

to practice precepts like these : " Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." Yet this is duty, Christian duty. If our hearts are burning with revenge, think you that our Heavenly Father will ever hear our prayers ? Brethren, whenever you feel an unholy thought arise within you, go in spirit to Calvary, that centre of all holy motive and source of all divine strength. See there the mangled, crucified Jesus, whose one life was worth infinitely more than that of ten thousand Presidents, and whose death involved more guilt in its perpetration than that of ten thousand Booths, and ask, what says he ? Do his dying lips breathe malice or revenge ? Oh no ! When " he was reviled, he reviled not again ; when he suffered, he threatened not."

" And when upon the cross he hung,  
With all his foes in view—  
' Father, forgive them,' Jesus said,  
' They know not what they do.' "

Brethren, He is our pattern. The heart may have, probably must have its own feelings ; still let grace prevail, and let us learn to be Christ-like and forgiving too ! God help the neighbouring nation and its rulers, while ever pursuing the path of justice and rectitude, to keep revenge in check ; and God forbid that national guilt should ever be augmented by the infliction of merely national vengeance ! May the mantle of the murdered President, who ever breathed the spirit of kindly forgiveness to his foes, descend on his successor !

V. Finally, is not this the solemn lesson to all, viz :—*the uncertain tenure of all earthly possessions, and even of life itself ?* Nothing is more frequent in the world, nothing is more neglected by the world than death. When one eminent and illustrious in State has been laid low in the dust of death, it is one of God's ways of checking human thoughtlessness, and convincing man of his mortality. As exposed to the fell dart of the King of terrors, peasant and president stand on a common level. Death spares neither the lofty nor the lowly. The tide of bereavement that rolls through our fallen world, breaks on the threshold of the lowest log-cabin, and dashes its black

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