

ties of war upon Europe during the year now closing — the end whereof is not yet. The dispute of last year concerning the “holy places” was but a pretext — the proper origin lay far behind that. It is a maxim that the constitutional monarch of England never dies; but it may be regarded as no less a maxim that the aggrandising Czar of Russia never dies. His policy and ideas live on from age to age, and operate in every succeeding generation with accumulating force toward their ultimate object. Poland had been trampled on; the Crimea had been secured; and now the Ottoman empire is as a “sick and dying man.” In the distribution of the estate, behold, Constantinople is ours. So thought the Czar Nicholas of our day. Not so, said the Sultan. Not so, said Britain and France. Hence the dispute. Hence the horrors of Sinope. Hence the clash of arms and the flowing blood on the Danube and the Alma. Hence the carnage at Balaklava and Inkerman, and the cannonading at Sebastopol.

See then, my hearers, see what an unholy ambition does. I know that this is an old story, and a trite moral, to those who have studied human history. The lawless ambition of the untamed and unsanctified human heart has wrought desolation in all ages, and left its tracks in human blood and human woe.

Although we dwell on this side of the Atlantic, we see this war, and feel it too. Three thousand miles of intervening ocean do not cut us off from it. Our intercourse with Europe is so direct and constant, that in a matter of this sort we are as one community with the old world. It touches us physically, intellectually, morally, and spiritually. It affects the trade and commerce, the literature and the conversation of the civilized world. Many