

If I would dare this night give an advice it would be the following:—He who wishes to see the most wonderful events of Profane History, to see human passions roused to their highest pitch, to see a display of the mightiest talent, he can see it in the life of Napoleon I. He who wishes to become acquainted with England's brightest days, when her greatest Statesmen lived, when her most brilliant battles were won, he can see it in the life of Napoleon I. And those whose forefathers' homes were in the Highlands of Scotland, can see in it, how men of their blood, shoulder to shoulder, crowned themselves in Holland, in Egypt, in Spain, and in Belgium, with laurels, which are still green. We all can see more in it,—we can see at work the hand of God, which Napoleon himself might have recognized, when cooled down by exile, as well as in the starry Heavens. The proud, mighty man went his way of injustice; wickedness was triumphant; God's providence was not seen; but "*toluntur in altum, ut graviori lapsu ruant,*"—they are raised on high, to be crushed by a weightier fall.