

and the eyes of mothers, wives, and sisters, were filled with tears for those who fell on the battle field. And the grief of these was deep and poignant as that of him who wore the royal crown. Nature is no step-mother in her gifts of affection. No brilliant victory gained by blood ever came without bringing with it bitter mourning. For it makes desolate many hearths and homes, and plants an anguish in the soul of the bereaved too deep and dreadful for utterance. Human life and lacerated affections—these are the prices which have been paid for victories on the battle field from, and long before, the days of David until the present hour. In the fallen soldier's home, whether his standard has been victorious or otherwise, sorrow sets up her reign. Even while the air is rent with the celebration of some "glorious victory"—even while the bells are ringing and the guns are booming in triumph—the widow and the orphan are seeking secrecy and silence to vent their bitter and burning tears.

The experience of the Crimea has taught our mother country some emphatic lessons. It has taught her that soldiering is no such pastime as many persons in times of peace might have supposed. It has shown her that it is work most real, most awful, most disastrous. It has presented fresh and living proof to the eyes of the men of to-day, of the unmitigated horrors of the war system, and of the damage which actual war inflicts on all the proper interests of humanity. Thus it stands an argument and warning against the war-system of the nations. It is to the lasting honor of Great Britain that she did not go hastily into this war. Her cabinet ministers almost exhausted the patience of the nation by their endeavors to secure the safety of Europe without resort to arms. I am