

Now the Crimea has long been deserted, and left to the gentle influences of nature, and the peaceful occupations of man. The green grass grows in luxuriance over the heights so long trodden by embattled hosts; the harbor of Balaklava is silent as a mountain tarn; cattle browse along the line of the once busy railway; the bee hums among the wild flowers on the graves of our countrymen; the lark sings over the fields drenched by blood; the husbandman pauses to examine records of battle turned up by his plough; strangers, year after year, visit the memorable scene, and trace out the spots consecrated by patient suffering or heroic valour; and many an unlettered wanderer in vain attempts to decipher the inscriptions over our English dead,—inscriptions which will be read through tears by pilgrims from afar who visit their graves, and to whom the names on those humble tablets are records of the history of a life.

But what have we gained by that war? Our losses have been great; * have there been adequate returns of good? We think there have. One result has been that Russia, which, like a second Babylon, threatened to be a hammer to break the nations of the earth, has been broken—driven back from her advance towards Europe and the East, and compelled to accept a peace, with the loss of fortresses, fleets, armies, influence, and the glory of being invincible, which charmed nations to become her slaves; while she herself has been mercifully compelled to direct her energies to the development of her own rich and almost inexhaustible resources, and to the improvement of her people. Besides this, additional security has been obtained for the permanence of the British rule in India, which we think is now identical with the best interests of that great country.

But perhaps the greatest gain to humanity from the Crimean War has been the freedom thereby secured throughout the Turkish dominions, not only for Christians so called, but for Mahometans who embrace the Christian faith. This is a great gain to humanity. For twelve hundred years it has been death to a Mahometan to believe in Christ as the only Saviour. For twelve hundred years Mahometanism, numbering at present its more than one hundred million souls, has been shut out from all the light and life of the Gospel. Now, Islam is practically destroyed! It has been permitted, in the calm and patient government of God, to do its best or its worst—to be, if it could the life of an empire—the life of the race. Twelve centuries have been given it to

make the experiment, with the fairest and holiest portion of the earth to make it in, and with unlimited power to back its efforts. The experiment has failed; failed utterly deplorably. Mahometanism has given birth to no permanent literature, philosophy, science, or hardly even to works of art, except some noble buildings in India. It has triumphed cruelly, reigned despotically, indulged itself sensually, until it has become effete, degraded, sunk. But now a new era has come, and Christianity, ever fresh and ever young, steps in to save Turkey from being blotted out from the map of nations, and to conquer her as an enemy by making her a friend. The fact of the Prince of Wales having been the first Christian who was ever admitted into the Mosque of Hebron, is itself a proof of the change which has come over Turkey since the war. The wedge has got in its edge, and those Mahometan fanatics who think that it must end in destroying Islam, are not mistaken.

Not less vivid are our recollections of the last Indian war, nor less bright our hopes of its good results. We remember, but as yesterday, how the tidings of a mutinous regiment here and there were at first received without any alarm, but how, when the whole army was infected, our confidence at home well nigh yielded to despair. The unparalleled drama passes before our eyes in tragic scenes, repeated across the wide plains of India: the sudden treachery of the Sepoys, the massacre of their officers, the hurried flight of terrified residents and their families, the marvellous escapes of some, and the cruel destruction of others. Cawnpore, Delhi, Lucknow!—when shall these scenes or names be forgotten? Our losses were great indeed during that dreadful time. Many a family lost its fairest, bravest, and best. Tens of thousands perished in battle, by massacre, or by disease, and hatred to the British rule was intensified in many a native breast. But what have been our gains? The Government of Great Britain has been established stronger than ever over the whole peninsula of India with its 170 millions of inhabitants! That is a gain to humanity which cannot be too highly estimated, provided always that Christian Britain realizes the grandeur of her duties towards her Eastern dominions. And this, by God's help, she has been doing of late more than ever, and will, we believe and hope, continue to do more and more. The interests of the people of India can never now be what they have often been—objects of indifference to the people of England. The end of the mutiny marked the beginning of a new era in Indian history, which promises the rise of such just government, political freedom, commercial enterprise, enlightened education, and wise missionary effort, as will a thousand-fold recompense us for all the sacrifice of the war by which such results have been secured.

Now, in reckoning up those results, can

* It has been computed, by the best authority, after careful examination of details, that the Crimean War, directly or indirectly, caused the loss of upwards of 800,000 to Russia, 120,000 to Turkey, 85,000 to France, 60,000 to Austria—by disease, in her army of observation—and 26,000 to Great Britain. It is not generally known how small our loss has been in comparison with other nations, who are not in the habit of revealing, but of concealing their calamities.