

present high position. These are not the men whose utterances will live in men's hearts and bear fruit in their lives. It is not by mere flowers of rhetoric or the exciting influence of dramatic performance that our cause is to be perpetuated, but by the power of truth, promulgated by earnest souls, hallowed by the influence of a living faith, and enforced by the undying eloquence of a life of self-denying devotion to the cause. I might mention the names of many whose lives and labors furnish bright examples of the kind of effort required. There is the Rev. P. HUNT, the drunkard's friend, who resigned his comfortable pastorate, travelled all over the Union, and for over twenty years endured the scoffs and jeers of the liquor dealers, the fury of mobs, and, worse than all, the cold-hearted indifference of professed friends, until now, worn down by toil, he has retired in penury to wait the summons—Come, ye blessed of my Father. There is that heroic old veteran, JOHN MARSH, D.D., of New York, who, passing by all the allurements of fame and the hopes of worldly wealth, has devoted all the energies of his great mind, his eloquent voice, and powerful pen, to this reform. There is Dr. JEWETT, of Boston, who left a profitable profession, which, with his brilliant intellect and indomitable energies, would soon have won him wealth and distinction; but inspired by a noble zeal for the elevation of humanity and the glory of God, he has for a quarter of a century borne his plume in the thickest of the fight, and all along struggled with poverty while he contended with vice. There is that noble champion, THURLOW W. BROWN, of Wisconsin, whose two-edged sword of soul-melting pathos and scathing denunciation has made the liquor dealers of the State tremble, and yet he is obliged with one hand to till the soil to win his children's bread, while with the other he wields his caustic pen, because he is too noble and too highminded to dicker with committees for so many dollars a night. There, too, is that self-denying statesman whose name will live in connection with the great legislative reform he inaugurated while the world lasts, for while men have intellects to appreciate moral worth, or hearts to feel for humanity, the name of NEIL DOW will never be forgotten. And last, though not least, I might mention the lion-hearted CARY, who for twenty years has so nobly contended for the right, leaving all the comforts of a luxurious home, and neglecting his business, has travelled East, West, North, and South, and by his powerful logic and soul-stirring appeals, rousing the energies of the people to do battle against the accursed system. These and a host of others whose names might be mentioned, all form links in that fraternal chain that binds our hearts in sympathy to the temperance men of the United States. Nor can I allow this opportunity to pass without expressing the deep sense of personal obligation I feel that I am under to them for the manner in which they rallied around me, when broken in spirit and embarrassed in circumstances, I left the land in which I spent the best of my life's young energies. I shall never forget the deep interest they took in my welfare, and when I contrasted their kindness with the indifference with which I had become unhappily familiar, you need not wonder that they won the gratitude of the stranger's heart. But after all, I have never forgotten my own native land, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to lift up my voice in behalf of suffering humanity in connection with what I have always considered my own Grand Division; for amid all my wanderings I have always looked back to Canada as the spot, and the Grand Division of Canada West as the organization, around which clung my heart's holiest affections. And even now I can scarcely realize that I am only a visitor here. Had I the means to sustain myself, I feel that Canada