

**CHURCH PARADE!
THE RECTOR'S ADDRESS!**

The Militiamen called out, together with their comrades of the city companies, paraded to St. Paul's Church yesterday, and took part in the Divine Service. Never in the course of her history, a period of one hundred and eighty years, was old St. Paul's Church so densely crowded, and hundreds had to leave the Church doors unable to obtain admittance. At the conclusion of the service, the Rector, Rev. C. O'Meara, delivered the following address:

THE RECTOR'S ADDRESS:

"And Mizpah, for he said: 'The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent from one another.'—Gen. 31, v. 49.

For the first time in her history as a Dominion, Canada calls upon her sons and daughters to prove their loyalty to her by coming to her aid against an armed foe. Her sons are asked to sacrifice time and money to face death upon the battlefield for her. Upon the loyalty of her daughters she makes even larger demands, for she asks them—not, it is true, to engage in the heat and excitement of battle, but to do something far harder—to wait calmly, patiently, and resignedly at home, while husbands, brothers, sons and fathers, and others who are neither husbands, brothers, sons or fathers, but yet dearer than life itself, go forth to face a wily and cruel foe—and nobly and well is the call being responded to. And now

THE SUMMONS TO ARMS

has reached this fair little Island of ours, and in the quiet of this Sabbath morning we have gathered together to kneel before our common father's foot stool and commend to His gracious keeping those who are going forth to do battle for the integrity of our land. Surrounded by signs of peace and happiness, we have come out from our homes on this, the first morning of the week and assembled in this house of prayer with those who are soon to leave our shores and to be hurried as fast as steam can carry them to a scene of war and tumult; and with them have worshipped the God of battles. And now that that has been done, upon me as presiding officer of this Church, devolves the duty and the privilege of speaking, in the name not only of my Brethren in the Ministry throughout this City, but of the whole Christian Church in this Province, a few words of farewell to those who thus go forth, carrying in their hands our glory or our shame, our victory or our defeat, words which if they are at all expressive of the real feelings of I am certain every Christian and every loyal heart in this great congregation this morning, will assure you, my comrades, that during all the days that you may be absent from us, be they many or few, you will never be forgotten by those whose

BATTLES YOU ARE FIGHTING,

not cease to have an interest in their prayers. Words, which I trust by God's grace, may show those of us who remain behind how best we can bear the load of anxiety which will be ours, and those who go forth, how best they may face danger and even death with an undaunted heart. Members of the volunteer force, as I stated before you this morning for this purpose, believe me it is with no little pleasure that I am reminded of the fact that I shall be able, when speaking to you, to address you by a title which I have just used, and call you comrades; and that in so doing I shall not be using merely a fictitious term, but that in more ways than one you and I are really comrades. One of the relics of bygone days, which I value most highly, is my certificate of attendance at the Military School in Toronto, in the years '64 and '65. I value it highly, not only because of the long hours of hard drill by which it was earned, but because it seems to give me a life-long interest in, and connection with, a band of men of which, as a man and a patriot, I trust I shall always feel proud, namely, the Canadian Volunteer Force. When I go back to those days when it was my privilege to don the dark green uniform of the Queen's Own Rifles, with all my heart I am proud to be allowed to call you comrades. I know that there are penny-wise and pound-foolish politicians, who cover up their own miserable narrowness and selfishness by a semblance of interest for the financial prosperity of our land, and tell us that when we are supporters of this Militia Force we are paying for a toy army that would melt into thin air before

THE APPROACH OF DANGER.

