

Blood has flowed. Treasure has been lavished. There has been human suffering endured to an extent hardly paralleled in our times. "Every battle of the warrior," saith the prophet, "is with garments rolled in blood." Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, in our day, have been added to the long list of witnesses. After a lengthened season of peace (with but little general war to disturb it), during which the arts of peace have made prodigious advancement, the leading powers of Europe have become involved in a war of wider reach, and graver consequences, than any war since the career of Bonaparte. "The sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war" was heard coming across the Atlantic, faint at first, but gradually growing stronger and more strong, until it became terrible and appalling. Can we hear it and remain indifferent? If the ancient Hebrew was "pained at his very heart," and could not keep silent, because he heard the alarm of war; surely we who have received the teaching of the Lord's Christ — the Prince of Peace — cannot listen with indifference, or contemplate such bloody strife and complicated suffering, without pain and sorrow. We have heard of ships destroyed by shot and flame while floating in the calm waters — hundreds and thousands of men, fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, sinking together in one vast watery tomb, — fields of carnage, the sweeping ravages of disease, the accumulated miseries of hunger, cold, and destitution, under a foreign and unpropitious sky. These are the images associated with this war which rise up before the mind, and what mind with any spark of humanity, I will not say Christianity in it, can look upon them otherwise than with sorrow and pain? Do we enquire into the moving cause of this sound of alarm which calls up all