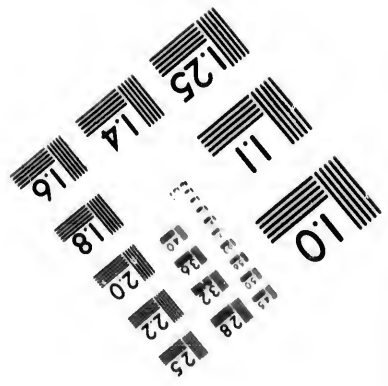
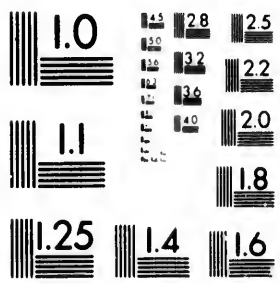


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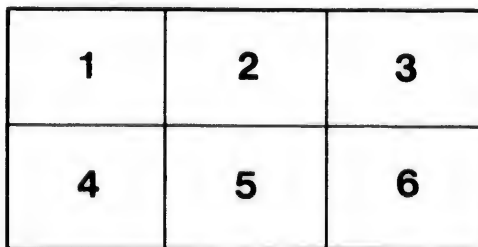
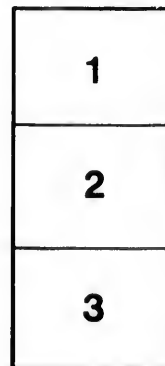
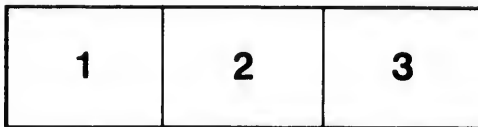
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*Onward March of Fifty Years.*

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An Address

ON

TEMPERANCE.

BY

PROFESSOR GEORGE E. FOSTER, M.P.

---

It is neither right nor politic for the State to afford legal protection and sanction to any traffic or system that tends to increase crime, to waste the national resources, to corrupt the social habits, and to destroy the health and lives of the people.

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# The Onward March of Fifty Years.

A TEMPERANCE ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BY

PROFESSOR GEORGE E. FOSTER,

FOR

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union

OF

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

*March, 1882.*

**F**FIFTY years seem long or short according to the point of view. To the boy, standing on the threshold and looking out upon the apparently interminable stretch of a life-time, filled with hopeful landscapes, and bounded by the far blue hills of promise, fifty years seem an eternity; to the old man, whose steps totter, and on whose white locks the westering sun casts its declining rays, they seem but a "tale that is told," a morning mist which has quickly passed away.

Sooner or later there comes to every man an almost humiliating sense of how little can be done in a life-time, of how feeble are his best efforts amid the vast sea of circumstance and difficulty on which he sails. A fourth part of life is passed amid the rearing influences of home, a fourth is devoted to gaining the rudiments of an education, a fourth is spent in finding out the work for which one is best adapted, and in learning to use the tools that have been placed in his hands; then one has passed the meridian of life, and every step brings him nearer to the period when he shall "cease from labor," and his incompleting work shall follow him. It is little, indeed, that an individual can effect in fifty years.

Still less, comparatively, should be expected from a Cause or an Institution. For a Cause has not only to do with individual life, but with aggregate life as well. It has to do with prejudices, and habits, and social customs, and Commercial relations and Political methods, often strengthened by centuries of gradual growth and hallowed by ages of custom. To uproot and overturn and re-model these necessitates time and force exactly proportioned to the magnitude and extent of the evil which is antagonized. Many people think that the Temperance Reform, such as we know it, has been at work for centuries. But this is not true. Organized Temperance efforts, on the basis of Total abstinence for the individual, and legal restriction for the State, is but a half-century old. Fifty years measure its birth, its first struggles, its substantial advance, and its present promising outlook.

With a becoming sense, then, of the vast work undertaken, and of the shortness of the time devoted to it, I wish for a little to draw your attention to the Temperance "Onward march of fifty years." In the first place let me remark that it is both our privilege and duty thus to make a retrospect of the past, review our successes, estimate our present forces, and thus gather hope and encouragement for the work which remaineth.

The young farmer, fresh from the Agricultural College, makes his first venture with much anxiety and forboding. He plows his fields, sows his grain, and carefully watches the growing crops. When at last he has gathered his harvest and stands before us with his full sacks of golden grain, he has gained in two respects. He has beside him the real tangible results of his season's labor, which shall soon be exchanged for shining gold. But he has something better still. Out of the experience and success of his first endeavor, he has gained a hope and confidence which encourage him to broader operations and more successful results.

Here is a boy out from the quiet country home. He is filled with a desire to obtain a liberal education, and enters the hitherto untried world of college life. He toils early and late, denies himself many a present pleasure, and digs the rich ore of knowledge from every promising lead. When, after four or six years of college life, he stands upon the graduate's platform, receives his well-earned diploma, and hears the welcome plaudits of his class, this young man is conscious of two things. He knows that he has within him a valuable stock-in-trade of information gathered, of avenues opened up, and of intellect well trained. But he has something else equally valuable. Before him lies the greater world, in which he is to fight his battles, meet his defeats and win his victories; and as he stands there facing it, he is filled with a hope and confidence gathered from



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 nto the yielding, blue waters.

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 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.

