

Here was a narrow flattish country, sweeping back from the sea to the Cintra range of mountains,—some give the range the Spanish name of Sierra Estrella as it runs from Old Castile, but it had no Sierra character here—that extended from the north-east to the south-west, terminating at the mouth of the Tagus. The country was rich in verdure and seemed sleeping in bountiful repose. The Cintras were cultivated far up their finely sloping sides. They looked pretty high, and with undulating summits; except, far inland, where they were higher and more peaked as they neared the Spanish line. The small town of Vimiera lay close by the coast. It had its fame to us, as in it, and around it, Sir Arthur Wellesley (Duke of Wellington) defeated the French army under Junot. Three miles farther was the place of the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras. The town of Cintra lay up so snugly on the bosom of the hill, having Cape Roca casting its stately shadow on it from the south. There lay Wellington with his forces; yonder, to the north, lay Messina with the chivalry of France. All along there, many a deadly shot was fired; there fell many a brave: there did Britain win some of her martial glory, and France feel, to her cost, the prowess of the sturdy islanders; and there were blood and treasure\* wasted, in quarrels and conflicts, that never should have been. I glory, I confess, in all the glories of Britain which her sons have won; but still one cannot help seeing the folly that led king and government to meddle with other people's affairs, and to unfurl her flag on every battle field. Our principles now, of non-armed intervention in national strifes, make the fighting dogs say, it's mean. The Yankee says—and he wishes it were true—that British pluck has gone, and Britain is down to a fourth-rate power; but it is only wisdom that has been learned, tho' late in the day. John Bull has a strong right arm yet, and woe betide him, and his, on whom it falls; only, I trust, it never will come down again, except in a most righteous cause.

I am not a millenarian; nevertheless, when I see governments as ready as ever, to prepare for and threaten war—when christian countries are busy preparing formidable armaments, and bristling with mighty forces—when it is the law of the rifle and not of reason that seems to govern the demands of nations—when the whole world appears in an agony of antagonism—when the ingenuity of science is turned to the construction of the most deadly instrumentalities—when pride and passion rule the councils—when we know not how soon a quarrel may burst out that may girdle the world in flames—when the Bible is acknowledged, yet not obeyed; and its religion of human brotherhood taught, but not taken; it does seem as if ONE were needed to come down, and stand up before the storm of passions, and peoples, and countries, and continents, as He did on the lake of Galilee, and utter such a potential voice, commanding, "Peace, be still," as all shall hear it, and bow, readily, in acknowledgment of an authority which they dare not dispute. I do feel as if this wicked, wrangling, warring, world wanted much the Prince of Peace to come to it again, and hush, for ever, its wrath into "a great calm." Perhaps, interpreters of prophecy are not so far astray in their dates and opinions as some suppose. Very clearly, so far, the gospel alone has not wrought out the earth's peace. If the "Prince" should return, whose right it is to reign, then the golden age of the world will begin. At any rate, a new manifestation of Jesus, by person, or power, or providence, is desirable; and events, combined with prophecy, tend to the conviction that the other "fulness of time" is near at hand.

\* The debt incurred by the French War was more than half of the National Debt.—About £592,000,000 Stg.