

topics on occasions like this, with such teeming material for speeches. In these times, steam and electricity have annihilated time and space, and the newspapers place us as it were upon the top of an exceeding high mountain, from which we behold all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them. And what a spectacle the vast amphitheatre presents. Nature is tranquil, and her domain abounds with lessons of the love of God. Even the brutes, enjoying plenty, dwell in peace. Men alone, professing love, revel in hatred—

"Easily set together by the ears,  
And full of causeless jealousies and fears."

It is only a few short months since the pompous and powerful Emperor of the French, almost giving law to Europe, treated the diplomatic representatives of the world to constant assurances that the Empire was peace. In an aggressive spirit, he went forth to battle, the hope and the idol of the French nation, to be defeated, humiliated and dethroned. There was one man brave enough to rebuke his aspirations, but his voice was lost amidst the passions and the tumults of the multitude. Poor France, crushed, desperate and perhaps penitent, reaps to-day the bitter fruit of clamorous antipathies. And Germany, more prosperous in the field, is scarcely less a sufferer. Blood and carnage, desolated homes, sufferings which no language can describe, are the lot of these two powerful Christian nations, who drifted into war with all its ghastly concomitants of horrors, having been taught for years on years to fear, distrust and hate each other. The spirit of imitation is contagious. When a man flew from the steeple years ago, all the silly boys were flying from the sign posts. The noise of battle hath a strange charm. Russia is arming, Austria, Turkey, Italy are on the alert, and England is preparing for a great contest; and the danger lies, not so much in the levying of the men and means as in the gradual debauching of the peaceful Christian sentiments of the world. The Gladstone Cabinet has sought a peaceful solution of their foreign broils, and thus far found it, but there is a latent pugilism in the popular mind which, when excited, brooks no control and dreads no foe. His is an awful sin who lets the war dogs loose upon the world. They rouse the devil in the human heart, and predispose mankind to tolerate the sum of human villainies. Even war, with all its horrors, is less dreadful than a national disgrace, but how often both might be averted by timely foresight and

judicious mediation. "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." And the people will not listen when the national anger is roused. Every body admits now that the Crimean war was a blunder—with its hecatombs of French and English dead and seas of treasure—but Mr. Bright, like Thiers, because he denounced war, was sneered and hissed, as

A steady patriot of the world alone.  
The friend of every country but his own.

Great events, actual and foreshadowed, are domesticating British politics here. We are growing to have a deep interest in the Foreign policy of the Empire; and reading now in each morning paper summaries of the London leaders of yesterday, and of last night's debates in the British House of Commons, we become imperceptibly participants in the current Imperial discussion, and the Colonial mind glows in reflected sympathy with the warmth of party dissensions "at home." We have seen the great Liberal party of England, powerful beyond all precedent in intellect, and in the confidence of Parliament and the country, striving in power to give administrative effect to the traditions and the theories of her great thinkers. Economy—retrenchment—those words dear to the people who pay the taxes—and hateful to those who feed at the Government crib—have at last been vitalized by a powerful and dominant party, or as one of its own orators recently defined it, "the great, intelligent Liberal party of the three kingdoms." But the great question with which this Liberal Government had to deal was that of the state of Ireland—to remove as far as might be a bitter and world-wide national reproach—and there can be no doubt that—though looking to the wrongs of the past, the old times blunders and cruelties of the Conqueror—Ireland may still remain the avenging Nemesis of England—though discontent may still abound—and though looking to repeal as their only hope, multitudes of Irishmen should remain dissatisfied and disloyal—this noble and unprecedented effort of the great Liberal leaders of England, beset with difficulties and apprehensions, and almost overwhelmed by the prejudices and responsibilities they encountered, to deal justly by Ireland in a great measure of relief—is fraught with hope for the future, as just in itself and as an instalment of what may follow—and will gradually touch the hearts of the great masses of the Roman Catholic population of Ireland. No doubt, there is room for sympathy with the loyal Protestant population, their