

OF WHICH TIME HAS PROVED TO BE PURE FALSEHOODS.

I am satisfied that his enemies have basely lied, have heaped upon him and this church notorious falsehoods, which I have proved by an examination of accounts, the prices he has paid for articles and the profits therefrom. I will venture to say that he has not made so much profit on the liquors, as come of the on have in their stores in this town, in other lines of business. Here is a letter from the Committee appointed by the Yarmouth Co. Temperance Convention, containing their report of their visit to the agency.

YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA, Jan. 10th, 1887.
 To the Secretary of Yarmouth County Convention:
 Sir:—The Committee appointed to interview Mr. Charles W. Sanders, in reference to reports circulated to quality of liquors sold by him, and prices charged, beg to report as follows:—

On Wednesday, January 5th we waited upon Mr. Sanders at his office, informed him of the object of our visit, and were received by him in a gentlemanly manner. He accompanied us to his cellar, in which the liquors are kept, showed us the different brands offered him for sale, and gave us the cost of different brands of liquors, and in our opinion the prices charged by him, yield but a fair remuneration. From correspondence shown us, we believe that Mr. Sanders is used every effort to procure the best goods obtainable.

Yours respectfully,
 S. A. CROWELL, } Committee.
 H. H. CROSBY.

S. A.—I have learned since preaching this sermon, that Dr. A. M. Perrin was a member of this Committee, but refused to sign the report. H. F. A. That report gives a clear straight-forward denial to the falsehoods that have been circulated about the quality and prices of his liquors. And from what I know of the standing of Mr. Sanders both in the church and in business circles, I would rather believe his word than all his enemies combined. His personal character, his place in this church, and the character of his home-life are such as to have very few equals in this town. I challenge any one of his enemies, enemies whom he has made through being just and strict in the administration of his office as liquor agent, challenge any of such men to place beside his record as a Christian, as a father and husband, as an upright business man its EQUAL. It cannot be done. Some of his own fellow members have treated him coolly, because they have believed the falsehoods of the rum-sellers. Now let me ask every member of this church to give Charles W. Sanders the true place his character deserves. I have urged him to give up this agency, and he has decided to do so, and wash his hands of the infernal stuff. Many people have thrown up in my face, that I had a rum-seller in my church, and such people did not stop to think what a blessing has been to the town, for the agency to be guarded by a Christian man. They did not compare the sales of Mr. Sanders with those of his predecessor, and so get sight of the fact though this church has suffered its reputation, the town has just so far been benefited. I have examined this matter very closely, and am now bound in the interests of truth to say all this, and I have purposely asked him and his family to remain on church this evening that I might say it freely.

In addition to my knowledge of the true character of Mr. Sanders' slanderers, another piece of evidence came to hand last week. My enemies found that they cannot slander the character of the pastor of the church, so they did the unutterably mean and contemptuous thing, of throwing rum bottles into the back windows of our vestry, and smashed 18 panes of glass. The day my sermon was published last week, they did not the cowards break the FRONT windows of the CHURCH? WHY? Because every man who is blighted by alcohol, has his manliness blasted, and always tries to injure temperance workers in any way, and in the dark. What a record could be written of window-breaking, and barn-burning, and even murder by those who have been demoralized by this abominable thing, alcohol.

And now young men, if you want to live long, and fill the sublime mission of a true man; if you desire to cultivate a strong and manly character; if you wish to attain unto a virtuous, chaste, and honorable life, YOU MUST GIVE UP STRONG DRINK. I dare to be a Daniel. I am not speaking to you theoretically, but out of a sad and sickening experience. I know the siren-like bewitchery of gay and worldly companions. I know a little of the satanic mystery of fast, drinking, and smoking society, and but for the grace of God, I would have been in my grave long ago. I know by painful experience the truth of that holy commandment that says, "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me." Out of poverty, security, and misery God graciously lifted me, and opened a way, whereby I have come to be a worker in his vineyard. How I often long for the strength of

