

for his children—but we won't dwell on that. It's a glorious fight. When a man has been in it, he knows himself a man."

I have spoken of this as a Great Crusade. As such I often find myself thinking of it; and memory recalls the records of stirring events associated with those old-time Crusades.

When, under Richard, King of England, an army laid siege to Acre, then held by the Moslems—with whom we are at war to-day—among the incidents of their blockade of the city it is mentioned that they dug a deep trench outside their camp, from sea to sea, and strengthened it with a wall of earth. Night and day they toiled, till all was finished. Young and old, men and women, all joined in the labour; and the historian records with enthusiasm how, when one woman was mortally wounded in the midst of her toil, she—knowing death was sure—implored her husband, instead of tending her, to go on with the work, and to let her body be thrown into the mound, that thus she might further in death