

Crusaders these, headed by a half-crazed Hermit and going forth to battle for the ruined sepulchre of a buried Christ ; but, Manning, Farrar, Wilberforce and Cuyler, at their head, all fighting for the living temples of a risen Lord.

There next them the dense masses of rank and file, shoulder to shoulder, moving onward in resistless might, and passing from man to man the watchword of the contest, "For God and Human good."

There upon the left the splendid detachment of scientists and medical analysts, with brain as cool and sword as keen as ever Spanish Cid could boast, when rushing full upon his Paynim foe.

There 700,000 Templars from every clime, Sons, Friends, Rechabites, Ribbon-men, an innumerable host with flags white as driven snow, and chanting their hopeful battle songs ; and lo ! there in the very centre of the advancing host 300,000 childrens' voices ring out the happy song of deliverance, as the young crusade marches joyfully forward to swell the mighty ranks.

And here they come, God bless them ! the gathering women of our land, fresh from looking at the rosy cheeks and into the bright eyes, and kissing the pure lips of their darlings ; fresh from the sacred hearth of home, the cradle's lullaby and the infant's prayer ; fresh from the blessing of husband, brother, father's love ; baptized with the loving spirit of Christ, and the sweet sympathy of a redeeming mission.

And now the Grand Army, filled with noble courage, and electric with hope, pauses for a single moment upon the crested hill-top, and gathers breath for the final onset.

Listen ! and soon our ears shall catch the clear tones of the welcome marching order, "Forward, Christian Soldiers !" Watch with eager eyes and bated breath as they storm the outworks, scale the walls, spike the fatal guns, and are lost amid the smoke and din of conflict. Then shout for very joy and make the wide welkin ring, as, out from the coming years, borne on the breath of all the angels, sounds the swelling pæan of "Victory ! Victory ! Victory !" over the sorrow, and the woe, the ruin and the shame of man's Intemperance.