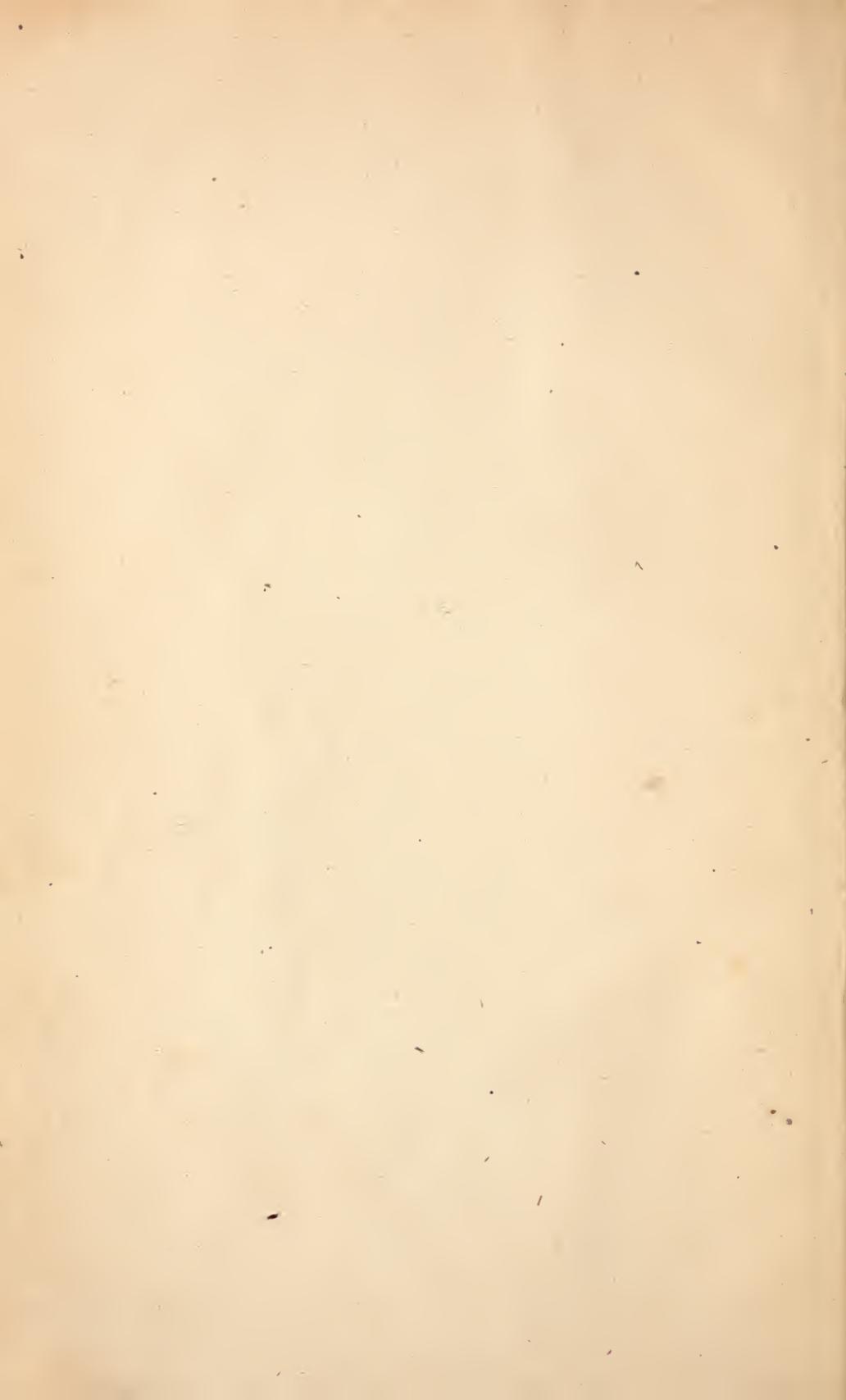
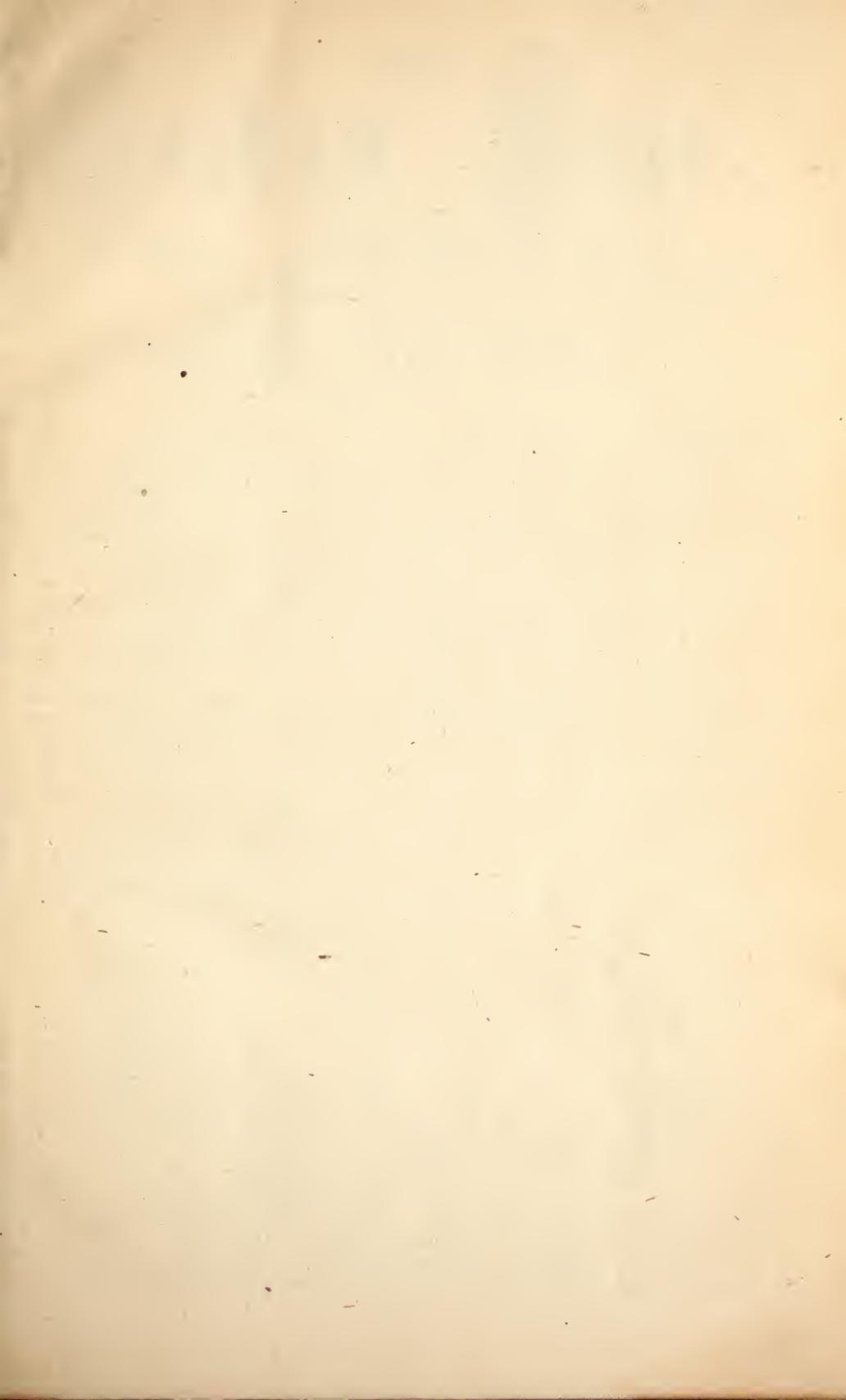


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Hunter
on Bank

Golden Rule.

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Original.

WEEK AFTER WEEK.

BY MRS. B. C. RUDE.

CHAP. VIII.

Edith Greene's grand-mother and mine were bosom friends. Edith's mother and mine were brought up from childhood with only a board fence between their homes. Being by nature congenial, and, by circumstances thrown into close companionship, their intimacy was complete. When it came to Edith and me, something like a hereditary predisposition, induced in us a mutual affection.

When I was a wee thing, I used to toddle over to Mr. Greene's of a Saturday, with my great doll on one arm and my cradle full of "little things" hugged close in the other. Edith was always watching on the fence. Mrs. Greene never scowled at Edith as she pushed open the kitchen door and held it wide for me to tug in my traps. She never set her at doubling yarn, or picking up chips, for fear we would have a good time. On the contrary, she always helped me unlead, unpinned my cloak, and kneeling down, hugged me up to her, just as a woman who loves children will do—then said quietly, "Now to the store room dears, and enjoy yourselves with all your might, you won't be children always." Mrs. Greene's "store room" was a little recess near the stove, with only a curtain dropped for a partition. It had been at some time, an old fashioned "bed sink" but now was devoted to the flour barrel, and to us. Behind that dear old faded curtain, we passed some of the happiest days of our lives. We played "visiting" and "meeting" and "school,"—just we two. No china tea set that I ever

saw could compare in beauty with the little tiny set that Edith found in her stocking one Christmas morning. We supped often together, and it was such an innocent sup, free from gossip and guile, and so healthy too, "ginger snaps," brown bread and butter and dutch cheese—Mrs. Green's dutch cheese—No "meeting's" that I ever attended, had to my mind, any more earnest simplicity in them, than our meetings in the store room. No school ever gave me half the pain at its breaking up, which I experienced when Edith and I graduated from the store room into long dresses. When I see as I do almost daily infantile feet pattering the streets belonging to little helpless beings, driven there by a mother, simply to be rid of their noise, I always think it would be better to drop a curtain and let them play in the "store room" or if it be summer, let them roll on the green grass and pick the roses and shout, if they will, just outside the door. "To be constant in virtue we need to remember that an All seeing eye is ever upon us. Manhood appreciates the fact. To childhood it must be exemplified in the watchful care of a parent.

It is a sad thing to launch a little innocent child out upon the sea of life before it has judgment enough to handle the oars with breakers just ahead, and no life boat near, manned by the strong arm of parental love.

If Mrs. Greene was pure to my childish vision, she was doubly so as she appeared to me in all her after life. It was in that home I early learned a holy hatred for intoxica-

tiring drink. Week after week, year after year, brought only a staggering husband to Mrs. Greene's threshold, accompanied many times by a gaunt specter, Poverty, who stared cravingly at the thin morsel doled out for their sustenance. Grief tells differently on different people. On those who bear it all themselves, the burden weighs down so heavily as to make the step slow and the eye dim, and this is the way we tell it.

Those who, like Mrs. Greene, lean on Jesus, only become more and more transformed into his heavenly image. It can be no light thing, however, to see the husband whom you accepted as a divine gift, first tarnish then corrupted, and, finally degraded into a thing so mean, as to reflect nothing but dishonor upon the divine giver.

Sadder still than this it must be, to watch the growing pallor of an only son, as the truth gradually breaks upon him, that he with all his boyish feelings and anticipations, is but a drunkard's boy. Worse than this it is, to have it flashed upon him suddenly through the well aimed satire of an insolent street urchin. Then the midnight watches about the tavern door—cold silent rounds—THEY fall upon this boy, but the knowledge that he does it for his mother's sake, warms him with a feeling akin to that patriotic glow which the sentry soldier feels while guarding his helpless comrades against an already on-marching foe. The mother, however, pales before the thought of what it costs that boy to guard her. Such a boy will be sure to go at his country's call when old enough to pass muster, and if he falls, it is a death knell to all hope of earthly support to the worse than widowed mother, to say nothing of the maternal pride crushed, and the maternal heart broken.

Mrs. Greene bore all this, together with her "mothers, share" of Edith's grief—and THIS was no light burden, for Mrs. Greene was a true mother.—Yet often, during that long week of my stay with her, she would say "God is exceeding kind, he has left me Edith." We are not apt at such times to think of what he has left us but what he has taken from us. She never complained. Her quiet was not due, however, to indifference. Oh! no! Her pillow was wet

with tears each morning. I slept close at her back, but could scarce have told she wept. There are many silent weepers in this world, and their tears, shall they not sparkle in the crown of their rejoicing like drops of dew among the flowers? If humility, kindness, and patient forbearance, covered with a godly fear, be requisites of a perfect christian character, then was Mrs. Greene such a character. Perhaps I am partial in my description of her, I know we are apt to over estimate the virtues of those we love, as well as the vices of those we hate. I always describe people however, just as they appear to me, I know of no better way of looking at men and things than through our own eyes, since God gave them to us for that very purpose. If I hear a lecture, I know whether I like it or not, without watching the wealthiest man in town to see how he likes it, then forming my opinion accordingly. If Mrs. X. rattles up to me in her silks, and, brushing my bare hands with her soft velvet cloak, asks me if I like a certain book I have just finished? I say, "yes" or "no" as the case may be, I don't evade a reply till I find how she likes it, and then like it the same way she does. God never intended that I should pin my opinions to your sleeves or you yours to mine. It was the great blunder of my youth to be everlastingly disgusting my silk and worsted friends by walking right into church, with some shabby little girl with a worn out hood, just because I happened to like her. For the life of me, I never could place my affection on "artificials" and "boot-blackening." In heavens name why can't we respect a man for what he is, and not for what he has on.

"Sairy Gamp" boasted of a Mrs. Harris, of whom she was exceedingly fond—an imaginary Mrs. Harris, however.