First then;—

### **What has been Prevented by the Temperance Work of Fifty Years.**

Our age is an intensely practical one. In this respect it is sharply distinguished from any preceding equal period of the world's history. To be severely practical and to eschew mere theorizing is the "one thing" desired by very many; and this desire sometimes leads its possessor to carry his notion to extremes, and he becomes the most impracticable of mortals. This over-practical man crops up in every department of life. At one time, he makes his appearance in the church. He asks for a conference with the pastor and deacons, and thus he talks:

"You see I am a practical man. Now I have belonged to this church for 25 years. I have done my share in attending its meetings, in singing and exhorting, in paying and in praying, and what good has been done? People lie and steal and swear and cheat, and do wrong things quite as much as ever they did, and often they come out of the very pews of our church to do it. You see, we are effecting nothing. Now I am a practical man; we are really accomplishing nothing, and henceforth you must count me out from your work."

What reply shall we give to such a man? The only sufficient reply is to make to him, in turn, a practical proposition, and thus apply, as the doctors do, a counter-irritant.

And this shall be our counter—practical proposition.

Suppose we pass a law covering our whole country, enacting that, from now and on for twenty-five years, every Bible shall be closed, every church door shall be closely barred, and every Sabbath School dismissed, and that for twenty-five years no public warning or teaching from all these sources shall be heard.

What does our practical friend think would be the state of society at the end of that time? If with all our Bible, Pulpit, and Sabbath School teaching we are no better than we are, in the name of goodness

### **What should we be**

if all these influences had been silenced for the twenty-five years past!

Is not our practical friend fairly answered: and is it not easily seen that his mistake lay in failing to take into account the preserving and preventing influence of the church? So, also, one comes to us and says,—“I have been a temperance man for full twenty-five years. Here we have been working, speaking and writing, and yet people drink and sell and manu-

facture the same as ever. The temperance work is practically a failure, and I shall do no more of it."

He has made a similar mistake. He has failed to answer the question as to what would now be the condition of society had there been no Temperance work done in the last half-century.

Taking up the glass of History and looking back for 2,000 years we behold the triumphal march of the Roman eagles over Western Europe. The iron heel of Imperialism trod relentlessly down almost every vestige of liberty among the wild hordes of Germany, Gaul and Britain, and most of the tribes submitted to the yoke. But from the higher lands of Germany many fled for refuge down among the low-lying coasts and sand-dunes and lagoons of the German Ocean. There they found a place of shelter and called it home. And then they commenced the long warfare with the sea; and, as century after century passed, drove the waters back mile after mile, and erected between them and it the long, wide dyke-ramparts; and, where formerly the ocean held dominion, were seen the broad, fertile acres, dotted with villages, hamlets and towns, and inhabited by a thrifty and happy people.

But the outside sea often attempted to regain its former sway, and beat with tremendous power against the earthen barriers, and threatened the made country with wide destruction. At one of these times, when the storm had been unusually severe, a little boy was walking home from school, along the dyke, and saw where, at a certain point, a hole had been eaten into the structure, and the water was pouring through in a stream not larger than his two fingers. He saw the danger in a moment. What should he do? Run away to the nearest village and warn the people? But then it might be too late. So with that quick heroism which we often see displayed in boys and girls of tender age, he thought and decided in a moment what to do; and bending over he pressed the palm of his little hand resolutely against the dangerous fissure. And all the long, weary hours of afternoon and evening he remained at his post, pressing back the threatened destruction from the sea, until help came.

Now I say that, if that boy had been as big as a thousand Goliaths, and as powerful as the whole race of Anakim, and had gone down into that fertile country, and gathered up all the people, their homes and effects, and borne them all in safety to the hills beyond, he would not have done a millionth part of the good he accomplished by simply standing there and preventing the threatened destruction. So, whatever the Temperance Reform of the past fifty years has or has not done, it has been

### Standing by the Dyke Ramparts of Society

and pressing back with persistent and powerful force the threatening floods of drunkenness and drunkard-making, which else would have deluged our society, and involved our homes and our communities in almost irretrievable ruin.

Where, else, would have been the wisely and effectively restrictive laws which now cripple and restrain the liquor traffic at every turn, compelling it to respect our Sabbath, to stop its deadly work at night, to keep its polluting hands from our children, to spare habitual drunkards, to compensate the wives and mothers of the victims, to lock its doors on election days, and limit its salesmen to about one in 500 of our people? Does anyone believe that any of these laws would have been framed and enacted by the pressure of the liquor traffic itself? Where, else, would have been these wiser and infinitely more effective Prohibitory Laws, which, in large portions of country make the liquor traffic an outlaw, hunt it from alley to alley, fine it, imprison it, and, standing upon the granite rock of "no compromise with wrong," proclaim relentless and perpetual war on the worst enemy to society and good government? Where would have been that stern and strong and immeasurable force of public sentiment, which, say what you will, is more and more becoming in all Christian countries the outspoken and irreconcilable enemy of the Dram-shop and the Still, and which silently and effectively directs the tendency of each generation toward sobriety and temperance effort—where, I say, would this have been but for the long seed-sowing and careful watching of fifty years?

A half century ago Anglo-Saxon Society was almost wholly under the dominion of the alcohol delusion. The Pulpit was either its silent or active apologist; the Press sounded its praises and scoffed at the cold water fanatics; Legislation fostered the system which promised rich revenues; Fashion deified it, and, in its temples, Medical Science worshipped hourly; while, beneath all, the victims were being ceaselessly laid upon its altars, and their cries muffled by the loud acclaim of general laudation.

