

If we would love God, we must find him in our own hearts. And found in our own hearts, we shall love him, we cannot help loving him. All talk about the love of God, without secret communion with him, closet hours with him, sweet feeling of his presence in solitude, confiding emotions, lowly, childlike prayers, is but cold and empty words, — borrowed language to express a counterfeit emotion. We must *feel* his love before we can speak of it; and when we feel it, and *as* we feel it, then and so our speech will reveal and commend and kindle it, — nay, like the child's deep love for an earthly parent, ours to our heavenly will not need to be told.

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## A DISCOURSE RETROSPECTIVE,

PREACHED IN THE UNITARIAN CHURCH, MONTREAL, ON THE  
LAST DAY OF THE YEAR 1854.\*

BY REV. JOHN CORDNER.

"For thus hath the Lord said unto me, Go, set a Watchman, let him declare what he seeth."—Is. xxi. 6.<sup>3</sup>

To say that we dwell in a scene which is constantly changing, is only to repeat what we have all heard a thousand times. In fact, we exist only through a process of change, and every hour of our lives as it comes, carries with it a fresh phase of experience. If we travel across the field of a landscape, every step we take places us in a new position, and gives a point of observation differing from that which we had before. The change may be so gradual, that we do not appreciate it as we proceed, and it

\* The portion here printed was preached at the morning service. The discourse was concluded at the evening service.