

After successfully disposing of the objections against fixing the guilt upon the rumseller, and scattering his miserable license to sell in a thousand fragments as being morally worthless, the preacher thus concludes:—We shall only ask the reader if he do not find in the first paragraph a strong argument for the Maine law!

I am told that a very short time since, this man struggled for redemption. Why did he not escape? One word answers this question: he found a grog-shop, and it was a temptation too powerful to resist. Had it not been for this, he, to-day, might have been in our midst. Who planted that tree of death? who countenanced it? who has tolerated it? Of such God asks, where is thy brother? Be assured this is a fearful question; it must be met.

You doubtless have felt that something ought to be done, but have you set your face, irrespective of friend or foe, to shut down this gate of death? Weigh well the relation you sustain to this event, and close not your eyes or your hearts to the fact that the very condition of society implies that we are each under obligation to do all we can for the other's welfare; and that we are not doing our duty while we silently allow our brother to suffer wrong, while we permit his life, his happiness, his good, to be wrested from him or destroyed by those who have no respect for God's laws or man's sufferings, if they stand in competition with their unhallowed, sordid love of gain.

This occurrence will long be remembered by the inhabitants of this community, and it is to be hoped it will be overruled for your general good.

I have endeavored, at the earnest solicitation of these friends, to place before you the guilt of this transaction, and if I have in any degree been successful, may it be sanctified by the ever-blessed Spirit.

You have for a long time been sowing the seed, you are now beginning to reap the harvest, and what a harvest! Friends, you must stay this tide or be overwhelmed; you must dry up those streams, or be washed away. It is too destructive to be tolerated; it is too reproachful to be endured.

To the Citizens generally:—

Say to this wave of woe, here shalt thou be stayed. Rise up in the might of men who are interested in the welfare of humanity, and put a stop to this work of death.

It has been endured too long. The shades of the departed urge you to this enterprise. The tears of the widow and orphan plead for you to engage in this work. The angel of mercy, in tears, is beseeching you to be true to the cause of purity, and every hour you delay is adding to the calamities you already suffer.

Take care of your brother, of your sister, of your children, of yourself.

Destroy that serpent that bite without enchantment, and stings with an adder.

Seek not to circumscribe it, aim at its annihilation. Be hopeful and trust in God.

Victory, under united and persevering effort, is certain, for the cause is in harmony with the attributes of Jehovah, the interests of humanity.

Faint not, falter not, until this abomination that maketh desolate, shall have come to an end, and the pure emblem of life shall be cherished as among the best of heaven's blessings to an apostate race.

To the Fraternity of Rumsellers:—

You stand charged; by this community with being guilty of this man's death. An impartial examination confirms that charge—You furnished him the instrument when you saw him using it to his ruin, and his blood cries to God against you. You looked in upon his peaceful Eden of domestic bliss, and sighed to scatter desolation, and have succeeded. Could you plead, in extenuation of your guilt, that your victim had injured you, or that, in the heat of excited passion you dealt the blow, it might be some extenuation; but you deliberately laid your snare, and for a long series of years have unrelentingly pursued your purpose, until you have accomplished your work. Wretched men! Think on the sufferings you have caused, and remember, as you have measured unto others, it shall be meted to you again. Though justice may be tardy, she is certain in her rewards. You thought only of gold, and being greedy of gain, have troubled your own house. There are canker-spots upon your souls, which will become corroding ulcers unless removed. The time allotted you on earth is short, and let me earnestly beseech you to improve the remaining hours in preparation for the fate which awaits you. You cannot atone for the past, or undo

what you have acted. Your only hope is in the mercy of the Divine Redeemer, who died to save the chief of sinners. Bring forth fruits meet for repentance. Abandon that accursed traffic, or it will destroy you. In the solitude of your reflections think of your victims; think of the woe you have created, of the widowed ones and helpless, homeless orphans you have made, and relent.—Earnestly seek for pardon at a throne of grace, and may Christ have mercy on your souls.

Sprinklings for Thought, Ideal, and Actual.

GOOD TRAINING A PUBLIC BLESSING.—John Howard mentions in his journal, that when he visited Amsterdam, he was surprised to find the general average of crime remarkably low. There were at the time of his visit but six delinquents in the jail of that rich commercial city; and what is still more remarkable, only eighteen debtors. The restraining agents were moral, not material, resulting from education and public opinion, rather than from fear of bodily suffering. To be in prison for debt was considered in Holland as an indelible disgrace. The principal cause that debtors as well as capital offenders are few, is the great care that is taken to train up the children of the poor, and indeed of all others, to industry. They act upon this professed maxim, "Make them diligent, and they will be quite likely to be honest."

On Sabbath last, within a few doors of our residence, we saw a gathering about the door of a little finishing shop, and on inquiry, found that, in the room above, was a drunken brute who had fastened himself and wife in, and other people out, and was brandishing a razor, threatening to kill her, and finding there was no one who would risk his life to open the door, and relieve the poor creature, a police officer was called for, on learning which, this fiend in human shape, started and ran off. Whether he was overtaken or not, we cannot say.

Learning that a doctor had been called to visit a cholera patient in the next street—on going there, the wife told us that her husband had been in great pain in the bowels, because he was drunk, and had resolved to get sober. He was, when he saw him, eating bread and milk.—Rock Tour.

PAINT ME AS I AM.—'Paint me as I am,' said Oliver Cromwell to young Lely. 'If you leave out the scars and wrinkles, I will not pay you a shilling.' Even in such a trifle, the great protector showed both his good sense and his magnanimity. He did not wish all that was characteristic in his countenance to be lost in the vain attempt to give him the regular features and smooth blooming cheeks of the curl pated minions of James the First. He was content his face should go forth marked with all the blemishes which should have been put upon it by time, by war, by sleepless nights, by anxiety, perhaps by remorse; but with valour, policy, authority, and public care, written in all its princely lines. If men truly great knew their own interest, it is thus that they would wish their minds to be portrayed.—Edinburgh Review.

SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN SPIKE OF HIMSELF.—The Boston Daily Chronicle, a newly started anti-Maine law paper, had a paragraph in one of its late numbers as follows: "all the senses of all the reason, all humanity are on the side of the Maine Law." The next issue announces that it was intended to read, "are not on the side of the Maine Law." No need of correction, Mr. Chronicle, the first version was the correct one.

MEND YOUR FIRST FAULT.—The Queen of George II. once said to Whiston, 'I hear you are good at telling persons their faults; now, as everybody has some fault or other, I should like to know what you have observed wrong in me.' Whiston would have evaded the question, but the Queen was not to be denied. 'Why, then, Madam,' said Whiston, 'the people complain that you talk to the King when at chapel, instead of minding the service.' 'I believe,' answered her Majesty, 'there is some truth in what you say. But now tell me of another fault.' 'No, Madam,' said the old monitor, 'let me see you mend the first before I mention another.'—Memoirs of George IV.

TO THE POOR BOY.—Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no disgrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket, than hear one profane or vulgar word escape from your lips. No good boy will shun you, because you cannot dress as well as your companions; and if a bad boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my good lad, but walk on. We know many a rich and good man, who was once