

true, firmly-based elevation of man—the Bible, and therefore its diffusion. She alone practices the principles of liberty in its widest and noblest sense, so as to offer a home to all who are oppressed. Recent and bygone instances (the Neapolitan exiles, and formerly the Flemings and Huguenots,) combine to show that God has marked out Britain as the bulwark of true religion, and the assertor of true freedom; without doubt, that she might, as she does, spread the knowledge of these throughout the whole earth.

Had she failed, then, in the late struggle—as, considering the number of her foes, and the distance of the scene of operations, seemed by no means improbable,—is it not evident that her prestige being lowered, her interests being injured, the cause of true religion, and all else with which that is inseparably connected, would have suffered also? Predictions of failure, by those who hated her, were numerous. A greedy anxiety for tidings of evil, a fearful desire to magnify these evils, was manifested, not only by other nations, but by not a few nearer home, who show themselves ever ready to turn and rend the hand which protects them. And truly there appeared sufficient at first sight to gratify the predictions of the boldest prophets of ruin. Betrayed, as our countrymen were, by their familiar friends; surrounded by treachery; opposed by armies drilled by themselves, and numbering hundreds of thousands; compelled to encounter a revolt extending over thousands of miles, in an unhealthy, and to Europeans, peculiarly trying climate; with hearts sickened by the tragical details of murders and mutilations; far from sources of assistance; with the rebellion spreading swift and devastating as a tornado, and the knowledge that months must elapse ere aid could arrive; what hope was there, that the little band of true men could hold their own for a day? Much less that if the whole country were overrun before the forwarding of fresh troops, the vast empire could ever be subdued again?

But instead of the nation being daunted, while, indeed, as a nation, they humbled themselves before the God of battles, with an energy unsurpassed in the annals of history, the work of reconquest was begun, and, in the short space of two years, so effectually completed, that it has been confidently asserted that the land desolated so recently with the most sanguinary warfare, was never more tranquil. In the meantime, too, as an episode in the drama of events, and as an evidence that the powers of the nation were by no means taxed to the utmost, a little fleet sailed farther east, and was instrumental in opening up two new worlds, we might say (China and Japan,) the one the most populous, and the other the least known upon the face of the earth, to British commerce, British civilization, and, I trust speedily, Britain's religion. All this may well constrain us to exclaim, "Safety—victory—is of the Lord."

III. Let us consider a few of the nume-

rous reasons for thanksgiving suggested by the course of the strife itself. That there was a military conspiracy is certain. Evidence of this, clearly indicating a gigantic conspiracy, and showing that a simultaneous rising was contemplated, was obtained in obedience. Among the chief mercies we have now to look back upon is the broken and desultory character of the mutiny, the delay of some regiments, the hesitating and partial movements of others, and the defeated purposes of several more. And this suggests numerous indications of providential care, traceable in the recent troubles. For example, before any alarm was entertained, or any preparation made to protect the capital, there was in the neighborhood a considerable native force, disaffected, plotting, and by which, if the blow had been struck as soon as was intended, lives and property to an incalculable extent must have been destroyed. So in another case of paramount importance—the tract of country, which afterwards formed the basis of our operations,—our whole dependence, humanly speaking, rested at first upon a native regiment, which manifestly for a time wavered; and looking to the safety of several other principalities, those best qualified to judge deem it indeed marvellous how every advantage of time and opportunity were lost by the disaffected soldiery. Few can have noticed these facts, as Christians should, without observing many instances in which the hand of God seems plainly to have overthrown the counsel of the wicked, guided our commanders, restrained the evil passions of men, tempered the seasons, and sustained the health of our troops in a wonderful and astonishing manner.

But, brethren, when the first accounts of the massacres reached our ears,—when we heard of countrymen and helpless countrywomen murdered in cold blood, with every circumstance of cruelty, of aggravated barbarity, of the most fiendish desecration of all that is sacred and holy, did not our hearts become as stone, and were we not ready as with one voice to cry vengeance? When the press, from one end of Britain to the other, contained but one subject, when those in the house and by the way had but one topic of conversation, when the voice of wailing, bitter and loud, was heard in many a mansion, and many a lowly cot,—for the loved ones far away had been smitten without mercy to death, or reserved for a worse fate than death—were we not all but ready to pray for judgment without mercy? It appears to me a subject for special thankfulness, that when the press, the pulpit, the platform and the family circle, held but one language, these our sanguinary and revengeful feelings were not carried out in fact; and that, while rightful examples were made of a few—such to whom deliberate, cold-blooded treachery could be brought home; on the whole, never was a war conducted with more clemency on the part of governor and general, civilian and soldier.