

And up here in the cultured comfortable New England home, under the brilliantly lighted chandelier, I see the youth of the home reading a book, and can see, as he reads, how his whole nature gathers into a quick and strong resolve.

And so, East, West and North the boys are reading and resolving. Reading what? A book written by a woman's hand—the plaintive tale of Uncle Tom's Cabin—the story of slave wrongs, and the white man's tyranny. And these young hearts are reading and resolving; and their resolve is translated thus: "Wait till we grow up, and this dark thing called slavery shall go forever from our land."

That was when the matter of American slavery was *really* settled. The heroes were then being made,—these long lines of Blue are, later on, but finishing what was then completed in all but action.

To-day I look down a few years of the future, and see the long rival lines drawn up, and between them the poor, manacled slave of drink; and, as the battle turns, the manacles will be the more firmly rivetted, or broken and cast away into the deep sea of oblivion.

And you say, and I say at first, "Behold the crucial period." But we are mistaken. Now in the homes of our land—East, West, North and South—see the children reading the thrilling tales of the Drink Slave's wrongs and the cruel Traffic's tyranny; and, as they read, watch the burning resolve, as it grows into the young, earnest faces. See the mothers kneeling at cot-sides and talking with the bright-eyed, pure-faced children ere they fall asleep; listen as they appeal to the young chivalry and budding manhood of school and college. They are moulding heroes, and in the hearts of thousands is the sometimes secret, sometimes softly whispered, "Just wait, mamma, till I grow up, and if ever the chance comes to strike a blow at this dark slavery of drink, I'll do it."

Aye, the presage of coming victory grows clearer and clearer as we watch the steady, loving, intelligent, "line upon line, here a little and there a little," falling from consecrated aroused womanhood into the young lives, and fashioning them into coming heroes and true patriots.

And now my task is nearly ended. Briefly and incompletely I have brought before you the salient points in our

Onward March of Fifty Years.

Has it not seemed to you a very wonder? What reform, in all the history of human endeavor, can show such a proud and encouraging record of progress. Verily, the "little one has