

"Let brotherly love continue,"—we are trying to carry out better than once. No more stealing a march on one another. No more pouring shot, hot and heavy, into each others lines. No more standing apart, but, "shoulder to shoulder." Not face to face, to conflict, but back to back, to conspire, forming one solid square, in front of a common foe. We visit one anothers camps. We sing and talk beside each other's pickets. Our mutual interchanges become more frequent and fraternal. Resting thus on our arms, we have been refreshed. The Banner over us has been love. We have foretasted the sweetness of the Upper Banqueting House, where the same broad Banner will be our canopy, and a blissful Eternity be spent in recounting the struggles of the wilderness, and enjoying the rest that remaineth to the people of God.

We hail the day when the armies of the faithful shall win the entire world for Him whose right it is. "By little and little" are they now driving out the "armies of the aliens." The places where Satan's seat is, are being gradually captured. Bye and bye, the Prince of this world shall be cast out, and the Banner of Salvation wave triumphantly over his remotest stronghold. Then will the bugle blast be "homeward-bound," and the march "home again" of the victorious veterans to the German capital, will be re-produced on an infinitely grander scale, when the "ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, all the separate detachments of the Sacramental Host, in united array from the fields of their bloodless conquests. Through the pearly gates they will pass, singing Hallelujahs. Along the golden streets they will march, to lay their trophies at His feet, on whose Head are the "many crowns."

Oh! that, with yonder sacred throng!

We at His feet may fall!

Join in the everlasting song

And crown Him Lord of all!