

often bowed at His throne of grace, and brief childlike prayers to Him are familiar to the lips, and how constant it will keep you in brave honest purposes, in generous thoughts, and in bright sunny smiles, if you but believe in His presence wherever you go,—that His countenance, so watchful and loving, is turned on you, that His shining arms are like a mighty shield around you, and that, whether you wake or sleep, He is keeping your souls from death, and your eyes from tears, and your feet from falling. So that you are seeking not for idle days, times of heedless pleasure, what may tempt the ear, the palate, and the eyes—what may over-excite and raise your selfish feelings one day, and the next make you ill-tempered and sullen—but you are seeking to become true, and humble, and holy, the disciples of Him who walked as a child among the green heights of Nazareth, who laid His head down to sleep every night under a lowly cottage roof, and who was subject to His parents in every step and every duty of their simple honest common life.

It will be a happy New Year, if, at its close, you will be able to say, you have done something to help in bringing others to the cross of Christ—if you can remember an earnest prayer that was answered—a little mite that was sent to the far off missionary in his toils—a kind word that made the poor suffering heart warm towards you, and the tear of blessing roll down the wasted cheek. Remember the cup of cold water given to the least of Christ's disciples is given unto Him.

It will be a happy New Year, if, as it goes on, you learn you are brothers and sisters in a great family, covering the whole earth, including the white man and the black—the free man and the slave—the rich man and the poor—that God in Christ is your Father, and that heaven is your home.

Lift up your eyes upon its glorious arch—let your gaze travel away up into its deep, serene, and silent depths—watch the splendour of its day, the silvery lustre of its night and stars—and then think, that the earth, that is so green and beautiful, that is the abode of all those you love, and that holds so many spots where you have been happy, think that this earth is just a resting-place, where, for a few years at most, you are to dwell, on your way up to yonder home! Nay, perhaps, though you have seen the first day of the New Year, some of you may not see its last. How many young fair heads may, a twelvemonth hence, be covered in the dust