

that I have any adequate idea of the long-suffering of God.

Mr. A. Of every thing which pertains to God, we can say, "Infinite upon infinite! infinite upon infinite!"

(To be continued.)

The Two Suns.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—The date of the present Vol. of your *Record* tells you you have entered upon a new year,—passed the boundaries of one marked period, and entered upon a succeeding one. This is a season generally anticipated by you with much pleasure,—a time of recreation, of social kindness and enjoyment. In early life, the associations with the commencement of a new year are always full of buoyant hope; as we advance in life, this feeling is shaded by the recollection of days gone by; and as we descend into the vale of years, it is like a book of remembrance that makes all the past present, and re-creates the scenes of former times.

I am not sure that all my young readers understand clearly the origin of a New Year's day, and to what they are indebted for their festive period. A new idea, or an old one in a new light, will be appropriate to the season. It is not a new truth to many of my readers, that though we are accustomed to talk of the rising and setting of the sun, and we think we can almost see him moving in his chariot of golden rays, as he tracks his brilliant path through the calm azure of the sky, that yet he moves not from where his tabernacle has been set, the centre of motion to all within his influence, but himself stationary. It is the globe that we inhabit—the dwelling-place of man—the planet Earth—that is ever on the move—moving with ceaseless regularity its appointed course. This seems a strange doctrine to young heads. They feel so sure they are standing still—not the slightest onward motion can they perceive; and to tell them their rotation is continually turning round and round like a wheel upon its axis, and is like moving onwards its whole massive material on a regular path round the sun, a course which must be, and always is, effected within a fixed and limited time—is like borrowing a leaf from the fairy's book—it is as an idle tale. And yet for this latter motion of the earth, you

would have no New Year's day; for the meaning of that term is just that we have arrived at the point in the earth's path round the sun, from which astronomers have decided to date successive periods of time, each revolution made by the earth occupying one year, or 365 days; so that, since last New Year's day, the earth has gone its accustomed round, and, arriving at the same point, it re-commences a new journey. To this, too, you owe your cheerful winters, your pleasant spring-time, the fruitful summer and brilliant autumn. It is to our connection with the sun, as the centre of our system, we are indebted for all the blessings of light and heat—by it we live and move, and have our being; and were that intimate relationship altered or dissolved, our beautiful earth would shrink, a confused and shapeless mass, into its former chaos, or become broken and dispersed into its original elements.

Spiritual things are often explained and illustrated by allusions to natural objects.—There is another and a better sun, which is just as essential to the well being of our souls as we have seen the great luminary is to our globe. This great light hath arisen to lighten the world of dark and dead souls; its influences are sweet as the morning beams, which gild the horizon; it is at once the source and support of life, for just as surely as all vegetation would disappear from the earth were the sun removed from our terrestrial system, so without the influences of the spirit and the grace of Jesus Christ, the Christian must ever prove barren and unfruitful.

Like the earth we inhabit, we have an appointed path. Our way, too, is round our sun; we must be always within his influence; constantly attracted towards him—ever progressing—never standing still—a single deviation from the prescribed course may end in confusion and destruction. Our journey, too, has times and seasons, periods by which we may mark our progress. If the true light hath shone into our hearts, are we steadily bringing forth fruits that cannot only bear the light, but are produced and nourished by celestial influences? What course have we pursued during the past year? Has it been steady, uninterrupted, and diligent? Have we not too often allowed clouds of sin and unbelief to