

"He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages; in the secret places doth he murder the innocent; his eyes are privily set against the poor.

He lieth in wait to catch the poor, he doth catch the poor when he draweth him into his net.

He croucheth and humbleth himself that the poor may fall by his strong ones. He hath said in his heart, God hath forgotten."

Yes! there he sits, under the seal of the Empire State,

"Licensed to make a strong man weak;

Licensed to lay a wise man low;

Licensed, a wife's fond heart to break,

And make his children's tears to flow;

Licensed to do his neighbors harm;

Licensed to kindle hate and strife;

Licensed to nerve the robber's arm;

Licensed to whet the murderer's knife.

Licensed, where peace and quiet dwell,

To bring disease, and want, and wo;

Licensed to make this world a hell,

And fit man for a hell below."

And the woman of Tekoa cries, "By this licensed man, I have been made a widow, and my son, maddened by the cup, his cup of poison, enticingly administered, has murdered his brother, and public justice calls for his life; Help! O King." Surely such a law, though the law of the State of New York, and upheld by many pretending to philanthropy and patriotism, is neither just nor good.

Now look at the Maine Law in contrast with this? What are its characteristics? Look first, at those which are negative. It makes no compromise with evil. It licenses no man to sell the intoxicating cup and make a drunkard of his fellow being. It warrants no individual in spreading snares for his weak neighbor and enticing him to ruin. It permits no man to take another's property and give him poison in return, till he is a curse to his wife and his children. It makes no once kind husband cruel; no son a grief to her who bore him. It fills no jails nor poor-houses with miserable wretches to be supported by the sober; and it desecrates no Sabbath by a trade which fits men for the regions of the damned. Of all these things, whatever may be said against it, the Maine Law is innocent; and the Man who framed it, and the Legislatures who may adopt it, will never have blood in their skirts."

We should be happy to reprint in our columns the whole of this pamphlet, but must content ourselves with adding the following from page 22 to the end.

"A short time since the Legislature of Massachusetts, in the philanthropic spirit of their hearts, were about appropriating a large sum for the erection of an Asylum for Inebriates." The Hon. Neal Dow, the immortal author of the Maine Law, wrote a letter, which was read on the floor of the House, saying, "If you will shut up your grog-shops, you will have no inebriates." They took the hint; and, in the true spirit of the age, they shut them up; and let them hold on and not be driven back by the cupidity of base men, and, in a short time, they not only will have no inebriates, but their whole State will be one glorious Asylum for the lost of other lands. In advance of the age! It ought to be in advance of the age. Yes, far, far, in advance of the age in which we have lived. Blessed be God, if there is something better dawning upon our base license system. But who can tell what this age is really to be! what reformatory influences there may be from the Spirit of God! what answers to prayer! what blessings upon the labours of our hands! We know that the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ; that all sin and sorrow are to be done away; that holiness to the Lord is to be written upon all employments and pleasures. Who can tell but this may be the day of the Redeemer's power; and that, through the very instrumentality we are using, a nation may be born in a day. As the lightning

shineth out of the East unto the West, so it may be even in our day with great moral reforms and spiritual influences. Patriots and philanthropists have been inspired by the enactment of this law to such a hope for their country and race as has never before been indulged. "I am grateful, indescribably grateful," says a venerable patriot and Christian of Virginia, "that my life has been spared to see the time when a Sovereign State should have outlawed the master evil of our day, and when other States of our glorious confederacy have magnanimously taken the field in their sovereign capacity with a degree of moral courage which bespeaks victory over the most insidious enemy that has ever triumphed upon the peace and ruined the prosperity of Christendom." With an unanimity, gratitude, and joy, almost without a parallel, ecclesiastical bodies of various denominations have hailed the Maine Law as in unison with the Law, and a glorious helper in all their conflicts with the powers of darkness. Here and there a minister of the Gospel has warned his people against this law. But in the name of humanity, we ask, What evil hath it done? What would such a Minister of the Gospel have? Does he prefer the License Law? We ask, what one good has that done? What ten thousand souls have dated their eternal damnation to the licensed dram-shop! Oh! One is the mount of blessing, the other of cursing.

Reflecting men in other countries are looking with deep interest at the workings of the Maine Law. "We have read" says one of Scotland's ablest writers, "this wise and well made Law, and have listened to its practical details with unmingled pleasure. We are quite sure it will do ten times more than sanitary improvements, health, and poor law bills will ever accomplish. When our Legislature gather more sense and courage, we trust that they will follow the example of Maine, and, like her, break the eggs of the cockatrice in place of hatching and then hunting the venomous brood." Every missionary of the cross feels that here is hope for the poor heathen, long cursed by the fiery stimulants of Christian lands. "We watch," says one "with powerful interest the progress of the reform. We look with special interest toward Maine. We shall rejoice and millions in Asia will have occasion to rejoice when other States shall follow her example and shall seal up the fountains of that destructive stream which has been flowing over distant nations." The motto of our State, is EXCELSIOR. The Christian watchword, is ONWARD. The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ. A Maine Law is now, and thankful he may be for it; the law for poor Indians in our dark western forests. It is the law of Liberia. It was once virtually the law of the Sandwich Islands, but it was broken down by French cannon, cruel as the harpies. It was virtually the law of China, when Commissioner Linn poured the opium, which had awfully slaughtered near half a million annually, without remuneration, into the sea. But a Christian nation wanted money, and would have it. But it will yet, God helping us, be the law not only for the poor Indian and for Liberia and the Sandwich Islander, but for the world. Even now, while I speak, millions in India are petitioning the British government to permit no man to sell any intoxicating drink in violation of the first principles of Hindoo religion and Hindoo law. The cries of the oppressed around our globe will enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. A spirit of reform will roll over the nations and the curse will be done away. —Why should there be delay here? Why be the last in so good a work? As I said in the commencement of this plea, I seem to see the Empire State, with all her suffering, sorrowing ones, stretching out her bleeding hands and crying, HELP, Help O King! And who shall hinder? Who of that large body now sitting in the seat