

we are consoled by the reflection that we stand with some of the noblest spirits of our age. We stand with that peerless woman, Josephine Butler, who, with heart bereft, has, from the Bay of Naples in the far South to the mountains of Donegal in the North, lifted up her voice for the defence of innocence and the rescue of the perishing. We stand with William Stead, that great journalist who launched the shafts of dismay into the ranks of that aristocratic profligacy which is the ulcer and gangrene of English society. We stand with that rarest of patriotic scholars, Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, who, with magnanimous spirit, led the van in the conflict against the advancing hosts of social demoralization; and we stand with Frances Willard, who to the graces of refined and Christian womanhood adds the culture of the scholar, the sagacity of the statesman, and the eloquence of a Portia, her finished periods and entrancing spells having kindled the enthusiasm of tens of thousands along every valley, across every prairie, and around every shore on this American continent. In such alliance we, the advocates of the discredited White Cross movement, find an inspiration for confidence and an example for courage in the warfare.

It is the utterance of Matthew Arnold, that