

their victories has dazzled our imagination; but their splendor does not eclipse the lustre of the surrender of Detroit and the hard fought battle at Queenston. The conquests of a Wellington and Alexander, are not more brilliant than the achievements of a Brock and a Sheaffe, when numbers are compared. Victory has been written on the shield of Britain, and her little army in Upper Canada, when led by a Brock, returned with the spoils of a foe, sufficient in number to overwhelm his handful of troops. Should the enemy again attempt to cross the St. Lawrence, the trophies of victory shall be laid at the feet of the British commander.

BUT among those splendid achievements won by British arms, and those glorious victories which we sing; *How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!* Alas, our Brock is slain! Brock the wise—Brave—Beloved Brock is no more! At the remembrance of his virtues, at the recollection of the loss we have sustained in his lamented death, in the midst of our victories, let us rejoice with trembling. Let the Canadas express their sorrow in sympathetic groans. Let the melancholy sound of our grief and sighs spread far and wide. Let the wide swelling waves of the Atlantic roll the tide of our grief to the sea girt Isle of Britain.

My design on the present occasion is, First, to present some things that were conspicuous in the character of General Brock, whose death we deplore. These I shall exhibit for your imitation, and Secondly, Make such serious reflections as the subject may suggest—these I shall set forth for your religious improvement. I commence with endeavouring to exhibit some things that were conspicuous in the character of General Brock, for your imitation.