

the rugged bear stalking sullenly over the snow. Away, and away, and the vast globe shall be girdled by the zone of the new-born year.

Many a broad plain shall it have traversed, that is still unbroken from the waste,—many a moral wilderness, on which the Sun of Righteousness has not yet arisen. Nearly eighteen and a-half centuries shall have elapsed since the shepherds first heard the midnight song in Bethlehem,—“Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to the children of men.” And yet the coming year shall pass, in its first visit, over prisons, and gibbets, and penal settlements, and battle-fields on which the festering dead moulder unburied; it will see the shotted gun, and the spear, and the crease, and the murdering tomahawk, slaves in their huts, and captives in their dungeons. It will look down on uncouth idols in their temples; worshippers of the false prophet in their mosques; the Papist in his confessional; the Puseyite in his stone allegory; and on much idle and bitter controversy among those holders of the true faith whose proper work is the conversion of the world. But the years shall pass, and a change shall come: the sacrifice on Calvary was not offered up in vain, nor in vain hath the Adorable Saviour conquered, and ascended to reign as King and Lord over the nations. The kingdoms shall become his kingdoms, the people his people. The morning rises slowly and in clouds, but the dawn has broken; and it shall shine forth more and more, until the twilight shadows shall have dispersed, and the sulphurous fogs shall have dissipated, and all shall be peace and gladness amid the blaze of the perfect day.—*January 1, 1845.*