I have a genuine flesh and blood Mrs. Harris, black as your hat; whom I love, partly, perhaps, for the same reason for which "Sairy" loved her's. But more especially, because she's a sensible, honest, christian woman. When I return home from a long journey, she and her dear black man come to my house and shake both my hands, with a "God bless yer dear soul, I'se glad yer come back, pears like def round dese premises to have ye gone, we'se been

frettin' orful bout dis long stay."
It's an honest shake I give them in return,

I assure you, accompanied by as honest a
"God bless you" as ever escaped my lips.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me—
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing
tide.

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's blue—
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there,
The gate of the city we could not see—
Over the river, over the river,

My brother stands waiting to welcome me!
Over the river the boatman pale,
Carried another—the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet!

She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark—
We watched it glide from silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.

We know she is safe on the other side,
Where all the ransomed angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me,

For none return from those quiet shores.
Who crossed with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail,
And lo! they have passed from our yearning
hearts,

They cross the stream and are gone for aye:
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day.
We only know that their bark no more
Sails with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yct somewhere, I know on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.
And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it nears the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be—
When over the river the mystic river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

CHARITY.

Woman, with scorn on your beautiful face,
Radiant with velvet and satins, and lace;
Daintily lifting the snow of your skirt
Clear from the noxious and throng-trampled dirt;

Ily enough it becomes you to sneer
Thus, at the outcast that passes too near.

Shrink as you may from the touch of hershawl,
She is your sister—your sister for all.

Look at her brow; 'tis fair as your own;
Nor has her cheek its bright blushes outgrown.

Ere you shall fasten disgrace on her name,
Wait till you know the temptation that came.

If it were weakness, or if it were crime,
Or some light romance, to girlhood sublime.

Maybe she loved, as we woman do love,
Periling soul—aye, our birthright above.

Periling all for one low spoken word
Seraphs themselves never tremblingly heard.

Maybe she loved—the old story again,
Woven with transport, and passion, and pain,
And the bright gold that she clasp'd turned to
rust,
Till but a handful of dead-lying dust.

Mistiness lies in the blue of her eyes;
Ah, do you see, tis a tear in disguise.

Who knows the sobs that the night breezes
bear,

Sobs strangely like the wild wail of despair?

Sees she the iron bars hedging her track,
And, though her heart bleed, she may not go
back.

Nothing but scorn at society's door—
Nothing but thongs for the life, bruised and sore.

So the poor feet, goaded on with a curse,
Plunge into paths where the darkness gets worse.

So the spurned soul, groping down 'mid the
gloom,

Falters and falls into infamy's tomb.

[The following extract from a prize essay published by the R. W. G. L., of North America, is so replete with sound argument and truthfulness that we feel anxious our readers should have the benefit of it. This essay is published by the National Temperance Society. We wish it might be carefully read by every voter, by every church member, by every dram-seller, by every board of excise, by EVERY BODY.—ED.]

A FOE TO RELIGION.

It is a well-known fact that not more than one in eight (?) of our people are in the habit of attending places of religious worship. Would that be the case if the drink demon was banished? What hope have we of a change for the better while that demon impedes the way to the church? It not only keeps millions from the sound of the Gospel, but it annually drags down and bemires thousands of communicants, who, if this stumbling-block was removed, would be worthy and exemplary members. The church has no enemy out of perdition itself equal to a law-protected liquor traffic. In proof of this I might quote volumes of testimony from the most eminent divines. Such a task is quite unnecessary. All must see and realize that a license law is the most efficient and formidable weapon in the hands of Satan and his followers that has ever been invented. It is, in gamblers' phrase, their trump card—their right bower. So long as this is not wrested from them, they may defy the armies of the faithful, and perpetuate their malign dominion on this planet. This truth should sink deep into the hearts of all—the blessed reign of the Saviour will not; and without such a miracle as we have no reason to expect, can not be the happy lot of mortals here until the drink demon is cast out. We may pray for the coming of His kingdom, but it is idle to expect it while we are too lazy or too selfish to prepare the way by the dethronement of King Alcohol. It will not come, nor can "His will be done on earth as it is in heaven" until this fountain of moral pollution is dried up. There are more than twenty-five millions of unconverted souls in the United States, and the number of such will continue to increase until this insurmountable obstruction to their salvation is removed. That righteousness which exalteth a nation will be kept in everlasting abeyance unless this source of unnatural and unnecessary depravity is eradicated. Its eradication is

plainly the first and paramount duty of the church, a duty that could be very speedily accomplished by united and vigorous action.

Let the great evangelical churches adopt the Pledge as a rule of discipline, and success would be certain. Every church member should be a total abstainer, an advocate for, and a pattern of temperance. Such I am sorry to say, is not the fact. I am but too happy to acknowledge that there are religious organizations in connection with the Presbyterian, Congregational, and Baptist denominations, that require their members to assent to a pledge of total abstinence from intoxicating beverages. Could their noble example be followed by the whole Christian church, an overwhelming host would be marshaled on the side of right, having power to banish the drink fashion, together with all laws which protect it, and thus bid the human intellect move on. Let every professing Christian become an earnest teetotaler, and oh, what a change would burst on our enraptured vision! The dreary night of intemperance would break into a fairer and brighter morning than ever dawned on earth's inhabitants! I rejoice to know that a respectable portion of the best members of our churches are also members of temperance societies; but unfortunately, they are forced to go outside of their religious organizations to get into a strictly total abstinence association. So long as this is the case, there is reason to fear that a license law will be more popular than a prohibitory law. Could the ten million church members of the country all become earnest and consistent friends of temperance, Christianity, intelligence, virtue, liberty, and justice would make better progress in the next fifty years than has been witnessed since the downfall of the Roman Empire.

The church has now within its fold a million citizens, who are annually giving their suffrages to candidates for the different State Legislators who are the friends and sustainers of license laws. Let these be simply withheld from all such, and the thing is done. If the Christians of the country desire a prohibitory law, they can have it. It is not necessary to enter the political arena by organizing a political temperance party; though that is purely

a question of expediency, to be determined by themselves. For the present, in most of the states, they have only to stand manfully aloof, and refuse to vote for legislators who are for license and against prohibition. When the politicians come to see that there are a million voters, or even half that number, in the United States whose votes can not be had except on condition that the voters themselves shall receive such protection as civil government is designed to afford, be assured their just demand will be complied with. In the meantime let all resolve, that come what may to the parties with which they have heretofore been connected, they will not continue to steep their souls in guilt by voting for lawmakers who are not outspoken opponents of a liquor license. Let them bear in mind that the horrible evil is now, and ever has been, upheld by the votes of professed temperance men professing Christians, and that they have only to stand from under and let it fall. The world is in a slough of alcoholic debasement; the energies of the wise and good are paralyzed by it. The church has power to roll away the stone from our moral sepulcher, and bid humanity rise and go forth with a force and grandeur unknown to the race. Will she do it? or will she fold her arms and permit the tide of iniquity to surge on?

IT BLIGHTS OUR CHILDREN.

There is an old proverb which says, "If you let rum alone it will let you alone." The mere fact that it was ever accepted as truth, and passed current as such, is a striking evidence of a general and deplorable delusion. So darkened is the human understanding in regard to the effects of the drink custom, that many are unable to discover the deep injuries it inflicts on those who scrupulously avoid the custom, and on those who are two young to indulge in it. They do not appear to see that one toper in a family is enough to destroy the peace and happiness of every member of it, and often of others in his immediate neighborhood. What is equally strange and lamentable, they do not perceive the utter lack of security, to the lives, property, and well-being of a community, so long as there is a class of crazy-headed tipplers in it. The

more observant temperance men and women are awake to this truth, and they feel its terrible force constantly and intensely. Hence their irrepressible desire for some measure of defense and protection against the ever-recurring and ever-impending danger. It is this daily affliction, and continual dread of what may happen, that causes such a clamor for relief and which has finally resolved itself into a steady demand for a prohibitory law. In the nature of things, this demand, so obviously just, can never cease until its object is attained. It is the offending but deeply outraged sober class that call earnestly for it, as a means of protection from the unprovoked aggressions of toppers and sots. They feel and know that the first and principal object of government is protection—protection to the lives, the earnings, the peace, and comfort of each individual. It was for this that government was instituted. If the safety of the sober, the industrious, the useful, and helpless can not be secured against the assaults of the profligate and vicious, then government itself is an expensive sham and a useless burden.

Among the abused ones that appeal to our tenderest sympathies and awaken our deepest compassion are the neglected children of the drunkard. We can not be idle spectators of their oft forsaken and pitiful condition. We have no right to permit the numerous afflictions they are compelled to endure. Our very manhood should prompt us to rush to their rescue. What we can rightfully do for their relief, we are cowardly as well as criminal for not doing. A child has no control over the conduct of its parents, yet how much of the coloring of the whole long life of that child will depend upon the sobriety or drunkenness of its father! We have laws to shield children from abuse, but a license law nullifies them all. The state should be their guardian, but it scourges them with fathers made cruel and heartless in government dram-shops—its peculiar institutions. Alcohol is the only substance in nature that can extinguish parental affection, and this dehumanizing agent men are legalized to peddle out to such as have dependent little ones in charge! What a horrid perversion of law! What an outrage

upon humanity? Oh, shameful legislators! Do you not blush for your deeds when you contemplate the result in the cold and hunger, in the filth and disease, the lingering tortures and heart-piercing cries of your baby victims? Think of the millions of such, festering in our cities, pining from want in our villages, and suffering everywhere by the presence of rum. Think not to escape the burning brand your atrocities merit. If the poor drunkard can not enter the abode of the pure and the just, what chance is there for drunkard makers, especially for the worst of all drunkard makers, the framers and sustainers of our license laws?

IT MURDERS OUR WOMEN.

Though the evil spares none, there are four classes especially who suffer from intemperance: 1st. The drunkards themselves, who number at this time about a million in the United States, 2d. The sober men of the country, who are exposed to all kinds of violence and outrage from their drunken neighbors, besides having to raise annually a vast amount of taxes, which go to build poor-houses and jails, and to support the paupers and criminals made by the drink custom. 3d. The children of the drunkards, before alluded to, who may be fairly set down at two millions of innocent and helpless victims whose injuries from drunken fathers in an infinite variety of ways can be estimated only by the infinite mind of God himself. And 5th. The women of the nation, who are so unfortunate as to be the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of hopeless drunkards, a host of guiltless sufferers, amounting at a moderate calculation to at least three millions. It is of the last class that I would speak of now. The consumption of alcoholic beverage is confined almost entirely to men. But few women can be found, except in the very highest and very lowest circles that ever use them. Notwithstanding their almost universal abstinence, they suffer more from this vice than from all other evils combined.

The drunkenness of men has been the most prolific source of female misery for ages past. Reflect upon that immense load of grief and anguish that falls with crushing weight upon the gentler sex in our country! Think of the millions that have been the

innocent victims of intemperate connections, that have toiled and striven, and hoped and prayed, until a cold, sad despair has fastened upon their hearts! Misery is a slow murderer; but how often has its vulture tooth sunk deep into the female breast in consequence of the neglect, harshness, and abuse which daily spring from intoxication, until death itself has become a blessed relief!

Who has not seen a lovely young female, reared in the arms of parental tenderness, her heart swelling with the delusive hopes of inexperience, led forward into connubial life with prospects as bright and unclouded as a summer morning? Again have you not marked the melancholy, the fading cheek, and the anxious looks which told that agonizing suspicion as to him in whom centered all her hopes and affections, were busy at her heart, until the fatal truth burst upon her as she found herself fettered to pollution and clasped in the arms of living death embodied in a drunken husband! She struggles against cruel disappointment, degradation, and anguish until a kindly consumption gently leads her from earthly suffering to a premature grave! Her circling kindred and friends pour forth the tears of a mitigated grief as they behold this innocent victim of another's guilt released at length from the pangs of tortured affection and consigned to the narrow bed

"Where lowly grief and lordly pride
Lie down like brothers side by side."

Such cases are not unfrequent in respectable families. Take the following sketch, which, with some modifications and interpolations, was drawn by the master-hand of the Hon. Edward Everett. "A wealthy drunkard may have self-control enough to manage his property, and honesty enough to keep out of jail. He may fill what is called a genteel station in society, and yet he may be the very tyrant of his household, never pleased, never soothed, never gratified, when the utmost has been done by everybody to gratify him, often turbulent and outrageous, sometimes cruel, the terror of those he is bound to protect, the shame of those who would love him if they could. A creature of this sort does not take refuge in the poor-house, or drive his family to it, but the coarsest and hardest crust broken within

its walls is a dainty compared with the luxuries of his cheerless table. Such is the effect of intemperance in the families of those who are otherwise well off."

WASHINGTON'S WEDDING.

It is now some years since I visited a venerable edifice intimately connected with the life of a great man—old St. Peter's Church in New Kent county, Virginia, where Washington was married.

Let us leave for a moment the bustle, turmoil, and "rush" of the iron Age, and go back to the last century, when life was more deliberate, solid, and picturesque. The old church of which I speak takes you easily back, as you gaze at it; and there is the added interest of its association with the nuptials of Washington.

Old St. Peter's was built as far back as the year 1703, and is a long, low building, of "sun dried brick," brought over from England, as was then the habit, with a steep roof, and walls embrowned by age. A square tower rising above the open vestibule, on a level with the ground, and in this tower is the vestry-room, to which you ascend by a lofty flight of ancient and creaking steps. Crowning the tower is a sort of steeple, surmounted by crossed rods, bearing the letters "N. S. E. W.," and on the summit of all is a small portion of in old weather-cock, which probably veered in the winds of the last century.

