

all our heart and soul and strength, guard and vindicate the sacred deposit? Oh shame, oh woe is unto us if we do not quit ourselves like men, when the ark of our country's freedom, glory and happiness is brought into jeopardy. Let us remember, in an hour of peril like the present, that if we shrink from a manly defence of our dearest rights and blessings, we are not only traitors to our country, but to the human race: whose best hope of progressive amelioration—I would speak it not in the spirit of vain glorious boasting, but with profound humility, with devout gratitude to heaven—rests upon the foundation of our country's power and prosperity.

Be strong, then, be invincibly resolute, Brethren, this day, in the persuasion that ye are engaged in the defence of a most holy and righteous cause, in the full assurance that ye are standing forth at this moment against a most wanton and foul conspiracy, the success of which—were that indeed possible while we live and retain our senses and our energies—would strip this happiest of Britain's dominions of all that she boasts, and in exchange, would lay her prostrate at the feet of those who, I grieve to say, neither fear God nor regard man.

Let me not be supposed in this place to appeal to the violent or the vengeful passions of our nature—God forbid! It would ill become my office, as a minister of that gospel whose spirit breathes mercy, breathes peace and goodwill on earth. No brethren; “the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.” These are poisoned weapons. They are not of that heavenly temper with which we should come forth to fight the battles of our country, to defend her altars, and to guard the sacred palladium of her unrivalled constitution.

While our hearts, therefore, burn with a generous, a holy indignation against the injured authors and abettors of this wicked and perfidious revolt, more especially while they bleed, as at this moment, over the dear and precious blood which they have ruthlessly shed—a deed so foully done, that it stands forth prominently above the common measure of their guilt and infamy—yet let not the enlightened spirit of humanity, which is the most glorious distinction of our name and of our country, permit us to indulge the unhallowed fires of inordinate wrath and fierce revenge. Far be from us, my Christian brethren, my fellow-countrymen, any taint of these malignant passions, as unmanly as they are unchristian. Let us have no sympathy with those whose only attributes are *the force, the rage of the brute*, forgetful of all that forms the distinguishing glory of our nature, which is therefore emphatically called *humanity*.

Together, with a righteous and a holy indignation against those guilty men who have sown in secret treachery the seeds of this unnatural war, of this unprovoked rebellion, as the enemy of all good came by night and sowed his tares among the good seed, let us blend this day pity and commiseration for the

misguided victims of their villainy—what the former have sown—of that their blind and deluded followers must now reap the bitter fruits—their cup of misery is indeed brimful, and many an innocent heart, free from all participation of the guilt, shall drink deep of this cup of bitterness. And shall not our hearts, on an occasion like the present, find room for compassion even towards them? God forbid that they should not. We should be unworthy of the name of which we make our boast—we should have no part or lot, in the true glory of our country, if we did not, as much as in us lies, strive in the present crisis to moderate and suppress the inordinate risings of the vengeful passions, directing our just indignation against those on whose head lies the original guilt in all its weight and aggravation, and on whom mercy no less than justice, calls for the infliction of the sternest retribution of the violated laws of their country.

And while, on this afflicting occasion, we cannot suppress the bursting anguish and indignation, which are excited by the untimely and cruel fate of our lamented brother, let us not forget how much we owe to that gracious overruling Providence, which has hitherto made us strangers to the guilt and the horrors of civil war, which has hitherto preserved the happy soil of our land innocent of such pollution, let us feel how inestimably precious are the blessings of peace, and how sacred, therefore, is the obligation to cultivate good-will and mutual good feeling. “Behold how good and how pleasant it is,” above all other temporal felicity, “to dwell together in unity, as brethren.” Let us do all that in us lies, individually and collectively, to quench the flames of civil discord—to suppress those furious passions of our nature, which, when they are enkindled, burst forth like the eruptions of a volcano, sweeping over a land in a deluge of fire and blood.

Let us with humble fervent prayers, supplicate this day a merciful Providence to spare the further effusion of human blood, and to save us from the spread and continuance of the unspeakable miseries which follow in the train of these unnatural convulsions.—Let us pray for the peace of our country, that all who love her and her peace, may prosper. “Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sake, I will now say peace be within thee. Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good.”

---

GALEN, THE ANATOMIST.—The celebrated physician, Galen, had been disposed to atheism. But when he examined the human body, when he perceived the wonderful adaptation of its members, and the utility of every muscle, of every bone, of every fibre, and of every vein, he rose from his employment in a rapture of devotion, and composed a hymn in the honor of his Creator and preserver.