

to prepare a place for you.—I will come again, and receive you to myself: that where I am, there ye may be also." "Where I am, there shall also my servant be." John xiv. 2. 3; xii. 26.

How cheering is this joyous prospect. A poor negro in a wretched hut, smarting under the horrid bonds of American slavery, was heard, in plaintive broken English, singing of his hope. His song was—

Oh! poor negro, he will go

Some one day.

Over the water and the snow—far away

Over the mountain big and high.

Some one day.

To that country in the sky—far away.

Jesus Massa bring me home

Some one day.

Then I'll live with the Holy One—far away.

Ein no more, my heart make sore,

Some one day.

And I praise my Jesus evermore—far away.

"And," said one who heard the negro sing, "is this religion? Blessed religion! O my God! with this religion I should be satisfied, in a dungeon, in exile, or in chains. Be thou my portion, then let the men of this world divide among them all else they can find beneath the sun."

Should you thus know the Saviour, and die this year, what delightful changes will take place in your condition before the year's last day comes! The happiness of leaving all ills behind will be but a small part of your blessedness. This year you will meet your God and Saviour. Solemn as must be the interview, it will be joyful; how joyful, none can imagine. This year you will be welcomed by your Lord; this year join the happy company of the redeemed. How changed then, next new year's day, will be your state from what it is now, and from what that of surviving fellow-Christians will be then! they with men, you with angels and with God; they troubled pilgrims, you a triumphant saint; they on earth, and you in heaven. Your prayers will then have been answered, your hopes more than realized. How changed will be your employments; from the low toils and labors of earth, to the exalted engagements of heaven! You will hear sweeter hymns than were ever heard below, and join in nobler worship than was ever offered here. You will have reached your home. All will be peace, rapture, safety, and triumph; and the song of your heart, as of your lips will be, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.—Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

Oh bless! a change! to begin the year with mortal worshippers and to end it among the worshippers before the throne! to begin it

with men and to end it in the presence of God and of the Lamb!

It is certain that your last year will soon arrive, and it is uncertain whether this may not be that solemn year. Under these circumstances, it is the part of wisdom to act as if you knew this indeed to be your last. *Are you a faithful Christian?* If you had this knowledge, how humble, and prayerful, and active would you be! you would rise in the morning and go to rest at night with this thought, I shall see but a few more mornings and a few more evenings, for this year I shall die. What privilege would you slight, what prayer would be formal, while still you felt, I am to die this year? These should be your feelings now; for though uncertain whether or not you must die this year, it is not very unlikely that you may.

If you are *destitute of gospel blessings*, and knew that you must die this year, would not alarm and terror seize you? Would you not feel, My time is almost ended, my day of salvation nearly finished; I must turn now or never. I am near to hell, and must escape—now, or never, escape: I am to die this year. Would you not pray, "God be merciful to me a sinner, and show me thy salvation?" Uncertain of living, thus should you flee to the arms of heavenly mercy.

While you enter this new year there is one other supposition; *this year may not be your last*. Should this be the case, what will the year be to you? What will be your state next new year's day? Here, again, all turns on the question whether you are a devoted disciple of Jesus, or whether you are yet in your sins. If you are his, you will live to his honour; assisted by his Spirit and constrained by his love you will spend another year in his service. His precepts will guide, his example instruct, his promises cheer, and his power support you. Through the year you will travel towards your heavenly home, and its last day will find you twelve months nearer to that blessed rest. Then, whether your path be rough or smooth, all will be well. Salvation, in all its riches, and glory, and completeness, will be a year nearer to you than it was on new year's day.

Connected with this part of the subject there is another supposition. Many that live through the year will spend it without God. Should you do this, what will the year be to you?—Another season of mercy and favour on God's part, made by you a season of ingratitude, rebellion, and sin. At the close of the year, with you, all will be ill. More sins will load your guilty soul than load it now, and each of them weighty enough to sink you to eternal death; your heart, now hard, will then be harder. Conversation, difficult now, will be less likely then.—Through another year you will slight the Saviour, rebel against the God of heaven, by the sins of twelve months more invite his anger, and serve and please the wicked one.