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POETRY.

THE NEW YEAR.

The wheels of time, with rapid flight,
Have brought me to another year,
Which now has usher'd on my sight,
And whispers mercy in my ear.

Awake, my soul, to that kind voice,
Slumber no longer on thy way,
Let gratitude my heart rejoice
While I inscribe my pleasing lay.

To thee, O God! my life I owe,
My comforts and my pleasure here,
And all my heart enjoys below,
By memory or by friendship dear.

When I look back on fleeting time,
And count the years which now are fled—
Amazed I view that love of thine
Which pours such blessings on my head.

How oft hast thou, in pity bent,
And listen'd to my feeble prayer—
Thine ear of kind compassion lent,
To save my mind from anxious care.

To thee, I dedicate anew
My mind, with all its active powers,
Till I the crown of life shall view,
Shining in heaven's celestial bower.

With eager haste I make my way,
Thro' all the varied scenes of life,
In hopes of that eternal day,
Where ends our cares, and holy strife.

O! may this year propitious shine
Upon my soul with glorious beam,
While I upon thy work divine,
More faithful watch time's flowing stream,

May good works mark each fleeting day,
And each declining sun declare
How well I've pass'd my hours away—
How much I've spent in humble prayer.

Then let my years thus round me roll,
With rapid haste, till life shall end;
For heaven shalt burst upon my soul,
And I to paradise ascend.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Many wish me 'A Happy New Year,'
They utter the words and they smile,
But happy some do not appear.
Tho' thus they would others beguile.

What then is a Happy New Year?
Is it honour,—or talents,—or health?
No! The purest its bright beams may cheer,
Which oft leaves the gay mansion of wealth!

'Tis not pleasure, nor high sounding fame,
That will make me a happy New Year;
How many are blest—but in name,
And in secret they shed the sad tear?

'Tis this makes a Happy New Year,—
To do good, and from evil to cease,
To love God, and to live in his fear,
To seek and pursue heav'nly peace!

Then a Happy New Year I shall find,
In Truth and Obedience and Love;
O Saviour, but grant me thy mind,
And prepare me for pleasure above!

Then happy shall be my last year,
'Twill finish all sorrow and pain—
Then with Jesus I hope to appear,
And bliss everlasting to gain!

RELIGION.

—'What treasures unfold
Reside in that heavenly word.'—**COWPER.**
Like snow that falls where waters glide,
Earth's pleasures fade away—
They melt in time's destroying tide,
And cold are while they stay;
But joys that from religion flow,
Like stars that gild the night,
Amid the darkest gloom of woe,
Shine forth with sweetest light.