

This distinct recognition of the Divine Being in a public document, reflects the highest honour on its illustrious author, and prepares us for the expiation of a nation's sin by a nation's sufferings. In an evil hour an unrighteous compromise was made with the demon of slavery. For its iniquity a land is purged with blood. God tells us in these bloody battle fields how he hates sin, bringing up the question in our own minds how far the principle enunciated in that matchless inaugural may not have required the binding with cords to the horns of the altar of his country the head of the state. An immolation reminding us of an opinion of a High Priest of old—Ye know nothing at all, nor consider that it is expedient for us, that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not. A death which by a strange coincidence was held in memory by millions of mankind on the same day of the tragic death of Lincoln—a crime reckoned by some unequalled since the crucifixion. But as that cause was not lost and obtained the victory through that death, for Jesus conquered when he fell, so we fail to read the lines of Providence aright if the death of Lincoln secures not the utter destruction of slavery in America—his was a death for liberty. The tree of liberty has been drenched with a shower of blood in the dark hour of that nation's strife, but the sun shall yet shine out and every drop that hangs on the stem and branches of that tree shall become a heavenly gem.

In the present eventful crisis, it becomes us to cherish a feeling of good-will to our neighbours. An international respect is the true policy, is the real Christianity. It is a miserable mistake to nurse a war feeling. Britain and America are two great nations, with whom are bound up much of the hope of the world; we long to see their rivalry in deeds of benevolence and love; that their ships may plough every sea in peaceful commerce; and their missionaries visit every land to work side by side for the elevation and salvation of men. Nor should our sympathy be withheld from the widow and mourning relatives of the murdered President, to whose strong common sense we are probably much indebted for the preservation of peace.

We trace the hand of an overruling God in the startling event. His footsteps are in the sea, and His path in the great waters. Since a sparrow cannot close its wing in death unnoticed by His watchful eye, can it be thought that the life of one so wise, so good, so generous, so brave, can be taken away without a purpose fully equal to the event? Be still, and know that I am God, I will be exalted in the earth.

BEFORE THE LOYALISTS.

BY JAMES WOODROW, ST. JOHN, N. B.

CHAPTER X.—WILLIAM PRINCE OF ORANGE, JAMES THE SECOND, AND THE REVOLUTIONS OF 1688.

“OPPRESSION SHALL NOT ALWAYS REIGN.”

In the year succeeding the first session of the Long Parliament, the Princess Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I., was married to William Nassau, Prince of Orange, a boy only fifteen years old, the grandson of the renowned William the Silent, of Orange, who laid the foundations of the Batavian Republic, by the confederation (in 1579) of the Provinces of Guelders, Zutphen