

public prayers are being offered in all the churches of the Hague that they may have favoring breezes. We see the frigate *Brill*, William pacing back and forth on her deck, and the hoisted flag fluttering in the breeze. The flag displays the arms of Nassau, quartered with those of England. The motto, embroidered in letters three feet long, "I will maintain," is an elliptical device long used by the House of Orange. The ellipse has been filled up before setting sail with words of very high import, "The liberties of England and the Protestant religion." William at last lands at Torbay on the 5th of November, 1688, where he stands forth and in effect says, "I ask, for what intent have ye sent for me?" Amidst reticence, hesitancy, fearfulness and misgiving the people at last exclaim, "To be our leader in a righteous revolution." "Great generals have arisen in all ages of the world, and, perhaps, most in those of despotism and darkness. In times of violence and convulsion they rise, by the force of the whirlwind, high enough to ride in it and direct the storm. Some, like meteors, glare on the black clouds with a splendour which, while it dazzles and terrifies, makes nothing visible but the darkness. The fame of heroes is so frequently spoken of that it is somewhat vulgar; they multiply in war; they stand in history, and thicken in ranks almost as undistinguished as soldiers." But William III. appears like a pole star in a clear sky. The memorable words of the late Prince Consort in speaking of him were, "by whose sagacity and energy was closed the bloody struggle for civil and religious liberty, which had so long convulsed this country; and who secured to us the inestimable advantages of our constitution and of our Protestant faith." The moment the name of William III., Prince of Orange, is mentioned it creates feelings of interest and pleasure on the part of some, and hatred and contempt on the part of others, either of which is preferable, or more to be admired, than the way in which it is received by a third party, viz., with indifference, the outcome of a lack of knowledge, and this the result of prejudice. To the truly instructed and intelligent Protestant, the name is sacred to heroism. As our minds are called back to the scenes and associations of the Revolution, that culminated in the July gathering on the banks of the Boyne and to all the concurrent consequences, we are forced to acknowledge that his kingship, though dual, forms an epoch of universal interest in the world's history. The later generations of men survey through the telescope of history the space where so many virtues b'end their rays, and delight to separate them into groups and distinct virtues. The Macaulay's and Green's, the Pinnock's and Collier's, the Humes' and Snollett's give us views from different standpoints of the struggles for liberty. There are thousands and tens of thousands in this country who have learned by direct tradition of the inner genius of these struggles, and even some grey-haired sires remain to tell the story of their personal encounters. The sacrifices they made they thought not too great, and were cheerfully made; the services they rendered, they hesitated not to perform; they adhered to the cause in prosperity and in adversity; they clung to it with filial affection. No matter what was the condition, though divided by parties, surrounded by difficulties, they clung to each other for liberty. In some of these struggles there were exhibited a generous zeal. Trampling on considerations of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, fought for principles and periled all in the sacred cause of liberty. What noble deeds of heroic daring many of them have done! What dreadful suffering! What heroic endurance! When mountain and meadow was overrun by the enemy; the fruits of industry destroyed; the black and smoking ruins marking the places which had been their habitations;