

And now again the nations come to Calvary, for the Calvary of the human race has come. On and on, in multitudes that no man can number, the young men leave the cities and the plains. They hear the still, small voice that never yet has failed to touch the human heart, the rending cry of children suffering, the wailing of a world in woe, and they give up peace and abundance to enter the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

They go to meet that enemy that has forgotten God. High over the battlefields rises a broken cross. It glittered in the sun in the happy days of Arras, high above the cathedral roof now shattered in the dust. There it stands, the highest thing for miles around, as the mark of the grief of a world, the badge and sign of this race that has mocked at God, for the Germans have broken the Cross.

There, beneath the broken cross, sway the destinies and fortunes of mankind. We fling all England in the balances, our purest blood, our bravest men, the hopes and dreams of all our lives; the money we had saved and the money we were going to save, the things we were putting by for our children, the businesses we were building up for our sons—we give them all, for upon our race is laid the saving of the liberties of the world.

Upon our race! The lives, the souls, the hopes and dreams and liberties of all the human multitude, upon our race! Oh, hard condition! And yet upon our race it lies. It lies upon our flag to save mankind from all this misery, to save the honour of the broken Cross, for the solemn history of these times has brought a sight the world has never seen before. *Our flag flies over Bethlehem and Calvary*: the cradle and the tomb of Christ are in our keeping. It is a high and solemn trust; our flag flies from the moral axis of the world to the limit of the poles.

We fight with the invisible hosts of heaven. We fight