

Present in the light of Past and Future.

Such is the philosophy that may occur to every man in the old year's leave-taking. But to us, Christians, the New Year's Eve must suggest other serener thoughts and emotions.

A flow of light is shed from our Holy Faith upon time's darkest recesses; the soul that has bowed in adoration before the crib of Bethlehem and the gibbet of Calvary is no longer puzzled by the fleeting show of life. Since the one Being Who dwells beyond all succession of time came to our midst, submitting Himself in our own nature a slave to the cruellest vicissitudes of a lifetime, we have the answer of life's puzzle, and the upperhand of Time. We are its masters; we know how to deal with it, and what to look for beyond it. We know from Him that we are not flitting aimlessly across the world's stage; that what we term our lifetime is only a first speck of our existence, soon to merge into an abiding possession; that its restless pageant is only as the coin where-with we may secure the unmoving, endless reality to follow it; and that the only stamp which, when affixed upon this coin, gives it value for eternity, is the stamp of the God of Bethlehem and of Calvary. This is the blessed key to Time's secrets. Worthless, aimless, bewildering in itself, our lifetime obtains a priceless value from without—from our Heavenly Father's love that framed us for immortality; from His mercy that clothes our most transient acts with the merits of a Divine Redemption.

The holy influences of Christmastide are then our most opportune farewell to the dying year.

The old year does not disappear in its entirety. Of our past life a great deal will live on with us. Of the Past there remains all the good that has so far sprung from us; all noble thoughts and desires, all opportunities accepted, all works performed under the influence of grace have survived; forgotten though they be by all, they have been gathered by the Divine Harvester, and, raised in price a hundredfold, they