The surroundings of the time-honored edifice are as antique as the building, which stand on its wooded knoll, with the sturdy air of a veteran, careless of "time and tide." On the bricks are carved names and dates by hands that have long crumbled. One of these dates is 1739. On a great tombstone beneath the oriel window, walled up, for some reason, is a coat-of-arms, raised in bass-relief—a shield, with a "lone star" upon it; above, a knight's vizard, with the coronet—of a duke or marquis apparently—encircling it; and, surrounding all, the grinning head of a wolf. On this stone, dark and durable as was the marble of that epoch, is cut the date "1716." Not a tracery has grown dim, not a letter or a figure is indistinct. The wolf's tongue lolls out fiercely; his eyes glare; his teeth snarl. The rain and snow and sunshine have fallen for a century and a half on the knightly helmet and the head of the wolf—and neither rain, snow or sunshine, has effected the iron surface.

These objects take you back to a remote

period, very unlike the present, when buildings, tombstones, and all things, seem constructed of transient materials. Another memorial of old times is the grove of great oaks around the church. What picturesque scenes these must have witnessed! Beneath their spreading boughs, generation after generation, rolled the chariots of the old-time Virginians, drawn by their four horses, and containing the squire, his wife, and maidens and children, attending church. To those boughs were tethered the bridles of thorough-bred horses, ridden by gallant youths. Yonder the chariots discharged their burdens—the pompous old lord of the manor, the good dame his wife, and the little beauty, their daughter, in her great hooped dress, square-cut bodice, powdered hair and red heeled shoes, which she displays as she raises her silk dress and scarlet "petticoat," as they called it then. You may see her still, in imagination, as she smiles and nods, slaying with her bright eyes, the youths in embroidered coats, long waistcoats, and ruffles, who hasten to assist her, and contend for the touch of the small hand.

All that has passed away; the youths and maidens are long dead. The parson no more sweeps down the vestry-stairs, or thunders or drones in his high tub-shaped pulpit above the listeners in the lofty pews. Square and dame and parson and gallant lover and little beauty live only in the memory of the great oaks, which wave above them, wave still, and will probably rustle their leaves in the winds of another century.

Such is and was old St. Peter's Church—an interesting relic, to-day, of a time that is long dead; interesting, more than all, as I have said, as having been the scene of Washington's wedding.

The incident which led to that event is worth narrating, and is something of a comedy. I hope, in relating it, I shall not be charged with "irreverence" to the memory of the famous bridegroom. He was a man of lofty pride, august dignity—a very grand type of manhood. But he was a man, not a demi-god, and "fell in love" at least twice in his life, like the humblest of his species. This was his second love, and something of a romance was connected with the origin of the affair.

It was in the spring of 1758. Mr. Custis, a planter residing at his estate called "The White House," was riding out one morning, when he met coming from the northward, a young gentleman of military appearance, excellently mounted, and accompanied by a

gaunt old servant, or sergeant, who rode respectfully a few paces behind his master. The new-comers were Colonel George Washington, on his way from Winchester to Williamsburg, and his attendant, Bishop, formerly Braddock's body-servant, now his own.

Washington was twenty-five at that time, and a young man of great sedateness and dignity. He was in chief command on the frontier, and saw or thought little of the fair sex. But, on this spring morning of 1758, "his time had come."

Mr. Custis greeted him, and invited him to stop at the White House. He would do so with pleasure, but it would be for half an hour only. His business was pressing; he must hasten on to see his excellency at Williamsburg. And conversing, they rode back, and reached the White House. Here Washington dismounted, and delivered his horse to Bishop, with orders to await him there; he would continue his journey in half an hour. Bishop saluted gravely, with hand raised to his hat; his master entered the house; and the half hour passed—the old servant waited patiently.

His master did not, however make his appearance. The event was unheard of. Colonel Washington was the soul of punctuality; he was on pressing business; what could be the meaning of this strange and unwonted delay?

An hour—two hours—passed. Colonel Washington did not reappear. But a servant came out, and delivered an order from him to the motionless old body-guard. He would conduct the horses to the stables; his master would dine, and possibly spend the night with Mr. Custis. Bishop obeyed—the world was clearly coming to an end!—and Colonel Washington was the guest of the owner of the White House.

On the next morning, in obedience to orders to that effect, Bishop saddled the horses, and waited before the door for the colonel, who designed setting out, he said, immediately. An hour passed; the colonel did not appear. Two hours afterward, there was still no signs of him. Then the servant came again, and directed the horses to be led back; Colonel Washington would remain to dinner, and then continue his journey.

The day was far spent when the young soldier made his appearance, and vaulted into the saddle. Tall, vigorous, graceful, and with a certain loftiness of port, even then distinguishable, he was a gallant looking cavalier—one whom any woman might admire.

One was gazing at him through the window—a young lady of about his own age, with rosy

cheeks, bright eyes, hair carried back from the forehead, and a neck, resembling snow, above the square-cut bodice. The young colonel reined in his spirited horse, nearly throwing him upon his haunches, made a courteous salute with his right hand (it was nearly the attitude of a bronze statue of him afterward), and galloped away, thinking probably of the bright-eyes and lips.

"Colonel George Washington, of Mount Vernon," had seen for the first time Mrs. Martha Custis, the beautiful young widow, who a year afterward was to become his wife.

Tradition relates that the ceremony took place in old St. Peter's Church, which we have referred to in the beginning of this sketch. The scene was a brilliant one, and may interest the reader. It was in January 1759. The Rev. Dr. Mossom, parson of the parish, attended in full canonicals, and the pair advanced, followed by a bevy of beauties and their groomsmen. Washington was clad in a suit of blue-and-silver, lined with red silk; his waistcoat was embroidered, his knee and shoe buckles were of gold; his hair was powdered; and he wore a dress-sword. The bride was dressed in white satin, with rich point-lace ruffles; had pearl ornaments in her hair; pearl necklace, ear-rings and bracelets; white satin shoes, with high heels and diamond buckles; and was followed, as has been said, by an array of beautiful and richly-dressed girls, leaning upon the arms of groomsmen, in costume as imposing. The vice-regal Governor of Virginia, in a suit of scarlet, embroidered with gold, with huge bag-wig and dress-sword, was seen in the midst of a number of officers of the English army and navy; and a great crowd of what were then called "the gentry"—friends and relations of the bride and groom—filled the church, all intent upon the interesting ceremony." One personage has been forgotten—Bishop, the faithful old body-servant. He, too, was present—tall, gaunt, solemn—in scarlet, with huge horseman's boots. With folded arms, and much emotion on his aged face, he gazed at the ceremony with the rest.

It soon ended, and the brilliant crowd flowed forth from the old church. Tradition relates that the bride and as many of her fair attendants as could do so entered the great chariot, which rolled off, drawn by its six spirited horses; while the bridegroom, fonder of horseback, mounted the splendid English charger bequeathed to him by Braddock, and cantered after the coach, attended by a number of gallant youths.

Such was the picturesque scene in the life of the venerable "Father of our Country." We see so much of the great soldier, statesman, and ruler, that it is pleasant to catch a glimpse of the lover and bridegroom. Why not? One phase of the individual—the public and official phase—presents only the profile; to obtain the full likeness, the other phase must be delineated, too. The unreasonable theory has been to regard George Washington as an abstraction of patriotism and virtue, when he was a man like other men, with strong passions and human sympathies and infirmities. The result has been that he has failed in a measure to impress *the heart*. Men admire, but are chilled by him—by that grand bronze statue under which a heart never beat. Such an idea is a fallacy. Few human beings have ever *felt* more deeply than Washington. He loved warmly, and, if he did not hate bitterly, it was because his moral nature revolted from hatred, of injustice, and his immense self-control enabled him to rule himself.

But this moral discourse is apart from the aim of the little sketch here presented. If that sketch be without "historic importance," it may claim, perhaps, the name of being characteristic. The contrast at least is something. Few men are left of that man's mould, and our weddings to-day are prosaic. Blue-and-silver coats, with red-silk lining, are not the fashion. Six-horse chariots have disappeared. The dress-swords have rusted away. All that brilliant life of the past has faded into the unpicturesque nineteenth century, and the poetry, splendor, and romance, have all turned to prose.

But the great oaks and the old church, lost in the wilds of New Kent, are still there. Beneath the trees flashed that brilliant *cortege* of old days—in that building George Washington placed the ring on the finger of his bride. All has passed away now; the stately and beautiful figures have long lain down in their tombs, but the stubborn trunks, with their leafy masses, and the church and tombstones, with their ancient inscriptions, remain to recall the life of the past.—[Appletons' Journal.]

THE chief difference between the rum-seller and the rum drinker is this, the rum drinker kills himself—the seller murders multitudes. No man has a right to take another man's life; nor has any man a right to shorten his own existence.—Total abstinence from all that intoxicates, never destroys human life or hastens death.

It preserves health, clears the intellect, corrects the morals, saves the money, promotes peace between man and wife, keeps the children at home, refines society, leads to the house of God, and thus directs to the better land.

Original.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

Woman's mission upon earth, is a beautiful one. Her work is high and holy, and she alone is qualified to perform it, and we doubt if angels in Heaven have a nobler mission to fulfill, than the one entrusted to woman. ANGELS do not walk upon the earth, to administer to the wants of the sufferer—to implant the germs of truth and virtue in the immortal soul and counteract the mighty influence of evil, for *this* great work is left for woman to accomplish.

Woman's mission is to do good *every where*, and thus make the world better, and wherever the mighty spirit of reform is at work, there is her place of labor. We doubt if a moral reform *could* be accomplished without her aid and influence. The greatest achievements in the cause of right, that have ever been obtained, owe much of their success to noble heroic woman, who labored with heart and hand for the grand victory. We doubt if our American Independence would *ever* have been won, or the late rebellion subdued so soon, had our true brave women remained passive and indifferent as to their duties and labors.

Wherever woman dwells she exerts a strange and mystic influence for good. Vice hides its hydra head at her approach, and the unholy lips that dare blaspheme God's name are mute and silent. She commands respect every where, even from the most depraved being. This clearly proves that her position in life, is far above that of man, and that her labors in the cause of right would be more successful. If her *presence* alone will hold evil in check, she must certainly be qualified for a noble work, and if so, why is she not allowed to go forth upon errands of love and mercy, and thus fulfill her mission. Why is she not suffered to exercise those God given powers that she possesses to make the world better.

Woman's intellectual perceptions are certainly as keen and penetrating as man's. She can dive just as deep into the arena of knowledge, and she can comprehend to the same degree:

the mysteries of science. Then why is she often looked upon as almost an inferior being, and termed the *weaker* sex. Why is her mission sometimes regarded as a vain one, when the highest and holiest work of earth is placed in her hands? With a mind of the same comprehensive magnitude as that of man, and possessing *greater* influence for good over all about her, why is she not allowed to go forth and work for God and humanity?

We would not have her assume position, where physical strength and endurance is required, for God never created her for this. We would not have her occupy *any* position that man would better fill, but we *would* have her labor in every place where she can exert her holy influence, to restrain evil, and advance the principles of right and truth.

Again woman controls society. Its moral tone is always governed by her, and if she seeks to raise it to a high standard she ever succeeds. This also demonstrates her power and capabilities to do good, and that her true mission consists in elevating mankind, and engaging in the grand work of reform.

The Nations that have regarded their women as inferior beings, and treated them as such, have sank the deepest into heathen darkness, and to-day have little or no preference over the brute creation, and those nations that have respected woman the *most*, and allowed her in some degree, to maintain her true position, are the farthest advanced in arts and science.

If woman's mission is to elevate the world to a higher degree of purity and nobleness, why may she not labor where reforms are *most* needed. If we have unholy laws that are not in conformity with God's commands, why may she not lend her judgment and wisdom in helping to make better ones. If vice and evil run riot in the "high places" of our national councils, why not admit woman there, that it may be held in check.

We truly hope that the day is not far distant when women will arrive to the lofty eminence for which she was created. That day will be a happy one for the world, for it will be the beginning of the "golden age"—The age in which evil will be beaten back with noble daring, and when *equality* will exist all over the earth.

THE gem of all others which encircle the coronet of a lady's character, is unaffected piety.

SMALL CAUTIOUSNESS OR, "JUST FOR FUN."

TRAGIC SPORT.

E. P. R., writes the following to the New York EVANGELIST, which illustrates well small Cautiousness and large Approbative-ness. The comments are worth thoughtful consideration.

In the last EVANGELIST there is the record of a sad and sudden death. An elegantly dressed young lady was standing in the midst of a group of friends and relatives near a railway station in Canada. With the usual rush and roar a train was speeding toward them. The giddy girl turned her laughing eyes toward the huge engine destined to play so eventful a part in her brief life. Lightly measuring the rapidly diminishing distance with a glance, she cried, I will run across the track for a pair of gloves." "O pray, do not!" exclaimed her friends. "O yes, just for fun," rang back the merry answer, and with step as light as rash she sped across the narrow fatal space. She feels the hot breath of the engine. It flutters the very curls on her temple, but her quick foot passes beyond the farther rail.

Is she safe? Alas, no! The flowing drapery of her dress is caught. She is dragged under the remorseless wheels, and in a moment the lithe, beautiful form is a crushed shapeless mass upon which even the most stolid must look with sickening horror and tearful pity. A young joyous, useful life thrown away, "just for fun!"