Upon this blank chaos of a great social sin, where Conscience slept and Thought was dormant, the spirit of Temperance began to move. The voice of her warning was heard by thousands, and they turned away from the deceitful danger; Persuasion whispered softly into innumerable ears, and drew her tens of thousands towards a better and surer ground; the lighted lamp of Truth was held aloft, flooding the darkness with its healing rays, and by its aid myriads abandoned the

false and followed the true. The few helpers gradually developed into a grand army of seekers who traversed every street and district, strengthening the tempted, establishing the weak, and bringing hundreds of feet into firmer and safer ways.

Until you are able to picture to your minds something of this wide and deep and continuous influence of the Temperance reform in preventing the vice of drinking, and limiting the scope of drunkard-making; until you can count up the millions who, but for this, would in this half century have been swept hopelessly away on the tide of intemperance; until you can imagine the countless instances in which faltering steps have been assisted and faltering purposes strengthened, and so the sober kept sober, the pure preserved pure, you will never be able to estimate the value of our reform in this matter of prevention and preservation alone.

But this is not all. One good influence preserved is as leaven to quicken the mass with which it comes in contact. Yonder in your society is a noble, grand life. It exerts a double power. Not only is it a tower of strength and an effectual barrier against evil and wrong, but it rises like a beautiful shapely column of character which charms the gaze and excites the admiration of hundreds around. They emulate its excellencies, they breathe in its spirit, and they end by building their own lives upon it as a model,

Every bright and happy home does two things in a community. It is not only an inner circle which secures the highest joy and safety to its inmates; it is also a sweet and sunny influence which sheds its brightness through all the region round about, and wins and strengthens a score of family circles to imitate and possess the same gentle, pure spirit.

How often, if we will think back five, ten, or fifteen years, we may behold that noble life in its weak and faltering condition, just ready to link itself on to the harmful and dangerous. Then, in the hour of dire need, Temperance influences threw their friendly arms about him, the faltering step was made steady, and the hesitating face was firmly set towards the right. But for this we might to-day be looking, not upon a stately young life, but on a pitiable, broken column.

Tracing the history of that happy home only a few years backward, how often we may see what a slender thread held its central figure to sobriety and virtue, and how, at the critical moment, Temperance persuasion and influence gradually changed this into a very band of steel, that bound him surely to the good and the true. So a hearth-fire was prevented from going out into the blackness of ruin, and

the altar of another home gleams bright with its vestal purity. Yes, there are all over our country ; in farm, in village, town and city, uncounted thousands of noble lives, of sweet, pure homes, of grand, strong characters, and gently pervasive influences, which, in quiet unobtrusive ways, are strengthening and purifying our society, and which are but trophies of the saving power of our Reform. Without its work they would but have swelled the tide of drift and wreckage that ceaselessly pours down towards the deep sea of destruction ; with it, they have become component parts of the great temple of society, beautiful and stately. Only in that day of final summing up, when our quickened senses shall take in the whole scope of human effort and recognize the influences that in each case went to produce the final result, shall we be able to estimate the strengthening, preserving, and saving work of our Reform. Until then this part of its mission shall remain a sealed book, unknown to the multitude, dimly and imperfectly comprehended by the thoughtful few, but ever open and plain to the all-seeing eye of the Infinite one.

Let me now, for a little, attempt an answer to the second part of our subject, viz :—

### **What has our Temperance Reform Aggressively Gained ?**

1. *It has conquered a foremost place among the acknowledged vital and important questions of the age.*

Fifty years ago, when the idea of Total Abstinence and Legal Restriction were mooted, they were almost universally scouted. Men looked upon them as the idle dreams of visionary minds, as the vagaries of fanatics, as brainless shadows that would soon pass away, or a mental mist cloud which the clear dawning of truth would quickly dissipate.

Despite jeers and scoffs, ridicule and satire, curses and arguments, these ideas have continually deepened their hold and widened their sway, until to-day they number their converts by millions. Steadily and irresistibly they have made their way into individual lives, into society, upon the platform, into the pulpit, into the press, into literature, and into the statutes of every Legislative body in the Anglo-Saxon world. No man now disputes their reality ; none but a fool despises their strength ; they are the glory of their friends and the dread of their enemies.

Even the professional politician, whose first care is for himself, his second for the party which shelters himself, and his third for the country, which exists for his party and himself,—even he is beginning to acknowledge that this Temperance

question is one which can no longer be ignored, nor dodged, nor burked, but which demands and will have fair play and honest settlement. And you may set it down as assured that, when professional politicians confess a moral and social issue to be real, the time of its triumph is not afar off.

I declare to you that nothing in the whole history of our Reform causes me more amazement or fills me with greater hope than this magnificent forward march of our plain and simple cardinal ideas.

Fifty years ago they had scarcely a foothold in the Anglo-Saxon world. Never in the whole range of history was there a delusion so widely and strongly entrenched as that Alcoholic Liquors were necessary and useful, and the traffic in them right and beneficent. In the palace of the king, and the cot of the humblest, great was Alcohol, and greatly to be praised.

Without him no home was complete, no hospitality perfect, no ceremony entire, no undertaking auspicious. From the cradle to the grave his was the indispensable and accompanying genius.

Then arose these two simple and despised tenets,—“Alcohol is an enemy to the individual life; banish it”—“Alcohol is an enemy to the State; outlaw it.”

They grappled with this Giant Delusion of Ages. They let go no hold. They marched right on. They have entered homes, schools, churches, and legislatures, and, wherever they have entered, they have made their abode. To-day they dominate millions of lives, and influence, if not control, Legislation, in every English-speaking Parliament. Defeats have but added determination, success has nourished wider hopes, and instead of resting on laurels gained, these two principles meditate no less than the conquest of a world. And who that observes the wonderful past dare say they shall fail?

