

THE
MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE
Church of Scotland

IN NOVA SCOTIA AND THE ADJOINING PROVINCES.

SEPTEMBER, 1859.

Sermon,

Preached in St. Andrew's Church, St. John's, Newfoundland, on the occasion of Thanksgiving for the termination of the Indian Mutiny.

Proverbs XXI. 31. "Safety (margin, victory) is of the Lord."

To the merciful interposition of Divine Providence it is owing that the short but sanguinary warfare, which for two years has devastated the most populous province of Her Majesty's dominions, is terminated; and that the whole of the rebellious and disaffected districts have been reconquered. As loyal subjects, therefore, deeply interested in whatever affects the welfare of the empire, we are called upon to express our gratitude to Almighty God, whose hand, in every event of the anxious period, now closed, has been more devoutly and concurrently acknowledged by all, from the highest to the lowest, from the Queen, statesman and general, to the meanest subject, civilian and common soldier, than in any previous conflict. Situated as we are, and as, I trust, we may long continue to be; hearing of the ravages of armies, and of the depopulation of countries, only with the hearing of the ear, without being personally involved in their terrific effects,—these matters merely supply us with topics of discourse—they awaken within us no serious alarm. Rumors of battles and bloodshed, coming from afar, have rather "amused our leisure than disturbed our repose;" and thankful as we ought to be for this our security, the consequence has been, that "we have learned to contemplate war with too much indifference, and to feel for the unhappy countries imme-

diately involved in it too little compassion." Witnessing, only in a small degree, its occasional pomp and circumstance in the midst of peace, we are inclined to forget that it is in reality one of the most awful scourges employed by a chastising Providence for the punishment of man; including in its train of evils, all the worst forms of famine, and pestilence, and rapine, and the lawless indulgence of the most unhallowed passions of humanity. War is the triumph of death; a triumph signalized not only by the extent and value of its conquests, in which the King of Terrors laughs to scorn, not only the puny efforts of the aged and feeble to cling to life, but the desperate and convulsive struggles of the vigorous and the youthful. It has been finely and pathetically remarked by one that "in peace, children bury their parents; in war, parents bury their children." "nor," says another, "is the difference small. Children lament their parents sincerely, indeed, but with the moderate and tranquil sorrow, which is the natural consequence of retaining many tender ties, many animating prospects. Parents mourn for their children in the bitterness of despair. The aged parent, the widowed mother, loses, when deprived of her offspring, all but the capacity of suffering; her heart, withered and desolate, admits no other object, and cherishes no other hope. 'It is Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not.'"

But I am called upon, this day, to recount, not the evils to which war, in general, gives occasion, and of which the above forms, perhaps, the smallest portion, but the reason why