

us that we shall rise. Hence all those who have believed in God and in eternal life for man after death, have shown respect and reverence for the body even when dead, and have decently buried it in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life. Abraham, the father of the faithful and the friend of God, at a time when he did not own a foot of the land of Canaan, purchased the cave of Machpelah and the field adjoining, for the burial of his dead, when his wife Sarah died. Although Jacob was dwelling in Egypt at the time of his death, his body was by his dying command conveyed for hundreds of miles that it might be laid beside that of his grandfather, Abraham, and his father, Isaac. When Joseph was dying he gave commandment concerning his bones, that when the children of Israel returned from Egypt to Canaan, they should carry his bones with them. And though the Exodus did not take place for hundreds of years afterwards the command was remembered and obeyed. How much more then should Christians after the resurrection of Christ show their faith in the general resurrection of mankind, in committing the body to the grave with all reverence and respect and with the lively hope that his body of humiliation will rise all glorious at the last day no more to see corruption. And because this is our faith we commit the bodies of our dear ones to the earth with the sacred rites of religion. It is likely that in the hurry and confusion existing on the day succeeding the battle and the haste which the great heat of that mid-summer's time demanded, the hundreds who lay stark upon the blood-stained field were cast into the pit prepared for them without much ceremony. Surely then it is seemly in our eyes, and pleasing in the sight of God, that in this present time of peace and prosperity, we should on this anniversary of the battle do that calmly and reverently which was

omitted then, though nearly eighty years have passed away.

For another reason ought we on this anniversary to do honor to these poor remains—because these are the fragments of the bodies of men, who on this day 79 years ago instinct with life came here and fought and died in behalf of their country. We would like to know to whom these bones belong. With regard to each we would, if we could receive an answer to such questions as these:—Had he a father? Had he a mother? Had he a sister? Had he a brother? When he fell here did he leave behind him a sorrowing widow and fatherless children? What was his name? Does the name he bore connect him with any of the families now resident in this district, or any more remote part of Canada? Or was he reared in the mother land, and in obedience to command crossed the sea to fight and die here and fill an unknown grave?

We cannot tell. These things will never be known until the day when all secrets shall be revealed. But though we know not who these men were nor anything of their history, this we do know that in obedience to orders they fought here during the closing hours of that long, hot summer day and far into the night, or until death overtook them, whilst the moon looked down upon them from the sky above. That they thought not of surrender nor flight, but only resolved to conquer or die like true British soldiers. Let us then, though late, freely give them the honor that is due to them, and thus express our admiration for a patriotism which refused to change its allegiance and which made our fathers of that day proud of being the subjects of a kingdom which had lasted for so many ages, which has so many noble deeds emblazoned on its escutcheon, which has expanded into the mightiest empire which the world has ever seen and which is ever more and more influencing the destinies of mankind.