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"IF I FORGOT THEE, O JERUSALEM! LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET HER CUNNING."—Ps. 137, 5. r

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A DISCOURSE ON THE NEW YEAR. WRITTEN FOR THE RECORD.

"Examine yourselves." II Cor. 13—5.

Another year has been laid up among the dusty records of the past. Another sheaf in the shock of time has been garnered in the great store-house of eternity. Another page in the book of life has been turned over and sealed up till the final day. We have advanced one step farther towards the narrow house. The years appointed to man on earth are not many; we can count one less; and as it recedes into the dim and irrecoverable past, shall we not turn and bid it a mournful adieu, and while the memory of it is still fresh, balance the account between our souls and this morsel of past but precious time? If we have neglected opportunities, it may humble us into sincere repentance, and also rouse us to a lofty resolution of a life of practical godliness for the future. If we have mispent them by giving our time and habits to things which perish with the using, to worldly ambition to unworthy craving after distinction or wealth or power.

If we have misused them to our own or our neighbor's hurt, by works of darkness and of vice—by the envious word or the malicious deed—if we have trifled them away

in thoughtless or listless idleness, now is the time to call up these witnesses before the bar of our consciences and let them speak out the whole truth, and bring home to our hearts not only the history of this fragment of our lives, but teach the lesson while memory is clear, while the feelings are fresh, and the immortal soul is tremblingly alive to its importance and its weight.

1st. Have we neglected opportunities? God has given us His word—has it been our daily councillor, our hope and staff? Have we each day with prayerful hearts, studied the sacred page—or has it been practically a sealed book, lying neglected upon our table, or thrust out of sight in a corner, untouched, unthought of, while the dust gathered over it, in the same proportion as the dross of the world has been accumulating around our hearts, shutting out and pushing aside the precious things of life. Alas! which of us can put his hand on his heart and say to his heavenly master "Lord, all that thou hast enjoined me I have done; I have treasured up thy precepts by day, I have thought of them by night. Thy honor has been all my care, thy love and friendship my highest ambition." No man of woman horn, perhaps, with truth, can say so. With the best of us it is but a great question of degree, and to-day as we