

and of God," as it has been lifted up against us, in the matter of the Indian mutiny. This is the part of interest as well as of duty; for what shall be the end of those who will not hear the rod," nor see the hand that wields it? "Lord, when thy hand is lifted up, they will not see; but they *shall* see, and be ashamed, \* \* yea, the fire of thine enemies shall devour them."

We have acknowledged the operation of secondary causes, the employment of subordinate agents by God in the accomplishment of his purposes. And so far from wishing to ignore, or even conceal them, in the case of the present calamity, we call on you to notice them particularly, in connection with its ultimate author. The instruments employed by God in punishing his ancient people on the occasion referred to in the text, were the native inhabitants of Canaan. He made *them* to be "thorns in their sides, and their gods to be a snare unto them." And what language could more accurately describe the agency employed by God in punishing our sins against India? Who were the mutineers? Were they not the native inhabitants of that country—the Sepoys. And what were the means by which they effected their purpose? Was it not by *treachery*? "snares," and death by torture, produced by slow and painful means, like being pricked to death with "thorns?" It is instructive to observe this coincidence; and while we observe it, let us feel that *now* as *then* "our own iniquities have been correcting us, and our own backslidings reproving us." Here the very people whom we had injured became, in the hand of God, their own avengers and his. Look back again, on some of our sins against our Indian brethren, as formerly noticed, and you will see that from like sins against us we are now suffering. Were they the dupes of our deceit? We are the victims of their treachery. Did we treat them with cruelty? "With the same measure," only "pressed down, and shaken together, and running over," "has it been measured to us again." Pride we mentioned as another of our national sins; and of nothing in India, perhaps, were we more proud than of