

I add briefly: The circumstances of this occasion are, doubtless, sufficiently known to all present to-day. It is to our Society the first occasion of the kind; it may not be the last. No marks but two were left to show the graves or trenches of full 1,000 men who fell here 77 years ago, and, strange to say, one mark denotes the grave of Lieut. William Hemphill, of the Royals, and the other denotes the grave of Capt. Abram Hull, 9th U. S. Infantry, as if enough to show for all the rest of friends or foes. Other grave-stones tell the names of Bishopp, Patteson, Torrens, Gordon, who fell elsewhere, and are resting here. Trenches deep and many, we may believe, were made HERE and THERE, on THIS and THAT side of Lundy's Lane, as might best serve convenience and quick despatch of burial; and so, in time, we may suppose, other distant trenches will yet be found, as the busy hand of man turns up the soil or digs deep the earth for new foundations, and will bring, perchance, to view more tokens of the battle. Later members of our Society may have many tasks of duty and piety to fulfil like ours here to-day. Plainly we see how such a Society is most useful and necessary too, in many ways. On occasion like this, its members, from a spirit of Christianity and patriotism, seek to prevent disrespect to the dead by any semblance of neglect on their part, and by forbidding any acts of vandalism on the parts of others; they seek to insist upon due respect being shown for the dead, and the place where they lie—the old or young, the rich or poor, the known or the unknown; they seek to bestow honour to whom honour is due, IN MEMORIAM, honour to the Christian benefactor, the statesman, patriot, soldier—Regular or Volunteer. For these, and such as these, promoters and defenders of their country, The Lundy's Lane Historical Society will seek at all times to give honour as far as possible, by inscribing their names, and so perpetuating their memories through succeeding generations in this fair Canada of ours.

After the President's address, Rev. E. J. Fessenden, an active member of the L. L. H. S., was invited to speak, which he did in the following earnest, impressive language:

Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us, their seed shall remain forever, and their glory shall not be blotted out. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore.—Eecl. xlv. 13-14.

I am sure the eager, anxious question of every heart here is, how can we, through this opportunity that has come to us, in these sacred and filial rites the living may pay their dead, give most reverent and seemly expression to our gratitude and patriotic devotion to the heroes of this battle-field? We are the heirs of their self-devotion; by the sacrifice of their lives they bequeathed to us the liberty and the sovereignty of the "old flag" that enfolds them in this soft autumnal light; Nature's opening of her year's burial service, which we this day have left to her—"They rest from their