

not lessen the dangers, though it multiplied the glories through which she passed, that the bayonets of the world were bristling against her. She has committed faults and provoked just enmities, but her great danger has been that she held the torch light of constitutional liberty in Europe. She has been an example of freedom to the struggling continental nationalities, and in her own land, if we must except poor Ireland, for whose wrongs she is anxious to atone, England has granted liberty and encouragement to the teeming masses of her people, in just proportion, perhaps, to their capabilities of application and improvement. She is the champion and propagandist of constitutional government, and all her tendencies identify her with universal freedom. What a light would be blotted out of the firmament of nations if England could be crippled or destroyed. Yet her territories extend over all the world, and her enemies are more numerous than her possessions. God only can foresee the end of a war which might involve her in a conflict with the World in arms. Freedom would shriek if such dangers could overwhelm British power and British liberties. How the petty tyrants of the world would rejoice, and all those great powers who seek to bury freedom of speech in the deep darkness of the Middle Ages. God forbid that such a day should come, but wise men do not undervalue their enemies. The sun might hide his light, and the stars might veil their faces, but from such a ruin the way to revived constitutional freedom, to political liberty, would span weary ages of struggles to come.

What then would be the fate of the young Giant of the West, who sprang from the loins of England? I ask those who say that nations are moved only by interest, if America would have no interest in such a measureless calamity? I do not believe it, for I do not believe

the times will return that the sun of freedom must set in outer darkness. But suppose it should come—this great trial of liberty—this frightful peril to the Mother of nations, what American who loves his country and comprehends the boundless freedom she enjoys, should not forget his resentments and rush to the rescue of England? I might picture here a deadly conflict between England and America, each putting forth her vast power to destroy the one the mother, and the other the child. Well might the world stand aghast and scoffers cry out, "See how these Christians love one another." What glee would there be among the despots; what rejoicings in the infernal regions, if they would fight, if they would slaughter and pillage each other, giving Death and Destruction high holiday among their kindred sons and daughters! They might reduce each other to fifth-rate powers, and such blasphemous falsehoods to their principles, their religion and their God, would afford to their common enemies, the delights without the troubles of their destruction. But I hope and I believe better things, and that the days of our estrangements are numbered.

Let us own that we have all been at fault in disturbing the world with the noise of a family quarrel. Life is too short and friendships are too precious for the cultivation of internal animosities. Let no one sneer, as at a poetical dream, at our hopes of lasting good will between England and her children. Let us be true to our great mission as exemplars and propagandists of freedom and Christianity; and as differences must arise between two great countries, whose relations are so often affected by vast rival and conflicting interests, let us cultivate an abiding spirit of forbearance and good will, and may our young country, at all times and in her relations to both parties, enjoy the honour and fulfil the duty of a wise pacificator and a faithful friend.