Do we turn shudderingly away from such an event? Alas, has not familiarity enabled us to look with almost indifference on a similar but far sadder fact, daily witnessed by many of us—that of many men and women throwing away their lives, body and soul, in the name of pleasure "just for fun?"

Look at that young man. His step is unsteady now, but with all the reckless disregard of reason and prudence that led to the result above narrated, he throws himself in the way of his fatal temptation, and at last reels into a drunkard's grave. And surely the graceful, womanly form of the ill-fated girl was not more crushed and marred than is the manhood of him who is thus trampled upon by the 'beast' intemperance. I appeal to all who know the world, who

observelife; not merely the thin varnish of appearances kept toward society, but LIFE in its reality and final issues. What does a certain style of pleasure end in—the pleasures that thrive best, and are most discussed in the peculiar atmosphere of the bar-room? I care not whether the bar-room be on Fifth Avenue, in Mackerelville, or some eminently respectable elm-shaded New England village. You need not ask your minister. Ask your honest family physician.

As night falls, and the bustle of labor ceases in our cities, places devoted to pleasure are lighted up, and blaze forth with their cheap tinsel made gorgeous by gas. In the name and pursuit of pleasure, amusement, fun, every law of God, nature and reason is broken with reckless impunity for awhile. God and nature are both patient. Tens of thousands of men and women are in eager pursuit of false vicious pleasures. They give themselves up to them. The wealthy throw around them the glamor of fashion and the semi-respectability given to sins when committed in a brown-stone front; and so all the way down to the low Irish dance house with its accessories, each one, with the same depraved unnatural cravings seeks the best his money will buy. What are the certain consequences? the inevitable results? Look into the statistics of city hospitals. Ask up-town physicians. Disease—death in forms too awful and revolting to think of.

The poor Canadian girl had her brief moment of delicious excitement as she brushed death too closely with her flowing robes. Those devoted to fast, vicious life have their brief period of feverish pleasure, wherein not happiness, but a false lurid vision of it, dazzles and deludes for a little time, and then vanishes forever. Then comes the dreary leaden future—life ever seeming like a morning ball-room, soiled, trampled, foul, the garlands torn and withered, the lights out, the guests gone, a dismal place where only regret can thrive. Patient outraged nature turns sharply upon her insulter, and from the disease-racked body takes full redress. Then conscience awakes and storms at the perverse heart that has lost earth and heaven, and true happiness for both worlds. It points a man, first to the holy

God, then to his own guilty life, and the contrast is frightful. Alas for those who then cannot see the gentle Saviour standing midway with hands stretched out in reconciliation! Have you often seen the end of those who lived for pleasure? If so, you can look upon the tragedy at the Canadian railway station with cheerful resignation. Death came to its victim there swift and pangless. But to those who, more recklessly, throw themselves in the way of temptation to vicious pleasure, it comes with the same certainty, and with slow torturing advance that crushes soul as well as body.

Christians, pray for those who with strange infatuation prefer a brief excitement, a few fleeting sensations, to an eternity of bliss in heaven. God pity those who are throwing away body and soul in the pursuit of pleasure, "just for fun."—[Phrenological Journal.

Original.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

The overwhelming fear in the minds of a certain class is thus expressed. "Allow woman to vote and you must give her office, in which case she must mingle, more or less, with rough degraded men, by whose influence she will be contaminated, and the standard of her virtue lowered until her innate purity of character finally be lost. She will become base and sensual as men now are, results the most disastrous to human interests will be inevitable." Thus the present agitation of the question of female suffrage calls out anew the old worn out harangue on the inherent superiority of women, in refinement and morals.

Now it is one thing to make assertions, and quite another to produce arguments. In the first place, so far as observation has extended, no such superiority, by nature, exists in women as a class. I have seen drunken men and drunken women; I have read of murderers and murderesses; I have known of thieves, robbers and knaves of both sexes; I have known the licentious and vile of both sexes; I have known inebriated fathers and brutal mothers, and I cannot say that, in any case, crime has appeared less hideous or more angelic from having been embodied in the female form, or vice versa in that of man. I

conclude, therefore, that the assumption of woman's inherent superiority in morals has no foundation in fact, and consequently the above objection to her enfranchisement is wholly without weight as it should be without influence. The class above referred to, are ever prating of the wonderfully restraining influence which women now exert over men, but seem wholly to lose sight of it in their contemplations of the future with female suffrage. The entire base of their calculation seems to be changed, for all their fears for the future rest upon the superior influence which men are to exert over women, though how such change in the relative power of influence is to be effected, is left quite unexplained.

Again, it is far from being clear that women would mingle with men more than now, even in the event of her holding office, for women would be where women had liberty to go the same as now. We are now obliged to hold private councils with Dr's and Lawyers if our health or estate suffers, whereas if women filled these professions we should be obliged to do neither.

But if woman were brought into more immediate contact with the vile of the opposite sex, where is the reason to suppose she would be less a woman in consequence! Certainly if she is inherently virtuous and good, would she feel the necessity of devising some plan for reforming the depraved and at once set about executing it; and with the added power of the ballot would she be able to accomplish such reforms more speedily and successfully. Crimes which men wink at or openly defend, because their baser passions clamor for indulgence, might be, at least greatly diminished, and their attendant social nuisances abated, were woman invested with the civil and political power which her enfranchisement would give.

It is no matter of surprise that woman is given to folly, gossip and fashion, if we stop to look after the cause. Possessing all the intellectual faculties of man, with perhaps greater activity, she must allow them to run out in some direction, and being excluded from those ennobling pursuits in which men acquire their solidity of character, she must of necessity confine herself to the more cramping and belittling pursuits which alone

are left open to her. It is a fact which none will deny that not one woman in fifty can tell anything of the science of our government or of its practical workings. Is it because she has not capacity to understand it? Is it not more reasonably because she has no incentive for making herself acquainted with it? Might we not conclude that the new relations confirmed with the ballot would so occupy her attention as to keep her aloof from the common gossip and fashionable twaddle so disgusting to the truly great, and into which she now so constantly runs?
WOMAN.

FASHIONABLE WOMEN.

Fashion kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave woman at her task will live and grow old, and see two or three of her mistresses fade and pass away. The washerwoman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters all extinct. The kitchen maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby.

It is a sad truth that fashion-pampered women are almost worthless for all the good ends of life; they have but little force of character; they have still less power of moral will, and quite a little physical energy. They live for no great ends. They are dolls formed in the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. They dress nobody, they bless nobody, they save nobody. They write no books, they set no rich example of virtue and woman's life. If they rear children, servants and nurses do all save to conceive and give them birth. And when reared what are they? What do they ever amount to, but weaker scions of the old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue and power of mind, for which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our great men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprang from strongminded women, who had about as little to do with fashion as with the changing clouds.

DISTILLERIES AND GROGSHOPS.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in one of his recently published sermons on the "Authority of Right over Wrong," presents, in a very forcible manner, and in his inimitable and peculiar style, the following thoughts on the rights of suppressing distilleries and grog-shops:

"I have a good deal of a certain sort of kind feeling for wicked men. I am sorry for them. Looking at them in one way, I have sympathy with them. I would serve them if I could. I would do all in my power to make them better. But, on the other hand, if they assume superiority over me, and tell me to hold my peace, I have forty men's spirit of indignation roused up in me! The idea that these very men I know are exhaling from Stygian morasses a pestilential miasm which is poisoning my children, and my neighbors children—the idea that they should arrogate superiority over me, and tell me to hold my peace. makes my blood boil! If a man should open a sty under the Heights, the signatures of all the men in the neighborhood would be obtained, declaring it a nuisance; and it would be abated quickly. When it is something that smells in the nose, men understand rights and duties, and they say, "No man has any business to create a nuisance in our midst;" and they resort to measures for compelling the offender to remove that by which he offends. Let a man start a mill for grinding arsenic, and let the air be filled with particles of this deadly poison, and let it be noticed that the people in the neighborhood are beginning to sneeze and grow pale, and let it be discovered that this mill is the cause, and do you suppose he would be allowed to go on grinding? No. Men would shut up his establishment at once. And yet, men open those more infernal mills of utter destruction—distilleries, and wholesale and retail dens, for liquor; and you can mark the streams of damnation that flow out from them; and yet nobody meddles with them. One man is getting carbuncles; another man is becoming red in the eyes; another man is becoming irritable, and losing his self-control; another man is being ruined, both in body and mind; multitudes of men begin to exhibit the signs of approaching destruction; and the cause of all this terrible devastation may be traced to these places where intoxicating drinks are manufactured and sold. You would not let a man grind arsenic; but you will let a man make and sell liquor, though arsenic is a mercy compared with liquor. And I say that you have no right

to suffer to exist in the community these great centers of pestilential influence that reek and fill the moral atmosphere with their poison. In these sections of the West where chills and fever prevails, counties combine and drain the swamps from which it comes. And in cities, and thickly settled places, you have a right to suppress distilleries and grog-shops. You have not only a right to do it, but as you love your country, your city, your fellow-men, your children, and your own selves, it is your duty to do it. It is your business to set your face against every demon that possesses man, and say. "By the authority of Christ I command thee to come out!"

GOOD DOCTRINE.—Love your enemies! Go straight on and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one had a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks, is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark: "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellow talk—there will be but a reaction, if you perform your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you, will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

"Here, my dear, drink a glass of wine." said a lady as she handed a glass of champagne to a bright boy.

"No, thank you, ma'am, I belong to the Cold Water Templars" replied the boy.

"I'll give you a dime if you'll drink it," said a gentleman who wanted to test the little teetotaller's strength.

"Oh no, sir," replied the boy, "I would not break my pledge for a hundred dimes.

Noble young teetotaller! How many of our readers are as true as he?

THOS. K BEECHER ON WINE.

Is a wine and liquor room necessary at a gentleman in Elmira: Is it stylish? Is it right?

Good men differ as to the use and value of intoxicating drinks. But all will agree that if they are ever quite unnecessary it is at gay festivals which are already over rich with excitement.

We appeal to party givers and party goers against this most unnecessary and hurtful use of stimulus.

Gather under one roof one hundred healthy, happy people, and the mere gathering is a vortex of excitement. Add now, tea, coffee, bright lights, music, dress that sets off either sex to the fascination of the other; add also, the dance, late hours, and the fever that supervenes when sleep is postponed—here is too much already. To add more is wicked. Without the wine and liquors, the cheeks of all are flushed, and their eyes flash and shine; talk multiplies and laughter grows loud, as the merry dance goes on. That fire needs no fanning, it is hot enough now. Shut up your liquor room and lock it.

To party goers we have a word. Already several men and a few women of respectability are *whispered about* as having been overcome by strong drink at recent parties. Their names have been offered us, We do not wish to know them and we do not.

A young man often supposes himself more entertaining when he has tasted a little punch, or sipped a glass of sherry. He certainly seems more fluent and showy. But to others he seems only a little noisier than common. Wine is a mocker. He is fooled by it. The witty remarks of wine drinkers, except in the very highest circles of education and intelligence, are usually flat and often worse.

Young man, go to the girl you talked to at the last party. Go to her with a face in which she can read your honor and earnestness, and ask her to tell you truly if she was not ashamed of your company the latter part of the evening. Depend upon it, neither party-givers nor party-goers are otherwise than cursed by that drink-room.

Who that has come to the age and honors of a house-holder does not know the extreme dangers that attend upon every moderate drinker? How then can any house-holder dare to set before young men the sparkling fascinations of the drink-room.

We repeat: Differ as men may as to the value of intoxicating drinks, all must agree that

the excitement of fashionable dress and dancing parties is full high and hot without help from wines and whiskeys.

DON'T STEP THERE.

Some one thus writes in the Christian Advocate:

A layer of snow was spread over the icy streets, and pedestrians, shod with India-rubbers, walked carefully toward the village church on a cold Sabbath morning in February.

Walking somewhat hastily churchward, for I was late, I noticed a bright looking little lad standing upon the pavement, with his cap in his hand, and his eyes fixed upon one spot upon the sidewalk. As I approached him he looked up to me, and, pointing to the place, said,

"Please don't step there, sir; I slipped there and fell down."

I thanked the philanthropic little fellow, and passed around the dangerous spot.

"Don't step there," was the theme of my meditations during the remainder of the walk.

A thousand times since has the clear voice of that kind hearted-child rung in my ear, reminding me of my duty to those around me, and urging me to repeat it, wherever it promises to be useful. "Please sir, don't step there."

SOBER REFLECTION.—If I drink what is called moderately, I may be led, like many others, to drink to excess; but if I drink none at all there cannot be the least possible danger.

If I take a little, others that follow my example, being weaker, or not so careful as myself, may be led on to drunkenness; but if I entirely abstain, I set an example which is safe for every body to follow.

If I drink but a little, and keep a small stock for my friends in the way of hospitality, it will cost a considerable sum of money; but abstinence is a cheap system, and tends to promote economy among all, over whom it may exercise any influence.

If I take my glass, I cannot prove nor recommend my own example to the drunkard with effect; but if I am a total abstainer, I can do so with confidence and a hope of success.—[Livesey's Half page Tracts.]

SPEECH OF VICE-PRESIDENT COLFAX.

