

SERMON.

"And all the people shouted, and said, God save the King."—I. SAMUEL X., 24.

OFFICERS, non-commissioned officers and men of the Queen's Own, and ex-members of the regiment—you who constitute the battalion of to-day, and we who represent the battalion of yesterday—are we not all alike proud of, and do we not all glory in the name which the regiment has borne for so many years, and bears now, the "Queen's Own"? You, volunteers, have the honour of having your names on the present muster-roll; we, civilians, glory in the thought that we, too, once bore the initials Q. O. R. on our shoulder-straps, and the regimental number on our shakos, and we look back with retrospective eye over the long years to "the days of auld lang syne," and recall the company and battalion drills, the marches out, the field days, the guard mounting at the old frame drill-shed, and (some of us) the active service in 1865. You, volunteers of to-day, feel a justifiable pride in your regiment, and are fired with a laudable ambition to maintain its well-earned reputation as one of the crack city corps of the Canadian M'litia, to reach the highest attainable standard of efficiency, and to foster a proper *esprit de corps* among its members. We, gray-haired ex-volunteers, cherish in our inmost hearts many pleasant recollections of happy hours spent with the old regiment, and, blended with them, come sad memories of beloved comrades, "*Que, pro patria pugnantes occubuerunt apud Limeridge*" (who, whilst fighting for their country, fell at Limeridge) thirty-one years ago, of others who have since gone to join the great majority, and of still others who are far away, whom we may never meet again on earth.

"For seas hae braid between us roared
Sin' auld lang syne."

Yes, we have felt in the past, and you feel to-day, that

"'Tis a glorious charter,
that is breathed in the words,
'I'm a Queen's Own man.'"

The *Queen's Own Regiment*. It is a glorious name to bear! And I doubt not, Queen's Own, that you all realize and rejoice in its significance. You feel that you *belong* to our Most Gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, and have given to her your sincere, loyal devotion, and are ready to be faithful, even unto death, in her defense. We read in the First Book of Chronicles that, while David was in the stronghold of Ziklag, certain men of Benjamin and Judah came to him, and when he asked