

in God's kingdom, and interprets, rather than is interpreted by, all the other workings of the same law.

Accordingly, no great benefit has ever come to the world, or to nations, without the death and desolation of famine, pestilence, persecution or war. In looking back along the centuries of history, we can remember none! It may seem to us strange and mysterious that so it should be, but so it has been. In every case the light has come out of darkness—the happiness through suffering—the life through death. Mankind reach God's kingdom of good only through "much tribulation." The death may indeed belong to sin or its wages; but the life is of God, and his gift. Granting that every war is caused by evil somewhere, and that it is at once its effect and punishment, yet we believe that in the merciful as well as the just providence of God, it becomes to a large extent its cure; and though, like every form of chastisement, it is not "for the present joyous but grievous," yet "afterwards it yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness." God thus makes man's wrath to praise him; and the awful power of evil which has not originated in him is yet so controlled and directed by him as to help on the good. "O the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

And if the life thus never comes without the death, so may we feel assured that the death is never in vain, or never fails to issue in life, or in some way or other to contribute to its existence or growth. Let us not then be crushed by the thought that losses in war have been losses only, without any corresponding gains, and nothing more than huge hecatombs offered up to the ambition or pride of monarchies or republics, or results of the diplomatic blunders and selfish policy of ignorant wicked men. We have too much confidence in the justice and love of Christ's reign to believe this. Never would he permit the blood of many noble hearts to be shed, nor so many sacrifices to be made by Christian families, unless, through this same death, he was to give life more abundantly to the world. The loss from war have been tremendous in our onlay in Europe, India, and America; but we may surely be permitted to believe, to believe that the gain to human liberty, to religion, and to the spread of the gospel, will be proportionate. The funeral has been large. The civilized world has followed the biers of the warriors who fell, and millions have dropped tears to their graves; but the civilized world will enjoy the legacy which they have left behind. The benefits that are to accrue to mankind from war may possibly, and for a time, be unseen, but our faith in God's government, and the experience gathered from the history of the world, assure us, that though a winter of sifter cold and wild storm-blast may intervene before the harvest, yet that a

harvest *must* come, when what is now sown in tears in the bloody battle-field will, by us or by our posterity, be reaped with joy. The present death of thousands, though occasioned by the great sin of the world, is, nevertheless a prelude to a resurrection to the world of future life, social, political, and religious.

The last ten years have witnessed several great and important wars; as in the Crimea, India, Italy, and America. It would be difficult and presumptuous in us to attempt to specify the particular evils which occasioned those wars; although we might hazard the conjectures that the ambition—ecclesiastical as well as civil—and despotism of Russia, which threatened to overturn the balance of power in Europe, had no small share in causing the Crimean campaign; that our own covetousness and rapacity in India, along with the chronic hatred of the heathen to a Christian government, had something to do with the rebellion in India; that the tyranny of Austria and of the Pope stirred up Italy, while slavery is confessedly the grand cause of the war raging at present in America.

Those great moments in history which were recently so very present to us, are already stealing away into the dimness of the past. Yet they must ever remain fresh in the memory of the present generation, who once read with "bated breath" the telegrams which told the progress of the deadly struggle. We like to pause and recall that Crimean time of anxiety and sorrow. We cannot forget those accounts which we read with such intense interest of that long struggle sustained by 400,000 men around the beleaguered fortress, and within a space hardly ten miles square;—artillery roaring night and day for months; shells in ceaseless showers hissing and rushing through the sky; trenches digging; attacking, and defending; nightly sorties, with firing, shouts, and death-struggles in the darkness; men perishing daily in hundreds from cold, disease, agonizing wounds, or the sudden crash of shot or shell. We remember the days of more than ordinary peril and more wide-spread calamity—days of hurricane, when navies were sunk, or of fierce onset against the fortress, when armies seemed to march forward for hours, amidst the hell of turmoil and carnage, into some unseen and unknown dread hourne from whence no soldier returned. Who can forget the crowds of sufferers who streamed from the shores of the Crimea to add to the horrors of the already overcrowded hospitals or the graves which were ever digging round their walls? Or who can forget the messengers of woe which every day left the seat of war and visited Europe, knocking at the doors of ten thousand homes, telling children that they were orphans, wives that they were widows, parents that the pride of their heart was laid low, sisters that their brothers were killed, and a large circle of friends and neighbours that old familiar faces should be seen no more!