

She is a warrior ship, and soon armed with her complement of men, and filled with munitions of war, she speeds forth to defend the country, and gather glory to the flag under which she sails. Midway in the heat of battle a shell out from an enemy's cannon falls with its shortened fuse full on her deck, and close to the well-stored powder magazine. A moment more, and the proud vessel will be blown into a million atoms. But just then a hardy, strong-hearted sailor sees the peril; and, taking his life in his hands, gathers the nearly bursting shell to his bosom and plunges with it over the ship's side, and the vessel rides safely on.

Now I say that, although you must honor the man who out of the rude forests fashioned the stately vessel, you cannot refuse to praise the one who, at the peril of his own life, saved this same stately ship from being blown into her original atoms.

The Reformer stands upon the platform and talks. Then he goes down into the streets and supplements his talk by his work. He finds a man on whose face no sunny smile of hope has played for years, out of whose life all the better impulses of manhood seem to have taken flight, who has nothing in prospect but a few sad years of wasted life, and then, the despairing plunge into a future, rayless and unknown. He goes to him, takes him kindly by the hand and whispers in his ear, "My brother, there is other ground for you, come up higher." And he softly breathes upon the almost dead embers of hope until they burst out into a ruddy blaze; he revives the withered impulses of his better nature with kindly encouragement; he drives away the brooding spirits of despair, and ends by presenting him to society, clothed and in his right mind, with a heart warm with hope, a countenance filled with joy, and a life fruitful in sunny influences and noble deeds. You say, and rightly too, that the Reformer has done a great and God-like work, and for this you can never over-praise him. True indeed, but what of the prudent, watchful, loving mother, who received the child to her home without a spot or blemish, and who implanted in its growing heart such a wealth of gentle love, and generous impulses, who so carefully eradicated every evil seed, so skilfully wove about its young life the web of pure influences, and so wisely warned from every dangerous path, that the pure child grew gradually up into the strong man, that the light of hope never left his countenance nor was his heart ever forsaken by noble impulses.

Now you see more clearly what I mean by saying that you can never estimate at its proper value the work of a man or a Cause unless you can somewhat adequately answer the questions, as to what evil has been prevented, and what good has been aggressively accomplished.