*2. The opinion of the masses in regard to Alcoholic Liquors, has been almost completely reversed.*

Fifty years ago if you had gathered together 10,000 persons from the masses of the people, and questioned them, *nine* out of the *ten* would have answered, “Alcoholic Liquors? Why, they are necessary for health, helps to endurance, essential to pleasure, and indispensable for all proper hospitality.” But the schoolmaster has been at work since then, information has been furnished, thought aroused, and conclusions arrived at. Now, if you were to select at random 10,000 people of all classes, and question them, *nine* out of *ten* would answer: “Alcoholic Liquors? Why, they are injurious to the healthy system and breeders of disease; they are fatal to feats of en-



duration and strength, they are the bane of pleasure, and are wholly unnecessary in exercising the rites of true hospitality."

Then, the prevalent idea of the masses was:—"We cannot do without them;" now, the sentiment and conviction is steadily and rapidly assuming the form of the prayer,—“Would God they were clean swept from our civilization.”

It is true that many who believe and know them to be injurious still use them. Their convictions are ahead of their practice, and custom or appetite overrides their sense of duty. But it is also true that the almost universal conviction is that the Drink is bad, and the Traffic is indefensible; and history, as well as experience, tells us that, when general public sentiment *merely tolerates what it admits to be evil*, the day of that evil thing are well nigh numbered.

3. *The Press has radically changed its attitude towards, and its treatment of, the Temperance Question.*

Fifty years ago the Press gave scant courtesy to such heresies as Total Abstinence and Prohibitive Legislation. If it condescended to notice them at all, it was most generally to scoff at the cold water fanatics, or wing its sharp arrows of ridicule at the madmen who, because brandy did not agree with them, would fain compel all other men to forego its use. Now, all is changed.

For purposes of comparison we may divide the Press into two portions, the Secular and the Religious. Of the Religious press we may say that it is almost a unit in advocacy of our cause, as founded upon the two cardinal principles of Total Abstinence and Legal Prohibition. Its unanimity of sentiment is remarkable; the power of its weekly teaching and appeal is beyond estimation.

The Secular press must be distinguished into two parts. There is a division of the Secular press which is high in its aims and independent in its utterances; which believes that a newspaper is something more than a mere gatherer of items or recorder of events; that it is a teacher and is responsible for its lessons. It has a conscience, and listens to its promptings. It has a mission, and must be true to it. It leads the people, and must therefore buy the truth and sell it not. This portion of the Secular press—intelligent, conscientious, independent, serious and moral, is earnest and cordial in its support of the Temperance work, fearless and outspoken against the drinking customs and the liquor traffic.

The other portion of the Secular press is of a different order. It exists primarily for party purposes, and it hedges and trims. It does not wish to lose the Temperance vote, but then it fears to offend the Liquor men. The Beer in-

terests must be cajoled and the German vote must be kept; and so it blows hot and cold, but mostly cold. The money power of the Liquor Interest is great, and an inside revelation of this is quite enough to produce a violent attack of indignation against "intemperate temperance," or a general breaking out of eulogistic leaders in praise of beer and light wines.

But the grand fact remains that to-day we have ranged on our side in strong and effective advocacy, the better part of the Secular and the whole body of the Religious press. The great Reviews, the Monthlies and Quarterlies abound in favorable articles and able discussions upon the matter. In addition to this we have now large Temperance publication houses, from which tons of trenchant and able literature are each week scattered to every part of our country, bearing among all classes and conditions of life its fund of information, of appeal, of warning, and of persuasion. Now Temperance papers are legion, and each is doing its proper work, while fifty years ago Temperance papers and literature were almost unknown.

4. *The pulpit has taken a wonderful stride in advance.*

If there is any one heretofore who believes that the Church is infallible, or that the religious in life is a fixed quantity, that person will probably be displeased at this statement.

For myself I believe neither. I believe the Church is progressive. She is better to-day than she was a hundred years ago, and she will be far better a hundred years hence than she is now. I do not conceive of the religious in life as a something already formed and fashioned by a Divine power, and sent down to its resting-place in a human heart, as perfect and full as it will ever be. But I believe the religious life to be a life of growth, beginning with infinitesimally small germs, and capable of endless progress and expansion. And so it must be construed into no blow at the Church or Religion, when one declares that the position of the pulpit on social and moral questions is vastly better at one time than at another. It is, on the contrary, wholly in the line of commendation.

Where was the pulpit fifty years ago, as regards the Temperance reform? Not by any means where its best friends could have wished it.

If we could range before us the Anglo-Saxon pulpit of fifty years ago, and listen to its ministrations, we should seldom indeed hear the voice of warning against the drinking customs of society, or of denunciation against the death-dealing traffic. The elder Beecher preached his six sermons and flung them out like thunderbolts into the very midst of astonished friends and indignant foes. Here and there a New England minister

broached the startling doctrine of complete abstinence, and legislative banishment. But the vast majority of the pulpits were either passively silent, or active apologists for the Drink as a "good creature of God," and the liquor-seller as its distributing agent.

To-day, if you were to marshal the pulpit and listen to its teachings, a very different sound would greet your ears. It is true that some are silent, some are slightly apologetic, and some so Janus-like that they face both ways.

