



"MY CUP RUNNETH OVER."

(Psalm xxiii—5.)

The year 1858 will soon be numbered with the past, a new year is stretching out before us ; on review of the past year, have not our readers much cause to cry out with the sweet singer of Israel, " My cup runneth over." Have they not many blessings to be thankful for ? Born in a Christian land—with the blessings of Christian parents, Christian instruction, the preached word, and an open Bible in their hands ; how different is the lot of our readers from that of Hindoo children, who are educated in the grossest idolatry. As the year is drawing to a close, look back over its course then, and be thankful for its temporal and spiritual blessings, for health, strength, and continued life. If sorrow has come to you, as it may have to many, remember that the Lord loveth whom He chasteneth. If your " cup runneth over" with great blessings, as you must feel it to do, be your lot what it may,