My father who was a drunkard, and thus his family out in a cold world to live or die. Thus at the age of 12 years I was fang out to paddle my own canoe. For the sum of 75 cents a week, when a child of 12 years old, I was compelled to carry coal from the dealers to those poor people who purchased in a small way—and there are many very poor people in London. I have staggered along under the burden of those tarred sacks of coal weighing from 28 to 66 lbs., had often to carry them up flights of stairs, till my back was overstrained and I contracted a disease which has occasioned me 20 years of pain and suffering. God has been pleased to call me to a grand work, but here I am crippled for want of bodily strength; with a will and a desire to live to the glory of God and the welfare of humanity but incapacitated by disease. And the scars of Alcohol's cruelty will abide with me till the day of my death. Can you wonder that I am a sworn and inveterate enemy of this Demon Alcohol.

Young man, I beg of you to give up that which is enervating your physical strength; undermining your manhood; smirching your character with foulness; and bringing disgrace on all your dear ones. Say nothing but good of the dead. But I suppose there is not a young man here who cannot recall the faces of some young men, who to-day would have been enjoying the comforts of a pleasant home, and the fruits of an industrious career, but for this demon alcohol. Before how many graves you can pause in yonder cemetery and say, "Here lies the dust of a once bright and promising young man, whom this demon alcohol laid away in an early grave." Oh, I plead with you that you will take warning ere it be too late, for when the body has become so defiled, that the first stage of Alcoholic poisoning has begun, there is very little hope of a cure.

Says one, "Some years ago, I was sent for in haste to visit a young man who was dangerously ill. I went to the house. In a miserable garret I found a lad, pale, weak and faint from the loss of blood. He told me that he had been attacked by a severe hemorrhage, and I knew he was soon to die. He had been leading a life of dissipation; had become a slave to drink, and had thus been brought to his present position. He said, "My Mother was a Godly woman; she instructed me faithfully; prayed for me tenderly; and tried to make me a good man. I left home and came to Boston to make my own living. I intended to do right and follow any mother's counsels. Her last gift to me was this bible. At first I read it daily, and attended worship every Sabbath; but I fell into bad company, and gradually went astray, until I lost all my manliness and became a wretched drunkard. I have burst a blood vessel and am dying; for God's sake and my mother's, PRAY FOR ME. I left him in great distress and the next day I found him dead. He was lying with his book clasped to his lips. It was wet with tears and blood, and torn with his convulsive agonies. Some years after I made a temperance speech and I related the incident holding up the bible, as I did so. There was a stir in the audience. A poor woman with a sad heart-broken expression, arose and tottered to the platform. She implored me to let her have the book. The stillness of the room was terrible. Every eye was fixed upon her; with trembling hands she turned to the fly-leaf; then with a scream she fell faint to the floor. She had read the name of her son, and for the first time knew of his sad fate."

Oh my dear young men, I plead with you in the name of that dear old motherly heart; in the name of the many tear-bedewed prayers she has put up to God for her boy; in the name of those prematurely gray hairs your past dissipation has caused; in the name of those early sacrifices of rest and health which she endured for you, I implore you to give up the accursed glass, and the twin-evil cigar, and the pack of cards, and turn to your mother's God, and her lovely Christ and begin to live anew.

And you fathers and husbands, will you not aid us in this humble endeavour to save the boys, and help them to escape the inevitable scourage of body and soul which strong drink will bring on to them? Can it be that they have learned the ways of evil from you? Must you shut your lips in their presence because you are doing what you hate to see them doing? O do be men, or hurry out of this world.

Mothers and wives and maidens, do I beseech you wake up and do something to help save the boys. Leave no stone unturned, leave no argument unused, let no opportunity go by, in this solemn work of winning the boys away from hell's liquor flame, alcohol, to heaven's fiery bliss, Jesus' love. WORK WATCH WAIT, and TELL, TRY, TRUST, and the God of Heaven shall answer your prayers, and bless your work, and our boys shall be saved, and they will "Dare to be a Daniel, Dare to stand alone! Dare to have a purpose firm, Dare to make it known!

P. S.—At the close of this sermon a gentleman in the audience suggested that the second collection which the preacher had asked for to prosecute the Rum-Seller, be dedicated to the poor district