

we overlook one which is apt to escape our notice; and that is, the influence which the courage of our countrymen in India must exercise upon future generations. It appears to us that the hand of God was never seen more clearly revealed in history than in those men whom he raised up to preserve our rule in India; in the power, wisdom, and bravery with which he endowed them; and in the deliverances which he vouchsafed to them. And should the day ever come when a degenerate people are disposed from enervating sloth to succumb before difficulties, from selfish fear to fly from danger, or in despair to give up their national power and privileges, —then may the story of the march of Havelock to Cawnpore, or the defence and relief of Lucknow, with the memories of the indomitable few who everywhere battled against the fearful odds, stir up the last drop of blood in their hearts, and nerve them to act worthy of such an ancestry, and to quit themselves like men! No war is in vain which thus strengthens the self-reliance, the self-respect, and the independence of a great nation, consecrated by God for high and holy purposes on earth.

It is premature, perhaps, for us to calculate the gains to mankind from the Italian campaign, or from the civil conflict now raging so fiercely in America. But as regards Italy, the creation of a free nation out of small states, crushed by civil and ecclesiastical tyranny, and the check given to the Papal power, are results already visible, and more than sufficient to repay the losses of Solferino or Mentana. As to America, there seems to be but one opinion, that whatever be the issue of the war on the union of the North and South, the institution of slavery, which occasioned that war, is doomed to perish as its certain result. The fearful losses in this most fierce and bloody conflict will thus in some degree measure the magnitude of the evil which has its proximate cause, and of the good which will be its ultimate effect.

“The Lord reigneth; let the people tremble:
The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice.”

OR THE MONTHLY RECORD.

Sir John Inglis.

DIED AT HEBURG, ON THE 27TH SEPT., 1862.

From Asia's hills of purple light,
Where Lucknow wailing lies,
Over long leagues of landscape bright,
Up through those glowing skies;
On—from the fair Ionian Isles,
Across the broad, blue Rhine,
Over the wild sea's lengthening miles,
To England's household shrine;
As echo the funeral drums,
Struck by Fame's mighty hand,
A long, low wail of sorrow comes
To Nova Scotia's land.

For him, our Hero, lying low,
Where sweeps the German Sea,
Beside whose calm, eternal flow,
Hot tears drop silently;
Where green turf wraps the soldier dead,
In life's full noon-day sun,
Tears for the great and silent dead,
Whose battle day is done,
Low sweeps the wild and mournful wail,
Where stately pine-trees stand,
And yellow leaves chant Autumn's tale,
Adown his boyhood's land,
Here, where his free, exulting youth,
Passed like a Summer's day,
Here, where in sight of manhood's ruth,
He put those dreams away;
We see him first in soldier guise,
The strippling of the fold,
Sunning himself in beauty's eyes,
As knight in days of old.
Anon—the call to battle comes,
Long leagues beyond the sea,
Rolled up the sound of martial drums,
From Affghans tented lea;
Among the brave, he bore him well,
His Maiden spurs were won,
Where his full crown of glory fell,
Beneath an Indian sun.

What lips are dumb, what hearts are calm,
When Lucknow's name is heard?
Where victor's crown and martyr's palm,
Blent, while the trumpets stirred;
Strange, savage hordes, around, beneath,
Within—life's worst despair,
Through siege and famine, fear and death,
He stood a hero there;
Strengthening the fainting and the weak,
Rousing the brave and strong,
With dauntless heart, but pallid cheek,
As rescue tarried long;
The free, brave spirit, nurtured here,
Upon our Mayflower sod,
The first to strike, the last to fear,
Firm in its trust to God;
Came forth the victor in the strife,
That made earth's pulses quail,
Giving to glory's volumned life,
Immortal Lucknow's tale;
He came, but not as conquerors greet,
The cup with crested brim,
He bore the burden and the heat,
The rest was not for him;
The suffering soul shrank from the strain,
As bow too harshly bent,
Sunset met noonday on life's plain,
And left a silent tent;
Beside his post, obedient found,
To do his Master's will,
But when the morning watch came round,
The guard slept on the hill;
The snow-white banner in his hand,
The Cross upon his breast,
Far from his boyhood's happy land,
Our hero went to rest;
The good fight fought—the battle won,
He laid his weapons down,
Passed from the shadow to the sun,
And took the eternal crown.
HALIFAX, NOVEMBER 1862. M. J. K.

Dan Spioradail.

Is mor an t'abhair th'againne aoradh
A thabhairt dhasan tha chomnuidh shuas,
Airson a ghrasan rin e chomhpairteachadh
Ann gach aite san robh sinne namh
Mar chum e suas sinne 'measg iomadh cruaidh-
chus
S'mar ghabh e truas rinne air dhuinne bhi'n sas