

dirt and stench; separation from all that made life worth living; wounds and bruises and festering sores; and yet a struggle through which they were able to utter their faith in ideals and their conviction that right must reign. The men who did this were men who in civilian life were slaves to many a trivial fear; to the fear of public opinion; fear of doing the wrong thing; of creating the wrong impression; of wearing the wrong kind of tie. But they gave themselves for what they thought was true, and in a moment these meaner sanctions fell away and they became free. They lost their lives and they found them.

There is a verse in the book of Daniel which describes how the king, looking into the burning fiery furnace, saw four men there when only three had been cast into the flames: "Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; *and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God.*" That divine companionship has been known in these days by many to whom the more formal religious statements meant nothing. But while only some have known it, all have possessed it. And to-day we have in remembrance that noble company who jeopardized their lives to the death.