

# THE SENTINEL.

FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1867.

## THE SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

They left us as the Palms, the knights of feudal  
Whose bladed leaves temper'd valour in the light of  
Asian suns;  
Who durst smite the Saracens, or stife  
The turkmen;  
And durst stand in their Maker's sight  
Without a pleasing wark.

Their standard was a cross of red, spun a ground  
Of which no man could stand;  
And when the blow of death and sin these  
Crosses loved to strike;  
And the their life-blood stained the plain, they  
Left it less.

To die the gay battle-death as "soldiers of the  
Cross."

As champions of christendom, they longed to  
Each Paladin gained satanic, and all his pay;

And when the trump of battle gave the signal for  
The fray,  
They galloped on a course so as "twere a gallop  
of death.

But days of steel-clad chivalry, of belted men and  
Spurred steeds,

Have open'd a wreath of smoke from whose  
Breathings stirs;

The world has lost her metemphosis, and yet sur-  
tained no loss;

They to prove, who have their flames as  
"soldiers of the Cross."

Their lions are girls with trappings, their breasts  
Are studded with pearls, their heads with gold,  
Nature has given a broad shield to secure  
them in the fight;

And while with sandal-wood of peace their feet are  
safely shod,

With this group they ever clasp the spirit sword of  
God.

And they, too, dare banner proud, to claim  
The Prince of life;

As sweep the tempestuous ocean surf upon a  
shivering shore;

Why, then, let knight and arm'd bright rest in  
Their dust and rust;

For now no more are marching in the armories of the  
Earth;

Of all that limned shrewdly we've nothing left  
but dust;

But Death and Hell go down below these "sol-  
diers of the Cross."

**AN ALPHABET FOR BUSINESS.**—A boy  
all rules observe this—honesty is the best  
policy.

E' just to others that you may be just  
to yourself.

Cut your coat according to your cloth,

C' appetite cuts must have desperate  
cures,

E' enough is as good as a feast,

F' air and safety go sum and far.

G' utility without utility is worse than  
hurry.

If all a loaf is better than no bread,

I' like folks take no pains,