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Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God.—*Peter*. On this Rock I will build my Church, and the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it — *The Lord Messiah*.

REFLECTIONS

AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW-YEAR.

“ The bell strikes one : We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke
I feel the solemn sound ! If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours ;
Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood ?
It is the signal that demands despatch ;
How much is to be done !”

YOUNG.

UNLESS a man be sunk in the very dregs of humanity, he must occasionally indulge in a retrospect of the year that is gone, and in anticipation of that which has now dawned upon us. Eighteen hundred and forty is now forever past, and its successor will as rapidly follow : but whether we shall witness its departure, or whether our *own* race shall previously terminate, is alike unknown to us all. The sweet singer, whom we have quoted above, exclaims in another part of his *Night Thoughts*,

“ ’Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to Heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news.”

An important question, truly—whatever may be the reply of an ever wakeful conscience ; that conscience which minutes all things in her diary, to be proclaimed to assembled worlds !

To dwell upon the past, however, is useless, compared with a becoming consideration of the *present* and the *future*. Many of us, it is to be hoped, commenced this year with what are termed “ good intentions.” This is commendable : but we must not lose sight of the old Spanish Proverb which tells us that “ hell is paved with these same ‘ good intentions.’ ” The earth, in fact, might be paved with them too ; for we cannot entertain an opinion so derogatory to the human family as to suppose that there is a person who does not entertain some of them. What a great and glorious world would this be, if it were to be estimated by *intentions* ! Even amongst the humblest (I had almost said the *worst* of us) what fine, what *laudable* intentions we are sometimes forming ; and especially at this time, when another short era, as it were, in our very