

Mussen, T. W., B.A.	West Farnham
Neve, Fred. S.	Grenville
O'Grady, G. DeC'y, B.A. (<i>Rural Dean</i>)	Mascouche
Pyke, James.	Point à Cavagnol
Reid, Canon, D.D., (<i>Rector</i>)	St. Armand, East
Robinson, F., M.A.	Abbotsford
Rogers, E. J. (<i>Chaplain to the Forces</i>)	Montreal
Rollit, C.	Rawdon
Scott, J., M.A. (<i>Rector</i>)	Dunham
Seaborne, W. M.	Kildare
Slack, G., M.A. (<i>Rural Dean</i>)	Milton
Sutton, E. G.	Edwardstown
Sykes, J. S.	Sutton
Townsend, Canon, M.A. (<i>Rector</i>)	Clarenceville
White, J. P. (<i>Rector</i>)	Chambly
Wetherall, C. A., B.A.	Lacolle
Whitten, A. T.	Waterloo
Wood, E., M.A. (<i>St. John., Evangelist</i>)	Montreal
Wray, H., B.A.	Morin and Mille Isle
Young, T. A., M.A.	Coteau du Lac

A SERMON,

Preached on Sunday, 5th January, 1862, in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, after the Death of H. R. H. The Prince Consort, by FRANCIS FULFORD, D.D., Lord Bishop of Montreal, and Metropolitan of Canada.

In that lorn hour and desolate,
Who could endure a crown? But He,
Who singly bore the world's sad weight,
Is near to whisper, "Lean on Me:
"Thy days of toil, thy nights of care,
"Sad lonely dreams in crowded hall
"Darkest within, while pageants glare
"Around—the cross supports them all."
Christian Year.

1 Peter, 1 ch. 24, 25.—"For all flesh is as grass,
and all the glory of man as the flower of grass.
The grass withereth, and the flower thereof fall-
eth away:
"But the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

These words of the Apostle are almost an exact quotation from the 40th chapter of Isaiah, where the prophet, at the command of the Lord, describes the promulgation of the Gospel and the voice of its forerunner: "All flesh is grass, and the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower faileth, because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower faileth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever." Such is the judgment—the description given in the Scriptures. In the Wisdom of Solomon we have the same declaration respecting the fleeting nature of all that appertaineth to man in this world: and how vain it is to place any confidence in them: What hath pride profited us, or what good hath riches with our vanities brought us? All those things are passed by (and having further compared them to the swift passage of a ship over the waters, a bird or an arrow through the air, the traces of which are lost as soon as made) even so we in like manner (he continues) as soon as we were born began to draw to our end." Ch. v 8-13. And when that comes, what have we to show?

That time passes onward is a truth we all acknowledge: and during the last few days, we have entered upon a fresh year of this world's account. But to realize the fulness of the im-
portant truths contained in the text, and to which I have alluded, to act as if we did believe them, to use this world as if it was indeed but a thing of time, and to receive God's word, as if obedience

to it were the only lasting possession, is a lesson we are all too slow to learn—and for the attainment of which we often require to be subjected to stern and severe discipline. There are some works of men that seem, when compared with others which we see around us, and when judged after the judgment of this world, to possess so grand and enduring a character, that we are apt to claim for them, in our imagination at least, some exemption from this universal law, which the Almighty has attached to all created matter: some achievements there are, which so transcend the ordinary doings of mortal men, that we can scarcely credit the glory of them to be so frail and perishable. But, except as bearing upon human character, either for good or for evil, and advancing the kingdom of Christ, and forming the will of man to the obedience of Christ, it is most true, that there is no other imperishable reality, in all we see, or learn, or do, or suffer. They all perish with the using. It is the word of God alone, and what has been done in obedience to that word that abideth for ever. Bishop Horne (so well known from his beautiful Commentary on the Book of Psalms) in a sermon preached by him nearly 100 years ago, "On the death of the old year," says, "that day draws on apace. For not only friends die, and years expire, and we ourselves shall do the same, but the world itself approaches to its end. It likewise must die. Once already it has suffered a watery death: it is to be destroyed a second time by fire. A celebrated author, having in his writings followed it through all its changes from the creation to the consummation, describes the eruption of this fire and the progress it is to make, with the final and utter devastation to be effected by it, when all sublunary nature shall be overwhelmed and sunk into a molten deluge. In this situation of things he stands (in imagination) over the world, as if he had been the only survivor, and pronounces its funeral oration in a strain of sublimity scarce ever equalled by mere man:—

