

war must ever involve many consequences which cannot but be contrary to the principles of humanity and the spirit of the Gospel; and will embitter, for years to come, all future relations between ourselves, and those with whom we ought to live in amity and close alliance. But the only war which now threatens to disturb us, will be on our part a war of defence, defence of our country, our altars and our homes. No war of aggression has ever for a moment been contemplated by those in authority over us. Unjust wars—wars prompted by ambition, or for the purpose of spoliation, are amongst the greatest of iniquities: “but a just and defensive war is the last and greatest appeal to the God of truth.” If this shall unhappily, from any circumstances, be ever forced upon us, I trust that there will be no craven or recreant hearts amongst us; but, that Canada will nobly respond to the call of our Queen in her hour of necessity—and commit the issue of the battle in all confidence to the Great Ruler of the World. But of this we may be certain, that if we desire peace, the best assurance that we shall be able to preserve it, is to be ever ready and prepared for the terrible alternative of war.

But does not the very mention of such events, as a possible contingency, suggest another most apposite commentary on the words of the text? Who can presume to foretell what shall be the issues of the morrow; and what assurance have we of any fixity of tenure in anything we now enjoy, whether as a nation or as individuals? Even

“The smile of home; the mutual look,
When hearts are of each other sure,”—

how soon may all be changed—as our beloved Queen has now been so painfully and unexpectedly taught—the Word of the Lord, that alone endureth for ever.

And now I will close what I have wished to say this evening, with another short passage from Bishop Taylor’s “Holy Dying,” which will perhaps furnish us with some good thoughts to carry away with us for our quiet meditation at home:

“Since we stay not here, being people but of a day’s abode, and our age is like that of a fly, and contemporary with a gourd;