At Baltimore, on the 23d ult., Mr. Colfax visited the fair in aid of the Inebriate Asylum, and delivered the following address:

Mr. Mayor, Ladies, and Gentlemen:—My visit to this city—the monumental City of the United States—this evening, is to some extent accidental. Passing through it, on my return to the Capital of the nation, I stopped to visit valued friends in your midst, intending to go on this afternoon: but could not decline the kind and courteous invitation I received from the officers of this fair to tarry a little while longer, so as to be present at the inauguration of the first fair within my knowledge in the Union for the benefit of an inebriate asylum. A work of benevolence and of humanity toward brethren like this should enlist every heart that is touched with the feeling of human infirmity. There is a question that comes down to all of us through the centuries, from the very birth-place of mankind—full of momentous interest to every one upon this footstool of God. It is that question which Cain asked of the Almighty—not as a question, but a defense against the arraignment for his crime to his brother. It was “am I my brother’s keeper?” In every civilized land throughout the globe—in every civilized nation, and state, and community, the answer comes back to that question, “You are your brother’s keeper.” It is a responsibility that none of you can deny or evade. Every statue that you find on your statue book for the punishment of crime and fraud is an answer to the question, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” Every jail and prison that cast their gloomy shadows over the land, every sheriff and police officer, are the answer that the community makes to that question, as old as mankind itself. And besides this, and better than this, every reformatory and amelioratory institution that blesses this land of ours is the answer that we give to the question that comes to us from almost the Garden of Eden itself. In the institutions of which we are so justly proud, where the mind is restored to those whose reason has been dethroned, in the asylum for the insane—in those institutions where the blind are almost made to see, the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear—in every institution for the relief of the poor and distressed, we have the answer of society to the question, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” And in this noble work which you have inaugurated here tonight for those who have been the deluded and self-destroying victims of the temptation that

besets even the most gifted in our land is the answer benevolent in the state of Maryland that they are their brother’s keeper. [Applause.] God speed you—God bless you in the noble work. You shall have your reward—not in gold and silver, not fame and reputation—for yourselves; but in that land where the streets are gold and the gates are pearl, and the walls are jasper and sapphire—where every deed of humanity throughout the world is recorded in that Book of Life which shall never be destroyed. In this world of ours, four years later, spoken by the lips of Him as never man spoke before, the answer was again given to this question, one which was announced as the second great commandment, “thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” That answer was imprinted upon us in words as eternal as the adamant, in letters of living light. In this world of ours, springing as we all do from the hand of a common Creator, believing as we do in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, every one whom you meet on your pathway, is your brother. They may be poor; they may be humble, criminal, or fallen; but they are brethren of the same dust; pilgrims on the same journey, travelers to the same tomb. If God has blessed you with strength of will, that you have been enabled to fortify yourselves; it is for you to lift him up from the depth to which he has fallen, and put him upon his feet, and to redeem him, if possible from a living death—worse even than the death of the tomb. Do you say here that you, this intelligent populace before me, are proof against this temptation, by which so many have been enthralled? Go back in your own memory, and bear testimony, every one of you, if I say not the truth, and answer if there is one before me, looking back in the years of the past, that fails to find some friend or relative, near or remote, who has fallen a victim to this foe of mankind? Do you say that you have strength to resist this temptation? If you are willing to dally with it, I confess I do not feel that strength myself. Look at the history of some of the most brilliant minds in past years of your State of Maryland, at the history of the great men of every state of this land. The noblest intellect has not preserved some of your citizens from the thralldom of this vice. The most brilliant intellect and the greatest learning have not given strength to resist the wiles and snares of this tempter. They have fallen victims to it, as they have elsewhere in the world. Not the coronet on the brow of the noble, nor the crown.

on the head of the monarch, nor the ablest judicial talent, nor the most brilliant statesmanship, have preserved them from this seducing sin. There is, however one class in community which it never attacks, who are proof against this temptation. It is the miserly, it is the stingy, the penurious and tight-fisted, who are free from the evil. It is the warm hearted, the social man, who cannot resist the temptation of a social glass—the genial man, the generous man, whom this tempter makes its victim. It assails all classes alike. You can find it crouching at the hearth-stones of the poor; and it casts its gloomy shadow over the marble mantles of the rich. I tell you, my friends, there is only one way in which you can resist the temptation. There is only one talisman; and that is “Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing.”

In the early years of my manhood, when I saw a young friend who had been traveling the same pathway with myself—when I stood by his bedside, and saw his soul leave his body, calling upon God to curse his soul in his delirium—I for one resolved that I would turn my back upon it henceforth and forever. [Applause.] It is the true pathway in private life, in public life, in social life, and in individual life; and I rejoice, here, that your hearts have been moved to organize this noble act, worthy of all commendation and worthy of all honor.

I will not extend these remarks or detain you longer; but I cannot leave you without telling every one of you that there is a glory that can be won in martial life, in civil life, or in political life. He who stands in the pass between sobriety and intemperance, and turns back his fellow man from the pathway to a drunkard's grave, restores him clothed in his right mind to a worse than widowed wife and worse than orphaned children, shall win a greater glory than the peans of victory sung to a Cæsar, the acclamations that hail the mightiest of earth, or even the world wide fame that clusters around the name of Leonidas, the hero of the Thermopylæan pass. For he may save not only a life, but an undying soul. However narrow or wide your sphere in life may be, there is work for all. And it will bring its rewards to your own heart, as well as memories that will survive long after the funeral church flowers have blossomed over your grave. George Peabody, your honored townsman for many years, when he died, had the whole civilized world mourners at his tomb. [Applause.] It was not brilliant talent, nor heaped-up wealth, for which he was

honored, and for which national vessels are bearing his remains across the ocean to be interred in his native land. But it was because he sought to make those less fortunate than himself happier for his having lived in the world. It is a noble example, worthy to be followed by all to the full extent of their power. And it is in a spirit akin to this that this noble charity was conceived.

I will not detain you longer, except to quote an allegory of Mahommed from the Koran, through a false prophet, left behind him many teachings far in advance of the barbaric age in which he lived. Said Mohommed, “When a man dies, the people, as they cluster around his grave will ask, “What, property has he left behind him?” And they do so to this day. “But the angels, as they bend over his grave, inquire, “What good deeds has he sent before him?” Need I ask you which is best of these two records to live for. and to die by? And, if you will, by precept and example, by influence and aid, as you have opportunity, you shall win a fame more enduring than earthly honors and better than that of warrior, statesmen, or sage.

Original.

A PLEA FOR CHARITY.

One evidence, I fully believe, of the dawn of the millennial day, will be the general disposition to overlook and forget the sins of the fallen and the manifestation of a desire to help them in their attempt to rise.

As this Magazine is a woman's paper, published by women, and in the interests of women, I shall address you my sisters, in what I have to say in this article, and if there is truth in my words will you please make a personal application of them each of you who read them for I mean *you* as well as myself in the few words I have to offer.

I fear but very few of us would be found guiltless, if we would candidly review our lives and enquire if we had never by word or deed done aught to prevent the degraded child of sin from seeking a better life. Some soul may even now be crying from the depths of despair, from some lower deep into which they have fallen, “I would not have been where I am, but when my heart prompted me to do better, and I had resolved to reform, no one came forward to help me, none seemed to care for me, and even when I tried to speak of my better wishes I was met with such cold scorn, contempt or indifference that my heart was chilled and I sought to drown in unhallow-

ed pleasure the promptings of an awakened soul to lead a righteous life."

We are all too prone to gather up the skirts of our garments as we pass by, lest we should be contaminated by their touch and preach at them, or, more frequently, about them, instead of opening wide our arms and with hearts filled with love even for the meanest and vilest of God's children, bid them walk in the road that leads to the good Father's house. If God loves them why should not we? That he does love them we know, because he sent His Son to die for them that he might lead them to the light. "I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance," Christ says, and to show the sincerity of his love, he did not go afar off beckoning them to come, or say to his companions "what vile creatures those are, I will have nothing to do with them," but mingled with them freely, thereby bringing reproach upon himself because he ate with publicans and sinners. Did He not say to the woman caught in sin when none were found so righteous as to cast the first stone at her, after His soul searching remarks to them, "neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more," He in His great compassion and all pitying love could feel how easily she was tempted and how weak to resist. Would she not be more likely to be led to forsake her evil ways, when she found there was *one* eye to pity, *one* heart to love her, than if he too had joined the unthink-

ing crowd in bitter and violent denunciation. Oh could we look into the hearts of our fallen sisters, could we see how they have struggled to rise and their efforts, only been met with a sneer, could we know something of their bitter experience and how they may have longed to lead a different life, but had none to reach out a helping hand and show them the way, our hearts would soften somewhat and we should find ourselves changing from the Pharisee to the Samaritan, and be ready to pour the oil and wine of christian love and sympathy into their bruised and bleeding hearts. Let us turn our thoughts inward, for a moment and ask ourselves what *we might have been* if we had been born under less favorable circumstances, been surrounded by evil influences and vicious companions, how do we know we should have been less guilty than those whom we now condemn. Let us think how we would feel were we in their places to have the finger of scorn continually pointed at us and every attempt to rise met by a cold repulse. If the application of the Golden Rule is ever needed it certainly is here and even as we desire to have our own short-comings overlooked, let us be willing to cast the mantle of charity over the faults of others. While we condemn the sin, let us try to redeem the sinner, remembering the words of Paul "And now abide faith, hope and charity, but the *greatest* of these is charity."

A.

LOOKING TO THE CROSS.

BY ANNIE HERBERT.

Weak, and weary, and alone,
While the night winds sob and moan,
Low I bend before the shrine
Of the Sinless and Divine;
Friend of friends! to Thee I call,
For Thou givest grace to all!

I am wandering like a child
Lost in forest mazes wild;
Tangled are the paths I tread,
Dim the stars shine over head,
While my weary feet must press
Through the thorny wilderness.

And they gave this bitter cup
Who had smiled and held me up;
Wounded even by friendship's hand,
Faithless in an alien land,
All my help is gone from me!
All my woes I bring to Thee!

O, Thou pitiful and kind!
Touch my eyes that art so blind,
Lest I lay my burdens down.
Lest I yield the victor's crown,
For one moment to be blest
With the charm of quiet rest!

Now Thy life unveiled I see,
In its solemn mystery;
All Thy weariness and pain,
Journeying by land and main,
While Judea's burning sun
Paused not for the Holy One.

Paused not till the fearful hour
Of temptation's utmost power,
When the crimson drops fell free
In the vale, Gethsemane!
And a kiss was given for gain.
And the prince of peace was slain.

LORD! Low trifling seems my loss,
Brought before Thy sacred Cross!
Grieved I weep for blossoms dead,
And will not be comforted;
Thou hast borne the throes and tears
Wrung from earths unnumbered years!

Suffering SAVIOR! make me calm,
Through the minor of life's psalms!
Let my heart be turned to prayer
And in pity help me bear
Burdens that sometime may be
Wings to bear me up to Thee.

Original.

Life Sketches of Mrs. R. H. Spencer,

STATE AGENT AND NURSE FOR FIELD AND HOSPITAL IN THE LATE CIVIL WAR.

Young Horton, not yet accustomed to the uniform and unpalatable army rations was in the practice, with many others in camp, of purchasing from the Sutler, pies, cakes and such other luxuries as he might be able to furnish them from his tent of stores. More or less of the men comprising our Reg., were suffering from home-sickness for home fare, there were a great number of them however who were influenced from the advice given by old veterans in the service "to abstain from the craving desire, (the natural result of the restrictions in army life) for pastries, canned sweet-meats, and all variety of stuffs furnished and presented in tempting array before them by the sutlers of the army, and to adhere to the army fare and wholesome food (when they could obtain it,) if they wished to remain healthy and become hardy rugged soldiers." Horton with others considered the restrictions unnecessary and the good counsel of old soldiers uncalled for, and entirely out of place, threw advice to the winds, and gave free range and wide scope to the urgent appetite which was constantly reminding them of the different and various kinds of dainties which could be procured from the store of the Sutler, the consequence was adding to this the unaccustomed exposure of heat and cold, the change of climate and poor water, the most of them were attacked with bowel complaint or fever. Horton was one of the sufferers brought into Hospital for medical care. Notwithstanding the premonitions already given them by the fever heat, and wasting of flesh, they still continued to procure (by aid of others when unable to go themselves) the food which was assisting disease to sap what little vitality yet remained in their weakened systems, they would obtain and hide it in their beds and among their clothing, and when unperceived by the nurses would devour it ravenously, such was the iron control this morbid appetite held over them that no power of reasoning or persuasion could prevent them from gratifying it whenever an opportunity presented. Thus the effect of medicine given them was destroyed or weakened and, they

were failing day by day, many reduced to skeletons, and some to death.

My husband said to me one day, Old man Horton has got to die, the Doctor says he must die, as medicine fails to effect him one particle, nothing more can be done for him, he will die. He had become attenuated to a mere bundle of bones and sinews, frightful to behold, and when attempting to walk would reel or stagger like a drunken man. The constant craving for something different from army or hospital food had become a mania with him, it seemed impossible to restrain it, it was beyond his control to all appearance in his present state. I considered upon his case a few moments and then sought Mr. Coe and asked if I might be permitted to attend to Horton entirely and try the effect of diet without medicine. The doctor replied that he would be satisfied for me to do so as medicine would do him no good. I then went to the Ward, found my patient, and started him by saying, "Horton the Surgeon says you must die, he can do you no good for you continue to eat of the Sutlers supplies, no matter how stale, unhealthy and poisonous to your system in its present state of derangement, you will have to give your life through your weak gratification to a diseased appetite. I think your health can be restored if you will submit to the strict and scanty diet which I will prescribe for you. I shall starve you for drink as well as food for a few days, and you must not ask for more than I see fit to give you, and during the time prescribed if you eat of anything which I do not prepare for you I will leave you to the consequences of your indiscretion." He was anxious to live, I had given him a shock which had aroused him to a sense of his danger, I had succeeded in my plan of action beyond my utmost expectations, he was willing to submit to any course or restraint which I might impose upon him, and promised to faithfully follow my direction. His tent-mates Abram Vandish and others, pledged themselves to watch and aid him to keep his good resolutions—his diet was to b

his tin cup of boiled milk three times per day—this was all I promised him for three days, and then if we succeeded in checking the diarrhea as we hoped we might, he could have a small bit of toasted cheese and a slice of bread in addition to the milk.

