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THE



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M.DCC.LXXVI.

P R E F A C E.

1. **O**UR first and highest acknowledgments are due to HIM, whose mercy endureth for ever. He is worthy to receive the love of our hearts, the tribute of our lips, and the obedience of our hands. *Of Him, and through Him, and to Him,* are all things.

2. In the next place, it is deeply incumbent on us, as the editors of this MAGAZINE, to express the warmly grateful sense we entertain, of the signal and increasing favors, for which we stand indebted to the candid and obliging public. It shall be our ceaseless care, to render our labors as little unworthy, as we possibly can, of the patronage we so largely experience.

3. With regard to several just and valuable hints, suggested by some of our judicious correspondents, for the farther improvement of the plan on which this publication is formed; they shall be respectfully, and fully, attended to.

4. Through the good hand of God upon us, another year dawns on the present generation. TIME is now 5779 years old: and hastens to that grand period, when, like a drop that has been severed from the ocean, it shall again be absorbed in that eternity, out of which it was taken. Amidst the *omnium rerum vicissitudines*, or the incessant changes, incident to men and things, previous to the final death of time; we rejoice, that the SAVIOR

of sinners, and the blessings of his cross, continue immutably THE SAME, *yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.* Not less than 800 years before his incarnation, He thus addressed his believing people, by the mouth of his sublimest prophet: *Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath! For the heavens shall vanish away, like smoke; and the earth shall wax old, like a garment; and they, that dwell therein, shall dye in like manner. But MY SALVATION shall be for ever, and MY RIGHTEOUSNESS shall not be abolished.* Isa. li. 6. A sheet-anchor, in every possible storm!

5. What numbers were transmitted to their eternal homes in the course of the year now closed!

“How many sleep, who kept the world awake
with lustre and with noise! Has death proclaim'd
a truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
'tis brandish'd still. Nor shall the *present* year
be more tenacious of her human leaves,
or spread of feeble life a thianer fall.”

Many a lofty head will be laid low, before the expiration of 1776. The sad ravages of *civil war* will, too probably, people the regions of the grave with additional thousands, over and above the myriads who never fail to swell the *ordinary* bills of mortality.—But PROVIDENCE, unerring PROVIDENCE, governs all events: *Dan.* iv: 35. And GRACE, unchangeable GRACE, is faithful to it's purpose: *Rom.* viii. 28. May we live, by FAITH, on both!