

same. The Romish dupes are told that Orangemen hate them, and would delight to shed their blood. The truth is our obligations compel us to seek their welfare, patiently endure insults from their hands and seek the salvation of their souls. In conclusion, brethren, let me say that we can only perform our duty by holding fast to the Lord Jesus Christ. His blood only can cleanse from sin. His holy conduct must be our daily pattern. His life must be our life. As patriots, let us be prepared to sacrifice ourselves for our country's good; for alas, there are men professedly Protestant who are ready to sacrifice their country and their religion to themselves. What an unselfish life was Christ's life. There are dark clouds gathering over the Old Country and the old flag, and Britain's enemies and rivals are jealous of its progress and its power. There are foes within and foes without; time-serving politicians may have ignored our Association in their hour of prosperity, but when the time of trial comes, they will turn to us for support. Were it a question of men I should say, let them seek in vain. But we are pledged to serve our God, our country and our Queen. In the hour of trial let it be seen that

WE HAVE BUILT UPON A ROCK,

whose foundations cannot be moved and whose superstructure sheds forth the light of hope and unity and truth. To-day our benevolence is appealed to on behalf of the Orphan Homes. If there is one charity more than another that demands our sympathy it is this. Some time ago I visited one of these homes and was deeply moved by all that I saw. Religion, order, cleanliness, thrift and comfort was manifest everywhere, and the Saviour's voice—that Saviour who suffered the little children to come unto Him when others forbade them—seemed to speak again and say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Some years ago a vessel in a storm struck a rock not very far from shore, and the crew escaped by swimming; but there was a crippled boy on board who could not swim, and he was left terror-stricken and helpless upon the deck, the waves dashing over him and threatening to engulf him every moment. The captain, after he had started for the shore, caught sight of the terror-stricken face, and returned to the ship determined to save him or die in the attempt. He took the boy upon his back and bravely reached the shore. Throwing his arms around the sailor's neck, the lad said, "Dear captain, how I wish I were rich, that I might prove my gratitude to you for saving me from such an awful fate as that. All should be yours." Dear brethren, let us remember what the Lord Jesus Christ has done for us. Has he not saved us from eternal misery and eternal death? Give, then, for the love of Christ, for Christ's sake. Well has a poet said,

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

The musical portion of the service was under the direction of Miss Houghton and a well-trained choir, and the service was unusually interesting and entered into with great heartiness.

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