

Once for all the rune is read,
 Once for all the judgment said. . . .
 Rue it all thy living days,
 Hide it deep with love and praise;
 Once for all thy word is sped:
 None invade it but the dead. . . .
 Spoken words come not again."

The past you cannot change, but a new book is in your hands, with pages white, clean, unsoiled. What will you write on these pages? Will you stain them, too? Does not every young person who reads these words desire most earnestly to fill the pages of this new year with beautiful things?

Begin, then, on the first morning of 1889. Begin with an earnest prayer to God for help. Then watch your acts and your words, that you do nothing and say nothing which you will be ashamed to see or hear again years hence. Fill the day with gentle things, and useful, helpful things.—*Forward.*

THE DEPARTING YEAR.

Happy are we if the last hours of another year find us in the enjoyment of genuine Christian experience! Whatever may be the occasions of humiliation on account of our many past deficiencies, the knowledge of God's acceptance at the present moment encourages us to turn our faces toward the unknown future with feelings of joy and hope. For, we may safely reason, that the conscious gift of divine love at any one given point in our earthly pilgrimage is the pledge of God's continued faithfulness, however dark or winding the remainder of the journey.

As the year departs, is it not better to dwell upon the tender mercies of God than to feed a morbid sense of our unworthiness? Personal demerit, on account of sins of omission and commission, every one who has a just understanding of himself must freely acknowledge. But such acknowledgment, much as it becomes us, should only open our eyes to behold the long-suffering, the patience, and the tenderness of God. Have we, at any period of the year, fallen away from His love? Have opportunities for usefulness come, only to find us indifferent? Have bereaved hearts, well-nigh crushed beneath earthly woe, turned to us in vain for sympathy? Have hungry, starving souls surrounded us daily without hearing from our lips a single word concerning the bread of life? Have our own steps heavenward been marked at times by unsteadiness, halting by the way, seeking forbidden pleasures, turning from, not toward, the blissful goal? O! let us rather, in reviewing all this, look through our blinding tears, and see the goodness of the Lord.