Press no more to Mecca's shrine,
Seek no righteousness of thine;
Take the justice that is mine—
I come to thee.

Tidings blessed to thee I bring,
Tidings blessed aloud I sing—
Of the Heaven anointed King;
Of his cross and mighty love,
Which the soul with power can move,
And to heaven conduct above—
I come to thee.

You who dwell in wilderness,
With the Queen of Sheba raise,
Highest notes of holy praise;
And with Seba at the gate
Of his temple ready wait,
To adore his heavenly state—
I come to thee.

Thou from misery shalt be free,
Then, "Araby, the blessed," shall be,
And God's glory full shall see—
I come to thee

The Year that is Past.

The ancient and once renowned dynasties of the world have passed away as a dream that is told, and Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-nine years of the present era have been numbered with the past; the pages of history are replete with the sayings and doings—lessons, solemn, and many of them awful, are left on record for us of the present to study.

What is the present era, but the product of the past? and what is the present century, but the product of the past? and what was 1859, but the product of 1858? and what is all history, but the grey-haired fathers of the past teaching the children of the present, and leaving their teachings unmistakably written on the sands of time? and what is that present, but the inexperienced of to-day, learning from their predecessors the experience of yesterday? the past has left a powerful posthumous influence. The ceaseless waves of time are sweeping among the traces of despotism, ignorance, and superstition, and bringing to light the hidden beauties of brighter day, which so long lay veiled in the mists of darkness. What wonders, what new revelations does a year unfold?—When we read the pages of current history, we once in a while, at the expiration of every year at least, stop and enquire what peculiarities have been written upon the dial-plate of the "the year that is past?" We seem to stand as it were between two great epochs in the midst of one dispensation. When we look back to the time when gross darkness covered the world, it appears to be but as yesterday; in fact the spots of earth, whose inhabitants are brought under the power of civilization, are but very limited compared to the whole. But the most hopeful feature in the case is "the spirit of enquiry is abroad;" the nations of the earth are beginning to enquire—beginning to read. Arts, sciences, literature, and the dissemination of useful knowledge are prominent features of the age. The Bible—"the book of books," is finding its way through the influence it leaves behind it into the interior of the dark places of the earth; consequently, liberty of conscience—liberty to read—liberty of the press—and the diffusion of light and knowledge are the culminating points.

In 1858 India was the spot to which the public mind was directed; in 1859 Italy and the Italians, the all-absorbing topic. During the struggle, which was commenced and ended during the last year, nearly one hundred thousand human lives have been sacrificed in Italy; still the Italians are not free. But the way is opened up—despotisms are falling; knowledge is spreading; the Italians are acting for themselves. Sardinia's king surrounded by those witnesses for the truth the Waldenses, has plead the cause of civil and religious liberty, and it is obvious that