

So little, my lords, am I affected by the merit of that wonderful skill which distillers are said to have attained, that it is, in my opinion, *no faculty of great use to mankind to prepare palatable poison*, nor shall I ever contribute my interest for the reprieve of a murderer, because he has, by long practice, obtained dexterity in his trade. If their liquors are so delicious that the people are tempted to their own destruction, let us, at least, secure them from their fatal draught by bursting the vials that contain them. Let us crush at once these artists in human slaughter, who have reconciled their countrymen to sickness and ruin, and spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such a bait as cannot be resisted."

DR. TALMAGE.

"Now let us have a high license for theft. Get ready your excise commissioners. We will have \$5,000 or \$10,000 high license for theft. We must somehow put down these small criminals that are stealing door mats, and postage-stamps and chocolate-drops. For high license we will give to a few men all the privileges of running off with \$50,000 of the Newark Bank, of watering the stock in a railroad company, taking \$250,000 at one clip. Now, I shall have this license very high, say \$10,000 for theft, and in that way we shall put an end to all these sneak thieves, and two-penny scoundrels, and wharf rats, and all hail to the million-dollar rascal! You will never put down theft in this country until you give a few people for high license all the privilege of stealing. Then there is the evil of blasphemy. Let us for a high license say \$10,000—gather a hundred men in these cities, men of the hottest tempers, and the fiercest tongue, and the most spiteful against God and decency. Having gathered this precious group to do all the blasphemy of the country at high license, give them full sweep, and then just let us extinguish all these small swearers, who never have any genius at swearing, and who always swear on a small scale, and who never get beyond "by George!" or "my Stars!" or "Damn it!" Extirpation for swearers. You will never put down blasphemy in this country except by high license. And the sin of murder! Why, your law against it is a failure. Murder on Long Island, murder in Illinois, murder in Pennsylvania—murder all over. It is almost impossible to convict one of the desperadoes. He proves an *alibi* right away. Or he did it under emotional insanity. Court-house full of sympathizers, and when he is cleared the crowd follow him down the street thinking he ought to be sent to Congress! Your law against murder is a failure! Now, we have got to stop these clumsy assassins who kill people with car-

hooks and Paris green, and dull knives, and having a high license, say \$10,000 or \$20,000, give to a few men the privilege of genteelly and skillfully and gracefully putting their victims out of their worldly misfortunes. You will never stop murder in this country until you put a high license upon it, and let a few men do all the killing. But my dear friends, all irony aside, you see that if rumselling is right, we all ought to have the right; and if it is wrong \$5,000,000 paid down in hard cash for one license ought to produce no immunity."

AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

BY THE REV. J. WILKIE, INDORE.

Come with me to one of the many villages that you see from our home at Indore. The country for the most part is level and bare, with here and there two or three tall trees only to break the monotony of the scene. Woods, as you understand that term, are unknown; all having been removed hundreds of years ago—for you remember we are travelling over ground that was old when our Saviour came to earth, that this traditional history carries us away back to the youth of mankind. These trees indicate the abode of the protecting divinities of the village and so let us away to it to see it as it is. Roads to it there are none, as we understand that term.

ONLY CART RUTS OR FOOT PATHS.

that wind here and there as seems to be most convenient. Holkar and other native chiefs do not trouble the Public Works Department about such things—in fact, almost the only thing for which that Department exists is to build new palaces. Five large new palaces were under construction within four miles of Indore when we left there, each costing probably not less than a quarter of a million each. When the demands for new palaces, the Zenana, an occasional new temple and the thousands of lazy fakirs and Sadhus or holy men are met, there is but little left for roads or anything else. You require to go to a native State to see how beautifully the doctrine—that the people exist for the king—can develop.

Though there are no roads, there is no lack of custom houses that every mile or two are set down on every cart track in the country. To understand the working of these start out from Indore

WITH A LOAD OF SALT.

It is cheap enough at the railway station even after the British Government had levied its small duty; but before you have gone one hundred miles you find the constant daily duty for travelling over Nature's