

YOU WHO HAVE SERVED



WE bid a hearty welcome to you who have come back, and to you who have served in the home field. We consider it a great honour to have you with us to-night, and to be able to express this slight tribute to the work you have accomplished during the Great War. It was our privilege to bid you farewell one by one as you went forward on behalf of the Great Cause. It was an anxious time, and often were we on the verge of trembling. But at times our hearts were stirred by the news of the manner in which you upheld the honour of the old flag, and incidentally, St. James' Church.

And in gathering here we are not unmindful of those who have not come back—men who gave their lives on behalf of King and country, and all that we hold sacred and dear. We honour them; their names are engraven upon our hearts, and time will add lustre to their fame.

Many of you who have come back have not escaped unscathed from the fiery ordeal through which you passed. You bear upon your bodies the scars of many a stern fight, but they are the scars of honour, won on behalf of truth and righteousness. Some of you have been awarded medals of distinction for special deeds of heroism. But whether scarred or unscarred; whether you bear distinguished medals or not, we think of you all as men who were loyal in the time of need, and who did your duty wherever your lot was cast.

Most of you have had wonderful experiences in the lands across the sea which you will not soon forget. But with all the attractions of those old countries your hearts ever turned fondly and longingly to the home land of the maple and the pine—the great free land with its boundless resources and untold opportunities. You turned to the hearts waiting you—hearts which followed you in your great quest with the sustaining breath of prayer. And among the many in this old grey loyalist city by the sea, the hearts of the members of St. James' Church beat true and loyal as of old. This welcome is but a slight outward sign of the deep and sincere feelings of our hearts. Human language is all too weak to express the thoughts which stir us, or to present in full our deep appreciation of what you have done for us and for generations yet unborn.