"Let us reflect upon this occasion, on the vanity and transient glory of this habitable world. Now, by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing! All that we admired and adored before, as great and magnificent, is obliterated, or vanished; and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and everywhere the same, overspreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their imperial cities; their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Show me where they stood, read the inscription, tell me the conqueror's name. What remains, what impressions, what difference or distinction do you discern in the mass of fire? Rome itself, eternal Rome, the great city, the empress of the world, whose domination and superstition ancient and modern, make a large part of the history of this earth; what is become of her now? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong and sumptuous; she glorified herself, and lived deliciously, and said in her heart, I sit as a queen, and shall see no sorrow. But her hour is come, she is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in everlasting oblivion. But not cities only, and the works of men's hands—the everlasting hills, the mountains and rocks are melted as wax before the sun, and their place is no where to be found. Here stood the Alps, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the Ocean to the Black Sea; this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved, as a tender cloud into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds; there was

frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia; and yonder, towards the north, stood the Rhipæan Hills, clothed in ice and snow. All these are vanished, dropped away as the snow upon their heads!—Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints!"

But, however accurate this eloquent description may be of what shall take place hereafter, yet when man looks around on the world's surface, and sees all the earth abiding year after year in the same stable majesty and beauty, the ready answer may be given now, as it was in the days of St. Peter, "where is the promise of His coming to judgment—for all things still continue as they were from the beginning of creation?"

And if it be so, it is because God is waiting in mercy, long suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, in the sudden destruction of an ungodly world, but that all should come to repentance. He does not, however, leave himself without witness; and we may yet be taught in time the truth contained in the text, by many lessons written and proclaimed every where around us.

With respect to national greatness and prosperity we need not trace back the pages of history to learn, that it has no assurance of perpetuity: the passing events of each day teach us the melancholy truth, how quickly peace and prosperity may whither away. And, however mighty may be the power of any existing empires in the world, there is not any one that can venture to claim a security from the universal law: save that kingdom which, according to the words of the prophet Daniel, the God of heaven has set up, amidst the ruins of the monarchies that once ruled the earth, which shall never be destroyed, but shall stand for ever. (a) Let us not then be high-minded but fear.

And with respect to individuals, that of them it is most true, that "all flesh is as grass, and the glory of man as the flower of grass; the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away."—Bishop Taylor in his excellent work on "Holy Dying," tells us that in the same most sumptuous palace, "the Escorial, where the Spanish Princes live in greatness and power, and decree war and peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery, where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more: and in the same place (Westminster Abbey) where our own sovereigns have been crowned, their ancestors lie interred; and they must walk over the buried dust of their forefathers to take their crown. There is a spot sown with Royal seed, the copy of the greatest change, from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to die like men."

But, at the present time, we surely have no need to be taught this lesson by memorials of departed greatness in the cemetery of the Escorial, or beneath the venerable roof of Westminster Abbey. The whole empire of England is now mourning for the loss of one, who, so lately in possession of all the accidents of worldly greatness, and in the full exercise of all the high talent with which he was endowed, has thus afforded us a most striking commentary on these words of Scripture, "All flesh is as grass: and all the glory of man is as the flower of grass: the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away." The husband of our Queen, the late Prince Consort, just in the prime of life, full of active energy, nobly fulfilling all the various duties of his station, has suddenly (so suddenly that we in Canada knew not of any the least ailment till we