

THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 3.

No. 40.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is Crucified to me, and I to the world.—St. Paul, Gal. vi. 14.

HALIFAX, OCTOBER 2, 1847.

CALENDAR.

OCTOBER 3—Sunday—XIX after Pentecost, 1 October, Holy Rosary, G.

- 1—Monday—St. Francis of Assisium, C.
- 5—Tuesday—St. Galla, Widow.
- 6—Wednesday—St. Bruno, C.
- 7—Thursday—St. Mark, P. C.
- 8—Friday—St. Brigitta, Widow.
- 9—Saturday—St. Denis, &c., Ms.

DR. MILEY'S SERMON.

Preached on the occasion of the funeral obsequies of the Liberator in the Metropolitan Church.

“And when this mortal hath put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written—Death is swallowed up in victory.”—1 Corinth. xv. 51.

Would I deny that he is dead? Alas! alas! how could I? That dread mystery called death, did we not behold it gathering gradually but irresistibly over him and feature, reducing them to stillness rigid as marble, and silent as the grave, until at last it sat enthroned upon his kingly forehead like a shadow of eternity? How could we gausay that he is dead? Was it not this miserable right hand, alas, the day! that closed his eyes—his lips, on the accents of which millions used to hang enchanted? And it in the distraction of our bereavement we could be tempted to deny that he was dead, would we not be refuted and rebuked by the agony of our bosoms, by the void, never, alas! I fear, to be filled up, which the departure of his life has left, not alone in his own broken hearted country, but through all nations? No, no, alas! denied, doubted it cannot be, that he is dead.—Too true it is, that the destroyer, terrible and ruthless, who entering close as its shadow on the steps of sin, hath never ceased, since the original transgression, to track his victims through every clime and age, hath lain in ambush for him also on his pilgrimage. In Genoa the superb, the stroke which no skill can ward, no strength resist, which no entreaties can stay or turn aside, descended: falling upon him not by surprise, however, but serene and self-possessed as he ever was in life, and perfectly ready and prepared to meet it.

Yes, the stroke has fallen: but if religion has even more than launched the word pouring in such heaven descended virtue.

by her sacraments as not alone to take from death his sting, but to prepare even for his body a state of being ineffably more glorious than that which it before enjoyed, and a state that is to know no misery, or death; if O'Connell's fame, the imperishable element of energy that was in his principles and his deeds, has turned round, not fearing to confront the “King of Terrors,” and disarming him of his most dreaded weapons and insignia, has made of them so many trophies. If all this be true (and that it is, not we alone, but all the nations of the world, now echoing with his renown, bear witness), why then may we not, in the words of the Apostle, say of him that “this mortal hath put on immortality,” and that the mystery to be crowned and consummated in the general resurrection, has already had its beginning. Immortal in the wonders he has achieved, still more so in the means and in the impulses and principles by which he was enabled to accomplish those wonders, pervading the whole world by his renown; destined to be remembered with gratitude and admiration to the most remote posterity, and destined by virtue of his characteristic system, to be felt potently and beneficently, interfering in the amelioration of society to the remotest ages, not alone in his own native land, but in every other that is oppressed or needs reform, why may it not be said—and said correctly—as to all that is more formidable and portentous in this monster, that “Death, for O'Connell, is swallowed in victory”.....

You know, the whole world knows, how Rome received his heart! Her history spreads over more than thirty centuries, and it is emblazoned with pageants and triumphs without number, but you will search it paragraph by paragraph in vain to find another instance of such a triumph as this “mother of dead empires”—this capital of Christ's kingdom upon earth has solemnly voted and rendered to our Liberator's memory.

There is a sort of muffled rumour, I am told, that the expenses of that Roman triumph are to be paid by us. How could anything so stupidly absurd have been imagined, not to say believed? No believe me, it is not thus that Rome acquits herself of her great triumph. It is not thus, believe me, that Romans paid their tribute to O'Connell. His funeral was ordered by the Supreme Pontiff of Rome: His Holiness ordered that it should be piously but the Romans, in their enthusiasm for our Liberator's memory not only fulfilled their duty in complying with this injunction—they surpassed it. They gathered round his ecuataph the arts in which they stand pre-eminent, such as music, sculpture, painting, and that majestic eloquence of which their Venetian is such a master. The work of preparation knew no pause. It was urged forward by night as well as by day, and in the treasure which it cost there was not one half farthing of alien com-