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ron, on the 13th day of October ? Ascend with me and view the still more tragic scenes of Calvary. There the Son of God is expiring in the agonies of death ! There are assembled all the infernal legions of the prince of darkness ! How they hover round his cross ! Sin with his dreadful sting, and death clothed in all its terrors, attack the Saviour in his weakest state. Angels wait in awful suspense, to know what will be the issue—On this Monarch hangs the fate of our world—The Saviour bows his head—Exclaims, *it is finished* He dies !—And in his act of dying he establishes Angels in their glory ! And redeems man from his misery !

Brock when he was slain, only yielded up a life that was due to divine justice ; and which he must sooner or later have laid down, if it had not fallen a prey to war. But Jesus *the everlasting Father and the Prince of peace*, assumed our nature that he might die for our sins ; although the great I AM, the fountain of life, felicity and immortality, he *the just dies for the unjust*.

Brock died in defence of his sovereign, his country and his laws, and when he took the field, he had the hope of returning in triumph. But Christ the only Potentate, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, took the field when he knew that his garments would reek with his blood ; he not only exposed himself to hazard but to certain death, and for those that were rebels against his government, and who had borne despite to the spirit of his grace.

Brock died suddenly. In the morning whilst collecting, arranging, forming and cheering his brave followers, that commander gloriously fell. A bullet from a rifle lodged in