But my comrades, whenever I hear such talk as that, I have but one answer. I say what about the Fenian raid of the year 1866? How did our volunteers behave then? Was there any hanging back? Was there any hunting up of missing men? Were there any blanks in the battalions caused by the absence of this or that company. Oh, no! On the contrary, as I stand before you this morning, my comrades, it seems to me but as yesterday that I stood in the Great Western Railway depot in Toronto and heard the murmur of discontent and indignation that ran along our waiting ranks when we were told that we could not get off for several hours, because cars could not be supplied fast enough to carry to the front the companies that had come pouring into the city from every direction during the day; and that although the whole country was just wild with exaggerated reports of the force of

the enemy and the magnitude of the battle then going on at Lime Ridge. As I had travelled from Detroit the day before, at almost every station through the state of Michigan, there joined our train members of Canadian companies who having heard in a foreign land of the danger that menaced their country were hastening to her aid. Yes, and while we were journeying to Toronto and from thence to the Niagara frontier,

THAT GALLANT REGIMENT

to which it was my privilege to belong—what of them and those who like them had been the first to reach the field? Many of you, my comrades, are young men, and many have no very distinct recollection of the events to which I refer, and perhaps you may have heard men talk of the battle of Lime Ridge as one in which the volunteers were defeated, or as being at least something like the opening battle of the great American Civil War, in which both sides retreated. But it was nothing of the sort. It was a field of which every Canadian has a right to feel proud. The man who commanded them has passed beyond the criticisms of his fellow-men, and even if this were the time and place to show where the blame of any apparent want of success on that day lay, this fact would prevent my doing so. But I speak of that of which I know, when I tell you that that battle crowned the Queen's Own and 10th Royal Regiments with undying honor. It was a battle where those young volunteers, badly generalled, exhausted with a long journey and forced march, faced death without flinching. When some of them, among whom was one of my most intimate college mates, laid down their lives

FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR HOME.

A field where the volunteer force gave, for all time the lie to the statement that it is a toy army. And what that force was then it is now. Oh, how the old enthusiasm was kindled in my heart! How my pulse quickened, how I longed once more to wear the old uniform, when there came to us, borne over miles of prairie land and sea, the answer which our boys sent back to the message of a coward and a dastard. "I don't like war," he had whined out; "and if you don't stop fighting I will be forced—just because I don't like war, because I am such a man of peace—not, of course, because I am a coward, and don't like the music of the gating gun—oh! no, not for this, but because I don't like war—to murder in cold blood the helpless women and children in my power." And what was the answer to such a message? It was a single word from the General's lips. It was a ringing cheer that came straight from the hearts of as true and brave soldiers as ever rallied round a country's flag. And in all the coming years, there will be one bright spot on the page of our nation's history, and it will be that which bears the record of how our volunteers charged the enemy at the point of the bayonet, and in five minutes from the receipt of the dastard's message, put it out of his power to carry out his fiendish threat. Can you doubt, then, that when I remember what

THE VOLUNTEER FORCE

was in the past, and what it is in the present, that I am proud to call you comrades. And oh! won't you believe me, my comrades, that when I go on as I want to do now, to speak of another sense in which you and I are comrades, and to urge upon you the necessity which lies upon you and me of being true to one another and obedient to our Great Commander, that I do so not in a formal way, not just because it is the correct thing for me to preach a sermon to you, but because being proud of you, feeling that I have a special interest in you, I from my very heart desire your peace and happiness for time and for eternity. We are comrades, you and I, in life's great battle. We are fellow-pilgrims on the road either to an eternity of bliss or of woe—and there is but one way in which that battle can be brought to a successful issue—in which the question of what awaits us after death can be answered satisfactorily, and I want to speak to you of that way. Oh! my comrades, pardon me if I speak very plainly and very simply; if I drop all effort to be eloquent or attractive. It is but fitting that we Ministers should study the art of speaking well. We have no right to neglect this means of commanding our message to human hearts. But to-day I can think only that I am addressing some whom I

