

without thinking of the vast army of the dead who through terrible persecutions, and most cruel deaths, had held fast their faith, doing far more than we in this distant age can realize, to speed on the Christian Church than all the united powers afterwards exercised by Kings and Potentates.

In those early days wondrous specimens of Christian steadfastness stand forth, whose names are written on the pages of Church History, to remain as long as history remains; but after persecution was passed, and the faith of Christ was victorious everywhere, what the Church thought of most, was not alone these giant representatives of unflinching allegiance, but rather the great army of men, women, and children—too great to be named, or numbered, the long and almost ceaseless procession of bold confessors with faces turned deathward;—"all the Saints," who thought not their lives too dear to lay them down for Christ at the feet of the persecutors. As the ancient church hymn sings it:—

High Procession; Great Confession,
Hear the loud triumphant sounds—
Martyrs bleeding—Stephen leading
Glorified with deadly wounds.
Warriors Glorious, and Victorious;
Who the blood-stained field have trod;
See them thronging --all their longing
Centres in the Lamb of God.

Hence it is said that on the day that the Pantheon was dedicated to Christ, the Church appointed a set yearly day; that in shadow, at all events, this great army of God's elect might pass before us, teaching us how the faithful bought by the blood of Christ, bled themselves for Christ;—washed in His blood; poured forth their own; to teach the world, that the servant is not greater than His Lord; and that there may be awful moments before us, as behind us; when to confess the Lord may prove the death of the confessor.

Two thoughts as applicable to ourselves strike us.

First.—The faith of Man in Christ has proved itself a real, living