

Sunday Reading.

Year unto Year.

As year unto year is added,
God's promises seem more fair,
The glory of life eternal,

As year unto year is added,
God's purposes seem more plain,
We follow a thread in fancy,

As year unto year is added,
And the twilight of life shall fall,
May we grow to be more like Jesus,

Retrospect and Prospect; or, the Old Year and the New.

BY REV. DR. STANFORD.

"Because Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice."—PSALM lxxii 7.

In this passage we have first the language of review, and next the language of resolve. "Thou hast been my help" The words are vital, for whether they give a short report of a long story.

Let that be the first question noticed under review. When? Why this morning. The when at which we glance is the year. The last Sunday of the year is a day on which we seem to stand for a little breathing moment on the bridge of time.

And God is eternally our own. This is the answer to the second question in the discussion of this review.

Then the third inquiry comes—How have you learned this? Why, experimentally. Did you speak from experience. We can speak from experience. There are some who still smile at the term "experimental treatise" or "sermon."

Oh, make but trial of His love, Experience will declare, How blest are they, and only they, Who in His truth abide.

A Christmas Eve at Bethlehem.

BY REV. THADDEUS A. SNIVELY.

Two days before Christmas we passed through Bethlehem on our way to Hebron. The latter is as closely associated with the beginnings of the revelation of God's truth to a nation—a peculiar people—as the former with the birth of Jesus Christ—the coming of God in human form—the Revelation to all the world.

The form of Abraham ever rises before the mind when Hebron is mentioned and Hebron and its history are forgotten by thousands who look with profoundest veneration and love to Bethlehem, where one greater than Abraham, though his offspring and heir, was born.

In entering Hebron we passed the large tree known as Abraham's Oak—a very ancient one, twenty-three feet in circumference. It cannot be as old as its name suggests by many, many centuries, but it is the last of the family of Oaks of Mamre, under whose branches angels were entertained unawares.

Hebron lies in "the Valley of Eschol" rich with vineyards, olive trees and fruits. The attraction of the whole place, however, is that which but few Christian pilgrims are allowed to approach, and none to enter for these seven hundred years past—the Cave of Machpelah. So we hastened to look upon the walls which enclose the precious mystery—the place universally admitted by Jews, Christians and Muslims to be the sepulchre of the patriarchs.

The Haram, "the forbidden place," is a building of Jewish origin, standing high above all else, the marked feature of Hebron. We hurried up the steep

Thoughts for the Closing Year.

BY REV. A. MACLAREN, D. D.

Moses sought to secure Hobab for a guide because he was a native of the desert and had traveled all over it. His experience was his qualification. We have a brother who has Himself travelled every foot of the road by which we have to go, and His footsteps have marked out with blood a track for us to follow, and have trodden a footpath through the else pathless waste.

His life is our pattern. Our marching orders are brief and simple; follow your leader and plant your feet in his footprints.

This is the sum of all ethics, and the vade mecum for practical life. However diverse our duties and circumstances are, the principles which come out in the Divine record of that fair life and wondrous death will fit with equal closeness to us all; and so Divine that all comprehensive is it that it abides as the sufficient pattern for every class, for every stage, for every variety of character, for every era, and every land, till the end.

Our poor, weak hearts long for a brother's voice to whisper a word of cheer, for a brother's example to animate as well as to instruct. An abstract law of right is but a cold guide, like the stars that shine keen in the polar winter. It is hard even to find in the bare thought of an unseen God guiding us by his own unseen Spirit within and His unseen providence without, the solidity and warmth which we need.

Therefore we have mercifully received God manifest in the flesh, a brother to be our Guide and the Captain of our Salvation.

To Him, then, transfer all those feelings of confidence and affection too often lavished on men. The noblest use for the precious ointment of love, which the poorest of us bears in the alabaster box of the heart, is to break it on His head.

Thus loving and following him we shall be set free from undue dependence on human helpers whilst they are with us, from eagerness to secure them, from dread of losing them, from despair when they depart. Perplexities will disappear. Duty will become plain. Life will not be a weary march through an unknown land where we have to choose our path by our own poor wisdom, and death is often the penalty of a blunder.

All our duty and joy lie in the one command, "Follow Me," and if we only ask Him to be with us, instead of eyes, and accept His gentle leading, we shall not walk in darkness, but may plunge into thickest night and the most unknown land, assured that He will lead us by a right way to the city of habitation.

Another year is dawning! Dear Master, let it be, In working or in waiting, Another year with Thee.

Another year of progress, Another year of praise; Another year of proving Thy presence "all the days."

Another year is dawning! Dear Master, let it be, On earth, or else in heaven, Another year for Thee.

—Frances R. Havergal.

The New Year.

Another year is dawning!

Another year of progress, Another year of praise; Another year of proving Thy presence "all the days."

Another year is dawning! Dear Master, let it be, On earth, or else in heaven, Another year for Thee.

—Frances R. Havergal.

The New Year.

Another year is dawning!

Another year of progress, Another year of praise; Another year of proving Thy presence "all the days."

Another year is dawning! Dear Master, let it be, On earth, or else in heaven, Another year for Thee.

—Frances R. Havergal.