MAY NEVER MEET AGAIN,

till we both stand before the great white Throne; and remembering this earnestly, solemnly, my comrades, let me tell you that for you and for me for all alike, there is but one hope, that there is none other name given among men whereby we may be saved but that of Jesus Christ; that there are no great and little sinners in God's sight. All have sinned and are coming short of the glory of God. But Jesus has died for our sins. He has paid the penalty of our guilt. He has opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers. He says: "Come unto me all ye that labor and heavy laden and I will give you rest." My comrades, have you come? Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ? Are you trusting in Him for pardon and for peace? If not, why not? Is it because you don't think you need Him? But you believe the Bible, don't you? And what has that to say about it? Turn to 36th verse of the 3rd chap. of St John's Gospel and you will see: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life;

and he that believeth not shall not see life, but the solemn words, the wrath of God abideth on him.' My comrades, are you prepared to go into the battle and to

RISK YOUR ETERNITY

upon the chance that God does not mean what he says? Or have you not come because you have not realized that Jesus is willing to save you? Oh! my comrades, if you doubt, let me for a moment be your commanding officer. Follow where I will lead. Come with me to the foot of Calvary's Cross. Now that we are there let me give the word of command. Halt! now look at the scene before us. Who is it that hangs on yonder cross? His face drawn with unutterable anguish. Who is it that is suffering that death of shame? Who is it whose brow is encircled with a crown of thorns, placed there in cruel mockery? Who is it that is the victim of Jewish hate, the butt of Roman ridicule? Why, the Son of God—the worshipper of angelic hosts. He before whose throne Angel and Archangel had for ages bowed in lowly adoration whilst they cried, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty. And what brought Him to that cross of shame? Nothing, my comrades, but just love, deep, boundless, unutterable, passing all understanding. Love for you and for me. And oh, glorious truth! He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Oh, blessed Evangel, just as willing to save us now as He was when He hung upon that cross. My comrades, in all the Universe there is nothing more certain than that

WE ARE GREAT SINNERS,

that God must and will punish our sins, and that Jesus is a great Savior, and has borne the sins of all who are willing to be saved by Him. But you may say to me, you are talking to us about being saved, about our chance of getting to Heaven: you are speaking as though we were all going to fall in the battle. No, my comrades, I am not. True, I cannot but feel that possibly this may be my last chance of speaking to some of you of how alone you can enter heaven; and that thought does make me desirous to be very plain; but when I speak about the necessity of believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, I am not thinking of the world beyond the grave. I have before me not only the possible but the probable future. I do trust that if God will, when you return, having fought the battle and gained the victory, there may be not one vacant place in your ranks, and that we who shall say good-bye to you, may at no distant day welcome you one and all back amongst us. And I look forward to this more hopefully, because of the good news that reached us yesterday that the

RING LEADER OF THE REBELLION

—he who has been the cause of so much misery and bloodshed, who has turned so many happy homes throughout Canada into places of mourning, has been captured, and now awaits that punishment, which for the sake of our country's honor, for the sake of all justice and law, I do hope no amount of political expediency will avert from him. But although I have good reason to believe that the back of the rebellion has been broken, my comrades, you will have difficulties and dangers to face, and those dear ones who remain behind will have many an hour of anxiety on your account to spend. And believe me, comrades, the religion of Jesus has not only to do with the world to come, it is deeply intimately connected with one's every day life. You will have duties to perform, and I tell you that you will find that the strength which God supplies through his eternal Son will enable you to perform those duties, in a way that nothing else will. You will be better

SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN

if you are soldiers of the king of kings. I would not give very much for a man's religion who does not do a more honest day's work because of that religion. And it that is true of the commonest duties how much more true must it be of that which devolves upon you of standing up for your country against her enemies. The God-Man was a patriot and patriotism is a virtue. To you there has come a time when your patriotism is to be put to the test. That you may stand that test is my earnest desire; and believe me, there is one way in which you most certainly will do so, and that is by asking God, for the sake of the Saviour who died for you, to give you strength to do so. Don't you think that if you can

