

cur, and immediately a deep chord of the soul vibrates with martial feeling.

The instance of the hero of Israel's fights, commanding, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the Valley of Ajalon," forbids the conviction that war is in no case justifiable. The noble death of Nelson, stricken down at his post; or the youthful Hedley Vicars charging a host of Russians with a mere handful of men, adds a genuine and undying lustre to the fame which surrounds these honoured names. Havelock, in the relief of Lucknow, may be considered to have earned the richest chaplet which crowns the brow of chivalry; and to the justice and glory of war, to have added the characteristic of tender mercy.

It is in the consideration of such instances as these that war appears to men clad in envious splendour. A dazzling mantle of glory is thrown around the monster, which conceals its true form.

Whatever may be said respecting the justice or the injustice of war in ages gone by, it seems pretty clear that whenever war is declared in the present age, there is a flagrant violation of right on one side or the other, or both. All nations are composed of men similarly constituted, and possessing equal natural rights. The king or nation which wages war for purposes of self-aggrandizement, or to force its views upon others, is guilty of tyranny—a thing obnoxious to all laws, human and divine. Fame, or the desire of obtaining any object which is prompted by selfishness, must not be regarded as having any weight in the opposite scale. We cannot, then, attempt to justify war when the maintenance of an honourable peace is possible.

As to the glory of war and bloody victory considered in themselves, it is outweighed in true worth by a single disinterested action in behalf of a helpless fellow-being. The best warriors and statesmen perceive true glory to exist in