

weak voice, but its faintest cry is loud enough to rouse, in his full avengement, an Empire upon which the sun never sets.

In this connexion the history of other nations affords no grander spectacle, no sublimer episode, than that of a poor, friendless, innocent prisoner fleeing for refuge from the brutal lash under the ægis of the Roman Empire, and claiming from a Roman centurion the immunity of a Roman "Is it lawful for *you* to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?" When the centurion heard that, he went and told the chief captain, saying, "Take heed what thou doest: for this man is a Roman." In an instant the thongs are unloosed, and the scourge falls, but not to plough long furrows on the back of Saul of Tarsus!

But that speedy deliverance on the spot! What is it in comparison of the rush of armies into the utmost recesses of far-distant and inaccessible places to free a son of England? Not even the Cæsars ever did, or could, strike a distant nation for harming a Roman so speedily and effectually as Old England does to save an Englishman.

And as to honour, even Rome in her brightest day shed no such honour upon Romans as that which England sends streaming down upon Englishmen every day. Never yet has the outside world imparted honour equal to yours as Englishmen. And it grows with the increase of years. And here I would say, and, prompted by History, thank GOD that I can say it, that we *all*—Scotch and Irish, Welsh and English—are called by one name, live as one, under one refulgence, catching the rays of glory and honour from the same transcendent Crown; and that we may all excite the same mighty arm in our defence. We are Britons all, with one common halo!

Glad am I, therefore, to see that it is a main principle