But the vast majority of the Evangelical pulpit of to-day "cry aloud and spare not." They do not think a gospel complete which has no word of sympathy for the drink-cursed, no warning for the drink-lured, no rebuke for the drink-customs, and no denunciation for the drink-vendor. If a preacher who fifty years ago was bold enough to attack this evil in his pulpit, became famous; to-day, the preacher who will apologize for or defend the traffic, becomes immediately notorious and marked.

All branches of the Christian Church are wheeling into line, and marshalling their rapidly close-filling ranks into battle array.

The Roman Catholics gave to this reform that greatest of all its champions, who set millions on fire with a grand and noble enthusiasm for the cause he loved so well; and when Father Matthew, after years of toil incalculable and success unsurpassed, was called to his final reward, he left behind him an imperishable monument in the myriads of brighter homes and purified lives due to his teachings. And he has never wanted for successors. To-day the highest prelate of that Church in England—the venerable and devoted Cardinal Manning—leads in the very van of the Temperance warfare. In monster gatherings we behold him, ever and anon—with eye undimmed and strength unabated, pleading with eager and sympathetic listeners for Total Abstinence and for Legal Prohibition. And the key-note of his advocacy may be found in this open and fearless utterance culled from one of his late speeches:—

"It is mere mockery to ask us to put down drunkenness by moral and religious means when the Legislature facilitates the multiplication of the incitements to intemperance on every side. You might as well call upon me as a captain of a ship and say, 'Why don't you pump water out when it is sinking?' when you are scuttling the ship in every direction. If you will cut off the supply of temptation, I will be bound by the help of God to convert drunkards; but until you have taken off the perpetual supply of intoxicating drink, we can never cultivate the fields. You have submerged them, and if ever we reclaim one portion, you immediately begin to build upon it

“ a gin palace or some temptation to drink. The other day when a benevolent man had established a sailor's home, I was told there were two hundred places to drink round about it. How then can we contend against the legalized and multiplied facilities and temptations to intoxication? This is my answer to the bland objurgation of those who tell us the ministers of religion are not doing their part. Let the Legislature do its part and we will answer for the rest.”

Westminster Abbey resounds to the eloquent words of Canon Farrar, who in the very ears of England's nobility continually pours the hot torrents of his denunciation upon the Traffic, which, if not destroyed, will, he declares, itself become the destroyer of British greatness; and so he leads on in the van of the Old Established Church, which to-day has its Temperance Societies in every parish, and from proud Archbishop to humble layman is moving for the right.

Time fails, to tell of Presbyterian Synods and Congregational Assemblies, and Baptist Conventions, and Methodist Conferences which in an almost universal acclaim, voice their demand for individual Abstinence and Legal Prohibition.

5. *Science has uttered her calm and emphatic condemnation.*

Fifty years ago, and practical science was asleep on the question of alcoholic beverages. Custom had wrapped her in its swaddling bands, and custom, even among medical men, had its sway.

You all remember the era of blood-letting. My first recollections of a doctor were of an old Irish gentleman who would come driving furiously up in his gig, with his long coat-tails streaming in the wind. The lines would drop, the knowing horse come to a sudden stand-still, and the doctor bustle into the house. His first call would be for a basin, towels and hot water, and shortly thereafter I would see a bowl full of my father's best blood borne out and away. Strange indeed! The blood of a man is his life, and so the doctors, in order to make a man real lively and well, used to compass their object by robbing him of a quart or so of this precious essence of life. They did what *had been done*; it was the custom.

But the moment the question, Why? was seriously asked, this custom disappeared, and now not one doctor in a thousand bleeds a patient in one case out of ten thousand. Science has vanquished custom.

So custom had hallowed the use of Alcohol. No one knew how or why it acted, but it was the correct practice to give it. And for an ache or a pain, a fever or a chill, an appetizer or a digester, a remedy or a preventive—the prescription was ready and inevitable.

But in these latter years Science has been at work. She has stood patiently in the laboratory, she has perseveringly conducted her experiments, she has fearlessly tested her results—and to-day gives utterance to her calm, intelligent and authoritative conviction:—

(a) That Alcoholic Liquors are in no way necessary to persons in health, but that, on the contrary, Alcohol is an enemy to every vital healthy organism.

(b) That most cases of disease can be better treated without its use, and that, when taken as a medicine, it should always be on the most careful medical prescription.

(c) That if Alcohol as a beverage were entirely done away with, the health, life and happiness of the world would be immeasurably benefited.

And to-day there is no more efficient force at work in our favor than this same fearless and authoritative scientific exposure of the fallacies and dangers of the use of alcohol.

Old physicians are reforming their practice, younger students are coming up free from old errors, eminent scientists are speaking loudly and emphatically, medical journals are filling with keen and favorable discussions, and representative medical conventions are passing resolutions in favor of abstinence in health, and the strictest prescriptive care in cases of disease.

Surely there has been a noted change in this respect, and we have only seen the beginning. These are but the first blows of the keen-edged axe, which, in a little, will have been laid at the very root of the vast tree of ignorant and superstitious reverence for Alcohol as a healer.

6. *It has gradually made its way into the Statute-Book.*

Fifty years ago, and where were your prohibitory laws, your local option, and your constitutional amendments?

Bold, indeed, would have been the mind that conceived them, and bolder yet the legislator who would have advocated them.

Now, there is not an English-speaking legislative body in which more or less complete Prohibition has not been recognized and enacted into law. In 1854 the principle of Prohibition knocked at the door of the Parliament of Great Britain, was admitted, and straightway unloosed the greedy grasp of the Liquor Traffic from its unhallowed hold on the Sabbath of Scotland, and from that day on it has, in that country, been prohibited from its ravages for one day in seven.

