

They have carried their accusation or acquittal before the eternal throne, never to be altered or revoked. Nothing can blot out their evil character, or increase their merit. Their moral value is fixed to all eternity. On the records of heaven they are inscribed as with a pen of iron. Time is hurrying us on with rapid and unwearied steps into that eternity where time is no more and opportunity ceases. But though time ceases with us at death, its effects are eternal. As accountable beings, we shall have to give an account, at the great day, of the manner in which we have used our opportunities. The question will be put—"How much hast thou gained?" Let us now anticipate the question, and say, each one to himself: "Am I redeeming the time? Am I devoting my strength and talents to the great end of life, and serving God?" It is better to put this question now, than have it addressed to us when an error will be beyond remedy.

Forgiveness of Sin.

THE forgiveness that is with God is such as becomes Him, such as is suitable to His greatness, goodness, and other excellencies of His nature, such as that wherein He will be known to be God. It is not like that narrow, difficult, halving and manacled forgiveness that is found amongst men, when any such thing is found amongst them; but it is full, free, boundless, bottomless, absolute—such as becomes His nature and excellencies. It is, in a word, *forgiveness that is with God*, and by the exercise whereof He will be known so to be. If there be any pardon with God, it is such as becomes Him to give: when He pardons, He will abundantly pardon. Go with your half-forgiveness, limited, conditional pardons with reserves and limitations, unto the sons of men; it may be it may become them—it is like themselves: that of God is absolute and perfect, before which our sins are as a cloud before the east wind and the rising sun. Hence He is said to do this work with His whole heart and His whole soul, freely, bountifully, largely, to indulge and forgive unto us our sins, and to cast them unto the bottom of the sea, unto a bottomless ocean, an emblem of infinite mercy.—*John Owen, D. D.*

A Hymn for the New Year.

THE year has gone beyond recall:
We thank Thee, Father, Lord of all,
For daily mercies, faithful love.
All praise to Him that dwells above!

Thou hast, through all the year that's sped,
Helped us in peril and in need—
Hast warmed our souls with gracious fire,
And hast not spote us in Thine ire.

Our ears have heard Thy precious Word—
A treasure great—the Spirit's sword.
Thou hast not fed our souls alone,
But favors to our bodies shown.

To the believer's prayer and tear
Thou hast vouchsafed a loving ear;
Thou hast enriched us from Thy store.
Glory to God for evermore!

Should trials hard our lot assail,
Then let Thy grace and love prevail.
Pardon our error and our sin.
Our body help, and soul within.

Let Thy Word flourish evermore,
And Jesus reign on every shore.
Grant faithful preachers; make us free
From error, sloth, hypocrisy.

Our rulers clothe with ruling grace,
Averting war—preserving peace,
That they and we, in blest repose,
Our lives may and our labors close.

Cause rain to fall—the sun to shine,
That grass may grow, and corn, and wine.
To us and every creature give
What all require that they may live.

Give us enough for every day,
No surplus and no penury.
That thus our hearts no load may feel—
That, thus supplied, we may not steal.

Is it resolved, in Thy decree,
That we no other years shall see?
Then aid us by Thy gracious power,
Grant us a happy dying hour.

Then let our soul to Thee ascend.
Our bodies in the grave defend;
Both raise, and both to glory bring,
Thy praise eternally to sing.

Literal Translation from the German.

NOTE.—The above hymn may very appropriately be sung to the well known tune of the "Portuguese Hymn." A. P.

A PAGE FOR SABBATH SCHOLARS.

Shortened that it could not Save.

A TRUE TALE.

VERY lately there was a wild gale which broke upon the east coast of England, and in many spots the planks and other gear of wrecked ships were strewn upon the beach. Particularly at one point, in sight of a Northumberland village, a trading vessel was seen from the beach making way with great difficulty in the teeth of the tempest. It was obvious that those on board wished to round a cape that stretched some length into the sea, and then to run northward for a harbor of refuge. But both wind and wave lashed with dark awfulness against them, and it was evident to all who looked on—and they were hundreds, alarmed and running with loud cries along the cliff—that the struggle could not last—the vessel was doomed. And by and by, accordingly, those who steered it plainly gave the trial up; so that turning broadside on, it was seen drifting unmanageable before the storm.