

not God fed you as regularly, and as agreeably, as if day by day He had sent you manna from the clouds and water out of the rock? Thus—weigh God's *distinguishing* mercies. How has it fared with others? Have we escaped many of the diseases, and the disasters, by which the lives of multitudes have been embittered? Why this exemption? Thus—look back on mercies *personal*, as health and happiness; or sickness and strokes of Providence: and on mercies *relative*, as friends spared, or their last hours soothed; family-honor, neighborly kindness, and mutual charities. Thus—think of *continued* mercies, the unailing supply of food, shelter, raiment; the integrity of limbs and intellect: and *restored* mercies, in recovery from illness, reunion with sundered dear ones, renewal of confidence and the like—the blessings, too, often coming to you so sweetly and so seasonably! Thus—fix the mind on *particular instances* of the Divine help. Recall that one trial, so much dreaded, which never arrived; or which was so tempered in its course; or which you received such unexpected strength to meet. And, if you have enjoyed a cheerful contented disposition which doubles your store, whatsoever it be, and which is ever on the alert to appreciate those thousand nameless conveniences and gratifications that go so far to make life pleasant—remember, *that was your Father's gift!*

And, *further* Believers should be called on to give especial thanks for their spiritual mercies. Thus—what tongue can sufficiently praise God for the eternal covenant of grace, and for the gift of his own Son as our Redeemer, and of His Holy Spirit as our Sanctifier and Comforter? Thus—how long the Book of Life has been in your hands, and with what advantages have you been favored for searching its riches, and for displaying its effects! Thus—ever-memorable are the means whereby your eyes were first opened, and your souls bowed to the glorious Gospel. Thus—admirable is the way along which you have been led, in which you have been upheld, while many who started in the race with as fair a promise have stumbled or gone back. Thus—wonderfully were you raised again, when your feet were almost gone. How is it that you have not made utter shipwreck of faith? Thus—how unfathomable the wisdom and the grace in making *all* things work together for your good! so that bereavements, and partings, and disappointments, and opposition, and distress, instead of hindering have helped your salvation! In short, viewing the weakness, deceitfulness, and proneness to evil of your own hearts; and the abounding offences in the world around; and the unceasing efforts of the spirits of darkness to compass your ruin; and your snares on every side, and in all employments—why, “who maketh you to differ?” WHO hath taught your hands to war? Though every one else be silent, *you at least must sing:—*

“Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.” “Having obtained help of God, we continue unto this day.”

But, my hearers, this is no ordinary occasion. The “Day of Public Thanksgiving for the restoration of Peace to India” has as eloquence all its own to stir us up to celebrate the help of Almighty God. For it brings vividly to mind the appalling perils, and the unutterable atrocities, of the first year of the rebellion—the hurricane of diabolic fury which then swept over the land, overwhelming so many of our brave and tender and good and gentle, and threatening the extinction from this continent of the British race and the Christian name. Was the tempest stayed? Was that grand attempt of Satan and his votaries baffled? If Oude was for a season lost to us, was the Punjab safe—ay, a source of strength? Were Bombay, Madras, Scinde, preserved tranquil? Was it possible, with impunity, almost to denude Burmah of a European garrison? Were these Lower Provinces, for the most part, unpolluted either by pillage or carnage? Even in the Northwest, were some of the chief stations, beyond expectation, held? Were potentates like Scindia, Holkar, the Raja of Puttiala, on our side? Amid heart-rending scenes of vilest treachery and butchery, were there not wanting instances of rare fidelity and marvellous deliverance? as in the escapes from Delhi, from Gwalior, from Bareilly, even from Futtehpore, even from Futtehgurh? Before the rains were over, was the tide turned? Had Allahabad been secured? Was the Fort of Agra unassailed? Was Cawnpore retaken? Was Delhi entered, and Lucknow relieved? Ah! who will not say, from the bottom of his heart, “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake!” For this Day brings before us our own danger in Calcutta two years ago—on which it is needless to expatiate. But did all escape scathless? But, did we never miss one diet of worship? But, was there no riot in the city? Notwithstanding the temptations which the treasury, the mint, the banks, the mercantile stores presented to the crowds of bazar-ruffians, who had always arms available irrespective of neighbouring sepoy? But, was the 14th of June passed without a shot? and the centenary of Plassey? and the mohurrum of August? till our eyes were gladdened by the sight of the *Himalaya* and the *Shannon*? But, were all the plots against Fort William foiled? Surely, surely, loud is the call to us to say:—“Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers; the snare is broken, and we are escaped. Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.”

The Day brings to mind, also, all that protracted and sanguinary warfare, which (long after fears for our supremacy were past) of