

We wish space could be found herein for lengthy extracts from the address of the Eminent Sir Kt. Robt. Morris. Here is a spirited account of the battle which decided the fate of the Holy Land :—

"On the 2nd day of July, A. D. 1187, the Knights Templar led the advance of the Christian army as far as to the Plain of Hattin and there encamped, surrounded by a foe ten times their number. The next day was spent in the most desperate strife, in which every Sir Knight slew, it was told me on the spot, as many as seven Saracens. As the day declined, however, their strength failed. There is a limit to human endurance. One by one they fell from their saddles. The Grand Master of the Templars, sorely stricken, was, with a few of his body guard, made prisoner. The Grand Master of the Hospitallers, extricating himself from the throng, galloped seventy miles as far as to Ascalon, and died the next day of wounds, fatigue and intolerable chagrin. The Holy Cross was taken. The Holy Land, whose recovery had cost such treasures of life and wealth, was lost to Christendom, and has never since in all the seven centuries that have passed, returned to its rightful owners. Such in brief was the *Battle of Hattin*, which in May, 1858, I studied upon the spot, and such its fatal consequences."

The following beautiful poem was, for the first time, made public by its gifted author :—

"We meet upon the naked blade,—we cross the glittering steel,
Opposing foot to foot we stand, our Knightly vows to seal ;
Erect as men, with watchwords high of TRUTH and VICTORY,
Each Templar-Knight brings out his sword to conquer or to die,
We are the Knights of Jesus,—
Our word, EMANUEL !

We meet before the sepulchre ;—then sheathed the bloodstained sword ;
In awe-struck silence gaze,—it is the rising of the Lord !
No earthly contests enter here, the one great battle's won,
The FATHER triumphs over death, through Jesus Christ the SON !
We are the Knights of Jesus,—
Our watchword, GOLGOTHA !

We meet around the tri-form-board—Sir Knights, can we forget
The hour, the place, the scene? Ah, no, they haunt our memory yet.
And while one spark of honour kindles in the Knightly heart,
We vow that in eternal scorn we'll spurn the traitor's part,
We are the Knights of Jesus,—
Our word, UNFLINCHING TRUTH !

The widow and the orphan hail the flashing of our steel ;
And maidens innocent, forlorn, to Knightly aid appeal :
Pilgrims who seek Jerusalem, our timely succour greet—
This is the MASTER'S WORK, for which the holy Templars meet.
We are the Knights of Jesus,—
Our word, BENEVOLENCE !

And when the bitter cup is drank, which flesh and sense most dread,
And banners cased, and good swords sheathed, and parting words are said,
Oh, by the Throne where sits the Lamb whose service was so sweet,
We hope, Sir Knights, in endless rest, in endless bliss to meet,
We are the Knights of Jesus,—
Our word—CELESTIAL LIFE !

And again :—