

regal chair, but nevertheless their faith and trust in the Supreme Governor, by whom kings reign, led them to entertain, as a matter of conscience, that loyal submission and obedience, as far as it was lawful and right, to him who carried the sceptre and wore the crown. Loyalty, my brethren, was no easy matter in the days of primitive christianity, when men chafed under the Roman yoke; but in these days, and especially within our own realms, it is just the opposite. It is far harder to be the disloyal subjects of such a noble-hearted King as we have: fellow comrades as we are, of an empire where the ruthless hand of no despot rules us with a rod of iron, where there runs not that unbounded licentiousness so prevalent in other countries, but where liberty is the lot of all—liberty, civil and religious—the bridle only being used where the peace of the land and the common interests demand it.

Loyalty! What a sweet word to us. In it we have borne our part. It has blazed forth from the hearths of our Canadian homes and the altars of our churches during the past two or more years, in a manner unprecedented in