GO INTO BATTLE,

feeling that God is your Father, it will make you braver? Most surely it must; and whilst God in one way is the Father of all his creatures, He is an infinitely loving Father to those who are His children by faith in Christ Jesus. For your own sakes I urge upon you now, if you have not already done so, to accept Christ as your Saviour. And for the sake of those you leave behind you, I would also beseech you to do so. Oh, comrades, it is only natural that your career for the next few months should be a cause of much anxiety to this community. You go forth, and to you is committed the good name of this city and Island. We shall watch anxiously day by day for the message which, I feel sure, will come to us telling us that where bullets fell thickest, where the danger was greatest, there our brave Island boys were to be found. We should hang our heads with shame if we heard that you flinched before odds that others were not afraid to face; and when I

come to speak of those who are near and dear to you, I can hardly trust myself to give expression to my feelings in words. Oh, how many and

MANY A FATHER AND MOTHER

in this city and community will kneel morning and night in prayer, and ask God to bless and guard their boy in the Northwest. My comrades, think of all the anxiety of your fellow citizens on your account, and then remember that there is one way in which we shall be enabled to feel quite sure that you will be able to do your duty bravely and well, and that is if we know that you are not fighting alone, but that God is your strength. Think of those who love you so dearly and remember what a comfort it will be for them to feel that God is your reconciled Father in Christ Jesus, that although you are separated from them by

MANY MILES OF LAND AND SEA, THEY

can from their hearts send up the prayer contained in my text, Mizpah, "the Lord watch between me and thee." My comrades, I think the loneliest night in all my life was that on which I first did sentry duty. A barrier had been erected at the Canadian entrance to the great suspension bridge spanning the Niagara river. My beat was from that barrier to the international boundary, which was half way over the bridge. My comrades, it was a lonely post. As I paraded up and down, with the roar of the falls drowning all sounds of any human companionship, with the mighty river rushing in a foaming torrent, hundreds of feet beneath me, with the moon only now and then showing for a moment from behind a cloud. My comrades, although nearly nineteen years have gone by since then, the remembrance of the

TERRIBLE OF THESE TWO HOURS

is so strong upon me that I am not ashamed to confess to you that, believing as I did that every buttress of the bridge which I passed on my walk had behind it a Fenian waiting to bayonet me and throw me into the river, I was sorely tempted to climb back over the barrier and to run away from my regiment. But one thing saved me, and that, think you, was that I felt sure that that night a Christian mother had asked God to bless and guard her wandering, her prodigal son. My comrades don't you think that it will be a great source of courage to you if some night as you pace up and down on the lonely prairie you can hear borne to you by the east wind away up from

THIS ISLAND HOME OF YOURS

a mother's dear voice repeating in accents sweet and tender as those with which she once rocked you to sleep. These words:

Through days of light and gladness,
Through days of love and life,
Through smiles of joy and sunshine,
Through days with beauty rife;
When absent from each other
O'er mountain, vale, and sea,
The Lord, who guard'd Israel,
Keep watch 'tween me and thee.
Through days of doubt and darkness,
In fear and trembling breath,
Through mists of sin and sorrow,
In tears, and grief, and death,
The Lord of life and glory,
The King of earth and sea,
The Lord who guard'd Israel,
Keep watch 'tween me and thee.

My comrades, this may be, if your mother's God is your God, Comrades, farewell! Into God's gracious keeping I commend you. May God make the light of His countenance to shine upon you and be gracious unto you and bring you back to your homes safe and well for Jesus sake. Amen:

The services concluded with the following hymn and the Benediction:

LORD, Thy best blessings shed
On our loved monarch's head;
Round her abide,
Teach her Thy holy will,
Shield her from every ill,
Guard, guide, and speed her still,
Safe to thy side.

Under thy mighty wings,
Keep her, O King of kings,
Answer her prayer:
Till she shall hence remove
Up to thy courts above,
To dwell in light and love,
Evermore thy people.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen,
Send Her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

Notes.

