

have we not in exchange got a nearer view of the heavenly mansions? If our thoughts travel there frequently in quest of those we have loved here, do we not find the society of the redeemed, even in anticipation very sweet, so that our affections are gradually being set on things above instead of things below.

But in addition to our history, as a nation or as a family, we have our private and individual history, and this will come home to my young readers more than any other. Ask yourselves then what 1855 has done for you in these particulars.

1st. What improvement have you made in the studies with which most of you are engaged? What stores of knowledge have you laid up for future use? What progress, in strengthening your minds, in concentrating your powers of attention, in giving due diligence to those opportunities of acquiring knowledge you have enjoyed during the past year, and which, for any thing you know, may never return. If conscience cannot give a satisfactory reply, make it a subject of humiliation and prayer, and endeavour for the future to redeem the time.

2nd. Examine whether the close of this year finds you with habits of greater gentleness and kindness? Are you more humble, more watchful? Is self less prominent, truth more precious,—your besetting sin of indolence, idleness, pride, self-love, whatever it be—is it less lively, more guarded against? Can you trace real marked progress here? If not, remember, that if by God's grace indwelling sin is not weakened in us, it will assuredly get the mastery over us, until we become, in every deed, slaves of sin.

3rd. Has the last year witnessed your acceptance of the precious message of salvation? has it seen you come to Christ as lost sinner, and pass from death to life, because you have believed in the name of the Son of God, or if former years have borne testimony to this blessed change,

and you have been numbered among the little flock? How have you grown in grace? What progress has been made in searching into that mine of Christ's love, whose height, and depth, and breadth, and length passeth knowledge? Have you more faith, and hope, and joy? Have the fruits of the spirit been abundant? Have you adorned your profession, and glorified God, in all things? Alas! we ear all of us must confess to much sin and shortcoming in this respect.

Let us cease not therefore to cry unto God, who alone is able to keep us from falling, that with a new year, we may have new hearts, with new mercies, new grace, so that when there shall be no more, we may be admitted to the New Jerusalem above.

Child at Play.

A rosy child went forth to play,
In the first flush of hope and pride,
Where sands in silver beauty lay,
Made smooth by the retreating tide;
And, kneeling on the trackless waste,
Whence ebb'd the waters many a smile,
He raised in hot and trembling haste,
Arch, wall, and tower—a goodly pile.

But, when the shades of evening fell,
Veiling the blue and peaceful deep,
The tolling of the vesper bell
Called that boy builder home to sleep,
He passed a long and restless night,
Dreaming of structures tall and fair,
He came with the returning light,
And lo! the faithless sands were bare.

Less wise than the unthinking child,
Are all that breathe of mortal birth,
Who grasp, with strivings warm and wild,
The false and fading toys of Earth,
Gold, learning, glory—what are they
Without the faith that looks on high?
The sand-forts of a child at play,
Which are not when the waves goes by,

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