

and all the future inhabitants of this fortunate Province it surely never can fade. I leave this theme with reluctance. For to-night I've done with the subject. But it will be a shame to this city if your tongues grow silent upon such a story, so splendid in its incidents, and so honorable through one who is your brother to this colony and yourselves. I speak as one who is more of a stranger than an inhabitant. But I confess that if I wished to absolve the ties of birth that chain me to the mother country,—and I won't deny my nature by saying that I do,—but if I did, I would desire in preference to all others, to link my name with that dependency which gave birth to the twin Heroes of Lucknow and Kars.

But I have strayed beyond my province, and kept you beyond your time. I'll come in a minute to the very last word. All experience has its lessons, and this wonderful passage in the historical life of England should teach her people much. Reflection should follow rejoicing, and some strong decision ought to be the fruit of reflection. Many, no doubt, will be tempted to vaunt over this victory, as over one that has been due entirely to the courage and genius of our race, without reckoning the grand item of God's distinguishing favor. Now, that temptation must be resisted. We must not encourage such an unwarrantable fancy, but resolutely break it. If we have eyes at all to see, this great disturbance must appear as a Divine chastisement, working out a result that certainly promises to be for our good and glory. We may exult, for we have reason in the result of our exertions, but we must ascribe the honor to the Lord of all power and might, that God may be all in all. I am sure He loves our nation; but whom he loves he chastens. We have been faithful to some duties, but we have been unfaithful in others. I think no people have done so much to promote the happiness of the human race, by raising the standard of its dignity and enjoyments, nor so much to honor God by seeking to spread the Gospel. But on the other side of the account we must see that she has sins upon her head which, if unrepented of and unatoned for, would sink her as low as the sands of Tyre, and stamp upon her memory the shame of Babylon. At this moment we are great; we fear no power in the world, nor all the powers combined. We are at the head of nations in strength and talent; but talent in itself is no proof of merit.