

We do not mean to re-open wounds that they may bleed afresh. Yet we are not to fail in learning the lessons of heavenly wisdom. By the sorrow of the countenance the heart is made better. Death may have visited your home. You mourn painful and touching losses, yet the great billows did not engulf—the floods did not drown. Underneath and around you were the everlasting arms. God gave you hope. Reflect on

4th. The sins which he has graciously forgiven. These indicate so many places of danger. Think of them to flee from the spot. Failures and omissions in the past are loud in calling to watchfulness and prayer. The Lord did not cast us off—"remember all the way that he hath led thee." The sins of a day are enough to condemn, what can be said of the sins of a year—of a life? Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sins.

Thus as we ponder over the past, let a holy resolution fill our hearts to consecrate the remnant of our days to Jesus who died to save us. May a new year find our readers more disposed than ever to realize the sacredness of the trust God gives in added days, that meeting the demands of an active age, they may, when a good day's work is done at life's end, enter into rest.

*"Life is good, for God did give it—  
Good to all who rightly live it;  
Sweet affections lend it beauty;  
Stirring conflict makes it grand;  
Faith triumphant makes it holy,  
Leaning on the Father's hand.*

*Life is hidden in a chamber  
Never opened to a stranger;  
There is life and strong emotion,  
Thought and feeling, sacred sorrow,  
Tossing like a troubled ocean;  
Faith serene, though dark the morrow.*

*Life is conflict, earnest, stern,  
Much to conquer, more to learn;  
But above there is a Helper.  
Blessed voices cheer us on;  
Heavenly lights forbid to falter,  
Angels shout each victory won.*

*Life is swift. The years go by;  
A story told, and then we die.  
Still the golden now is ours;  
And mem'ry, running down the past,  
Plucks again the choicest fruits—  
Fruits for virtue's crown at last.*

*Life is good, for God did give it—  
Good to all who rightly live it.  
Life is hidden in a chamber  
Never opened to a stranger;  
Life is struggle, earnest, stern;  
Much to conquer, more to learn.*

*Life is swift. The years go by;  
A story told, and then we die.  
Life is glory—all things holy;  
Conflict done—victory won—  
Clad in white—crowned with light—  
Angel songs shall tell its story.<sup>25</sup>*