

affording nourishment for the present and pledges for the future. For that future, be not heedlessly, unbelievably anxious. It is all in God's hands. He would that you should live each day upon Him as a little child—simple in your faith, unshaken in your confidence, clinging in your love. Let each morning's petition be—ever linking it with the precious name of Jesus, that "name which is above every name"—"My Father! give me this day my daily bread." Then, O yes, then shall the promise be fulfilled, and its fulfilment shall be the immediate answer to your prayer—"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

Inspired by the prospect of going home, we shall be watchful that nothing hides it from our view or hinders our growing meekness for its enjoyment. "Arise ye, and depart, this is not your rest," is the yet impressive voice—uttered by each drooping flower, and dying spring, and fading beam of earth-born good. Each moment we leave the desert behind us. We lose nothing, but we gain much; each night we pitch our tent "a day's march nearer home." The hope of the man whose portion is in his life is continually darkening and deteriorating. Each revolving year brings him nearer to the end and the loss of all his treasures. Unconverted reader, ponder this! But the hope of a believer in Jesus is rendered all the more lively, more precious, and more bright as time approaches eternity. Growing more intense, it

becomes more sanctifying. Like the highland stream, dashing from the rock, and purifying itself as it courses its way to the ocean, Christian hope purifies the heart in which it dwells. Gently disentwining its thoughts, affections, and desires from a too clinging attachment to terrestrial objects, it bears them onward to the sea of glory towards which it flows. Forward, then, with firmer tread, and with swifter wing to the hope laid up for us in heaven. Animated by such a hope, with a home before us so alluring and so near, shall we linger on our way to pluck the blighted flower, to admire the receding landscape, or even to build our tabernacle upon the mount all glowing with the Saviour's presence? We are leaving behind us, all present scenes of sadness and of joy. An Arabian prince, on approaching the city of Damascus, was so overwhelmed by the splendor of the city, that he paused at its entrance and said, "I expect to enter one paradise; but if I enter this city I shall be so caught by its blandishments, as to lose sight of the paradise in which I hope to enter." He refused to advance, and erected at a short distance from it a monument, upon which he inscribed this remarkable sentiment. Journeying to a heaven infinitely surpassing a Mahomedan paradise—a heaven of perfect knowledge, of perfect holiness, of perfect love—shall we allow the dazzle of earthly blandishments to blind our eye to the glory so soon to be revealed?

"Here we have no continuing city, we seek one to come."

Not yet come to the heavenly rest, we still are approaching it, and, O, ecstatic thought! we shall reach it at last. Everything in our present course reminds us that we are nearing home, as the sea-weed washed from the rocks, and as the land birds venturing from their bowers and floating by the vessel, are indices to the voyager that he is nearing his port. Are you bereaved?—weep not! earth has one tie less, and heaven has one tie more. Are you impoverished of earthly substance?—grieve not! your imperishable treasure is in heaven. Are you sailing over dark and stormy waters?—fear not! the rising flood but lifts your ark the higher and nearer the mount of perfect safety and endless rest. Are you battling with disease, conscious that life is ebbing and eternity is nearing?—tremble not! there is light and music in your lone and shaded chamber—the dawn and the chimings of your heavenly home.

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

Eternal God the purple morning breaketh,
And with its dawning comes another year.
We humbly pray Thee to Thy keeping take us,
Then we will front the future without fear.

Shine on our minds, Thou Day-star, in Thy splendor,
Fill Thou our hearts with joy and love and light,
From souls sin-darkened chase away the shadows
That now enshroud us in a dreary night.

O God of goodness and of grace unbounded,
Who in Thy love Thy Son to us didst give,
Look down in mercy from Thy throne upon us,
And in Thy light teach us each year to live.

So shall we grow in strength, and love, and knowledge,
And firmly hold upon our upward way!
So shall our path be as the light of morning,
That shineth more and more to perfect day.

As with doubtful hands we push away the shades and take our first steps in the opening year, the thought cannot fail to come to us all of how little we know what is before us. Living, but living an uncertain life, let the season utter its warnings. One thing is certain, that if you desire improvement in anything, it will never come to you accidentally. It must begin in a distinct, resolved purpose to make a change for the better. I call on you to give this day to a serious review of your life, of what you have been living for, and of what you purpose henceforth to live for. Give one day to this, and let it be this first day of the year: at least begin the year aright. Here you stand at the parting of the ways: some road you are to take; and as you stand here, consider and know how it is that you intend to live. Carry no bad habits, no corrupting associations, no enmities and strifes, into this new year. Leave these behind, and let the dead Past bury its dead; leave them behind, and thank God that you are able to leave them.