

those that are whelmed therein! Oh, the ghastly revelations which they find in every step of their downward progress!—of mutilated men, of women lying crushed in the arms of their husbands, and worst—worst,—oh! worst of all—of little babes, innocent as Heaven, lying with blackened limbs, with hands held up as if in silent protest, and with a ghastly smile arrested on their countenances. Oh, the horrors of that morning which arose on the city, and the miserable feelings of the thousands who, assembled in church, instead of listening to the word of eternal life were in reality listening to the crash of the fallen house and the cries of its miserable victims! And if they listened aright that hoarse midnight voice would teach them many a lesson. Seldom if ever has that proud city, since it had a being, seen the dawning arise amid such miserable circumstances—and with about forty men, women, and children, all massed together in dreary and horrible death. May God grant that the impression made last Sabbath morning in that city may not only remain there, but may remain everywhere, where the thrill of its horror has vibrated, and where the lesson to be derived from it has been circulated!

National Sorrow.

We enter sorrowfully on the New Year. At a time when it is customary to dismiss the weight of domestic and industrial, of political and national care, and to give expression to those good wishes and hopes which at other times are silently cherished, the heavy clouds of care and sadness have darkened our horizon. The whole nation has been plunged into grief by the death of the Prince Consort. At a period of his life, and at a period of our national history when his counsel and aid as the beloved partner of our gracious Queen will be most woefully missed, he is unexpectedly removed. The loss is felt with remarkable keenness by every one, because the ties by which our noble and amiable Sovereign is related to us all are ties of peculiar tenderness and strength. Never was a monarch more beloved by his people. Never was there a monarch in whom all classes of the people were so sincerely interested, or who was welcomed with heartier acclaim in our Scottish territories, when she and her beloved Consort annually visited this part of her kingdom. Her loss is felt as *ours also*. The nation mingles its tears with the tears of a widowed Queen, in a spirit of sympathy which we believe has never been equalled.

Nor on our Queen's account alone was the Prince Consort valued. He taught a nation jealous of the foreigner, to respect him for his own sake, and to look upon him as at once the most amiable and most intelligent of princes. His manly form has bowed to disease and death, and will no more be seen in the Royal halls of England, on the breezy

mountain sides of Scotland, or on the streets of our cities, where his appearance by the side of the Queen constantly called forth the enthusiastic applause of the multitude. On his low bier the last fond tributes of affection have been laid—wreaths twined by the hands he loved. The tears of the youthful mourners who stood beside his bier, have made the people renew their grief, and think afresh of the gloom so early thrown around those young steps, a gloom which through the prayers of the nation, will, we trust, be dispelled from the Royal dwellings, and from the future paths of our beloved Queen and her children.

We cannot murmur against Divine Providence—Christian feelings and principles prevent us. We must imitate the submission of the wisest and best of our race, in these mournful circumstances. "I was dumb," said the Psalmist, "I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it." "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," was the utterance of Job; "Blessed be the name of the Lord." A greater Sufferer, and a holier than these hath said, "Father, not my will, but Thine be done!"

Many a prayer has arisen from English and Scottish homes for the royal lady who is now a widow, and for the royal children who are now fatherless. And many a prayer will rise for them in the year on which we enter.

The tidings will take long to spread through the British dominions; but wherever they speed their flight they will produce deep sadness and sympathy. Vessels on the lonely sea will tell the sad news by word or by signal, and the low flag of England waving mournfully on many a coast, and in many a harbor around the world, will speak for months to come of England's loss.—*H. & F. Record.*

Review of the Past Month.

The war excitement has sensibly subsided. The Government of the neighboring Republic has given up the Southern Commissioners. The act, however has left a feeling of great bitterness behind it, as well as of humiliation in the Northern mind. So long as they thought that Great Britain would hesitate or only remonstrate, Government and people were equally resolute not to surrender Mason and Slidell. It was only after it became perfectly evident that to retain them would provoke a war, inevitable and speedy that they consented to what was just though with the worst possible grace. It ought however to be to us a matter of the deepest gratitude that the horrors of such a war are not at least at present to come upon us. The preparations of England were of the most vigorous character. From the first hour after the news of the outrage reached her shores, till the arrival of the steamer in-