

our exclusive supporters. Our Orange friends, as they have always done, stand by us most nobly in our efforts to disseminate Protestant truth throughout the land, but they are very far from forming the majority of our subscribers. We only hope, and it is our ardent prayer, that God may inspire us with that wisdom that cometh from above, so that our Magazine may be a welcome visitor to the people among whom it circulates, to those who have so kindly aided us in our endeavors to do good.

The year 1868 has fled and gone with a large and curious record of our doings, and 1869 has just commenced. God grant that it may be well spent by us all, so that should any of us be summoned away during the year we have just entered we may have no cause to regret that its precious hours have been wasted by us, or ill spent.

Dear reader, allow us to impress upon your minds the great importance of beginning the year well. The way thereto is by consecrating yourselves to God and his holy service. Be faithful to your Saviour; be faithful to his Church. If you can avoid it never let your pews be vacant at the stated times of worship, and when God's word is preached. Let not the holy sacraments as administered in your midst be in vain to you; but live every day as candidates for a blessed immortality. Never be found wandering on the streets or loitering at home when the Sabbath bell calls you to Church, but reverence the sanctuary and hearken, with devout attention, to all that Christ has to say to you through

his ministry, lest the privilege you so abundantly enjoy may prove an injury, instead of a blessing to you in the great day, when the very heathen who never heard the glad sound of salvation, full and free through Christ may witness against you; for if you be found neglectors of Christ, his Church, his ministers, his prayers and his sacraments, it shall be far more tolerable for heathens in the day of judgment than for you.

This is a very joyous and holy, and commemorative season of the year, producing pleasingly painful sensations in our minds. Where are those with whom we were once delighted, who were entwined around our hearts with the strongest ties of friendship, and who by their presence so often cheered us on former festive occasions? Alas! some of them are numbered with the dead; their sorrows and trials are over; their aching heads shall ache no more for ever; they are gone before us, and are looking forward with delight to the blessed period, when our festivals shall all be over here, and when their bliss shall be augmented in seeing us robed in pure and spotless white, and hearing us join the loud anthem of Allelujah as in rich grandeur it rolls down the coming eternity as a great and mighty river, to receive our tribute of praise and thanksgiving, when freed from sin and beyond the reach of temptation. Now they are triumphant victors above, but we are warriors and sufferers below. Oh, let us fight fearlessly and valiantly in the holy cause of Christ our King, until we, too, hear the heavenly