

guilty of aiding the distillers and brewers in the manufacture of drunkards? Are they secretly supplying liquors to men who are the fathers and husbands of our homes? Have they no regard for the dear children who see their father come home full of the fiendish fire-water? Have they become callous to the interests of those noble women, who have been bruised and battered by their drunken husbands? Have their souls become so greedy for the Almighty dollar that they care not a fig what home goes to pieces so long as theirs is sumptuously furnished, and that with "blood money?" If it can be proved that those men whom I have seen wiping their moustache as they have come out of certain drug stores, have bought strong drink in there, then it is one of the saddest facts of the history of our town. And it is high time that we bestirred ourselves to use the means necessary for the suppression of such pseudo-drug stores.

I now ask are the well-to-do people doing their duty in helping forward the temperance reform? You "gentlemen" who can ride in your carriages, who have beautifully furnished homes, well clothed and highly educated sons and daughters, are YOU demoralized by this awful power? or are you by precept and example and money aiding the advance of the coming tide of temperance reform? I fear that some of you are verily guilty of tipling on the sly. Is it true that such respectable men as you go into certain places, and wink at the proprietor, as a sign that you want a drink? Can you be so unmanly as to do in a dark dirty rum hole, what you would blush to do before your family? Can it be that men of high commercial standing, as some of you are, encourage the sale secretly of that which you would not have your daughter drink for a thousand dollars? Has it come to pass, that when a man is tried for the illicit sale of rum, that you look on with sympathy for the culprit, and chuckle if the defendant can by some flaw in the law or the accusation, gain the day? Is it true that at the drunken brawl last evening, some of you sided with the drunkard, and opposed the officer of the law? Is it true that you well-to-do tipplers laughed in your sleeve when Joseph Burrill's windows were smashed and his horse cruelly disfigured, because of his faithfulness to his office? Is it true that many of you import cases of liquor, which you keep under lock and key in your house, and drink it on the sly when neither wife or children are near? If this be so, then I have almost lost faith in humanity. When the rich and the poor are banded to defeat the one object of the Scott Act, one is apt to lose heart and give up the struggle, and let sin work out its own destruction.

And now ye women, have ye become demoralized by the liquor traffic? True there are some who like, and who take a glass of wine occasionally, but I hope these are very few. I do not know much of the drinking habits of women here, but I know of some lovely noble christian wives who have suffered martyrdom at the hands of drunken husbands and the scars of the sorrows will never be erased in time or eternity. As a whole, I think our women must bear a little blame, not for encouraging the sale of the accursed thing, but for doing so little to hinder it. You might do much more individually. Did you ever know where your husbands get liquor? On discovery could you not have done something to arrest the man who sold it? Come, do not fold your hands in utter helplessness, but in the strength of your God, band together and form a branch of the "Women's Christian Temperance Union," and help Joseph Burrill, and Judge Hilton, and Lawyer Pelton to chase this vile thing out of town, and make it a lasting disgrace to sell this body-killing and soul-damning fire-water.

Finally. The outlook for the future of our homes and children is cloudy. When Hotel-keepers vie with druggists as to who shall get most "blood money," when some of the crews of the "Alpha"

and the "City" have been competing in landing the largest quantity of rum; when the council are indifferent, and gentlemen import it to keep in their cellars, and some of the most respectable men will lie to shield the sellers of it, one must admit that the horizon is very dark. Thank God for a band of young christian men and women who are pledged to oppose the enemy through thick and thin. To these we must look. They are the hope of the church and the hope of our town. I think the time has come for the banding together of ALL our temperance people, and temperance workers, and our temperance lodges into ONE great CENTRAL temple or lodge, with simple and unobjectionable ceremonies of admission that are within the reach of all who desire to unite. The lodges have done a grand work in the past, but there seems to me just now the need of a little different kind of work from that which they are now doing. And so I think the true-hearted temperance leaders ought to call a grand meeting to discuss the present situation, and move onwards to do something more practical, and more substantial than simply meeting in session once a week. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Any man who dares to impute selfish motives to the preacher for delivering this sermon, is doing him a great injustice. Before God and this large assembly of persons, I hereby declare that this sermon has been preached for the sole purposes of awakening men to serious thoughtfulness over the downward trend of our town. To arouse in drinking husbands a degree of respect for that solemn vow which they made, when they declared that they would "Love her, comfort her, and honor her," whom they have so shamefully treated in their drunken bouts. To warn parents of the inevitable ruin their sons and daughters must come to, if they do not exercise more discretion and prudence in the degree of liberty they allow them after supper time. And to urge upon every christian man the importance of encouraging by precept, example, and money the absolutely necessary reform among the illicit venders in liquors. Praying is not much good in this work, if you will not put money into the prosecutor's hands to chase these disguised saloonists from our beautiful town. If any of the rum-sellers or rum-drinkers think me their enemy they are greatly mistaken. When I read that the Word of God pronounces a curse on him who "putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips," I am doing a kindness in seeking to save the vendor of liquor from the awful eternity, which awaits the impenitent saloonist. When I read that no "drunkard shall enter into the kingdom of heaven," surely I am rendering an unquestionable favor to any drinker, when I strive to draw him away from that state, which debars from entrance into eternal blessedness. I know men who have cursed my name, because I am an enemy to their own greatest foe. But sirs, you curse a friend, whom you may yet have to thank God for in days of your future reform. Dear young men, do not gnash your teeth on me because I have exposed the many-sided evil of the liquor traffic. You know in your innermost heart that I love you, and have proved it again and again, both by my heart and my purse. And believe me, many of you will yet call on me with tear-filled eyes, and thank me for uttering a warning voice to you in the hour of your weakness and folly. But—but, and if, any man thinks he is doing his town a service by injuring me for my faithfulness to my God and my conscience: if any thinks that my life is not worth anything to this town and this world, he is welcome to take from me the little spark of life, that is reluctantly lingering in this feeble frame, ONLY REMEMBER I SHALL MEET YOU AGAIN AT THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF THE ALMIGHTY CHRIST.

P. S.—At close of this sermon, a second collection was taken, amounting to twenty dollars, for Scott Act prosecutions.