In 1878 it again asked admission; its prayer was granted, and the Irish Sabbath was rescued from the polluting grasp, and has since remained so.

In 1881 the same was done for the Principality of Wales, and to-day the sentiment is rising in England which right

speedily shall compel Parliament to free the English Sabbath from the demoralizing influences of this same traffic.

Thus the principle has been embodied in law, and the thin edge of the inevitably entering wedge has been inserted, which shall ultimately sever British Society from its worst enemy.

At present there are, in various parts of Great Britain, upwards of 1,500 parishes and towns, with a population of over 250,000 souls, in which Prohibition holds its beneficial sway through the will of the great land-owners.

In 1864 Sir Wilfrid Lawson was elected to the British Parliament for Carlisle, and carried with him, when he entered Parliament, what is more than can be said of every person who obtains a place on the floors of the Legislature, an idea; and his idea was, "The total legal suppression of the liquor traffic in Great Britain." He unfurled his banner, marshalled his scanty forces, and—sustained an overwhelming defeat. Nothing daunted, he re-introduced his idea, and argued it at every session. He headed an active agitation in the country, and gathered strength year by year, until, in June, 1880, on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, he carried in the British House of Commons, with a majority of 26 votes, the following significant resolution:—

"That, inasmuch as the ancient and avowed object of licensing the sale of intoxicating liquor is to supply a supposed public want, without detriment to the public welfare, this House is of opinion that the legal power of restraining the issue or renewal of licenses should be placed in the hands of the persons most deeply interested and affected—namely, the inhabitants themselves—who are entitled to protection from the injurious consequences of the present system by some efficient measure of Local Option."

In 1881 this same resolution was re-affirmed by a majority of 46 votes, and the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone replying to a question put to him, made this significant intimation:—

"I earnestly hope that at some not very distant period it may be found practicable to deal with the licensing laws, and, in dealing with the licensing laws, to include the reasonable and just measure for which my hon. friend (Sir Wilfrid Lawson) pleads."

In Canada the prohibitive idea gained sufficient importance in New Brunswick to become incorporated in 1855 into a law, which, however, was burked by the Governor, and soon after repealed. In Nova Scotia it gained an effective position in the *sine qua non* of License conditions, that two-thirds of the rate payers residing in the polling district should petition in favor of the applicant before he could be licensed to sell in that district, a provision which outlawed the traffic in several counties in that province.

In old Canada the principle was adopted in 1864, in the Dunkin Act, which allow the municipal authorities, or people in each township, county or city, to prohibit the retail sale of intoxicants, a measure of which many places availed themselves with more or less favorable results.

After Confederation a move was made for the enactment of a prohibitory law for the Dominion, and, in response to monster petitions, Government appointed a commission to investigate the workings of Prohibition in various States and countries. This commission performed its work, and committees of both Houses reported thereon and Resolutions were passed as follows :—

In the Senate :—“ That in view of these facts and considerations, it appears that the time has now arrived when the attention of the Government should be given to this important question—with a view to the introduction of a bill to prohibit the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors (except for mechanical and medicinal purposes) throughout the Dominion, at the earliest possible date compatible with the public interest.”

In the House of Commons :—“ That having regard to the beneficial effects arising from prohibitory liquor laws in the States of the American Union, where the same are fully carried out, this House is of the opinion that the most effectual remedy for the evils of intemperance would be to prohibit the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors.”

In 1875 the Government introduced and passed a law for the North-West Territory, which prohibits under severe penalties the importation, manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors in all that vast country.

In 1878 Government introduced and enacted a local option prohibitory Bill, by which any county or city in Canada may, by a majority vote of its electors, completely prohibit the retail and wholesale of intoxicants as beverages for consumption within its limits.

So much for the progress of legal Prohibitory ideas in Canada.

In the United States Prohibition became the law in Maine in 1851. It is there to-day, stronger and more beneficent than at any previous period of its history. It was enacted in Vermont and New Hampshire in 1852, and is still maintained. It came and went in other States, at one time victorious and at another defeated. To-day in the form of local option it has a place in the Statute Book of nearly every State, and covers large areas of country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In the form of Constitutional Amendment Prohibition, it was adopted in 1880 in Kansas by a popular majority of 8,000, and in Iowa in June 1882 by a majority of 30,000, and is now the burning, aggressive subject in nearly every legislature of the Republic.

Who shall say that the Onward March in the line of Prohibitory Enactments has not been a magnificent one? And who does not feel that the agitation is only in its beginning, and is gathering from Home, Church and Society, the elements of a strength and constancy which shall preclude all retrogression, and which is the sure and certain augury of coming victory?

But I must now hurry on to speak of the greatest and most significant gain of the past—the enlistment in this Reform of

7. *The active and organized woman power of our country.*

Where was woman in this work fifty years ago? Where she had been for centuries,—suffering, sorrowing, praying; kneeling in the shadows and stretching out imploring hands to heaven, as father, husband, brother and son swept past her and away towards the deep sea of destruction.

Where was woman? Shivering over the dead embers of her ruined home; starving, as the last crust from her cupboard went to fill the greedy maw of the traffic which had turned her Plenty into Poverty; following with quenchless love the dear ones from descent to descent of misery, until the final precipice yawned before her into which she could not follow. Kneeling in piteous beseeching through the long dreary hours of suspense and anxiety, that He who sees might follow when she saw not; or appealing in wild despair to God for Vengeance, as the pitiless arrows of destruction pierced child after child, and it died, not on her knee, but afar off, and lay in a nameless grave.

