

become a thousand." Fifty years ago and we could scarcely boast a corporal's guard; now, the embattled hosts fill all the plain. Then our two plain and simple ideas scarce found a resting-place in the hovel; now they are welcomed in the palace. Then they were secretly espoused by here and there a lowly personage; now they are heralded by the mighty men of Pulpit and Platform.

Behold the busy pens that every day are writing, and the presses that every day are working, and watch the white sheets that fly to all parts of the earth, bearing on their mottled wings to every class and condition the gospel of Temperance information and appeal.

Listen to the countless tongues in homes, in social gatherings, in assemblies of science, in crowded churches and halls, that are ceaselessly telling the story of human suffering and teaching the way of escape. See the multitudes of workers—tireless, persistent, skilful, encouraging the weak, strengthening the faltering, putting up barriers of protection, and beating back the enemy on every side.

If in fifty years, from such small beginnings there has been marshalled this mighty combination of force and activity, what shall we not do in the next fifty years, starting with all our vantage ground and all our marshalled strength. Let no man feel discouraged.

The Hope star is in the ascendant and shining brightly. The period of rally and muster and skirmish is well nigh passed. In a little while we shall mass our forces for the decisive battle.

You have looked and longed for that crowning battle. You have seen the beleaguered fortress of Society hard beset by the enemy. You have sometimes doubted if ever the siege would be raised and Society freed.

Doubt no longer. The rescue has sounded.

Listen! Place your ear close down to the solid earth. Hear ye not the sounding tramp of the million feet? Look! Away yonder rises the dust cloud on the distant horizon—wider and higher and nearer it rolls. See! as it breaks we catch here and there a glimpse of white flags, a gleam of sword and sabre, Aye, they are coming, the grand army of relief, the serried ranks of the liberators.

And now they deploy into line and rank. Never yet has battle-field of earth beheld so grand a sight. See how their golden panoply gleams in the sunlight, and what a holy fire beams upon their countenances!

There to the right is the noble band of Christian ministers each bearing the red cross sign on his breast. No old