

sure "finding." Ere the world's engrossing and estranging power has imperceptibly crept over them, let them have their soul's preoccupied, so to speak with God. Let them remember how much easier it is to "redeem" time now than afterwards. The habit of wasting precious moments and neglecting sacred duties, is one which "grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength."

Let the *careless* listen to the summons! Let them pause and ponder the perils of their condition. Let them feel that it may be now or never with them; that to persist in their neglect is to seal and precipitate their doom. There is no time for delay! As we speak, the grains in the sand glass are falling. Every beat of our pulse, every throb of our heart, is bringing us nearer the judgment. "Awake thou that sleepest!" The night is far spent, but though "*far*," it is not yet "*spent*." Its watches are passing—its hours are fast numbering—but the star of hope still twinkles in the black sky. "Haste thee, flee for thy life, lest thou be consumed!" And as we all bid *farewell* to another year which is closing upon us, let us bid *farewell* to everything in it which has been interfering with God! *Farewell* to sin! *Farewell* to squandered moments, and prayerless days, and unsanctified Sabbaths! *Farewell* to lying vanities which have robbed God of His due, and defrauded God of His glory. Thus may we be enabled to live from day to day in such a state of holy preparation, that it will be to us no unwelcome or unexpected summons, when the cry shall break upon our ears, "Prepare to meet thy God!"

RETROSPECT OF THE PAST YEAR.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-nine has taken its place among the dusty records of the past. While yet upon the threshold of its successor, let us take a cursory glance at a few of the leading events that have marked its course. It has been a strikingly eventful year, destined to occupy a large and prominent space in the page of the future historian. The very day of its birth was a portentous one in European politics. On that day of general congratulation all over the world, the Emperor Napoleon, in the Palace of the Tuileries, startled grave ambassadors and cabinet ministers, in the midst of courtly ceremony and conventional flutter, by the uttering of words of ominous import to the representative of Austria. These words were the first low, but certain notes, of an approaching conflict between two mighty peoples, which was to deluge the fairest fields of Italy with

blood; open up a brilliant prospect for the enfranchisement of a long galled and noble race, and the extension of civil and religious liberty in one of the most interesting portions of the globe.

This prospect, so bright in its opening, and which caused the hearts of millions to throb with eagerness and hope, has not been realized. The sword, which unsettled everything has been sheathed without having settled anything, but that of having made the year a grand historical epoch in the world's history. The fields of Montebello, Magenta and Solferino have heard the battle-cry, and witnessed the shock of two mighty armies; but although thousands of brave men have left their lives upon these bloody plains, yet the conflict, short and bloody as it has been, is as yet barren of useful results. Austria, to be sure, has been humbled; the fair and fertile province of Lombardy wrested from her gripe—and the blessings of toleration and constitutional liberty extended to her, as a constituent part of the kingdom of Sardinia. But Italy, almost frantic with hope, with a warm and wild affection strewing flowers in the path of her fancied deliverer, has been stricken with disappointment, and she murmurs and heaves with excitement fearful as that of her own volcanoes.

The Pope trembles in his chair; the chair itself, at one time bade fair to be shattered to atoms; his undutiful subjects long to hurl him from his seat; the Romagna, Parma, Modena, Sicily—every state and district of Italy long to rive their fetters, and with the brave and enlightened monarch of Sardinia as their chief, become incorporated into a great, a free and happy people. The shadow of France surrounds the Holy Father, and thus far denies the consummation of hopes which her emperor fanned and kindled. The year closes upon a dubious peace, a discontented and threatening nationality. Sixty thousand men have fallen, one hundred millions of treasure have been expended, but constitutional liberty stands in fetters, yet on the fret, throughout the Italian peninsula.

In England the year has been, upon the whole, one of prosperity and peace, but of uneasiness and preparation. She hears her powerful neighbor loud in professions of peace—but sees his army un-reduced, his arsenal busy night and day in equipping immense