

labours, amid the sheen and glory, and their works do follow them." If we believe in the resurrection of the body, then the soldiers of Canada here to-day, in paying these sacred rites to their comrades, are not only true to the noblest and most beautiful sentiments and promptings of the human heart, but to deny this service to the dead would be to dishonour and outrage their persons as well as their name.

"The glory of children are their fathers," and the heroes of this field are our fathers still: during the 77 years that have come and gone since the terrible struggle on that July afternoon and night, nothing has broken the continuity of our national life, we still hold in our grasp the blossom ripening into fruit of the splendid destiny which God's purpose has marked out, through the deeds and principles of our fathers, for this Canada of ours. Canada, never the slave, is still the child and pupil of her past. Hers is still the rich inheritance of inspiration and guidance her heroes have left her. Her past still finds place, as a noble stanza, in that epic, greater than Homer's, the age-long past of our empire and race. After these 77 years the old flag still waves over this battle-field; these heights still rejoice at the touch of the measured tread of England's "red line" of defence against all oppression and wrong. The cause of the United Empire, dear to the heart of these heroes, is still triumphant on Canadian soil, and as we value all this, so is our gratitude to those who preserved it to us by a bravery and devotion unparalleled in modern times. Our gratitude will be deep and fervent as we recognize this freedom to be unique in the world, having within it the Holy Grail of national life. Contrast our freedom, for one moment, with that of two of the most resplendent and glorious of the nations: The freedom of France cries, Give me France that I may give her glory! American freedom is founded upon the philosophy that all men are free and equal, and no one should be interfered with in his pursuit of happiness. This type of freedom, to which the American and French belong, makes the national life of man nothing more than that of a time-creature. It takes thought of nothing more than man's relations with his fellow. It gives to our national life no recognition of God and our obligation to Him. It gives the nation no freedom to feel itself seized of any Christian responsibilities or duties. In striking contrast to this, English freedom, in its birth, is the child of a great religious and missionary effort. Its growth, in the beginning, was the development of the Ten Commandments and the Apostles' Creed in the life of the land. This freedom of England signals to us in the cross on her flag as the inspiration of our life, that she "expects every man to do his duty" in the fear of God and in loving devotion to Fatherland. Her ideal of highest prosperity is not to be had in self-glorification or in kitchen politics. The legend of her house is: "Man shall not live by bread alone." And this English freedom, our English Constitution, rational, ordered, God-fearing, that through centuries has advanced from stage to stage of progress, deliberate, calm, never breaking with her past, but making every fresh gain the basis of a new success, enlarging her peoples' liberty while bating nothing of the height and force of individual development, has given us our English Empire, the crowning glory of Time and Nature, dowered by the ages with poetry and beauty, all that can charm the imagination and win the loving loyalty of the better feelings and higher intelligence of mankind. And this freedom and its sovereignty has been bequeathed to us, and hallowed for us, by the heroes whose memories we would lovingly honour to-day.

It cannot, it must not be, that we shall ever surrender the priceless blessing they have handed down to us. Were we ever to do this we would have the execrations of those who came after us, instead of the loving, tender remembrance we pay the fathers of our national life to-day. No! our Loyalist Fathers gave to Canada her English nationality to be our Canadian sentiment and instinct, made up of memory and hope; our national spirit, which swells every Canadian's heart, makes what else would be common earth, our fatherland of loyal English life, sacred and dear, sending up to us brave messages from her loyal past and bright prophecies of her future; a future ever revealing the lofty secret of her parentage and destiny; a future that, issuing forth from these heroic heights, and broadening our Canadian Dominion like our Lower St. Lawrence, shall merge into the world-wide Imperial responsibilities, powers and glories of the United Empire, enthroned amid her world-encircling seas, and sceptred with her never-setting sun.