I left the ward feeling strong hope that with God's assistance he might yet be saved to reach his home and friends again. The three days passed, on the morning of the fourth day, I heard a rap on the door of my tent, upon asking who was there, the reply was, "it is me Horton I am better, can I have my rations increased." I assented most readily for it had been torture to know that he was hungry and I must refuse to give him enough to satisfy nature. Each day came to him with improving health, and an increase of rations. The disease was conquered, he lived to go through three years struggle—lived to go home to his friends, and now resides in Oswego, and has subscribed for the GOLDEN RULE.

Our tent was next the hospital wards, that we might be near our charge when needed. The Surgeon's tent not far away. Ours was what they call a wall tent, about ten feet square with a fly or second covering for the roof to protect it from the rain and extreme heat of summer, as it was fall and we were not having unsufferable hot weather and my tent shedding water right well, I concluded to have the fly placed in front of the tent to serve both as an awning and to make room for our table as I occupied the tent for my sleeping apartment and store room for medicines, edibles, and clothing. My table was two long boards, the ends of which (at first) were placed upon barrels and boxes, afterwards we had branches cut from the trees, one end sharpened to drive in the ground, the upper part being the meeting of two branches, upon this limb forming a notch wherein to lay a pole, two of these limbs were driven in the ground about three feet apart and across them a pole was laid to support the board at one end, this made two legs of the table, the other two were arranged in like manner, and the whole was firmly supported. My bedstead was made in the same way, only of still heavier material, the slats of which were poles. The feathers composing my bed were boughs

cut from forest trees, most of the time, sometimes straw was obtained and a part of the time during the war I had a feather-bed of that I will speak hereafter. My pillow I had taken with me from home. My first candle-stick was a bayonet taken from a gun, the dagger point put in the ground and the socket by which it was fastened to the gun served as a holder for the candle. This room of mine with cotton walls and roof was my sanctum and place of rest.

The Chaplain had service on the first sabbath after our arrival and continued the worship of God whenever opportunity and circumstances permitted. He was truly a sample of the true christian, constantly doing good wherever he went. Beside ministering to the diseased minds of his charge, he also proved to be an efficient Physician for the sick body. I repeatedly found him kneeling beside the straw bed of the suffering, wiping the large sweat drops from the brow of the tortured patient, and bathing the fevered and delirious head while soft and soothing words of sympathy would fall from his lips. His pleasant manner and cheering voice always seemed to impart comfort and peace to the troubled mind of the sick men to whom his words were addressed and had the apparent effect of making both soul and body happy and hopeful. Oh, how often my thoughts went out to Almighty God in thanks that he had induced so good a man as our chaplain Elder Chapin to go with us. He has gone to his rest, he gave his life to the cause, and many mourn him as their past-benefactor and friend.—The hospital was filling up with fever cases, Rheumatism, Diarrhea and Typhoid Pneumonia, the duties were arduous and our rest uncertain. I found Bob our colored boy a great acquisition always willing to assist and cheerful in every instance. He was a curiosity and general favorite throughout the Regiment. Sometimes to tease him some one would say "Bob come live with me Mrs. Spencer does not need you I want you to help me." The invariable reply from Bob would be, "No can't cum lib wid yoo, I dun lib wid Miss Spencer Lieut., tole me." His ugly features became familiar to me after a little and his faithfulness and alacrity attached us

all to him in a short time, he was low of stature almost dwarfish a short neck and broad shoulders with a small head, his forehead receding backward to such an extent that the back of his head seemed the only receptacle for brains, his eyes were somewhat twisted and you only discovered his nose by the swelling of the nostril and the extreme end of the nasal organ which rose just above the full protruding lips of a mouth that seemed to occupy nearly the half of his face, his ears also were very large, his hair close and woolly,

I've given you a description as near as I am capable of the appearance of our ever faithful Bob. He never wished for a bed, but would curl down near the door of the tent upon an old coat or blanket with perfect satisfaction. When we had been in camp a short time, I proposed to Bob that he and I should go to Washington and see his Lieut., he was delighted, jumping up and said, "I dun dance Jubolo," and forthwith commenced whistling, jumping and clapping his hands to the tune. The distance was four miles, and there was no conveyance that I could procure except the quartermasters horse with a McLellan saddle, this would do for me and Bob would have to walk, which he was perfectly willing to do, I arranged that he should start three quarters of an hour before I did and stop for me at Georgetown, which was a mile this side of the city, and there await my coming that we might go the rest of the way in company, for I feared Bob would not be able to find the hospital without my assistance. It was nearly an hour before I got started, and then I moved off at a brisk pace thinking Bob might be uneasy before I should overtake him, I had not ridden much over a mile when I was startled by a "whoop" and then "yah! yah! yah!" and Bob sprang from a corner of the fence at the road side, and with a bound reached the side of my horse and caught hold of a strap hanging from the saddle, his mouth stretched in a broad grin while he loped on beside the horse. "Why! Bob" I said "I thought you were in Georgetown by this time." "Well Missus" he replied with a chuckle at the fright he had given me. "I recon yoo dun lost yoo way and I tote back and see."

We went to Armory Square Hospital and found Lieutenant Marsten improving in health, and expecting to get leave to go home to recuperate his strength sufficiently to return to his command.

Bob and I returned to camp that evening without hindrance or accident, he was very simple and childlike in his ideas and seemed governed more by instinct than by powers of reason. At another time I was going to Washington for supplies and had gotten into the Ambulance which was about starting when Bob rushed from the tent and up to the door of the Ambulance with a "ho! Missus if you dun see a cullud gal that sortah favors me. Sortah favor me, Sortah favors me," drawing the palm of his open hand broadcast over his face at the last sentence, "dats my Sistah Betty, she dun toted me lots times, she brot me up. Tell her I'm heah Missus, will you please Missus!" and his voice was soft and pleading. I replied to him that if I discovered a strong resemblance to him in any cullud gal I should see, I would certainly tell her what he wished me to. He seldom spoke of his mother, but his sister Betty seemed his idea of all goodness and beauty. He would say: "I tell you what Missus, my sistah Betty's gone dun a heap ob good, she's mighty handsum, Missus." I did not find his sister for some time, but long before the war closed, Bob was domiciled with his dear sister Betty and her husband in Washington, where they now make their home.

One thing we remarked during our sojourn in the army, those who enlisted from the city endured the hardships pertaining to the soldiers life far better than those taken from the country, I could account for it in no way but that the irregularities and late hours, common to city life, hardened and inured those accustomed to such a life, to the changes and fatigue, incumbent upon the soldier in the field. While in opposition to this, the farmer had been reared and used to more regular habits and earlier hours of retiring, leading generally a more quiet life—and was illy prepared to bear the burden of long marches, deprived of wholesome food, and their usual amount of rest.

October 27th we had in our hospital ten sick with typhoid fever, one with inflammation of lungs, one hurt by running of the mules

that he was driving, twenty-three with diseased bowels, and thirty-one sick in quarters. Our men were lying upon the ground, with nothing but straw under them, and their knapsacks for pillows, their overcoats and blankets their only covering, and at times the rain pouring down in torrents, saturating the tents and dispensing dampness as an anti-cure for the different diseases now filling and feeding upon their thoroughly disarranged systems, it was impossible to procure stoves at this time. The Regiment knew no one knowing how to make requisitions properly, that is according to the rule, or red tape as it was then called in Washington. Our men were suffering for the want of supplies of medicine, food and clothing, not to speak of the delicacies so acceptable to the palate of the sick. We had applied to the Sanitary, but as I before stated not knowing just how to make the right kind of requisition were refused. My husband urged on by the sufferings we daily witnessed, but could not relieve, went from the Sanitary to the Young Mens Christian Association, and there made known our extreme need. Mr. Stacy, the christian in charge, met the application with a ready response in the shape of clothing, bedding, slippers, pocket-handkerchiefs, and numerous necessary articles. Meantime I had written an appeal to the ladies of Oswego, and sent it to Mrs. J. V. Ricket, requesting her to lay our case before the Ladies Society of that city. She did so, and here is her answer.

OSWEGO, November 2, 1862.

MY DEAR MRS. SPENCER.—I received your very welcome letter and you may be assured I was happy to hear from you. I sent your letter to the Hon. Daniel G. Fort as you requested, he was glad to hear from you, and said he would see what could be done for your Regiment in the shape of supplies for its hospitals, he advised me to show the letter to Mrs. John E. Lyon. So yesterday being the regular meeting of the Sanitary Society in our place, I took your letter there, Mrs. Lyon was not present but Mrs. Fitzhugh read it to the ladies. Mrs. Babcock said she could understand why you could not obtain help from the Sanitary of Washington. There were so many sick and wounded at the present time in all of the hospital suffering for necessaries that it was impossible to supply them, while your Regiment were fresh, and just from home and could not need the supplies as much as those who had been in battle. However they would get up a box for you this week, and direct as you advised, so that you should not want for the means to take care of the needy in your Regiment. She thought it was right to see that our own men were cared for by the ladies of Oswego. Your Mother and a number of others intended

to send you a box this week if possible. Keep up your courage, and we will do what we can for you.

Yours in Friendship,

MRS. J. V. RICKET.

You can see dear reader, how easy it is to be mistaken. Mrs. Babcock and the other benevolent ladies of the Sanitary Association of Oswego believed that there was a scarcity of supplies in the Sanitary Commission in Washington, and that was the reason of course that our hospital was refused the means of comfort and need. The ladies were only mistaken for at the time of our application those Commission Store rooms were filled with clothing, bedding, and all the requisites needed to relieve the distress in twenty Regiment hospitals like ours and still have an abundance left for hospitals within the boundaries of the city. The head of the department did not make the excuse that their means were not sufficient but that the requisitions were not properly made, if he had kindly given us of the stores, and then informed us how to approach the higher dignitaries, we should not have made the appeal at home. The difficulty was we were ignorant and did not make parliamentary requisitions to the almoners of the people. Meantime our distresses had been represented to the Ladies Society in Washington, and Mrs. Robert Farnham, the Treasurer of that Society, and her daughter, Miss Jane Farnham, the late Mrs. C. Snow wife of C. Snow, General Superintendent of transportation, (at that time), with Miss Whitney, sister of Mrs. Snow (both being daughters of Oliver Whitney, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.,) accompanied by one or two others came to our camp in an Ambulance loaded with supplies of almost every description. God bless their noble souls has ever been my prayer, whenever that scene occurs to my mind. If I could describe to my readers a few of the scenes that transpired in Hospital, I could then impart to their mind a faint idea of the strain upon the nerves and strength of those in attendance who felt the responsibility of caring for and saving the lives of those distressed and helpless patients.

Mrs. Robert Farnham informed my husband in regard to making the proper requisitions to the Sanitary Commission, so that we might be able to draw from them at all times and receive the articles sent for us by the noble

ladies of the Union. My husband had by talking long and loud, and threatening to notify the people through the press, at last received necessaries in abundance. But before we got from Oswego or the Association at Washington, we received a box from the Ladies of Orwell through the representation of Mrs. Lewis our Quarter Master's wife who had been with us to care for her sick husband and knew most of our destitution from her own observation and described our situation so feelingly, that the ladies got up a box and sent us while others appeared to be talking about it. I would like to portray the scene in hospital (if I had the talent) when we received our first supplies from the christian commission, for of them we received the first.

Mr. Spencer and I took our arms full of pillows and entered the tent where our sick lay to raise the aching, throbbing head from the hard knapsack, and place beneath in its stead the soft pillow with its snow white case. As we first entered the tent, some of the patients glanced at us languidly, and then seeing our arms full of something, the look became interested and expectant, and when they recognized that we carried on our arms pillows, bona-fide feathers in ticks, and that they were for their heads the faces brightened and with hungry eager glance they watched anxiously to receive the welcome donation from our hands. Some had arisen to a sitting posture and had prepared the straw on which to place it, others too sick to rise, lay with outstretched hands impatiently waiting our approach. Upon finishing our distribution, we were short one pillow for the number present. The only man that had not received, partly rose resting on his elbow reached out his other hand toward me, his eyes bloodshot with fever, his mouth parched, and with the tears running down his cheeks cried out "cannot I have a pillow?" For an instant I stood gazing at him, and thought of the clause in Mrs. Ricketts letter; "Our Regiment were fresh and just from home and cannot need the supplies as much as those who have been in battle." Oh! thought I, could the ladies look within this ward just now, their judgment of army life would be more accurate and their sympathies more acute. How

different our feelings and conclusions, when viewed from the different stand points. These thoughts passed through my mind with lightning speed, and then I answered his appeal by saying, "yes, you shall have one," and I sprang to my tent got a pillow and gave to him. He took it, looked up to me gratefully, and then nestled down upon it like a sleepy child, and actually passed off to a quiet sleep.

