

# THE CANADA BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

No. 7.

MONTREAL, JANUARY, 1841.

VOL. IV.

## THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THERE are times and seasons, when we seem called to reflect more seriously than usual upon the past, the present, and the future. Such a season is presented in the commencement of a new year, when we can scarcely avoid a retrospective contemplation of the year which has passed away. It is one effect of having cordially "received the atonement," that the mind ceases to shrink from such reflections, though they cannot fail to bring to light grounds for deep humiliation in the presence of the Almighty. "The wicked are like the troubled sea which cannot rest," and least of all can he do so when he retires within himself, reviews the past and anticipates the future. Too often he dares not think, and thus lives in the renunciation of one of the distinguishing prerogatives of his rational nature.

We usually commence a new year amidst warmly expressed wishes of good. The congratulations of friendship and the invocations of piety, wait upon the morning that ushers in another of those periods of earthly existence. These, however, pass away, and leave us to the discharge of those duties of self-examination and self-communion which we owe to the religion of the heart. The writer

will be happy if these lines may afford any assistance in so good a work.

Let us reflect a moment on the length of that period, the lapse of which we are again called to notice. A year is no unimportant portion of an ordinary lifetime. Our years are certainly few. "When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return." We measure life by years. Perhaps it might impress upon us more deeply the value of time to measure it, inwardly at least, by months. Only once a year is too seldom to be called to so important a business, as that of numbering our days. Another year then is irrevocably fled. We are advanced yet another of these stages upon the journey which admits not of retrogression. This "pleasing anxious being" is again abridged of its allotted dimensions, and is nearer by a year to the unknown, but perhaps not distant period, when it must be resigned. And time still flies whilst we meditate on the fact.

To some the departed year will have been marked by events of importance. The scenes through which it has conducted all, will have been more or less diversified. Shall we not bestow some serious and admiring