

and our souls affrighted with the cruel havoc of the tomahawk and the scalping knife? It is because *the Lord is slow to anger, and plentiful in mercy; O kiss the Son, and bow to the scepter of his grace, lest by your ingratitude you kindle his anger, but a little and you perish from the way.*

Thousands of our fellow creatures have bid farewell to the scenes of mortality, even since we have entered these walls! Why are we not among the number? Why has not your fond mother wept over your breathless corpse, and your mouldering dust? Why have you not long ere now been entombed in the earth? Why has not your father buried with your ashes the urn that contained his hopes? Repeat if you can the mercies you have received, and the blessings you still enjoy: and endeavor to make a suitable return of gratitude to God.

It should increase our gratitude, when we reflect, that the most high, who ruleth in the Kingdoms of men, has been pleased to turn the scale of victory so much in our favor, as to produce a total defeat of the force that lauded! To conclude

Let us Fourthly, turn our eyes from the death of Brock, and the victory of Queenston, to the *Death of the Son of God*, and the victory won on *Calvary*.

Is the remembrance of Brock dear to us, from the services he rendered to his country? How much more indebted should the Saviour, *the Captain of our Salvation*, be to us? Who, though the governor among the nations, and the commander of all the Heavenly hosts, laid down his life as a ransom for sinners. Do you shudder at the contemplation of the scenes that were exhibited at Niagara and Queen-

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