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NEW YEAR'S SALUTATION.

Peace be to this house. The customary greetings of friends at this joyous season suggests to us, that the habit may be hallowed and Christianized. This is our wish, that peace may abound in all the families we visit. Coming on our monthly errand we seek to establish a feeling of kindred sympathy and friendship. Nothing is more likely to secure this, than the expression and practice of Christian love. Heart is power. The witchery of a smile is denied us. The warm grasp of the hand cannot be given. The way that is open then we use, in wishing a happy and a useful new year—a year of holy joy and abounding peace to our Readers.

Every family group has more or less this characteristic, that its members vary in age. Some may be leaving the stage of action, others are engaged in the battle of life, and many are entering in the full flush of youth on the untried scenes of time. There is the occupant of "the old arm chair"—there is the unwrinkled brow, the seat of manly thought; and the lovely countenance glistening with the beams of womanly and maternal love—there is the joyous glee of childhood and youth. The time honoured Christian salutation,—peace be to this house—embraces in its scope, the old, the middle-aged and the young, to each we have a few words to say.

Peace be to our Aged Friends. How busy with you are the memories of bygone days! Old associations start up with the freshness and the power of former years; they rush as a flood on the soul. You know that we spend our years as a tale that is told. The old disciple can look with peace on many scenes gone by; remembering the warmth of their first love to Christ, and the goodness and mercy which have followed them all the journey of life since then. Should any of the aged, who may read these lines, feel that hitherto they have been cumberers of the ground, and that this year they may die; we urge them to apply to the blood of Christ for the pardon of all past sin. In that redemption they will find peace. As time shall soon close with those past the meridian of life, may your advancing years be as the calm sunset that "foretells a bright rising again." May your character be, as mellowed fruit, ripened for glory.

May peace attend the engagements of our middle-aged friends. Years are fast