

instruction ? Never : Kingdoms have passed away, and they have left no impression behind them on earth ; their rulers are gone, and have left little but the frightful traces of their crimes. The mighty of the earth are gone—the conquerors are departed—“the proud are robbed and have slept.” Who mourned for them ? Tears were shed for them indeed ; but they were shed by the widows and orphans whom their swords had made. But he is mourned by the tears of those, from whose eyes he never drew a tear, but the bitter one that drops upon his grave.

All panegyric is idle and profane. His best eulogy is that burst of sorrow that answers me at this moment—that awful murmur of involuntary grief which at this moment is echoing through this vast continent.

It is difficult and delicate to speak of those whose superior station veils them from common view—it is tremendous to speak of those whom the hand of God hath snatched from mortal sight for ever. It is with an humble and trembling touch we should dare to approach the veil of futurity—yet some gleams of light break through it to cheer and direct us. Let us remember that this illustrious person, amidst anguish unspeakable—amidst agony unutterable, could say, on the announcement that his earthly hopes were about to have an end, “God’s will be done”—and then cry with devoted sincerity “for thy name’s sake, Oh Lord, pardon mine iniquity for it is great.”

My brethren, we may soon be called to undergo a trial like his, Oh ! let us pray for his resignation and his hope !

It is impossible that the first instructions we take from calamity should be taken, or given in a collected, coherent manner—the event—the terrible event is rushing on our souls at every moment, and defeating by the force of its recollection, the utility of those lessons its recollection should teach.

It is awful to see death in all his might—blasting manhood, and withering life, and severing the ties of the heart, trampling on all human power, and defying all human skill, and crushing all at a blow into the cold and narrow tomb, and writing on it with his dart—“Mortals, such is the will of my Master and of yours.”

Oh, one such fact preaches more than many sermons—it preaches to the soul of man, within him. May it preach powerfully to yours.

Let us retire to commune with our own hearts, in our chambers ; and if we have hearts, the power of God will be there to touch, to elevate, and to purify them.

Tears it is impossible for us to withhold, but let this tremendous dispensation not make us weep merely ; let it also make us think—think, and be the better for reflection—weep and be the happier for our tears.

We cannot benefit by that life which promised happiness to millions. We may, oh we must benefit by his death—he must not have died in vain. His exalted rank few can aspire to—his intellectual power still fewer ; but his integrity of purpose—his love of Canada, his loyalty to his Sovereign, his universal benevolence, we all can emulate.

Let us pray, and let us each individually endeavour, that his death in the service of this country, for whose welfare he literally died a Martyr, may be hallowed to its good ; that over his untimely grave past differences may be forgotten, a spirit of charity and benevolence spring up and be diffused through the land, and all men of all parties, unite cordially in obedience to the laws, which his master-mind devised—that all may work together for peace and good to this heretofore distracted country.

He is gone—while he is ascending may we catch his mantle and feel the inspiration. He is gone before Him who can a thousand fold recompense the loss of life and power, even with that crown which has no thorns, with those pleasures which know neither diminution nor end. He is gone before Him, to whom the kingdoms of the earth are as the dust of the balance, and its enjoyments as the bubble on the stream, for with him is “an inheritance incorruptible,” at “his right hand are pleasures for evermore.”

Beloved friends, shall we not seek to be there ? At this moment under the lesson of this tremendous dispensation, do we not feel at the very bottom of our chastised and sorrowing hearts, the vanity, the hollowness, the nothingness of life ?

“Eternity—eternity” seems to be in the very echo of that blow, which has smitten us to the dust.

Oh then my brethren, to God and to eternity let us turn. All things, and grief above all, conspire to lead us to Him. Approach Him then, through Him, who is the “way, the truth, and the life,” seek a living interest in the Lord Jesus, walk by the faith of the Son of God, and in the humble, world-resigning spirit of his Gospel.

He whom we deplore—whom perhaps our latest posterity shall deplore, resigned himself without a murmur to the will of Heaven.

Let us cast our mits into the treasury of resignation. Let us offer up our souls and bodies a lively sacrifice to God—it is our reasonable service. Let us resign to Him our hearts and our lives, and he will not reject them. He will in no wise cast us out.

So shall this afflictive dispensation be sanctified to us—so shall it be “good for us that we have been in trouble.” So shall we prove the truth of the Apostle’s declaration, that “All things shall work together for good, to them that love God.”

With the grief occasioned by the death of the lamented Baron, many forebodings of public evil were, as a necessary consequence, mingled. These, however, have gradually cleared away. His earthly duties having been all performed, his house was in order, ready to receive the new occupant of his seat. Now no fears are entertained, and the people, almost as one man, look forward to the coming of a new ruler, who will begin where his predecessor ended, and follow the track in which he led, as promising a long, peaceable and tranquil day, in which Canada, prosperous, united and free, will grow in value to the empire, and in its means of affording pleasure and enjoyment to those who dwell within it.