

for making it wealthy and successful, prosperous and happy. Every year makes some addition to its business facilities, and every year bears witness to the increase and growth of the country as an equal competitor in the race of life with other parts of the Dominion. Yet, notwithstanding its upward and onward growth, notwithstanding the fact of its continuous increase, no less true is it, my brethren, of us than of "the city of the great King," which, sinking down from its lofty pinnacle of success to the lowest state of woe and ruin, teaches us that here, neither we nor they have any continuing city. Change writes its name upon all terrestrial things, and nothing here is so stable and secure that man can say with any more certainty than the rich fool, "I have much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."

This ninetyeth anniversary of the history of this city, is peculiarly suggestive of such thoughts as lead one to consider the *transitory* nature of all earthly things, and their *mutability*. "Our Fathers, where are they?" Where are the men who braved the perils, the dangers, the hardships, the privation, the loneliness of the wilderness from love to their Sovereign, and an intense desire to remain loyal to their country? Where are the men who laid the foundation of the good things we now are reaping the fruits of? Where are the men who cleared the forest trees from our streets, who laid the plan of the city, who gave their names to the thoroughfares we traverse every day, who built our churches, and set in motion this hive of industry? And what supported them? What nerved them for their work? Surely the answer may be briefly given in these words, short, but full of meaning: Their patriotism, their loyalty, and their religion; their love of country, their allegiance to their Sovereign and their love of God.

When we ask the question, "Where are they?" we have the answer in the words of my text: "Here have we no