But by and by the time came when suffering was to be transmuted into force, and desire into action,

Have you never observed how often evils work out the way of salvation, and suffering provides the very mode of release?

'Tis a time of severe drought. The sun hangs like a ball of fire in the heavens, and its fierce rays beat down upon the earth, till, brown and parched, it pants for rain as the tired hart on the arid mountains. And we say, "will the rain never come, the drought never cease?"

All the while the very heat is bringing the answer. The burning rays that we think so pitiless, see! they are drawing from lake and river and sea the millions of invisible mist motes. We can almost hear the rustling of their tiny wave-wings as they rise through the parched atmosphere, and haste away to the far-off camping grounds in the distant spaces of the heavens. Hour after hour they are massing, day after day they are moulding their tiny units into great drop companies, week after week sees the vapour battalions forming until, at the order of God, they come sweeping up in great cloud regiments, and, with flash of lightning and roar of thunder, pour their moist bullets full upon the face of the pitiless drought, and drive it from its feast on nature's heart.



So with this fiery infliction of Intemperance. We beheld, as, for long years it shot its burning arrows mercilessly into the heart and life of the womanhood of our country, that quailed and bled and died on every hand. But we saw not that this suffering was the preparation for the coming relief. The cry of the wronged child, the prayer of the broken heart, the mute agony of hopeless motherhood—the despairing cry from the departing soul of a victim—the wish born of sorrow long endured—the wild appeal for vengeance—the tear that pity drew, the protest of the home: these were the rising mist motes trooping away to the spacious muster grounds in the great heart of humanity, where, all these years, God was gathering them, massing them, and moulding them into the quiet but firm and undying resolution which, in due time, and at His command, swept out into action in the memorable crusade of 1873. Woman's wish became woman's action; the "ought" of ages became the "possibility" of the present; the period of preparation passed into the period of work, and up from the recruiting grounds of Hearth and Home came the trooping armies of relief.

The "Crusade" was but the rally note of the bugle, the time for flag unfurling and muster. From the hurriedly gathered ranks, stepped leaders, organizers, drill sergeants, and commanders-in-chief. In a little, and out of the disorganization of the Crusade was formed the compact, orderly, obedient, well officered, magnificently marshalled army of

### **The Woman's Christian Temperance Union.**

which, with its posts in almost every village and hamlet, town and city, numbers its total of 60,000 devoted Christian women—mothers and sisters—who to-day, it is no flattery to say it, are doing the deepest, widest, highest, most lasting temperance work of the century.

Bear with me for a little while as I remind you briefly and suggestively of what this organized woman power means in our reform.

#### *(a) It means woman's personal development.*

Woman was limited by ages of custom—by restrictions of law founded on custom—by education and habits moulded by custom. Her sphere was narrowed, her capabilities fettered, her ambition dulled, and her development hindered.

This temperance work seemed a God-given instrumentality for the broadening and strengthening of her social powers, and the open door through which she should enter into a field as

unlimited and as full of successes for her as it had formerly been for man. No longer should her wealth of generous impulses, her inexhaustible fertility of resource, her dauntless persistency of action, her fearless and instinctive recognition of right, her latent powers of persuasion, her unused fund of logical reasoning, and her persuasive eloquence either remain unused and almost unknown, or, if exercised at all, be exercised solely in the narrow sphere of a contriver of comforts, and servant of all work for the home, or in the pitiful sham and pretence of fashionable life.

Do not misunderstand me. I do not deny that it is woman's duty to shine at home. But I affirm that it is equally man's duty to do a little of the shining in the home economy. Woman is to be sweet and pleasant, careful and neat, alive to the comfort and happiness of the home. But I declare that it is just as much a man's duty to be in all these points equal with the woman. Woman must care for, watch and educate the children in the home; but a man is neither chivalrous, manly, nor fair if he throws all this on the wife and lazily shirks all the inconveniences while he imperiously demands all the comforts of the family. It is just as depressing and dwarfing for a woman to be confined to a narrow circle of routine duties, to be shut out from the quickening influences of a wider range of thought and association, and to be debarred from the exercise of her faculties in any direction they may lead her, as it is for a man. Avenues of knowledge, spheres of action, opportunities for development, should be as free to her as to men; and the world should no longer be robbed of the work and thought and influence with which woman, free to choose and act, would certainly enrich it.

And so the Temperance work opened a new field to her.

She could help the good, and deal sturdy blows against the evil.

She must arm herself for the work, and so began to think and read and plan as never before.

Her pen was demanded, her voice was needed, her work told, and, as she felt the power stirring within her, beheld the result of her efforts, and measured herself with men in work and counsel, she felt the awakening of a nobler life and the call to a wider usefulness. Nor in the meantime did she love home less or become less efficient therein. Home gained a new significance as she linked it with society and country, and beheld in it the recruiting place for the greater field of endeavor and warfare. We have to-day in our country hundreds of women who are the equals in logic and eloquence of the men—veterans of pulpit and platform—and who draw and hold and mould the people as the same number of men cannot do. We have

thousands of women who ten years since were buried in the flippancy and foolishness of fashionable life, but who have now found out the better way, and are influential factors in the teaching, saving and betterment of society.

In the broad light of a great national cause, and the threatening danger of a great national curse, life, home and children take on a new significance and a deeper meaning. Association with people of thought and action have quickened and widened their ideas, and stirred in them powers which are now blessing the world, but which would otherwise have remained dormant.

