

The effect was fine. Afterwards, Mr. Raper, whom many of you have had the pleasure of hearing in our own city, held us in breathless attention for almost an hour with one of his brilliant witty addresses.

And now, in closing, we have but to add, that although so much has been accomplished by our sisters of the neighbouring republic, and by ourselves during the last few months, it still is all but as a few grains of sand borne away from this mighty mountain of sin; but as a few drops of water from this boundless, fathomless ocean of iniquity, the liquor traffic. Think for a moment of the fact, take it home with you. The Sabbath, your delegates spent in the quiet, Quaker city of Philadelphia. There were 8000 saloons, gin, or dram or beer shops open, not the back doors merely, but the front doors and windows, wide open, each one of these places manufacturing that night, and every night through all the week, four drunkards, making an aggregate of 40,000 nightly; 40,000 wives and mothers weeping bitter hopeless tears; 100,000 children with pale, pinched faces, shrinking into cellars and corners, or mayhap thrust out into the pitiless, merciless night. And if this be so in one city, what is the average amount of suffering in all the numberless towns and cities in the republic, and of our own Dominion. Surely the guardian angels of sinful man go up to God, with drooping pinions, dropping crystal tears, and crying as did the saints who were slain for the word of God and the testimony, heard by John, the beloved apostle:—"How long O Lord, most holy and true." Our Father clothe us with heavenly armour; the sword of the Spirit, the shield of faith, and may we fight manfully this Thy battle against the strong drink traffic. And should we fall in the struggle, or before the grand triumphant chorus of victory bursts forth from the lips of the women of all lands, and the flag of "Prohibition" flutters in every breeze, the wide world round; let it be in the fore front of the field, and thus dying may we bequeath our weapons of faith and prayer to our daughters, and while they work we shall wear the wreath, and hear the welcome "Well done."

"Oh! chosen of God and precious,
Knights of the Holy Quest,
After the war of Battle,
Shall follow the sweet behest:
The armour! put off the armour!
And having done all things—rest."

Toronto, July 5th, 1876.