

will come when we think of such an one, cut down in the hour of triumph, when on the eve of again visiting his native land, after years of absence, and taking an honoured place among the great and good of the noblest empire upon which the sun since its creation ever shone.

Such was the event—such the circumstances, under which the Reverend friend of the dead—one who had received his latest breath, and prayed beside him on the couch of suffering—who had taught him to forget the earth, and cast his eyes beyond the gloomy sepulchre to the glorious goal beyond—was called upon to speak. Such was the dispensation under which it was his duty to teach patience and submission. Such was the bereavement, it was his province to place in its true light before the eyes and hearts of a mourning, but Christian people. With such a theme could he be less than eloquent? With such a subject could his words be otherwise than impressive? With the body of the dead beside him, could the Christian truths he uttered fail to find an echo within the hearts of those who listened round him? If it were possible that such words, such sentiments and such thoughts, could fall unheeded, then are the heaven-written lessons which Providence sends to man, written and sent in vain. But it is not so. The words of the Minister of God will quicken in many hearts, and from the seeming evil will spring forth fruits of good.

As contributing something to an end so much to be desired, though comparatively the words seem cold when read, we have transcribed some passages from the sermon, which through these pages may meet some eye which would not otherwise have seen them.

The Reverend Chaplain said:—

We have, within the last few awful days, been taught what death is in all its awful terrors, in all its overwhelming and incalculable consequences of future danger and calamity. The destroying Angel bore a two edged weapon, as subtle as it was potent, fine enough to divide the most exquisite ligaments, strong enough to burst the mightiest bonds—one edge severed the ties of domestic friendship—the other smote to the dust the hopes of this immense country.

Myriads die every day, myriads are dying at this hour, and of multitudes of them, if must be allowed, that those who wish them best, who perhaps love them most, have reason to wish them dead, before they die. The old, the very aged, die after they have survived their hopes, their views, their children, their senses, and themselves; after there is nothing left in the world to which they can aspire but a grave.

The afflicted die, and their death is at an end of suffering, the diseased perish, and their dissolution is an end of pain. All this constant lesson of daily mortality we receive without instruction,—the event is ordinary,—often welcome—we see them pass away, and forget we are to follow them. Some tears, but they are rather the tears of recollection than of conviction, are dropped on the graves of the dead; instead of sinking into our own hearts, from whatever source they are drawn, we dry them soon, we turn away our eyes from the handwriting on the wall and rush back to the banquet, readily persuaded that the summons was intended for our companions—not for us.

But, the human heart is not always suffered to slumber in security, its slumber is sometimes broken by a voice that will be heard; a hand commissioned by Heaven rends open our curtains, and a terrible light flashes on the eyes of the dreamer through the opening.

If imagination were tasked to devise an event that united the extremes of corporeal suffering and national calamity, that combined all the anguish of mortality, with the more tremendous impressions of eternity, imagination itself would faint under the burthen of conceiving a portion of that evil which bows us down before God in grief, in terror, and I trust in repentance, this day.

The image of a young and wealthy and intellectual English Nobleman, bound to existence by so many delightful ties, the honoured of his country, the favored of his Sovereign, sacrificing health, enjoyment, and life itself in the service of this our country, requires scarce an additional feature to interest every man for his welfare—add, that the hearts of thousands are knit to him as the heart of one man, that the hearts of those who differ most widely from his policy, honor his integrity and throb for his safety, that the hopes and prospects of peace for this vast Province are centered in him, that England, and England's Sovereign, and ours, look anxiously to his wisdom to guide us through the ocean of perils by which we are surrounded, and surely our knees would be instantly and eagerly bent in supplication for the preservation of his life.

Such prayers doubtless have been put up by many, without the parade of affected feeling or exaggerated devotion—they have been answered, but not as the suppliants expected. He is no more—he lies there cold and inanimate. The eloquent tongue is silent—the master-mind is at rest,—the warm heart has ceased to beat.

He has been smitten in the accumulated enjoyment of youth, wealth, eminence, honor and success. No event of greater horror and anguish ever desolated the annals of this Province, no event of similar importance has left its awful track upon the page of its history. But from history we turn at this moment with disgust: at such a moment as this, we seek, like Joseph, a place where we may weep, and go to our chambers and weep there. This is a case in which even Man weeps; and no one can chide his tears, and no one can dry them.

Perhaps there is no place from which the awful lessons of this event should sink into our hearts with more force and weight than that from which I address you. Our business here is not to praise man, nor any child of man: our business here is not "to soothe the dull cold ear of death with flattery;" not to tell you of time—but eternity. Yet, as eternity, in this wretched, perishable existence, must often borrow its subjects from time, I demand, had we ever such a topic to urge you on, so full of grief, so full of