

ened career of future honor and felicity. The warm pulse of life beat full and strong in every vein—the swell of ambition, the elastic spring of hope, the glowing ardour, the joyous sensibility, the quickening energy of life, which animated his heart and nerved his sinews, gave no omen, no presage of coming fate. Our lamented brother was cut off in the prime and vigour of his life, while he rejoiced in his youth, and his heart cherished, and well it might, as much as any living heart may now cherish, the fond, the flattering hope of enjoying as large a measure of life and happiness as falls to the lot of mortality. But a mysterious Providence, “whose thoughts are not our thoughts, whose ways are not our ways—that God “whose path is in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known”—had otherwise determined in the decrees of his inscrutable wisdom. We now, alas! mourn over his early grave, and behold with agonised hearts another example, another signally impressive example, of the vanity of earthly hopes, and the instability of all sublunary enjoyments. But let us not indulge dark and desponding views, inconsistent with those pious sentiments which it becomes us to cherish towards the great disposer of events, whose footsteps we cannot, in our present state, clearly trace, for “we now see but in part—we know but in part—we see darkly, and as through a glass.” We have many consolations, brethren, to calm the violence and to mitigate the bitterness of our sorrow. This brave and generous young officer fell in the discharge of his duty—employed in an important mission, he died in the execution of his trust—he died, as a brave man would wish to die, in his country’s cause. His grave is the bed of honor—his dust is sacred—his memory is embalmed in our hearts—his name is enrolled in the list of the brave—the devoted sons of Britain, whose humblest graves are like shrines or altars where their country will never cease to offer the tribute of grateful tears. This land, this city more especially owes a deep debt of gratitude to the deceased, and to the other brave men, who have turned the battle from our gates, redeeming us at the price of their own blood—at the peril of their own lives—from the most threatening dangers; to whose promptly exerted energies we are indebted for the vigorous and, as I trust, mortal blow which has already been struck against one of the foulest, most wanton and unnatural rebellions which the annals of the world record.

I trust in God that we shall not have to pay in future another sacrifice so costly as that which we are now deploring. I trust that our hearts are not doomed again to be so severely wounded; and as it has been the will of God, in his inscrutable wisdom, that this cruel stroke should not be spared to us, we would at least humbly pray, that such precious blood as has in this instance been vilely and barbarously shed by ruffian hands, may not again be drained. “Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce, and their wrath, for it was cruel.”

If it can avail to soothe the anguish of his surviving friends and relatives, that the universal sympathy—the universal esteem, affection and gratitude of the

whole community are this day pouring forth their warmest effusions in honor of the lamented dead—if a whole city, a whole land, mourning over his bier, and sympathising with his bereavement—can afford any solace or relief to the bitterness of their woe, this consolation, I need not say, is most fully accorded them, in that unexampled flood of mourners which, like a spring tide, has this day overflowed our streets, and poured its living billows after his hearse to this common mansion of the dead. He never dies prematurely who has lived well, who has won in life the good report of all who knew him. And when those who have been “lovely and pleasant in their lives” are divided from us by death—if they have gone down to an honored grave, like him whom we all mourn this day—whose death has been glorious, as his life was unblemished—it would ill become us to mourn as those who have no consolation. There is much in the contemplation of such a death that calms and subdues our sorrow, while it purifies and elevates the soul, so that, to adopt the beautiful language of inspiration, “by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.”

Life in itself is not a blessing, apart from the duties to which it calls us, and the high end for which it has been given by its Divine Author, the Father of our spirits. It becomes us, both as men and as Christians, to be ready at all times cheerfully to offer up our lives when duty demands the sacrifice, for this is to resign them at the call of the God who gave them.

We should feel that death, in such circumstances, is a privilege, and not an evil; we should feel that ‘tis at once glory and happiness to die in the cause of duty, in the service of our country—for this is the call of heaven; and dying thus at our post is glory, is virtue, in the sight both of God and man. Even the heathens, who had attained no clear views of immortality, and whose faith and virtue wanted the support of those strong motives and animating hopes which have happily been so fully vouchsafed to us through a divine revelation—yet even they deemed it “a sweet, a glorious thing to die for their country.”

“Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.”

It would ill become us then, Christians, to be behind them in this exalted greatness and generosity of soul. Permit me to add, my fellow-countrymen, my brother Britons, that we should ill deserve our unparalleled national privileges, if we did not duly prize them; and assuredly we do not prize them according to their worth, if we feel not in our inmost soul that life itself is a cheap price for blessings so manifold and precious as those which a favoring Providence has conferred upon our country, and which are the common inheritance of all her children—blessings conferred upon us not for ourselves only, not for our exclusive or selfish good, but for the benefit of the human race. Yes, Brethren, the blessings and privileges which we enjoy ought not to be viewed merely as *our* birthright and patrimony—they are a sacred deposit or trust committed to our custody and guardianship by heaven, for the behoof of all mankind. And shall we not, with