

would not have been the England it now is. What we know not now we shall know hereafter. I have heard, and state it to you as true, that under the shadow of this great loss, in which a Palace is disenchanted of all its beauty and the Throne of all its lustre, the mind of our Queen is now what it ever has been,—strong, vigorous, perfectly possessed, and her broken heart as much interested in our country's good as when, with bounding heart, she stood by the altar and pledged her troth to Prince Albert. Dr. Cumming concluded with some practical remarks. In the evening he preached on the "Blessedness of the dead who die in the Lord."

"All flesh is as grass."

A SERMON BY THE LORD BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

From a sermon preached on Sunday, January 5th, in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, by the Lord Bishop of Montreal, we make the following extracts.

In that lone 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.*

"For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: But the word of the Lord endureth forever."—1 Peter i. 24, 25.

These words of the Apostle are almost an exact quotation from 40th chapter of Isaiah, where the prophet, at the command of the Lord, describes the promulgation of the Gospel and the voice of its fore-runner: "All flesh is grass, and the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: 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, (he asks) or what good hath riches with our vaunting brought us? All those things are passed away like a shadow, and as a post that hasted 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 in like manner (he continues) as soon as we were born began to draw to our end." And when that comes what have we to show.

BISHOP HORNE ON THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

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. * * * 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. How, 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 their 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 empress of the ancient world,—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

came, and she was 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 nowhere 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 Ripean hills, clo'ed 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." * * *

THE WISE, THE GREAT, AND THE NOBLE DEAD.

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 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 been hurried out of this world: when we might have been naturally calculating upon a long course of usefulness before him, and imagined that his allotted task, the work of his life on earth, was only just culminating to its meridian. "So inscrutable are the judgments of God; and his ways past finding out." * * *

THE PRINCE AS A WISE AND PRUDENT COUNSELLOR.

I shall not now attempt any detailed description of the character of the departed Prince. The loss of so wise and prudent a statesman, so judicious an adviser of the Sovereign, one who, himself keeping aloof from all party political strife, had free access to the Royal ear at all times, and who was always at hand ready to assist with his manly wisdom and support with his vigorous aid, that imperial Crown, the reflected lustre of which rested on his own ennobled brow, this loss can scarcely yet be appreciated by the empire at large; because devoid of all low and vulgar ambition, he never obtruded his actions on the notice of the public; but it was contended, if only wise counsels prevailed, that his influence should unperceived affect the mainspring of power; conscious that he himself must ever be identified, in closest union, with England's glory and her greatness.*

THE SERENE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE ROYAL PAIR.

But there is another aspect in which to look upon this sad visitation; it strikes another chord, which draws forth at once a full response from the throbbing heart of every subject in the empire. Whatever might be the disturbing cares necessarily attendant upon royalty; whatever the weight with which the imperial diadem pressed upon the fair brow of our beloved Queen, it was ever the joy and pride of all her people of every creed, race, or degree, that whether she was wandering with freedom among the wild glens and mountains of Scotland, enjoying the quiet seclusion of Osborne, holding her high court amid the stately halls of her ancestral palace at Windsor, or mingling in the crowded and busy scenes of her capital, yet that always and everywhere, in the inner circle of her home, her cup overflowed with the fulness of domestic love and peace.

UNIVERSAL SORROW FOR THE NATIONAL LOSS.

Yes, much as we may hereafter, on public grounds, lament the loss we have sustained as a nation, yet the first spontaneous out-

* In a letter dated London, Dec. 23rd, Mr. Thurlow Weed, Editor of the Albany Evening Journal, writes as follows: "I am enabled to say on reliable authority, that the last use the Prince Consort made of his pen, was at the Queen's request, to soften the Despatch sent to Lord Lyons."—*Ed. J. of Ed.*