I may tire you with my simple descriptions, but it is the only way in which I can represent to you the life we led in hospital. I could give you page after page of scenes of similar occurrence. Sometimes the relief of shedding tears was denied me, and then I suffered almost equally with my poor tortured patients. I have felt that brain and heart would burst while witnessing the agony of the dying soldier, and realizing that a father, mother, wife, or sister must be bereft of his presence evermore, and never, never see his face or hear his voice again. I wonder today that my hair is not white as snow when I look back and remember my strong sympathy with and for the dying and their desolated one's at home.

I seemed to assume in a measure the pain and agony of mind inherent in the mother, when I accepted the position of matron or mother in the hospital and I endeavored to fill the situation in truth and honesty, fighting against that feeling of callousness that seemed to prevail throughout the army. Charity was my protecting power against attacks of hardness and insensibility. If I felt sometimes annoyed or tired with constant importunity I would think to myself he is somebody's son, and then my impatience would take flight and my heart resume its softening influence, and I was blessed and strengthened from above to endure to the end in sustaining others while the Almighty supported me.

On the evening of November 1st, we were alarmed by terrible shrieks of agony within the camp, we soon ascertained that the groans came from the quarters of a man by the name of Fuller, a former resident of Fulton, Oswego Co. He was in awful agony with his bowels. Dr. Coe was called for, and found to be absent attending one of our sick outside the camp. Assistant-Surgeon

Stillman was next called upon, and at first refused to leave his bed, but I think he was finally constrained to do so from the constant importunities he received from all quarters. The Chaplain, my husband and others attended the sick man and administered applications and medicines during the night without producing the least alleviation from his pain. In the morning he was brought to the Hospital in a dying state, and in a short time he breathed his last.

This was our first death in the Regiment, and gloom pervaded the camp. Upon post mortem examination, it was found that one of the smaller intestines had been thrown out of place and fastened in such a manner that it could not regain its former position, thus precluding all passage of the bowels ensuring certain death. It was supposed that he injured himself the day before by leaping. We buried him in Military order.

Some of our sick were now being removed to the Washington and Georgetown Hospitals we had seven patients in Armory Square, Washington, six in College Hospital, and three in Presbyterian Church Hospital, Georgetown, and twenty-three in our Regimental Hospital. Several of our men were lying very low with typhoid fever. The weather was very cold, and the straw on which our sick lay was barely sufficient to keep them from the extreme dampness of the ground, without imparting warmth or comfort.

One of our fever cases, George Hinde, lay in a corner near the door or parting of the tent. His fever was raging high, his tongue was swollen, parched and burst in seams, a thick black virus matter had collected on his teeth and lips, his eyes injected with blood, and showing by their glare the incipency of delirium that usually accompanies this horrible disease. His case was almost hopeless from the first attack. I had been administering food and drink to the patients, and was about leaving the tent when he called out "are you going to let me lay here and die, Mrs. Spencer? Cannot you save me, my feet are getting cold, there is no feeling in them. Now will you try and do something more for me?" I replied "I will do all I can for you most certainly." I stopped to look at his feet and found them turning

black, and not a particle of warmth in them. I went from the tent, found Mr. Spencer and begged of him to help me do something more for Hinde, what could we do was the question nothing but glass bottles of hot water and warm clothes to his limbs and feet.— Yes something more could be done, I then remembered what a Mrs. Painter the Matron in College Hospital had advised in regard to typhoid cases, which was "to make a strong poultice of mustard and bind it on the front part of the leg between the knee and the foot bind it on snugly as I would bandage wounds and leave it bound in that way for twelve hours before removing it, that the virus of the disease would be drawn by the mustard to the place poulticed, leaving the brains, lungs and bowels free from its ravages." She said "you must not be alarmed when you take the bandages off, if the flesh becomes putrid and cleaves to the poultice slipping off leaving, in many instances the chords and bones bare." I found Surgeon Coe and received his consent to apply the mustard— I then prepared it with strong vinegar and bound it firmly upon his limbs hoping against hope that it might be the means of saving his life, he had become quite delirious now, his ravings were incessant, the prospect of his recovery was doubtful in the extreme, during that day and the following night we watched him anxiously for some favorable symptom.

CASSIUS M. CLAY has come out in favor of Woman Suffrage. In a recent speech in New Jersey he said:

"I don't care how many foreigners emigrate to these shores, we all the more need the assistance of noble, native woman to assimilate the foul tides of immigration. We have entered upon the broad platform that suffrage belongs to every human being, and cannot go back. I throw to the winds all doubts I've ever had, and give the cause my hearty support. If nativism and foreign immigration fail us, let us not leave behind us the reflection that we reject the help that all ages have admitted to the better part of humanly. Let us have no distinction in regard to color, sex, or nationality. Let men and woman ever be equal in intellect, affection and destiny."

Original.

"WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

BY S. B. DICKINSON.

Evidently, the millennium of Temperance has not yet come. The day-dawn may be near; possibly, some clear sighted ones already discern the faint twilight rays on the eastern horizon, but to most of us, there are some hours of darkness yet before day. Inspired with the faith of the olden-time watchman, we can say however, "The morning cometh!" it will surely come. Just as certain as that christian civilization is to go forward and not backward, the traffin intoxicating liquors as a beverage, is to be swept from society, and the evils of intemperance as we now know them, be numbered, like many other evils, among the things that were.

The immediate prospect in this State is not just now the most propitious. Like the lobster rowing up stream, we are taking two strokes forward and three backward. There is a considerable of temperance zeal but not always according to knowledge; there is temperance organization but no corresponding efficiency. If any plan of action can be said to be adopted, it is not one which promises any decided improvement in our affairs. A proposed change without improvement is not very inspiring. In the meantime, the legislature under the lead of the Governor, is about to give us the worst thing possible if indeed, anything worse than an ordinary board of excise, is among the possibilities. It is difficult to see at present, what is to save us from going back to the old township system of license through town officers, a system which must inevitably be disastrous to the temperance cause. At this juncture, also, a new political party, hoists its little bunting, and offers a centenary fight. Plucky men are they, who have inaugurated this political movement but it requires a desperate faith to see what practical results may come of it, to help the temperance cause.

Now let us reconnoiter a little, and ascertain what is possible to us, and what not possible, in the near future.

1st. It is not possible now, nor at any time within the next five years, to carry this entire State for an out and out prohibitory law. It is doubtful, except by the most careful management, if it can be carried in ten or twenty years. The Republican party is not able to do it, if it had the disposition. The Democratic party has not the disposition if it had the ability. A third party does not hope to do any such thing.

All it could do, would be to cast its little influence in the right direction if there should come a crisis in politics, and so possibly, help temperance. As a *party measure* there is not the slightest hope for State prohibition for years to come.

2d. There is no hope that a prohibitory law for the entire State could be held a sufficient length of time to demonstrate its utility, if it were possible to obtain it as a party measure. No party is sufficiently strong to bear the reaction and give the law a fair trial. It takes time to discipline the people up to the point of executing such a law with fairness and thoroughness. The immense capital invested in rum, in manufactories, and in establishments for its sale, together with the fifty thousand who find employment in the business, would be such a power to corrupt legislatures and officers of the law, and by the free distribution of liquors, by clamor, misrepresentation, persecution and the ten thousand influences capable of being employed, to impede the execution of the law, that, before any great beneficial results could be obtained from prohibition, party politics would repeal the statute, and the last end would be worse than the beginning. Party ascendancy is quite too precarious a tenure by which to hold and make practical such a law.

3d. Equally hopeless is the task of suppressing the traffic by towns. It has been tried and failed. The compass is too narrow, the incentives to temperance action too feeble, local rivalries too numerous and strong, county politics too officious and too absorbing. There would be no uniformity of system in the State, nor any one County, nor in any single town where there were strong inducements to sell liquor. All would be vacillation and uncertainty, the faint hearted would soon be discouraged, and in less than two years, it would be difficult to drum up a corporal's guard in a whole town who would be willing to hazard anything for temperance. We must not, for a moment, lose sight of the fact, that rum is always persistent, organized and ready to venture something because there is money to be made in the traffic.

4th. Still it is impossible to advance much further in the temperance reform without the aid of prohibitory law in some form. While dramshops are licensed drunkards will be manufactured, and despite our entreaties and remonstrance, the judgments of God, and the prayers of Christians, their number will hardly be diminished. It is impossible to make men

feel that dram drinking is very wrong if dram selling be right, or that dram selling is very wrong, while the business is under the public sanction of the law. Conscience cannot perform her office under such circumstances.

6th. There seems but one possible course of procedure that gives promise of any near victory. Since we cannot operate the whole State let us try for the largest possible divisions of it, convenient for the administration of law. Let us ask the Legislature to give this vexed question of license back into the hands of the people to be disposed of by counties. It is unjust to require the rural portions of the State, to be cursed with a traffic which is an abomination to three-fourths of the people, all because the large cities are so corrupt that they will license these dens by the thousand. It is unfair to force upon us a system of license, which will almost inevitably result in maintaining the public dram shop, wherever it now exists. If the Legislature will give this matter to the people, to be decided by them in large divisions, as by counties, and if the question of license or no license, can be separated from all party issues, and left to stand upon its own merits, it might be disposed of in a satisfactory manner. This is quite in accordance with the genius of our institutions. There are conflicting interests and opinions upon this subject. In one section of the State, prohibition would be popular, in another license is preferred. Let the people by counties have the privilege of saying, without being embarrassed with any other question, and free from the entanglements of all party ties, which shall prevail.

I say let it be done *by counties*, for most obvious reasons. The county is the most important division in the state. It has control of the local government. It becomes responsible for the evils of intemperance. The county must maintain paupers, bear the expense of criminals, build jails and poor houses. Now, a business which furnishes three-fourths of the criminals, and an equal proportion of the paupers, and imposes from one-half to three-fourths of the taxation for local government, ought to be within the control of that body of men who bear these burdens. There is no justice in requiring twenty towns that have no license, to share equally in the burdens imposed upon the county by ten dram selling towns, and yet have no voice in the granting of those licenses which are the source of these burdens. Moreover, there can be no fair administration of law upon this subject until a policy is declared by the county. Law is one thing, and its administration is

quite another. Any observing mind knows, that law can be subverted in the administration. Everything depends upon the spirit of the administration. If there be no authoritative expression of the county upon this subject, who does not know, that the administration will be lax, and rum will have everything its own way? Again, the moral support of leading men in a county acting in concert for one common object, and by one common method, is absolutely necessary to the success of any measure for prohibition. He who has not learned this much, has not become very wise in the temperance reform. By the very construction of the county government, leading men from every part of the county, are brought frequently together. The courts, the board of Supervisors, political conventions, bring substantial citizens together, eight or ten times each year. If a policy of no license, has been adopted by an authoritative vote of the people, these leading men favorable to that policy, coming together thus frequently, can see to it, that the policy is enforced. They can confer and act in concert upon this matter.

The moral support, derived from the adoption of prohibition in important divisions of the state, as in a whole county, is very essential to the success of the cause throughout the state. Very many isolated towns might obtain prohibition, and yet their influence be little felt. But if a whole county, five, ten counties, were to get prohibition, it is easy to see, what a power their heroic example would be to others. The problem of prohibition would soon be solved.

This plan, I am confident, will be found to be the only successful one for this State. No other state has the same difficulties to contend with that exist here. Nearly every other method of dealing with the traffic has been tried here and failed. To undertake to control this business through the sensitive, fickle agency of party politics, and petty town officers, is the sheerest nonsense. We must suppress this evil just as we do other crimes, by a law direct and prohibitory, sustained by the people without respect to party. Such a law we cannot now get to cover the whole state, but if a statute were passed leaving it discretionary with counties, we should soon have practical prohibition in many counties of this state. *If petitions were sent up to the Legislature now from every county asking for such a law, that body could hardly refuse so reasonable a request.* We only ask that the people of a county be left to decide this matter for them-

selves. While the tendency is to give to counties larger powers over their own internal affairs, we ask that they have power over this important matter.

FACTS ABOUT WORKING WOMEN.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

There are three distinct classes of persons prominent in reform movements. First, those who are anxious and willing to help on every good and noble work—to do whatever their hands find to do with all their might; next, those who, by discussion and fault-finding, systematically hinder progress apparently as much in earnest as the helpers; and last; the indifferent class, or those who wish to be considered such, who constantly insist that if they knew what good was to accrue from the following out of a certain programme, they would be too glad to lend their assistance; but they believe in letting well enough alone, and allowing things to fix themselves. This latter class is the hardest to manage: A man or woman who will step to the front and meet the issue squarely, even though that man or woman be totally in the wrong, as regards the ethical question under discussion, is entitled to respect and consideration; but the easy, phlegmatic individual who looks out of his sleepy eyes only just wide awake enough to cry out—"Let things alone; what good will it do? why meddle with affairs which don't concern you?" should be treated in the same manner one would treat the drone of the domestic circle. "What good does it do to raise such a dust?" cries the broom-opposer, who, in dressing-gown and slippers, lolls listlessly in his easy chair. Why, to clear out and purify my friend—to make sweet and wholesome—to wake up and exercise just such sluggish hangers on as you—to set the blood circulating healthily in your lazy bodies. and this is what the men and women are about who are so busy with the social and business brooms and floor-cloths—cleaning up my friends, that is all; and in order to do this thoroughly a terrible dust must be raised. These remarks will be better understood when I explain that I am in constant receipt of letters, many of them cheering, and breathing that hearty God-speed so gladdening to the heart of the sensitive worker—others,

the burden of whose song is, "What good will it do to ventilate these horrible details? why harrow up the souls of the community by accounts of suffering and starvation which we are powerless to hinder or alleviate? This state of affairs exists; we know it; it always has existed—it always must; and it is not only in bad taste, but absolutely cruel to keep folks in constant hot water by such narrations."—Now, if I had my way, I would take my broom and sweep all such questions into a hole together, where they could have all the quiet their nature demand, and allow other folks, who have some desire for the moral and physical prosperity of the human race, to have a good time clearing up. If you are taken suddenly ill what do you do? (Ah, these easy, phlegmatic individuals are great groaners when anything happens to them individually.) Why, you send for the doctor, and are relieved as speedily as possible. Just so with those who are at work for the good of humanity; just so, in my feeble manner, do I endeavor to depict the struggles, the heartaches, and wretched condition of our working women. I would so interest the doctors of society that they shall come with their pills and powders,—their knives and lancets, if necessary—and purge and probe into cleanliness this filthy and demoralized mass.

