

very narrow escapes. He was once nearly carried away with the tide and made several desperate attempts to extricate himself and his horse from the mud, but he always succeeded. That part of the army which had crossed over kept up the firing and was joined again by William himself after his trying and narrow escape. By this time his arm was giving him much pain, and his shoulder wound prevented him from using his sword. But he plied the sword with the left hand and succeeded in leading his men to the place where the battle raged the hottest. He at length gained and held that strategic point which decided the fate of the day. And throughout the conflict, wherever the battle raged the fiercest there was strongly in evidence the immortal prince. Whole regiments were annihilated. Of one of the best regiments only thirty were left. And thus the enemies of the truth were defeated and the battle was the Lord's. What an icy issue hung upon the six-pounder that grazed the shoulder of King William! In it do we not see the uplifted hand of Jehovah?

AND WHAT ABOUT JAMES?

When James saw the defeat of his armies from the witness stand, and viewed the discomfited and routed soldiers, he saw his day was done, and mounting his steed, he galloped away to Dublin, leaving orders to destroy the bridges behind him, while he fled for his life. He was heartily ashamed of his Irish soldiers, and in his uncontrollable rage declared, "I will never command an Irish army again." If he had come down from the hill and had commanded his army in person, he might have had better success. He counselled his followers not to burn or sack the city, and in his valedictory speech paid a flattering compliment to his illustrious son-in-law, assuring them that they had nothing to fear from the Prince of Orange, for whatever faults he had, inhumanity towards vanquished enemies was not one of them. He then remounted his steed and having climbed the Wicklow Hill, scarcely stopped until these were fifty miles between him and Dublin. At one place he called for refreshments, but it was immediately reported that his enemies were on his trail. On July 11th he reached Waterbury and here took a boat to Kinsale, to be boarded a French frigate, sailed away for Brest and he never more came back to old Ireland. One would scarcely think him so smart, when he was watching the battle of the Boyne from the top of the hill!