

his past success. He has met difficulties and conquered them, and what he has done in the smaller field of College life, he can do in the larger field which now opens before him.

So the Genius of the Temperance Reform takes her stand upon the heights of observation and views the past. She recognises the place of her birth away back in the sufferings and miseries of the lonely and oppressed; traces the winding, uncertain paths which her first hesitating footsteps trod; sees the mountains of difficulty which then seemed almost insurmountable, but which now have become gleaming mile-stones of progress; watches the gradually crumbling barriers of custom and habit, and the constant accretion of sympathetic forces, beholds the wide retrospect shot with brilliant golden gleams of success, and then turns towards the future a face suffused with hope, and a countenance all radiant with coming victory.

But if we are to properly estimate the work of the Temperance Reform of fifty years, we must have rules of measurement, and these should at least be two. I do not think you can ever fairly judge as to a man's life work or that of a Cause or an Institution, unless you inquire as to two things:

1. As to what has been prevented. 2. As to what has been gained.

To make my meaning more clear, let me illustrate. Here are two men of equal resources and intelligence. One receives from his father a plot of waste ground, barren, uncultivated, and void of richness or beauty. He goes to work upon it, irrigates it, feeds the hungry soil, enriches it, beautifies it, and, at the end of ten years, has turned it into a perfect garden, full of all fertility and loveliness.

The other receives from his father a perfect garden, producing all manner of rich and beautiful things. He carefully watches the processes of growth, restores to the soil the strength abstracted, replaces the old and feeble with the vigorous and new, and, at the end of ten years, is able to show a garden in every respect as perfect and beautiful as he received it.

If you commend the man who, by virtue of his skill and knowledge, changed the barren waste into a garden, you must also commend the one, who, by his application of the very same qualities, preserved the garden from taking the first step even towards becoming desolate and waste.

Away in the interior of the country stands the lofty forest. A man cuts its choicest trees, floats them to the ocean side and delivers them over to the workmen. Saw and axe, chisel and mallet, hammer and plane are ceaselessly plied, and in due process of time the splendid strong ship shoots from her stocks into the yielding, blue waters.