sermons diligently: write them on the very best paper you can get, and in a very distinct and careful hand: and pack them with attention in a due receptacle. It is, no doubt, only a question of time how long they will be needed, before the day of your departure shall make them no more than waste paper. Yet, though things which cannot go on, you may hope to get no small use out of them, to others and to yourself, before the time when the hand that travelled over the pages shall be cold with the last chill; and the voice that spoke these words shall be hushed for ever."

You understand me, my friend. You know the kind of people who revenge themselves upon human beings who meanwhile seem happy, by suggesting the idea that it cannot last. You see Mr. A., delighted with his beautiful new church: you know how Miss B. thinks the man to whom she is to be married next week, the handsomest, wisest, and best of mankind: you behold the elation of Mr. C. about the new pair of horses he has got: and if you be a malicious blockhead, you may greatly console yourself in the spectacle of the happiness of those individuals, by reflecting, and perhaps by saying, that it is all one of those things that cannot go on. Mr. A. will in a few months find no end of worry about that fine building: Miss B.'s husband, at present transfigured to her view, will settle into the very ordinary being he is; and Mr. C.'s horses will prove occasionally lame, and one of them a permanent roarer. Yet I think a wise man may say, I am aware I cannot go on very long; yet I shall do my best in my little time. I look at the right hand which holds my pen. The pen will last but for a short space; yet that is no reason why I should slight it now. The hand may go on longer. Yet, warm as it is now, and faithfully obeying my will as it has done through all those years, the day is coming when it must cease from its long labours. And, for myself, I am well content that it should be so. Let us not

strive against the silent current, that bears us all away.

"Shall I go on?" said Sterne, telling a touching story, familiar to most of us: and he answered his question by adding "No." "It is good," said an eminent author, "to make an end of a thing, which might go on for ever." And on the whole, probably this Essay had better stop. And at this genial season, of kind wishes and old remembrances, we may fitly enough consider that these New Year's days cannot very often return to any. All this habitude of being cannot very long go on. Yet, in our little span here, we may gain possessions which never will fail. It is not a question of Time, with that which grows for Eternity! God grant each of us, always more assuredly, that Better Part, which can Go On for ever!—*Good Words.*

### Notes from Church History.

THE readers of the *Record* will, we trust, pardon us for drawing their attention, occasionally from "the Present" to "the Past," for reminding them of what has been already accomplished in History, instead of telling them of what is now being accomplished. And living as we do, in an age and country, where public attention is very much absorbed in the concerns of the Present, and the probable results of the Future, where the grand questions are "what is?" and "what shall be?" and not "what has been?" we think an occasional glance at History may not be unprofitable. We all know how closely the Present, the Past and the Future are connected, not only in order of time, but also in succession of events—that the Present is the child of the Past, just as the Future shall be the child of the Present. And for our own part, we are ready to confess that some of our happiest, and, perhaps most profitably spent moments, are passed, among "the things that were." Grand, wise and solemn teachers, are they, truly. Up they come from the shadowy Past, each having a tale to tell, and a lesson to impart. They bear us back to other times, and leave us among the events and the men of other years. They place us and the men of our age face to face with the "mighty dead," and then leave us to make our comparisons, and draw our inferences. There, they stand, embalmed in History, ready for our inspection. Yet that same History mellows and glorifies the character, and enables us through the calm light, which it throws upon each group, to view them with a calm composure, and a steady eye. There the tread of the warrior is still heard as of old, but now it approaches with muffled footfall—his armour is still buckled on, but the sword rests in the scabbard. The student still sits in his study, but his books are shut, and his lamp is gone.