

HYMN FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

WISDOM ascribe, and might, and praise,
To God, who lengthens out our days;
Who spares us yet another year,
And makes us see His goodness here:
O may we all the time redeem,
And henceforth live and die to Him!

Merciful God, how shall we raise
Our hearts to pay thee all Thy praise!
Our hearts shall beat for Thee alone;
Our lives shall make Thy goodness known;
Our souls and bodies shall be Thine,
A living sacrifice divine.

WESLEY.

"THE TIME IS SHORT."

Short is the time of man below,
His time of weal and time of woe;
Few are the steps and brief the space
Allotted for his earthly race.

The time is short to follow gain,
The time experience to attain,
To buy and sell, to plough and reap,
To watch and toil, to rest and sleep.

The time is short; then judge aright,
And learn the lesson of its flight;
For in that time, and that alone,
Eternity is lost or won!

Nor think, though time be short, O man,
That life is measured by its span;
The patriarch still a child may die,
And full of years the infant lie.

Short is the time of sinners here
To riot in their mad career;
Short-lived the fool's ungodly mirth
As thorns that crackle on the hearth.

Christian! the time is short to prove
Thy work of labour and of love;
The talent, which thy Master gave,
Brings no revenue in the grave.

The time is short to bear thy cross,
And scorn endure, and suffer loss;
That time of trial soon will close,
And soon the vaunting of thy foes.

Short is the time; the road of life
Too short for variance and for strife;
Shall pilgrim travelers of a day
Fall out and wrangle by the way?

Now to the earth with dread import
The voice proclaims that "time is short!"
For, when again it shakes the sky,
"Time is no more!" that voice will cry.

JAMES GLASSFORD.

THE BRIGHTEST LAND.

I oft have heard of other lands
Across the swelling main,
Where winter frosts ne'er blight the trees,
Nor desolate the plain;

And where the cloudless summer sky
Is of a deeper blue,
And all the flowers which paint the plain
Of brighter, richer hue;

And where o'er sands, besprent with gold,
The rivers roll their tides,
And deep within the mountain's breast
The sparkling diamond hides.

And oft I've thought how beautiful
Those sunny lands must be;
How pleasant wandering 'mid their groves
And valleys, wide and free!

But, ah, though bright and beautiful are
Those lands across the waves,
The plague of sin has reached them too,
And studded them with graves.

Yet we may find a brighter land,
Where sorrows never come;
A land of love, a cloudless land,
Where sin or death's unknown.

A city stands amid its plains,
A city built by God,
With walls of jasper, gates of pearl,
And streets of purest gold.

And through those ever shining streets
A crystal river flows,
On either side the tree of life
In fadeless beauty grows.

No flowers are there which fade and die,
No joys which pass away;
Eternal summer decks its plains,
Its pleasures ne'er decay.

And there the glorious throne is placed,
And Jesus, too, is there,
Even He who died that we might live
And in His glory share.

O, look to Him—to Jesus now,
While yet He waiting stands;
Be His, and happiness is thine,
And thine that "better land."

OPENING OF A NEW SCOTTISH CHURCH
IN WATERDOWN.

[From the *Hamilton Spectator*, 20th December.]
On Sabbath, the 18th inst., the new Scottish Church in Waterdown was opened. Divine service was conducted in the morning by the Rev. George McDonnell, of Nelson and Waterdown, who preached from PSALM CXXXII, 15, 16.

In the afternoon the Rev. Alex. Maclean, of the Free Church, Wellington Square, officiated in a very able manner, taking for his text, *REV. XXI. 2, 3.*

The Rev. J. B. Howard, of the Wesleyan Church, was the minister in the evening, and discoursed very effectively from *DEUT. XXIX. 29.* On each of these occasions the new church was well filled with a serious and attentive auditory, who contributed liberally towards lessening the burden remaining on the edifice. The spirit of kindness and good-will, at present prevailing in Waterdown among different denominations of Christians, is gratifying and refreshing. St. Andrew's Church presented on Sabbath an illustration of that unity of the Spirit which is infinitely better than man's uniformity. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

SELECTIONS.

THE SABBATH.—We never, in the whole course of our recollections, met with a Christian friend, who bore upon his character every other evidence of the Spirit's operation, who did not remember the Sabbath-day, and keep it holy. We appeal to the memory of all the worthies who are now lying in their graves, that, eminent as they were in every other grace and accomplishment of the new creature, the religiousness of their Sabbath-day shone with an equal lustre amid the fine assemblage of virtues which adorned them. In every Christian household it will be found that the discipline of a well-ordered Sabbath is never forgotten amongst the other lessons of a Christian education; and we appeal to every individual who now hears us, and who carries the remembrance in his bosom of a father's worth and a father's piety, if, on the coming round of the seventh day, an air of peculiar sacredness did not spread itself over that mansion where he drew his first breath, and was taught to repeat his infant hymn and lip his infant prayer. Rest assured, that a Christian having the love of God written in his heart, and denying the Sabbath a place in its affections, is an anomaly that is nowhere to be found. Every Sabbath image, and every Sab-

bath circumstance, is dear to him. He loves the quietness of that hallowed morn. He loves the church-bell sound which summons him to the house of prayer. He loves to join the chorus of devotion, and to sit and listen to that voice of persuasion which is lifted in the hearing of an assembled multitude. He loves the retirement of this day from the din of worldly business, and the inroads of worldly men. He loves the leisure it brings along with it; and sweet to his soul is the exercise of that hallowed morn, when there is no eye to witness him but the eye of Heaven; and when, in solemn audience with the Father who seeth him in secret, he can, on the wings of celestial contemplation, leave all the cares, and all the vexations, and all the secularities of an alienated world behind him.—*Chalmers.*

HINTS FOR MINISTERS.—Believe it, brethren, God never saved any man for being a preacher, nor because he was an able preacher; but because he was a justified, sanctified man, and, consequently, faithful in his Master's work. Take heed, therefore, to yourselves first, that you be what you persuade your hearers to be, and believe that which you persuade them daily to believe; and have heartily entertained that Christ and Spirit which you offer unto others.

One proud, surly, lordly word—one needless contention—one covetous action, may cut the throat of many a sermon, and blast the fruit of all you have been doing.

It is a palpable error in those ministers that make such a disproportion between their preachings and their living, that they will study hard to preach exactly, and study little or not at all to live exactly. All the week long is little enough to study how to speak two hours; and yet one hour seems too much to study how to live all the week.—*Baxter.*

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