We can never estimate the worth of the Temperance Reform in the wealth and force of womanhood which it has developed and drawn out to the world's work.

*(b) It means Temperance teaching for the children.*

The full force of this comes to us when we remember that these 60,000 women are mothers and sisters in our families. Little hands are held in theirs, little ears listen to mothers' teachings, and little lives are gradually being moulded by these loving and skilful builders. Add to the anxious love for her own, the widened idea, that, to conquer the enemy of the country, children must be grown up into Temperance men and women, and you have in these Christian Temperance mothers a constant incentive to watchful care lest the tempter beguile, and to a continual teaching of the truth and nobility of Temperance life.

At the knee, at the cot side, and about the cheerful home circle, by word and appeal, by picture and book, by example and precept these women cease not to implant the hatred for the evil and the love for its opposite, which shall go far to compass the end steadily held in view,—safety for their own, deliverance for all. The more intelligent the view these mothers have of all that alcohol does, the more enduring the influence they have on the growing ones. And all the while the mothers are studying, finding out the deeper scientific facts, and supplementing their teaching by authority and experiment. Who can estimate the results? Only in the next generation of men and women shall we be able adequately to gauge the mothers' influence upon the children they are to-day leading up and out to the future work. And in addition to this home work, temperance schools and Bands of Hope are carried on in thousands of places, where children are gathered for an hour's teaching per week, and the seeds thus sown must grow into a harvest of good.

*(c) It means the gradual purifying of home and society.*

The intelligent, good woman is queen in home, queen in society. Her rules are obeyed, and her example is followed. In point of social etiquette and usage she is supreme, but too often in the past has she enthroned and perpetuated the wine-cup within the sacred circle of her home and her hospitality.

The awakened woman power is dethroning the wine-cup, and banishing it in innumerable instances from the social and family board. She sees the peril as never before, and for the sake of her children and her example makes up her mind to avoid it. The example of one reacts on another, and thus the whole social mass is being gradually leavened. From the cottage of the poor, up through the homes of the affluent, aye, and up even into the palaces of nobility and the Capitols of nations, has passed this purifying and refining influence, and before it have melted away the dangerous indulgence, the tempting tittle, and the bacchanalian revel which had before imperilled and disgraced our hospitality. Never shall the United States forget the lesson read from its Capitol in Washington when Mrs. Lucy B. Hayes banished the revels of a preceding administration and kindled the fair and genial light of a pure hospitality which for four years shed its beautiful influence upon the homes of a whole nation.

*(d) It means the preparation for sure and speedy victory.*

Often, as I pass through the United States, am I reminded of that fierce and internecine war of twenty years ago. Now the bronze group in a central square, now the polished shaft erected in memory of the dead soldiers, and again the solemn joy of Decoration Day, and the procession of scarred and maimed veterans, bring it all to mind. I see away down on Southern fields the long lines of Blue and Grey, drawn up in waiting for battle, and between them a dark-skinned fellow-being, standing with manacles on his wrists; and, as the battle turns, so shall these manacles be ground more deeply into the quivering flesh, or be broken in pieces and thrown into the deep sea. And I think at first, and so do you, "That was when the whole matter was decided." But we are mistaken. Let us go further back—five, ten, fifteen years before this war.

Away out on the western frontiers in the cabin of the pioneer, bending low before the ruddy light from the blazing pine logs, I see the boy of the cabin reading a book. And as he reads, the lines of determination deepen about his mouth, and I can almost hear the quick closing of his teeth as he registers his resolve.

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

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

Crusaders these, headed by a half-crazed Hermit and going forth to battle for the ruined sepulchre of a buried Christ ; but, Manning, Farrar, Wilberforce and Cuyler, at their head, all fighting for the living temples of a risen Lord.

There next them the dense masses of rank and file, shoulder to shoulder, moving onward in resistless might, and passing from man to man the watchword of the contest, "For God and Human good."

There upon the left the splendid detachment of scientists and medical analysts, with brain as cool and sword as keen as ever Spanish Cid could boast, when rushing full upon his Paynim foe.

There 700,000 Templars from every clime, Sons, Friends, Rechabites, Ribbon-men, an innumerable host with flags white as driven snow, and chanting their hopeful battle songs ; and lo ! there in the very centre of the advancing host 300,000 childrens' voices ring out the happy song of deliverance, as the young crusade marches joyfully forward to swell the mighty ranks.

And here they come, God bless them ! the gathering women of our land, fresh from looking at the rosy cheeks and into the bright eyes, and kissing the pure lips of their darlings ; fresh from the sacred hearth of home, the cradle's lullaby and the infant's prayer ; fresh from the blessing of husband, brother, father's love ; baptized with the loving spirit of Christ, and the sweet sympathy of a redeeming mission.

And now the Grand Army, filled with noble courage, and electric with hope, pauses for a single moment upon the crested hill-top, and gathers breath for the final onset.

Listen ! and soon our ears shall catch the clear tones of the welcome marching order, "Forward, Christian Soldiers !" Watch with eager eyes and bated breath as they storm the outworks, scale the walls, spike the fatal guns, and are lost amid the smoke and din of conflict. Then shout for very joy and make the wide welkin ring, as, out from the coming years, borne on the breath of all the angels, sounds the swelling pæan of "Victory ! Victory ! Victory !" over the sorrow, and the woe, the ruin and the shame of man's Intemperance.

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