

world seemed abandoned to the trepidations of the balance of chance ;—a moment when—if an imaginative association may be tolerated on so grave a theme—the Genius of Liberty, hovering over the field of death, and awaiting with agonizing interest the issue of the mighty contest, may be supposed to have felt a paroxysm of apprehension, lest she were doomed by her own reluctant immolation on the altar of despotism, to consummate the horrors of the day. But, the opportune appearance of the Prussian force changed instantaneously the whole aspect of the scene, struck terror into the armies of the alien, scattered them as chaff before the whirlwind ; and entwined around the brow of Liberty the amaranth of triumph, still blooming in all its freshness.

Friends of the Redeemer, and of a redeemed world ! Have we not reached a crisis in the great *moral* conflict, of which earth has been the scene ever since sin polluted its soil ? Look at the thrones and populations of continental Europe ! thrones resting upon a volcano ; their pedestal the caprice of political disaffection ; their pomp a pageant denuded of its ancient prestige : populations, a large proportion of which are gleaming in armor, and the rest groaning beneath the sway of military despotism ; sighing for ages, but hitherto sighing in vain, for a happier destiny. Look at the mighty heart of China convulsively throbbing for a higher than political emancipation ! labouring, as in the throes of national parturition, to bring forth some form of renovation and peace, the dim *ideal* of which her bewildered imagination depicts in the blended colours of holy Scripture and abject superstition ! Is it not high time for the Church of the living God to shake the locks of her hitherto untried strength, and marshal her slumbering hosts in the valley of decision ? Is she prepared for the rapidly coming crisis ? I greatly fear, not. She needs a