

So, with tender memories, with Christian rite and ceremony, and military honors, we have come to-day to re-commit these eleven to the quiet grave to be disturbed again no more until the day of the great Resurrection trumpet-call. The remains of two are probably those of Captain Spooner and Lieut. Latham, of the 89th; the other nine are those of soldiers of the 89th and 103rd regiments. Feeling a deep sense of duty and respect, our Vice-President, J. A. Orchard, Dr. H. Cook, J. C. Hull, W. Dalton and others, have zealously endeavoured to collect all that was possible, and to arrange for this solemn occasion. The incident of the discovery enables us in some measure to show that as a Society we desire to testify to the memories of the men of 1812-14, and give tenderest respect to this group of comrades found in yonder trench after the lapse of so many years. This little plot of ground now allotted to these brothers-in-arms shall be their more fitting resting-place henceforth, until the whole earth and sea itself shall give up their dead by the Word of our God.

The scant relics of military dress, of buttons, helmets and belts, etc., found at this discovery shall be carefully kept in memory of the 89th and 103rd Regiments, so many of whose men fell here in battle. Alas! that such battle or any of the contests waged along this frontier-line were ever necessary to repel invaders who had no righteous cause for their invasions during a period of nearly three years.

If we are divinely taught to forgive our enemies, still we may not forget those men of the times—our countrymen—who successfully withstood repeated cruel attacks; we may not forget the men and women of Upper Canada who protected and preserved all this land to be handed down to our posterity for all time to come. Nor may we forget to give due respect to sacred remains such as these, but in the spirit of Christian brotherhood sprinkle over them, as of old, the thrice-repeated dust of earth, “pulveris exigui parva munera” (Horace, i., 28), with reverence, and in humble, blessed hope.

This task of re-interring is one of duty and piety. “Bury me with my fathers,” was once the wish of the Patriarch Jacob (Genesis, xlix., 29); so, too, the pious charge of the Patriarch Joseph (Genesis, l., 25), and of the aged Barzillai (2 Samuel, xix., 37). So, now, these mortal remains seem to say: Place us amid our comrades! This we do. The re-interment of friends or kindred is sometimes an act of obedience, or duty when possible, as well as of piety, when, *e.g.*, the old farm burial plot is exchanged and God’s acre is chosen instead, for its restful shades close by some House of God.