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"DUCIT AMOR PATRIÆ."

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Our New Year's Greeting.

ANOTHER year, of joy to some, and sorrow to many, has passed away. During that year our Earth has held "the even tenor of her way," among the stars of our system, and our world has joggled along through that part of its brief existence, as if there were neither wretchedness, misery, nor crime, stalking about among the sons of men. The signs of the times shew a marked contrast to that of many preceding years, and we cannot help thinking, in a more extended sense, of the words of the seer in Campbell's "Lochiel":—

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

The germs of new nations are rising in the four quarters of the globe, and the seeds of dissolution are, perhaps, being sown in some of the older nations of the earth. The moves on the great chess board of the Eastern Continent are now a study for philosophers and political economists. We dare not attempt to analyze the game; for in the future, all is darkness. On our own continent we see a brave and mighty people—mighty in their bravery—the descendants of our own blood, struggling for existence against the crushing force of ambition and unrelenting hatred in their own brothers. We cannot look upon the deadly struggle without shuddering at humanity; for we know that so long as a man remains alive in the south, so long will the murderous contest last: unless some powerful nation, foreign to them, step in to support the weak against the strong. We cannot look upon it without seeing the pallid face of the broken-hearted widow, or hearing the agonizing