

look steadily at the past, though it should appear to memory as accursed ground, haunted by the hideous spectres of wicked days and nights; and, in deep penitence, beg a merciful God to wipe it out with the blood of Christ, shed "for the remission of sins that are past through the forbearance of God?" And as to the future, how can you—how dare you—fly from Him who alone can guide you—protect you—help you—keep you from evil; and without whose grace to help, time, in spite of all its mercies, will prove a preparation for an eternity of woe? Whatever you do, then *forget not God!* but meet Him through a Redeemer, and be at peace!

We do not, however, intend, at present, to particularize those exercises suitable to a new year; but to lift up a warning voice against a common sin, and reckless state of mind, which convert a season which, in the case of every professing Christian, should be fruitful to God in prayers and thanksgivings, into a season which, in the case of thousands, is fruitful to Satan in base ingratitude, and heartless dissipation, and reckless folly.

Let it not be supposed that we are enemies to those domestic enjoyments common at this season, expressed even in the family feast, the jocund laugh, and the stirring music. There are times when it is "meet we should be merry;" and when that merriment, we believe, may be shewn in these ordinary forms of social happiness. Though, perhaps, incurring from some the charge of being "wine bibbers and gluttonous," we maintain, that there are seasons of festivity, when to Christians who have the means at their disposal, and with even more propriety than to Jews, may be applied the words of the old commandment—"Thou shalt bestow thy money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after, for oxen, or for sheep, or for wine, or for strong drink, or for whatsoever thy soul desireth; and thou shalt eat before the Lord thy God, and thou shalt rejoice, thou and thy household!" (Deut. xiv. 26.) But mark the words "*before the Lord!*" It is this principle which is to regulate *all* such outward means and expressions of enjoyment. Our enjoyments, whatever these are, must be received from God, and returned to God in gratitude, love, and obedience. "Whether we eat, or drink, or whatever we do, we must do all to the glory of God." All must be in harmony with our submission to Him, delight in Him, and a realizing sense of His presence; so that if anything is said or done which we would not wish Christ to see or hear, that thing *must* be wrong. We would then beseech of our readers never to fly to Satan for happiness. "He is a liar" and "murderer from the beginning." There is nothing he gives us; but God gives us in an infinitely better form. All Satan's gifts and pleasures are abuses and perversions of those permitted and bestowed by God, who "gives us *all* things *richly* to enjoy." Sinful pleasure is coin designed origi-

nally by God to make us rich towards Himself, but robbed from the treasury of Christ's kingdom, and brought into the kingdom of darkness; and there being stamped with the foul image of its prince, is bestowed by him as a bribe and reward for rebellion against God, and as means of "buying souls of men!" Bring in the new year as Christ's happy, prayerful, thankful, confiding people; and not as Satan's prayerless, miserable, ungrateful, and drunken slaves! And thus you will have a *good* New Year!

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(For the "Monthly Record.")

1862.

THE NEW YEAR lifted its crowned head
From the grave of its silent sire.
And rose, like the phoenix, in strength arrayed,
From the dust of that funeral pyre.
He put on his robes of state and pride,
And stood by the sounding sea.
Where flowed the current and ebb'd the tide—
Of Time and Eternity.

His glance o'er the mighty earth was bent,
And a goodly realm was there,
Then opened his sire's last testament,
As beseeched the rightful heir.
But a weary look came o'er his brow,
And his glance was changed and dim.
While his brow grew dark for a year of grace
At the legacy left to him.

There were tangles and troubles at every turn.
Battle and fears to subdue.
Middles to ravel, and problems to learn.
Nor to one had he ever a clue—
Wrong to be righted the wide world o'er
Wherever the sun shone down;
The NEW YEAR sighed, as he felt he wore
A chain in place of a crown.

From the ruddy East to the green wide West
Defection and fear prevailed.
Revolt was lifting its blood-stained crest.
And hope in its presence quailed;
From New Zealand's Isle unto far Japan,
Outstretching from pole to pole,
To the land where a despot's galling chain
Roused the Magyar's free-born soul;

Where *Italy* sounded her vine-wreathed lyre
The sky wore a smiling glow,
But the crater emitted its sparks of fire,
And the lava was hot below;
While *France* looked up with a puzzled brow
From her army, and iron-clad fleet,
With a failing exchequer, perchance a foe
For her wily lord to meet.

And England, great England, was ill at ease,
As the Eagle, oy jackdaws pecked,
Her mighty fleets and her argosies
Of commerce the ocean flecked.
Alone, yet strong in her glorious part,
She lifted her stately head,
But a wail rose up from her mother's heart
For the millions who ask for bread.

Where crowded factories dim the sky
With the smoke of their weary toil,
The suffering poor, and their children, cry
For return of the CORROX spoil.