

on the plains of the North-West, where George McDougall one winter night gathered his insufficient clothing around him, and folded his arms as peacefully in death as if he were soothed asleep by some angel song, with only the stars to keep watch and the moaning winds of night to sob over his dead body their requiem. That is the kind of nobility, that is the kind of heroism that is fascinating the imagination to-day, and would do so more and more if our people only knew it.

Sir, a day has come, a great crisis has come to missions. We must either advance, or we must beat an ignominious retreat from many a battlefield. Wellington was asked what was the darkest hour he ever felt. He said, "The darkest moment of my life was about half-past five of the day that Waterloo was won." All day long he had seen those red-coats in the rear rank constantly step forward and take the positions of their fallen comrades. Orderly after orderly would gallop up to him, salute him, and say, "We must either advance or we must retreat. Yonder square is gone; that other square is reeling, and our men can hold out no more." But again and again the Iron Duke tells them to stand firm. By and by his eager eye caught the flash of Prussian helmet and sword and spear, and told him that old Blucher at last had come; and then he is seen to rise in his stirrups, and those thin compressed lips are seen to move, and that never-to-be-forgotten command is given, "Let the whole line advance!" And they did advance. On came Napoleon's Invincibles, but their path became a sepulchre in which fifteen hundred were buried. On came the Guardsmen, out flashed the volley of death, and five hundred saddles bare; another volley flashed—a thousand saddles bare. On came the residue—the flash—two nations struggling in the death-grasp and grip. The Frenchman thought he could break through those red lines, but found he had struck Gibraltar. They wavered; they turned; they ran—and Waterloo was won! Sir, a greater Commander than Napoleon or Wellington gives the command, and let it be whispered in the ear of every boy and every girl. It is right they should have a part in the glorious victory. Let the whole line advance; strike for God as never before—for God, humanity, and victory! Oh, sir, if every soul would move, soon our eyes would see the mountain-tops flash with the glory of His coming; soon we would hear the tramp, tramp of Christ's universal victory; soon we would hear the thunder crash of falling temple, pagoda, mosque and synagogue, proclaiming, as in the tones of God's voice himself, "The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

He
conclu
of Dr
close
that a
progr
to yo
Schoo
such
hims
your
need
each
by ex
fully
that
mach
obje
bord
in in
that
with
regi
and
larg
this
with
upo
face
to-m
tha
us,
hav
tion
girl
list
the
the
fai
ma
equ
can