

headed boy. The serpent is the liquor traffic. The lady represents our women who are dealing deadly blows at this evil; and the boy symbolizes our sons, whom we are struggling to save.

The speeches in the evening were well received, all of them being above the ordinary of feminine oratory. Mrs Youmans was, in our estimation, the bright particular star; and, lest you may think our preference was owing to her nationality, I quote from an American paper:—"Mrs. Youmans' speech was hailed with constant applause, and the audience was wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm during its continuance." And thus this long-expected 12th of June was past.

Before concluding my report of the day, I would like to mention an incident which occurred about midnight, as we returned to our lodging house. Mrs. Finch and Mrs. Church, of Washington, while passing one of Philadelphia's most attractive saloons, were suddenly arrested by the strange anomaly, of a soldier within, singing hymns in a drunken, maudlin voice—scores of young men and lads standing around the well-filled counters listening. They fearlessly entered, and for a few minutes, in earnest words, exhorted the inmates to return home to watching broken-hearted mothers, and above all to give their hearts to the dear Lord Jesus. As they turned out and passed homeward, a score of these young men followed them, promising never to enter such a place again. Perhaps who can tell! When the angel has stood, one foot on sea and one on land, and sworn that time shall be no more; when the heaven is rolled together as a scroll, when the books are opened, some poor trembling soul may be found ransomed, redeemed, gem won for the Lord's crown, through the instrumentality of this night's crusading in a dram shop. A noble crusade this—worthy the loving heart of woman.

"Not to heroes only,
Not to the tried and strong,
Does the armour—the unseen armour—
Of Christ belong;
To us, to us it is given,
To strive with the hosts of wrong.

"And not for a ruined city,
A cross, and an empty tomb,
Do we traverse the seas and the deserts
To meet disaster and doom;
But the Lord is planting His kingdom,
And He has bidden us come."

A dejeuner, for the especial pleasure of foreign delegates, was provided in Horticultural Hall, on Thursday morning, June 15th, at which a pretty poem, written by Mrs. Swanson, of Brooklyn, was recited, entitled the ringing of the tea-bell, allusion being made in it to King George's tea, which had been emptied in Boston harbour, and, as the writer quaintly observed, had all this time been steeping for this great temperance gathering.