

en sod that roofs the sepulchre of the pride of his heart, and making this, his plaintive elegy, "Oh, my son, would to God I had died for thee!"

This is no fancy sketch, it is a sober fact. It is not a dream of romance, it is stern reality. When the grand assize is ushered in, and the book of remembrance opened in which the transactions of earth are registered by an unerring and impartial hand, it will be fully borne out that not one-tenth of the havoc has been wrought by Kali on Pagan, as has been wrought by its hideous representative Alcohol, on Christian soil. Shall we do nothing to effect the abolition of this most unnatural form of idolatry, to arrest the progress of an evil which with the stealthy trail of the serpent seizes on its victims, and with the resistless impetuosity of the Simoon sweeps them to perdition. Must our stock of sympathy be all reserved for the "poor heathen" abroad, when there are worse than heathen at our very doors who have fallen among thieves, and whose gaping wounds invite us to act the good Samaritan's part.

Shall we content ourselves with heaving sentimental sighs, and shedding useless tears over those pitiable objects who have been caught in the snare of that enemy who like his father has been a "robber and a murderer, from the beginning," and yet with the chilling indifference of the Levite pass by on the other side. If it be so, then ours will be the brand of Cain and the curse of Meroz. We may drug conscience and shrug up our shoulders whispering contemptuously, "Am I my brother's keeper?" But certainly when the inflexible Judge arises to make inquisition for blood, the voice of our brother's blood will cry against us from the ground.

We may pride ourselves in a "dignified neutrality" fondly supposing that if we do not evince a leaning to either side we shall not be implicated in the result. But this is a contest in which that watchword of the Captain of Salvation proves pre-eminently true—"He that is not with me is against me." There can be no middle ground. Neutrality is impossible. We must be ranked either with the friends or with the foes of this accursed system. Supineness is equivalent to hostility. "Curse ye Meroz. Curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

We are furnished in this lecture with a clear statement of what the Maine Law is and what it proposes. Objections are answered. To the one about the waste of property, the author thus replies:—

But some niggardly purse-bearer starts up, and tauntingly cries, "to what purpose is this waste?" What waste? Why you cannot but be aware that this is a remunerative traffic. It puts a great deal every year into the public chest. If your views be carried out, all this will be lost. Well, what if it should? Why, friend, you look only to one side of the account. For one dollar lost to the Revenue, there will be at the lowest estimate, 20 in hard cash saved to the country at large. The revenue derived to the Imperial Exchequer from Intoxicating Liquor, is in round numbers somewhere about five millions sterling. The expenditure—the gross loss thereby caused reaches One Hundred Millions. It is not far short of the same proportionally in this country. Now to lose a hundred million for the sake of five, seems something like being penny-wise and pound foolish. And this is a foundation on which to rest our country's prosperity, a foundation of broken hearts and rifled homes, diseased bodies, and lost souls. Can any good come out of money secured at the expense of whatsoever things are true, honest, lovely and of good report.

"We have read of savage tribes who adorned the rude palace of their King, with strings and pyramids of skulls, the trophies of barbarous wars: but, to our eyes, he proposes something more revolting still, who would maintain the splendor of our crown out of the miseries of our people."

"But if you have no respect to the interests of the government, pray have respect to those worthy parties who are engaged in this traffic, and whose earthly all depends upon it." Every great public reform demands sacrifice of some kind. In order to its being achieved, some parties must suffer. Without pronouncing any opinion on the respective merits of protection and free trade, it is sufficient for us to know that the latter was not attained without serious injury being sustained by some great landed proprietors, and farmers unitedly suffered. But was this deemed a

sufficient reason for refusing, or postponing that radical change? It was carried in the teeth of a reclaiming landocracy, on the simple footing that the interests of the few must yield to those of the many. So it must be in the case before us. We must not allow a morbid sympathy for the owners of distilleries and dram-shops, to close our ears to the sighing of the poor and the crying of the needy in their distress. The cancer is spreading—the patient's life is in danger. We must not be prevented by any sentimental whining from the grasping the lancet, probing to the quick, and boldly cutting it out. But will these parties really suffer? For a time, they may. In the long run they will not. The really worthy will not stand idly by and cry "pity the sorrows of." They will apply themselves vigorously to other branches of business, their consciences unburdened by the thought that they are receiving the wages of unrighteousness. They will share in the benefit of that healthy impetus which trade will receive when the crushing incubus of this traffic is removed. They will be the very individuals who in the end will thank us for placing them in a position where they can honorably wring their daily pittance from the sweat of their brow, and not from the tears and blood of others. And as for the worthless amongst them, why, if they will not reform, the sooner we are quit of them the better. But even though this were not to be the case, it would assuredly be decidedly preferable to repeat that noble act of our illustrious father-land, when twenty million sterling was laid on the altar of humanity for the liberation of the West India Slaves. It would be better to grant a retiring pension to the whole regiment of Distillers and Dram Sellers, than that the present system should continue. Rather let them go about like gentlemen, with their hands in their own pockets, than that they should plunge them so deeply into the pockets of the public.

"But you forget the drink—pity to have so much of one of God's good creatures lost. I cannot think of its being poured into the common sewer." One can hardly listen with gravity and patience to this objection which is one of the most common of the lot. It makes me think of the servant Dinah and her mistress, down South.

Dinah had been trained up in habits of strict economy. Her mistress was a pious woman (so far as one making human flesh and immortal souls marketable commodities can be). She instructed her maid regularly to pray that Satan's Kingdom might be destroyed. "I doesn't know 'bout that," answered Dinah.

"What, not pray for the destruction of satan's kingdom?" demanded the mistress. Don't you desire it? Dinah couldn't rise above the influence of her ruling passion. "Destroy" seemed a harsh word. It grated on her ear.

"I does'n't, missus, lub to see anyting wasted," was her significant rejoinder.

So it is with these so called disciples of Joseph Hume. They don't, 'lub to see anything wasted' when it suits their own purpose, and puts money into their own purse.

When a punchoon is pierced and the liquid fire is seen flowing out into the mud, these would-be Economists lift their hands with pious horror, and shout 'waste.' But when a living *cash* is seen rolling in the mud, filled with that same liquid fire, they cry: "Drunken Beast," and pass by, on the other side: although in the one case only the drink is lost, in the other, the drinker and the drink together.

*Better far, surely for a man to throw rum into the ditch than that rum should throw him there.*

We cheerfully recommend this lecture to the League, and to all friends of the cause in which we are engaged. Let it have an extensive circulation.

**PLAIN TRUTH.**—Girls that are daily gadding the streets in silks, while their poor mothers are sweating in the kitchen in linsey, will make miserable wives, if men are foolish enough to marry into such a tribe. If they succeeded in getting husbands, which appears to be the object of their lives, their only chance of happiness is in the fact that men of talent will not have them, and the ones they get are too big fools to discover their unworthiness. They seem to think if they can gain the man, no matter by what means, their object is accomplished, that he is caught, and must make the best of it. Poor fools! they ought to know the heart must be bound, as well as the hand, or happiness will vanish with novelty, and misery be the household God and preside over the family circle.