

And neither rain, nor storm, nor thunder
Can wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath
been.

While it is the mission of the White Cross movement to utter its protest against all evil, against those infamous and reckless divorces which are disintegrating American society and invading our Canadian homes; while it hurls its invectives against those who fling abroad their vile badinage in office, in workshop and street, for the corruption of youth; it comes with its tenderest compassion for the wronged, the wasted and the degraded. Oh, yes! to those whose life's roses are turned to ashes and dust, and those from whose sad hearts the music is fled, it offers a door of hope and recovery in the arms of Jesus, who with divine delicacy said to the Magdalene, "Neither do I condemn thee; sin no more."

This White Cross movement proposes to vindicate the honour and rights of woman to equality of social status. It condemns that injustice in society which condones the stronger and aggressive offender who carries a villain heart, while it knows no forgiveness for the victimized and the wronged. This movement proposes to labour for the elevation of woman in every sphere. It demands for her the highest culture which the schools can give. It would open for her a door into the practice of every profession, secular or sacred, for which she is fitted. It proposes to place her on an equality of independence that she may not stand in patronized weakness as a thing to be trampled under foot, but in all the self-reliance, strength, grace, tenderness and beauty of exalted womanhood.

I ask this audience to stand by the lady who has given her culture, her social status, her consecrated Christian womanhood and laid it on the altar of service for the perishing in our midst; who in the midnight hour is labouring to gather up the poor lost sheep in the lanes and alleys of our city. I think of women of fortune who have lived on the slope of our royal mount. They led the

fashions; their names were listed in the ball; their fluttering tapestries were recorded. Where are they? Their names have gone into an oblivion as entire as the poor pauper who was buried in the ditch. But the name of E. G. Barber shall be remembered along the generations on earth, and by redeemed ones in heaven to whom she has stretched out the helpful hand of sympathy. Her name and example are luminous throughout the Dominion.

I have heard the magnificence of Sumner and the brilliance of Conkling, the orators of the American Senate; I have listened to Gladstone in the English Commons, and Salisbury in the Lords, and to the pulpit lights of the generation that is passing, but I never was so thrilled by the power of eloquence as when I listened to one of the freed slaves addressing a great Conference in the Southern city of Atlanta. That humble Negro, all tremulous, came upon the platform and spoke:

"Mr. President, when I came into this church I was met by the Governor of this commonwealth of Georgia, and how did he greet me? Though I had been a poor slave all my life on a plantation, yet that Governor of Georgia, seeing I was exhausted, went and brought me a glass of pure cold water. When I took that water from his hand, I felt like David when the young men brought water at the risk of their lives from the fountain nigh the camp of Saul; I felt as if I wanted to pour it out as a libation before the Lord in thanks that the brotherhood of man was coming on apace."

What Governor Colquitt did for the poor Negro, that our White Cross mission proposes to do for the lowly and the lost. It offers to their lips the healing waters of salvation, and in the eternal years many redeemed ones will pour out their thanksgiving as a libation before God for the work of this beneficent mission. Who will join in this service of rescue? Who will, out of the fulness of grateful hearts, make an offering to save some lost daughter, somebody's child, and lead them up at last to hear "the bells of the holy city—the chimes of eternal peace?"