

blast of trumpet, and the charge of cavalry; though, as I have said before, we are ready to employ those means, if occasion ever calls for it, but with the kerner and more powerful weapons of example, of word, of action, of life, you are to show forth before men that the service of the Lord God is your sworn service, and His honor the honor you have vowed to defend. When, next year, unless God's providence should will it otherwise, the splendid columns of the Templar army, at the very least ten thousand men at arms, shall march through the streets of this city, with flashing sword and shining plume and fluttering banner; let all who witness that pageant know that it is a mighty symbol, tremendous in its significance, of the army of the Living God; for every man who has found a place in those ranks has sworn, with an oath startling in its awfulness, to stand by the Christian religion, and the Temple of our God, as long as he breathes the breath of life. To me it will be an act of glorious reparation to my insulted Lord, who has been so dishonored here. Great crowds have met, and applauded to the echo, the most frightful blasphemies of His name and His attributes. A brilliant orator has again and again opened his irreligious mouth against His glory, so when that grand army rolls its mighty tide along, and the crosses flash in the sun, and I read on the flags: *In Hoc Signo Vinces*, I shall see in it all the protest of 50,000 men, chosen from all ranks, numbering the highest and the most gifted of this land among them, against infidelity and atheism, and communism, and all the brood of hell.

Take our banner, the revered Beauseaut. What does that symbolize? It is black and white, the colors of evil and good. Black is to represent the enemies of the Temple of God, sins, unbelief, evil spirits, everything which works against good; and white is the symbol of purity, of virtue, of righteousness, of the robe of

Christ. Sharply are they set, one against the other, to show us that there is to be no compromise, and we rally under that flag to show that we are for the white, contending against the black, on the side of good, in the unending battle with evil. Oh, the history of that banner! I see it in the far-off years, as it waves in the air of Palestine, in the midst of some bloody battle-field, the Paynim foe charging down upon it, and the Red Cross Knights, in serried ranks, guarding it against the fierce attack. I see Knight after Knight fall in its defence. I see its gallant bearer struck to the heart by some Turkish arrow, and, as he totters on his steed, I see a companion in arms snatch it from his nerveless grasp, and wave it once more in the lurid air. I see him fall, and another and another, but, as long as one cavalier can sit on his horse, or stand up against the crowding foe, I see the Beauseaut gleaming in the field. I see it crowning the towers of strong castles filled with weary, starving men, ready to die rather than see it dishonored by the Turk. Then it spoke of actual war. It was dyed in blood. It was torn by sword thrusts. Now, it is a symbol of the fight of light and darkness. Is it an empty symbol? Does your banner mean nothing to you but just a pretty toy? Oh, make it more! Say to yourself as you look at it, it is the banner of the choice between good and evil. It is the flag of the army of God; may I fight valiantly and constantly for it!

Take our motto: "By this sign shalt thou conquer," and the watchwords so familiar to us: *Veritas, Infidelitas, Emmanuel*—God with us, Golgotha. To what do they refer? Are they mere gibberish, like the "Hocus Pocus," or the "Presto Change" of the conjurer? Oh, do they not all combine in beautiful symbol to remind us of the life, and sufferings, and death of our Great Master, our Eminent Commander, our Most Excellent High Priest, our Sovereign