

the next revolution of time; and many look forward with fear and trembling into the shadowy future, and burden themselves with the cares of the morrow, while strength is promised only for the day. Let us for a moment review the year 1854. By few will it be easily forgotten. It is engraven as with an iron pen on the hearts of many among us. Its monuments are the sculptured tomb-stones, the crowded grave-yards, the breaches in the family circle, the mourning garments, and the saddened heart. Looking back upon the weary road by which we have travelled, every step seems marked by some trophy of sorrow; and we are ready to say all these things are against us; but could we only ascend in spirit to the Third Heaven, and view from its glittering heights our past way, we would believe it a perfect way. Every circumstance that seemed fraught with disappointment and trial was all appointed in mercy. It saved us from falling into hidden danger. The possessions which fell from our hands, whose loss we so mourned, were blocking up the King's high-way, and must needs be removed. The loved one so lamented was an idol weaning us from God, and must be laid low. All has been in infinite mercy, wisdom and love; and if we believe it *now* we shall see it hereafter. And need we fear what after years may bring upon us? It is all laid down in the illumined chart; and the same hand that has guided us hitherto is not shortened now. The goodness and mercy which hath followed us will continue to compass us about. We may trust, and not be afraid.

Selections for the Young.

I.—THE POWER OF A BAD HABIT.

A sabbath-school teacher going one day to inquire after an absent scholar, went into a chandler's shop, where a man partly drunk was buying a piece of tobacco. The shopkeeper tore a leaf from an old Bible, and was about

to wrap the tobacco in it. "Excuse me, sir," said the man, "I should be glad if you would put the tobacco in another piece of paper for I cannot bear to see the Bible used so."

Such a remark from such a man surprised the by-standers, and the Sabbath-School teacher asked how it was that he, who professed so much outward respect for the Word of God, was not trying to live according to its pure and holy precepts. "I know your meaning," said the lover of rum and tobacco, "I am sensible of what I am doing, and where I am going; I know it as well as you can tell me; but," he continued with terrible emphasis, and bouncing his fist upon the counter, "*I love the drink, and the drink I will have.*"

In spite of conscience, in spite of reason, in spite of the Bible, in spite of friends, in spite of every effort to save him, this man will go down to a drunkard's grave. The appetite for strong drink has got hold on him, and will drag him to ruin. Let the young men and the *boys*,—for I am sorry to say there are such,—who are just beginning to drink and to smoke, mark this well. *Now* you may save yourselves. Now you can take a stand, and resist these habits. Now you can conquer. Wait a little, delay a little, tamper with the glass and the cigar, and they will gain the mastery over you, and you are lost. The power of habit is stronger than the strongest chain. The Scripture says, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil." "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright: *at the last* it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—*Child's Paper.*

II.—"IT IS TRUE AND IT MAKES ME GLAD."

A rich gentleman of Silesia imbibed a bitter hatred against Christianity. The conversation of bad men, the read-