

from a lively sensation of pleasure in the communion it enables you to hold with its Divine Author—the Divine friend of your love. And in proportion as your religious knowledge rises into faith, and faith ripens into spiritual experience, you will be enabled fully to enter into the spirit of the Psalmist's words, when he said, "More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold."

### How do You intend to "Take in the New Year?"

THIS may perhaps meet the eye of some one who intends, "as usual," to end one year and begin another with drunken revelry. We believe that, as respects such customs, there is a great and decided improvement among all classes; yet it is notorious, that thousands of our people who are habitually sober, join the ranks of the profligate and dissipated at the season of the New Year. And from the excuses that are made for such conduct, and the judgments which are passed upon it by even professing Christians, one would think that God's laws were suspended upon "New Year's Day;" that for one day, at least, men were permitted, with impunity, to have their "hearts overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness," and to "waste their substance in riotous living;" that for one day Satan was "loosed a little season" upon earth, and that people were indulged with the privilege of "following the beast!" And what is said of many such followers? "Oh! he is a very respectable tradesman,—a good man,—a sober man too. He forgets himself, to be sure, about the New Year; but he cannot be much blamed for that; it is the custom you know. People are so happy!" These are some of the ignorant and wicked comments which are made by those who should know better, upon the excesses too commonly connected, alas! with the New Year; whereas, if men would only reflect, they would perceive, that at no season of the year is intoxication (though at all times sinful and vile) so peculiarly base and wicked as at that period, when we end one year and begin another, and which is so solemnizing to every thoughtful mind. The last day of this year will end to each man a history peculiar to himself,—and, to himself more interesting than the history of Europe! To some it will be as the happy close of a sunny day;—to others, as the midnight hour of a day of gloom followed by the shadows of a dark and stormy evening. One man may enter upon another year with glad hope, as if it were the opening gate of Paradise; another, with tottering step, and groping hand as if it were the entrance of the valley and shadow of death. But however strong the feelings may be which the past summons up, or the future kindles, can we conceive a more

degraded way of expressing them than by drunkenness? Conceive only the drunkard resolving thus to shew his sense of what he has received during the past, or thus to prepare himself to meet the future. We will picture him to ourselves, soliloquising somewhat in the following manner:—"The year is now come to an end! I have been a very lucky, a very happy man, during the last year. Let me see if I can recal the mercies shewn to myself and family. Mercies? I cannot number them!—they have been new every morning and evening. Every hour of the 24 of each of the 365 days that are gone, have been full of mercies. I can recal peculiar mercies too,—such as, deliverance of myself, or some near and dear to me, from danger, sickness, death,—and the obtaining of other special blessings;—and all this year, mercies have been added to those of the many years which are gone! Reviewing those mercies, I shall—get drunk! and thus shall I banish from my memory every thought of God who has given me all; and by doing what He hates, I shall testify that I love Him not, and feel no gratitude towards Him!" Or shall we suppose this man not only reviewing the past and present, but contemplating the future? Conceive him, then, saying "I know not what awaits me! This coming year may be to me, or to my family, a year of poverty, sickness, or death! What trials or temptations may come to me! This year I may meet my Saviour! But whatever comes, I shall enter upon the future, and prepare for its coming events, by—getting drunk!" We do not say, that any one of our readers would be so daringly impious as to express himself in such words as these, but what else do men *practically* declare, when they *act* as we have supposed them to do? It is no valid excuse to say, "Oh! we never intended to shew either our ingratitude to God for the past, or our indifference to His providence for the future. It was mere thoughtlessness and an evil custom. We forgot ourselves!" True; but how could you "forget God?" Do you not perceive the wickedness involved in *not* remembering and praising Him from whom all your mercies come,—in not casting your care on Him who careth for you? In thus forgetting God, you indeed forget yourselves; for he who "forsakes God, forsakes his own mercy." Read Deut. iv. 10-15; Psalm ix. 17; Hosea xlii. 6; Psalm l. 22; ciii. 1-5.

But, perhaps, you hate to think of the past, and fear to anticipate the future; and that as both force themselves upon your mind at this season, you are glad, even by dissipation, to banish the unhappy thoughts to which they give rise. But is the past blotted out from "God's book of remembrance," when obliterated for a time from your memory by the stupefaction of strong drink, or the noise of ungodly revelry? Would it not be wiser in you, and bring surer peace to your soul, to