The members of Capt. McLeod's Company, Hunter River, arrived on Saturday evening by Tignish train. They were received at the station by the volunteers, headed by the Battalion Band. The streets along the line of march to the Drill Shed were crowded with spectators and as the band played the march of the "Men of Harlec," the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. Capt. McLeod's company are a fine body of men, who will do credit to themselves if they are sent to the front. The men who arrived on Saturday evening are,—

- CAPT. MACLEOD, Hunter River.
- LIEUT. BERTRAM, do
- SERGEANT NICHOLSON, Hazel Grove.
- SERGEANT DARKE, Green Vale.
- CORP. MACDUFF, Brookfield.
- CORP. ABBOTT, Milton.
- PRIVATE H. BERTRAM, Hazel Grove.
- " B. JEWELL, Green Vale.
- " M. STEWART, Hunter River.
- " W. MACMILLAN, do.
- " J. KATRIVAY, New Glasgow.
- " B. STEVENSON, do.
- " B. STEPHENSON, do.
- " J. MUNROE, Brookfield.
- " M. MACLEOD, do.
- " R. MACDUFF, do.
- " J. COLES, Hazel Grove.
- " M. MARTIN, Brown's Creek.
- " W. MOBBIS, Hunter River.
- " N. STEWART, do.

On Saturday evening the members of the Hunter River Co. were entertained

at dinner at the Osborne by D. Fairquharson Esq., M. P. P. James Sutherland Esq., and A. B. McKenzie, Esq., M. L. C. The spread was first-class, and the men spent a most enjoyable evening.

The Crepaud men arrived at 1 o'clock on Sunday morning. They were detained owing to the grounding of the Heather Bell in Crapaud Harbor. On arrival they were conducted to the Osborne House where Col. Beer and Brigade Major Irving dined them at their own expense.

His Lordship Judge Young and Mrs. Young, on Saturday presented a Canadian Ensign to the members of the 82nd Battalion. The presentation was made by Col. Beer, and was received by the men with great enthusiasm.

At three o'clock yesterday afternoon the men assembled in the Drill Shed, and each received a Bible, presented by the B. & F. Bible Society. Previous to the presentation, short and appropriate addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Carruthers and Brigade Major Irving.

Amongst the interesting incidents of yesterday, in connection with the 82nd Battalion Volunteers about to leave for the North West, was a service at the close of the Methodist Brick Church Sunday School.

After the singing by the School of the hymn, "Stand up for Jesus," the Superintendent, Rev. F. W. Moore, with a few cheering remarks presented a Bible to Sergt. Crosby, with the following inscription on the fly leaf:—

Presented to
SERGEANT ARTHUR CROSBY,
82ND BATTALION
CHARLOTTETOWN VOLUNTEERS,
On the eve of his Departure for the,
NORTH WEST,
by
HIS FELLOW TEACHERS,
of the
Methodist Brick Church Sunday School.

Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them: for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee nor forsake thee.—Deut. 31, 6.

Mr. Crosby, in response, spoke with cheerfulness and courage of his call to duty, and his confidence in the precious truth contained in the Sacred Word, and his affectionate allusion to his mother and her Bible in his knapsack brought tears to many eyes.

Mr. Miller also, on behalf of his Bible Class, presented Private Arthur Mellish with a small beautifully bound Bible, and the service closed with the Benediction by Rev. Professor Burwash. Mr. Crosby is a son of Theo. Crosby, Esq., of West River, and Mr. Mellish is the eldest son of Professor Mellish, of the Upper Prince Street School.

The Daily Examiner

MAY 18, 1885.

Death of Hon. J. C. Pope.

THE HONORABLE JAMES COLLEGE POPE expired at his residence in Summerside at 8 o'clock this morning. Without pain or struggle he passed quietly away.

