

quarter of the dollar, and not to the fourth, so the year that is now closing is really the last year of the third quarter of this century.

Three quarters, therefore, of this century close with the close of 1875. Those who began life with this century are like him who owns a single precious dollar (on whose purchasing power hangs his earthly all) and who has come to pay out his seventy-fifth cent. He naturally takes stock of what he has got in possession for the money he has spent, and eyes with sorrow the diminishing coins that remain of his original sum.

Three quarters of a century are now gone and what have they left us. Some of the greatest events in history lie close behind us in the portion of the century that is past. May we not call by that name the extinction of slavery, the triumphs of missions, the downfall of the temporal power of the Pope, and the reconstruction of the German empire. As long as these great events challenge our observation, who can deny that the world is moving towards a higher destiny. There are, it is true, events of a different kind, which shade the light of the picture. The power of conscience has decayed to an alarming extent in all Christian lands and on all hands: Materialism, Pantheism, Rationalism, and Sacredotalism have wielded immense influence through the press, in impregnating the popular mind, and have joined against Christ, though enemies among themselves. But for

all this the balance is greatly on the side of truth in the record of the three quarters that are past.

But what of the future. Dr. Pres-sense of Piers related once a few words which Neander once spoke to him, "Before our nation I see a deep precipice, but above the precipice appears a brightness; I don't know whether it is aurora (morning) or the evening red (night)." There is no doubt a dark precipice before us as we advance towards the end of this century—a precipice like what Paul saw as he stood on the threshold of glory bidding Timothy farewell; "Perilous time shall come, for men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetors, boasters, proud, blasphemous, disobedient to parents." . . . "They will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves, teachers having itching ears, and they shall turn away the ear from the truth and shall be turned into fables." We almost think Paul and Neander saw a similar precipice, each according to his vision. But above the precipice there is a brightness, not of night but of the morning. Onwards now with glorious rapidity will come on us the fulfilment of prophecy. Babylon has fallen; and in the disorganized state of Turkey do we not see the drying up of the Euphrates which is to prepare the way for the conversion of the Jews, and the full ingathering of the Gentiles. It is the red of the morning twilight that gleams beyond the precipice. Let us take courage.