

same county.' This provision of the Bill must prove an immense boon to our rural population.

Mere dram-shops are, by this Bill, compelled to close during the whole of Sabbath, and not to open sooner than eight o'clock in the morning or later than eleven o'clock at night during the ordinary days of the week. It also forbids the keepers of such places to 'permit any breach of the peace, or riotous or disorderly conduct within the said house or premises; and do not knowingly permit or suffer men or women of notoriously bad fame, or girls and boys, to assemble and meet therein; and do not supply liquor to boys and girls apparently under fourteen years of age, or to persons who are in a state of intoxication; and do not permit or suffer any unlawful games therein.'

With respect to inns and hotels, it forbids 'any drinking on any part of the premises belonging thereto, or sell or give out therefrom any liquors, before eight of the clock in the morning, or after eleven of the clock at night, of any day, with the exception of refreshment to travellers or to persons requiring to lodge in the said house or premises; and do not open his house for the sale of any liquors, or sell or give out the same, on Sunday, except for the accommodation of lodgers and *bona fide* travellers; and, lastly, do maintain good order and rule within his house and premises.' Provided always, that in localities requiring other hours for opening and closing public-houses, inns, and hotels than those contained in the said schedule, it shall be lawful for such justices or magistrates to insert in the said schedule such other hours, not being earlier than six o'clock or later than eight o'clock in the morning for opening, or earlier than nine o'clock or later than eleven o'clock in the evening for closing the same, as they shall think fit.

Thus, the keepers of inns or hotels are prohibited from supplying any party, excepting lodgers and travellers, with liquors beyond the hours specified, or upon Sundays to any but lodgers and *bona fide* travellers within the same. It is also declared that 'the expression "inn and hotel" in certificate (No. 1) [i.e., the inn or hotel license,] shall refer to a house containing at least four sleeping apartments set apart for the accommodation of travellers.'

The bill also provides that 'it shall be lawful for any police officer or constable at any time to enter into any public-house, or any house where refreshments are sold to be consumed on the premises; and any person who refuses to admit or shall not admit such police officer or constable into such house, or shall offer obstruction to his admission thereto, shall be deemed guilty of an offence, and shall for the first offence pay the sum of five pounds, with the expenses of conviction, or failing payment, the offender shall be imprisoned for a period of one calendar month; and for the second and every subsequent offence, the offender shall forfeit the sum of ten pounds, with the expenses of conviction; and in case such penalty and expenses shall not be paid within the space of fourteen days next after such second or subsequent conviction shall have taken place, then the offender shall be imprisoned for a period of two calendar months, unless he shall sooner pay such penalty and expenses; and it is hereby provided and declared, that the several penalties and terms of imprisonment may be mitigated by the court; provided always that by such mitigation,

such penalties and terms of imprisonment respectively shall not be reduced to less than one-fourth thereof.'

Such is an outline of the main provisions of this most important Bill, which has now come into operation. A Bill, however, can do nothing unless it is vigorously enforced. Even in America, the Maine Law is a dead letter in those towns where the friends of the temperance cause are few or inactive. To whom, then, are we to look for the enforcement of this measure? To the general community? No; much as they are cursed by intemperance, they are not yet fully alive to the importance of radical means of cure. To our magistrates or police officials? Many of them are most anxious to do their utmost, but they must be backed by a powerful public sentiment. It is with the members of our abstinence societies rests the execution of this law. We would therefore recommend that in every town where such a society exists a *moral police force*, consisting of abstainers, be established, that it shall be their object to see that the publicans literally comply with the conditions of their licence. The enforcement of the Sabbath clause must be especially attended to. It might be well, too, that in every case where a society possesses the means, two or three paid agents should be employed to devote their entire time to the duty of surveillance. We are aware that some societies are already making arrangements of this nature. Indeed, in certain towns and districts the entire duty must devolve upon the abstainers, as they have not even a single policeman to keep the publicans and their victims in order. We, however, leave the matter, with the utmost confidence, in the hands of those who are longing for our country's deliverance from the bondage of intemperance, and who have pledged themselves to the use of all lawful means of its suppression.—*Abstainer's Journal*.

The Famine Smitten

BY OSWALD MASELY

In the tears of the morning
The smiles of the sun
The green earth's adorning
Told spring had begun!
Warm winds donned their beauty wrought
Through long still nights,
And music of breezes brought
Flowery delights.

The humming leaves flash
Rich in light with sweet sound—
And the glad waters dash
Their spray spray round!
The woodbine up-climbing
Lought out pink and golden
And bees made sweet chiming,
In roses half-folden.

But where was that infant band,
Went in spring weather
To wander forth, hand in hand,
Violets to gather—
Whose hearts like plumed powers
Leap'd up from the sod—
Raining music in showers
As greeting a God?

Ah misery! they slept—
The dear blossoms of love—
Where the green branches wept,
And the grass crept above;
Melodious gladness
Throb'd in the rich air:
But the anguish of madness
Rent Poverty's lair.