

Thus you will live such a life, that the beasts of the field or the reptiles of the woods will be far better off than you.

Colonel Gardiner, in his days of worldly dissipation, when some of his gay companions were congratulating him upon his happiness, saw a dog enter the room, and groaning inwardly wished, "Oh that I were that dog!" O reader! if you live an ungodly life, every beast in the field, and every bird in the air, and every reptile in the dust, and every fish in the sea, is in a better state than you.—They have no souls to be saved or lost, no hell to escape, no heaven to secure, no God to offend, no Saviour to slight; but you have a soul that must live for ever, and if you spend the year without God, through all its months, you will be losing happiness and securing woe, and rebelling against a gracious God and a compassionate Redeemer.

A happy new year was wished you; but oh, consider no year can be truly happy unless it be spent in the service of God.

These solemn truths are rendered more solemn by the consideration, that there is no neutral path through the world; you must spend the year as a child of God or as his enemy. The Lord declares, "He that is not with me is against me," Matt. xii. 30. He that is not my decided friend, I reckon as my decided foe. To one class or the other you must belong. If you will not decidedly spend the year for God, you must spend it for Satan. Oh, think of these truths and of the Saviour's claims; and that the year may be a happy one, give him your heart. Hear and submit and pray, while the God of all grace speaks, "Come out from among them, (the worldly and the vain,) and be ye separate, saith the Lord; and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty," 2 Cor. vi. 17, 18. Can angels have higher honor or a richer portion?—*British Tract.*

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### The Name.

"And he called his name Jesus."—MATT. i. 25.

WHAT is there in a name? is often asked, when it might as easily be answered; for in the world the power of a name is sometimes tremendous; the value set upon a name is frequently capable of very costly proof; the influence of the dread of names is a power in continual operation, with sometimes a wholesome, oftener a dangerous, efficacy.

There may be, and often has been, comprehended in a name, all that we love, or fear, or desire, or pursue, or live for, or would die for if we might. It is told of our English Queen Mary, that she used to say that when she died, the name of Calais would be found written on her heart. On many a heart—on many a conscience—and on many a brain, names are thus written, though they be not

found: visible as the daylight; burnt in as with a sunbeam; indelible as the iron-graven rock so long as life and sense remain—and who knows how much longer?—where love and grief, unkindness, injury, terror and remorse, need nothing for all but the memory of a single word.

Of the talisman power of *One Name* I had a very touching experience once. It was many years ago, but it recurs to me often on hearing that name pronounced. I went, on behalf of a Visiting Society, to administer relief to an individual at a certain house in a miserable street in the neighborhood of Gray's-Inn-Lane. I passed through filth and wretchedness enough before I found the door; and when it was opened, hesitated, with some sense of fear as well as horror, on being directed to go down a flight of stone steps, broken and dark and of no very easy descent. I knew my errand, however; and that the case had been previously ascertained to be deserving: so I proceeded. The place was horrible: a cellar: a cellar six feet square, nearly filled up with a pallet bedstead, except the space occupied by two broken chairs and a little wooden table close to the hearth. There was no perceptible light but from the fire, and no air but down the steps,—the square hole that might have been a window being stuffed with old rags and paper to keep out the cold. All thoughts, however, of the place was banished on seeing the loathsome object in possession of it. I have never since beheld anything in the form of humanity so hideous as that figure. A painting might convey the impression I retain of it, but a description cannot. It was an old woman, as she had crawled or perhaps been lifted from her bed, seated quite double upon a chair beside the fire. She was covered rather than clothed with rags, without shoes, and her bare feet projecting through her stockings; her face of such extraordinary ugliness as I cannot account for even by age and misery. She held in her hand a large rusty carving fork: her bare legs were projected almost under the grate, and her head intently bent over a saucepan that was on the fire. I took the other chair—which was not offered to me—and attempted some words of enquiry, but in vain; for all answer I was informed that a savoy cabbage, coveted many weeks with great desire, had been that morning purchased for three half pence, and she was waiting till it "boiled soft" with no small impatience for the longed-for treat. I spoke of my errand to relieve her wants; suggested mutton broth, and hinted at worsted stockings, but still in vain; she did not turn so much as a look upon me; in went the fork to try the boiling cabbage, and all my answer was the length of time it had been boiling. I adverted to her condition; spoke of suffering, privation, age, death, judgment, all the common topics with which charity feels its way to the callous heart and the unwilling