

deed of violence. Were the man who at this moment stands before you in the full play and energy of health, to be in another moment laid by some deadly aim a lifeless corpse at your feet, there is not one of you who would not prove how strong are the relentings of nature at a spectacle so hideous as death. There are some of you who would be haunted for whole days by the image of horror you had witnessed—who would feel the weight of a most oppressive sensation upon your heart, which nothing but time could wear away—who would be so pursued by it as to be unfit for business or for enjoyment—who would think of it through the day, and it would spread a gloomy disquietude over your waking moments—who would dream of it at night, and it would turn that bed which you courted as a retreat from the torments of an ever-meddling memory, into a scene of restlessness.

But generally the death of violence is not instantaneous, and there is often a sad and dreary interval between its final consummation, and the infliction of the blow which causes it. The winged messenger of destruction has not found its direct avenue to that spot where the principle of life is situated—and the soul, finding obstacles to its immediate egress, has to struggle with it for hours, ere it can make its weary way through the winding avenues of that tenement, which has been torn open by a brother's hand. I am not saying that the burden of all this criminality rests upon the heads of the immediate combatants. It lies somewhere; but who can deny that a soldier may be a Christian, and that from the bloody field in which his body is laid, his soul may wing its ascending way to the shores of a peaceful eternity? But when I think that the Christians, even of the great world, form but a very little flock, and that an army is not a propitious soil for the growth of Christian principle—when I think on the character of one such army, that had been led on for years by a ruffian ambition—and been enured to scenes of barbarity—and had gathered a most ferocious hardihood of soul, from the many enterprises of violence to which an unprincipled commander had carried them—when I follow them to the field of battle, and further think that on both sides of an exasperated contest—the gentleness of Christianity can have no place in almost any bosom; but that nearly