

is dead," but in the new we cry "Long live the King," yea, "O King live forever."

And we watch as those who watch for the morning to see if the Laureate's prayer:

"May you leave as rulers of your blood
As noble to the latest day"

is being answered.

Massey Hall was filled with men alive and sensitive at every pore, who remembered meetings there in days of dark dismay when every home almost had sent its beloved into the battle line for the cause whose representative in a high degree had now come from that battle field to utter words of greeting from the inmost heart of the Empire and to feel the heart-throb of Canada as it answered again and again in unison with his own.

Even the music seemed to have a special tone of elevated strength. "Rule Britannia" and the "Maple Leaf" acquired a loftier strain like that of the sacred Hebrew melody with the added gladness of Christian song.

The decorations gave the Hall an impression of grandeur and restrained beauty that suits the British taste and the British character.

The cheering had a distinct quality. It was intelligent, not perfunctory. It was general, but even as it increased in frequency and volume there was in the very tempest of it, as Hamlet would say, a kind of restraint and fitness that carried the conviction that the audience was speaking its real mind and not giving way to senseless shouts and explosions.

The speaker and the audience accorded well and made "one music." For it was as citizens of the Empire we had assembled to honor the Heir to the Throne to which, as representative Canadians, we are indissolubly bound. Throughout our history we have ever been drawn into closer fellowship with the old land by ties of common blood, by the greatest literature the world has known, by the creative cementing power of the Christian religion as well as by the security afforded by the British arms. And as far as the memory of men still living goes the personal worth of the Sovereigns has stirred our national imagination, has evoked a reverence and a gratitude that have imparted to the splendor of the throne the charm and strength of a vision of endless life.

To these uniting forces has now been added the power of the ancient sacrifice, a humble and a contrite heart. More things are wrought by blood than this world dreams of. When our