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“If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! let my right hand forget its cunning.”—Ps. 137, v. 5.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

At this season how common is the wish that the friend or neighbor addressed may enjoy a happy new year! Reader, may this blessing be yours. May you enjoy a truly happy new year; and if it be your last, may your last be your happiest year! Consider, however, that there is but one good that can make any year a truly happy year to you or any one; that one good is the enjoyment of salvation.

Mirth and pleasure are not solid happiness, they soon pass away; they leave no satisfactory remembrance, but they often leave a sting.

A servant of God heard a lady expatiate on the pleasures of the play-house; there was the pleasure of thinking of the play before hand, the pleasure of witnessing it, and the pleasure of thinking of it afterwards. He mildly observed that there was one pleasure she had not mentioned. She eagerly inquired what it was? he answered, The pleasure of remembering it on a dying bed. The remark, applied by the Holy Spirit, went to her heart, and from that day she sought pleasures that would cause no pang in the hour of death.

Even the dearest and most lawful delights of domestic life, the social circle, the cheerful fireside, the gentle words and smiling looks of beloved friends, blessings though they are, are not enough to make a happy new year; for “the fashion of this world passeth away.” Death every year breaks up very many friendly hands, sinks some to the grave, and robs survivors of their dearest treasures.

You have a soul that needs something more enduring than anything this world can furnish, and to make the new year a happy year, the wants of that soul must be your chief care.

Indulge, therefore, those reflections which the season should suggest. You, and millions besides, have begun another year; but, to multitudes the language of the prophet will be fulfilled—“This year thou shalt die.” Suppose that, in any place, the names of all that are to die in the course of the year could be publicly called over on new year’s day, what unexpected tidings would many hear! What alarm and consternation would overwhelm the crowd ordained this year to die! Such a warning will not be given; but the solemn thought, that multitudes now young, and healthy, and strong, and blooming, will be in their graves before next new year’s day, does not loose its solemnity because no voice from heaven points out the individuals doomed to die. May not you be one?

All those appointed to die this year may seek Jesus and salvation now, but in it they have their last opportunity. Next new year’s day it will be too late—too late for ever!

An amiable young lady had been much alarmed by a sense of her spiritual danger, but her father, a man of the world, employed all his arts and power to lead her back to dissipation and folly. He too fatally succeeded. Not long, however, had she pursued the path of worldly gait, before illness stretched her on the bed of death. Just before she died, her father entered the room,