Mr. Pope was the second son of the Hon. Joseph Pope, his mother being a daughter of Captain College, of the First Royal Regiment. He was born on the 11th day of June 1826, and was educated here and in England. He was a man of great force of character—a natural leader of men; and for many years was foremost in this community in business, agriculture, and politics. His public life began in the year 1857 when he was elected a member of the House of Assembly for the Fourth Electoral District of Prince County. Thenceforward he took a prominent part in the management of the affairs of the Province and was for several years Leader of the Government. In 1873 he was first elected to the House of Commons by the electors of Queens County, and in the partial election of 1876, consequent upon the appointment of the Hon. David Laird to the office of Lieut.-Governor of the Northwest Territories, he was again elected. Upon the formation of Sir John Macdonald's Administration in 1878, he accepted a portfolio, and sat in the Cabinet for some years as Minister of Marine and Fisheries. But all the while the fatal disease which laid him low was preying upon him; and during the past two or three years he has been an invalid under the loving care of his wife and family. Hundreds of attached friends and thousands of admiring supporters have deeply regretted the long and fatal illness of their warm-hearted and sagacious political leader; and he will be held in grateful remembrance as long as a train runs on our Railway or Prince Edward Island is known in history.

In 1852 Mr. Pope married a daughter of the late Thomas Pethick, Esq., and had eight children, five of whom survive.

The many friends of Mrs. Burris will be pleased to learn that she has returned from Truro and intends to remain the summer. During her past winter Mrs. Burris contributed largely to the social enjoyments of Truro's youthful citizens by conducting select dancing classes. She intends to favor Charlottetown in the same way during the summer months.

G. H. HAZARD'S
FOR ALL KINDS OF
Blank Books,
—IN—
Ledgers, Day Books, Journals, &c.,
SELLING VERY CHEAP.
100,000 100,000
ENVELOPES,
of all the leading sizes, by the 100, 1 or 1 thousand boxes.
FOOLSCAP, LETTER & NOTE PAPER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Stafford's Jet Black Writing Inks,
" Copying Inks,
(in all sizes bottles.)
This is now acknowledged to be the best Ink for office and private use.
ALSO IN STORE:
Carter's, Stephens & Toiry's Writing & Copying Inks,
To be Sold at Great Discounts.
G. H. HAZARD,
BROWN'S BLOCK,
Queen Square.
Ch'town, May 18, '85.

COAL.
BY AUCTION, TO-MORROW, Tuesday, May 19th, at 11 o'clock, on Peake's Wharf (No. 1) 61 tons Round Coal, Ex Schr. "S. Wanson," from Ontario Mines, Sydney. This coal is well known in this market, and gives good satisfaction.
A. McNEILL,
Auctioneer.
May 18, 1885.

SITUATION VACANT.
WANTED IMMEDIATELY, a lad of 16 to 19, who can write a good hand, to act as
Clerk and Assistant Book-keeper,
A good opening for one who has ambition.
Apply personally.
N. J. CAMPBELL.
Ch'town, May 18—4

NOTICE.
CHARLOTTETOWN, May 18, 1885.
CITIZENS will please take notice that on THURSDAY, the 21st inst., time will expire for receiving the returns of personal property within the city.
M. P. HOVAN,
Chairman of Assessors.
Ch'town, May 18—21

DANCING.
Terpsichore Hall Reopened.
MRS. BURRIS, thankful for past favors, takes liberty to inform the ladies and gentlemen of the city and vicinity that she will open her Dancing Classes, in the brick building, corner Queen and King streets (entrances on King) for one term, on THURSDAY, MAY 21st, 1885.
Afternoon class from 4 to 6 p. m.
Evening class from 8 to 10 p. m.
All the new and fashionable dances will be introduced, including the "March Quadrille," "Saratoga Lozners," "Polo," "Ripple," &c. Private tuition given as usual.
Miss BURRIS will give lessons on violin and piano in the above hall.
E. BURRIS.
Ch'town, May 18, 1885

P. E. ISLAND RAILWAY.
QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.
EXCURSION RETURN TICKETS, at one first class fare, will be issued from Charlottetown to all intermediate stations, Summerside, Souris, Georgetown and all intermediate stations, by afternoon trains, on Saturday, 23rd May inst.; also, to and from all stations on Monday, 25th inst.; all tickets being good to return up to and on May 27th, 1885.
JAMES COLEMAN,
Superintendent.
Railway Office, Ch'town, May 18, 1885.
—fly pat all wkly papers