Come with me now into the byways and highways; come with me while I show you the abodes of want and vice—the homes of working women, who stitch all day, and sometimes far into the night, on shirts at from five cents to twenty-five cents apiece. No, you will not? Well, stay where you are, and shut tight your sleepy eyes, for I intend to use my broom faithfully. The sewing girl, as she passes to and from the place of business. is not an extremely interesting object for the sight-seer. There is a certain air of neatness and respectability about most of the class, which goes a good way toward banishing the impression of immediate want. There is no avocation in which woman can engage unless they are decently dressed; and realizing that bread and butter depend in a great measure upon general tidiness and good looks, great pains are taken, oftentimes at the expense of sleep and health, to make the most of every article

of wearing apparel. Then, too, the desire for admiration and appreciation is keen and lively. This is natural, and as it should be; were it not for the hope that, in spite of blanched cheeks and dimmed eyes, and stooping shoulders, some one would, some day, come to love and cherish them, there would be neither light nor warmth to the weary travellers, and they would sink under the weight of their burdens much sooner than they do.

"The embryo woman is taught, from earliest childhood, to believe that some time some man will come along and marry her." I never heard this remark made, and enlarged upon, as our female lecturers are now doing all over the country, but I am irresistibly impelled to make answer: It is the duty of every mother to educate her daughter to be self supporting. But what sort of an idea is conveyed to the world by our Woman's Rights advocates, who persistently declare that this waiting and longing on the part of our girls is abnormal—the result of a low state of civilization? The great earthly hope of maidens is the hope of a union with a congenial male." Every genuine psychologist knows that the conjugal is the strongest element in human nature; and why deny it? The picture presented to girls by these public teachers is not an attractive one, and little wonder that so many of them turn away from its contemplation in disgust, seeing nothing but barrenness and desolation.

Girls, they don't mean it, it is only a way these writers and talkers have. Anna Dickinson knows better; and Susan B. Anthony don't believe a word of such nonsense. In their earnest attempts to set before women the necessity of a thorough business education, they occasionally spoil the attractiveness of the view by a daub of the brush, which is as unpleasant to the eye as it is untrue to nature—but love, to ten tenths of the women reformers, is the divinest part of life.

Not long ago I gave up several days to visiting the places (I was about to say homes) of many of the working women of New York city—and the sights which met my eyes on that occasion are so engraved upon my soul that I know they can never be erased.

One afternoon, on my way home, I met two young girls, each with large bundles of work. The elder, and healthier of the two, seemed about twenty years of age; the other more petite, more delicate, and evidently suffering intense physical pain, could not be a day over seventeen. The look of agony on the little one's face determined me to address them. Previous experience had taught me that introducing ones-self to this class of sufferers, for apparently inquisitive purposes, was an extremely delicate and difficult task, and so it was with considerable anxiety that I awaited the result of my first interrogative.

"You do not appear well, my dear; have you far to go with this heavy bundle?"

"Oh, no, only a few blocks," she replied, in a tone so thrilling plaintive and childlike that tears involuntarily started to my eyes.

"She is sick," said her companion, eyeing me critically. "She has a dreadful side-ache all the time. I'm going to help her carry the bundle when we get away from the crowd a little, and can walk side by side."

The voice of the elder girl was firm, practical and resolute, and withal kindly. One could see at a glance that she was possessed of quick intuitions, and had discerned that my queries were made in a friendly spirit.

"What have you in the parcels?" was my next question.

"Oh, work!" said the elder; "work, of course. We make shirts for a Jew in Warren street, and that's what's killing her."

"How much do you receive for such work?" I asked.

"Oh, dear!" all the way from nothing to twenty-five cents. I don't care so much about myself—I am strong—and then I haven't anybody but myself to look out for, but Louisa here has a sick father—one side of him is paralyzed—and she is sick too, you see, and ain't able to work half the time; I board with them and try to help them all I can."

"Will you allow me to go home with you, Louisa, and see your father?" Perhaps I may be able to be of some service."

CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.

Pity and patience are the keys that unlock the heart.

THE POETS CORNER.

Original.

AN APPEAL TO WOMAN,

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

Up woman to thy duty—now's
The day, and now's the hour,
To use thy boasted influence
To prove thy magic power.
O'er all the land is heard the cry
Of human woe and wrong,
And sister voices cry to Heaven
How long, Oh! God how long
Shall these things be? How long shall man
The tempter by the way,
Hold the world's sanction to ensnare
And make our land his prey.

How long shall husbands, fathers, sons,
Forget the God within,
And hurl his image all defiled
Down the dark steep of sin!
Art thou a wife? Oh! give thine aid
To her who once was blest,
And found like thee a home of love
Upon a husband's breast.

But the dread tempter lures him now
In paths of vice to roam,
Give help, thou yet mayst save for her
The light of love and home.
Art thou a mother, are thine own
All good and true and strong?
Give thanks to God, but with stronghands
Lay hold to stay this wrong.

Couldst thou endure to see thy boy
Meet such a fearful doom,

Thy proud brave son, thy pride, thy hope,
Sink to a drunkard's tomb?
Thy daughter, gentle, kind and true,
A blessing to thy life,
Doomed to become that wretched thing,
A drunkard's suffering wife?

Art thou a sister; are thy steps
Staid by a brother's love,
And not one fear disturb thy heart
That he shall ever rove?
'Tis well for thee! but spurn not thou
That other sister, be
As true to her as thou wouldst have
Another be to thee.

Art thou a daughter! hast thou lived
Beneath a father's care,
And knelt beside a mother's knee
For blessing and for prayer?
Think now of those whose lives to mar
A father's curse is spoken,
Who never for their glowing love
Gives back one cheering token.

Up to thy duty? let no day
Go by without thine aid
To break the fetters of some soul
Benighted and betrayed.
Up woman! to thy duty, now's
The day and now's the hour
To prove thy magic influence
To use thy boasted power.

WAITING.

I have two little angels waiting for me
On the beautiful banks of the crystal sea;
Not impatiently wait my darlings there,
For smiles light up their brows so fair;
And their little harps ring out so clear,
So soothingly sweet to faith's listening ear,
And they live in the smile of the Saviour's love,
Who so early called my darlings above.

I have two little angels waiting for me
On the beautiful banks of the crystal sea;
Forever free from sorrow and pain,
Spotless and pure from all earthly stain;
Never in erring paths to rove—
Safe in the bosom of infinite love,
Evermore, evermore walking in light,
These beautiful angels robed in white.

I have two little angels waiting for me
On the beautiful banks of the crystal sea;
When my weary heart is throbbing with pain,
And I fain would clasp my darlings again,
I'll look away from this earthly strand
To the beautiful fields of the "Better Land;"
I will think of the angels waiting there,
And offer to God a thankful prayer.

I have two little angels to welcome me
When I too shall stand by the crystal sea;
When the Great Refiner His image may trace
In the heart He has won by His saving grace,
And in robes of Christ's own righteousness drest,
My soul shall seek the home of the blest,—
On the beautiful banks of the crystal sea
My darlings, still waiting shall welcome me.

WORDS BY THE EDITOR.

THE NEW YEAR.

Noiselessly without warning and unattended by any pomp on the part of nature, 1869, filling the full measure of its days, and the intention of its creation passed away. The bright hopes, cherished ambition, whether doomed to disappointment or glad fruition—the passing year gave no sign. The envy, hope, passion, and revenge, which, moved society or individuals disturbed not its revolutions, but true to its purpose it moved majestically on, undisturbed by contending elements, unchecked by the warring of ideas. Faithfully fulfilling the will of its Author, it accomplished its appointed mission and then quietly made way for its successor.

To each of us 1869, in one way or another has been an Educator. Happy for us if we have sought dilligently to understand the import of the lessons spread before us treasuring the wisdom and rejecting the folly and vice. To us, 1869 has brought, not its first, but its greatest lesson of sorrow, and we were made to drain the cup which was so unspeakably bitter that we felt that earth could never again hold a beam of sunshine for our bereaved hearts, yet even while thus heartless and despondent, we have seen those more sorely smitten than ourselves, we have felt that while our loved one was buried from our sight only to be born to a life of peace and love with angels and with God, others beheld their dear ones buried in sin—shorn of their strength and slain by a monarch more cruel, more relentless than death itself. For them no light from the angel habitations flashed to their hearts the welcome intelligence “it is well with the child” but only the dark hopeless life of the inebriate before them, only the inevitable drunkards doom in the future. We said in our heart God has been merciful to us, for Oh, could we endure to see the image of our sainted darling defaced by this terrible sin, this evil which with relentless hand is snatching the fairest, and noblest and the purest of earth and dooming them by thous-

sands to lives of infamy and woe. With clasped hands we said, “Lord what wilt thou have us do.” Let us work in some way to assist in destroying the power of this monster Intemperance. While our own hearts are weeping for the new born angel in thy mansions, let us do thy work here that if possible some mothers heart may be spared an agony more terrible than ours. With such thoughts as these we consecrated ourselves to the Temperance work, and with earnest purpose launched our GOLDEN RULE upon the troubled waters, hoping and praying that our effort might not be in vain.

We felt that the first work demanded in the Temperance cause, was to educate public opinion to realize the heinousness of the work of the destroyer, and as would naturally follow to thoroughly detest it. We knew there was no surer way to accomplish this than through the dissemination of a healthy, we may say ultra Temperance literature, we said, God helping us we will spare no effort, we will shrink from no sacrifice, if thereby we may assist in any degree in the extermination of a traffic dangerous alike to all.

With this spirit and determination we have brought our Magazine to the close of the year 1869. We have not always found smooth sailing, the sky has not always been clear. There have been moments of doubt of misgiving as to the result, there have been obstacles to overcome; vexations grievous and trying to be borne. But taking the Golden Rule as our motto we have labored faithfully to exemplify its precepts in our efforts to reclaim the fallen, and to-day as we review the past, as we contemplate the labor of the year 1869, we feel that we have done what we could, and the glad New Year of 1870 finds us far from disheartened. With the experience of the past to aid us, we enter upon the labor of the new year with hearts strong in zeal for the work before us.

We believe that THE question of to-day—the question which this generation is called upon to solve is Temperance.

Old fogies nor the combined influence of whiskey drinkers, dram-sellers, or unjust and perjured Excise Commissioners can successfully stay the on-marching crisis: they may retard the work but "God is just" and His justice requires the emancipation of the victims of rum, and the destruction of the rum traffic. It is only a question of time and means. If our government is so wedded to the evil that harsh measures are required, God has always found instruments adapted to the accomplishment of His purpose. In His long suffering and love, the evil of American Slavery grew to huge proportions, and when all other agencies for its removal proved unavailing the greatest civil war on record came to the aid of justice and swept the vile thing from the land. Will the lesson have been learned in vain? Nations, even as individuals, may not sin with impunity and hope to escape the just penalty of violated law. Escape is impossible. God will not always listen to the cries of the ten thousand worse than widowed wives, the millions worse than fatherless little ones, without answering their supplications with deliverance.

The greatest obstacles with which laborers have to contend is the moral apathy which pervades the upper classes of society. The poor inebriate and his victims are not indifferent. The galling chains which bind them are not worn willingly, gladly would they break from their entanglement, but society and law says, "down there to your places. The man who makes drunkards is honorable, but drunkards and drunkards wives and little ones, OUT WITH THEM," no sympathy, no charity for them.

Brothers and sisters, Good Templars and co-workers in the temperance reform. Have we lost with the departed 1869 any zeal in good works? have we not rather girded ourselves anew for the prosecution of the work to which we have given our solemn oath of allegiance—a work worthy our best and holiest energies. If we have not let us pause and consider well the lessons of the hour and then with renewed energy resolve that as for us and ours, we will wash our hands from this vile iniquity.

ECCE FEMINA.

We are indebted to the Author for a book bearing the above title. It is an attempt to solve the woman question by an examination of arguments in favor of Female Suffrage by John Stuart Mill and others, and a presentation of arguments against the proposed change in the Constitution of Society by Carlos White. The Author candidly introduces his subject and announces the reasons for the faith that is in him in a very rational and collected way. We would like to give an extended review of the work, but must be content with noticing some of the most important objections which he urges against the Elective Franchise for woman.

1st. He says it has been urged in favor of Female Suffrage "that in the state of Massachusetts woman's vote would insure such a stringent Liquor Law that drunkenness would be impossible." He admits that this might be true, but argues the danger of woman's becoming so perverted that she might be induced to indulge as freely in intoxicating drink as man now does. The writer has forgotten that as a general rule, man or woman either, are more influenced and controlled by the atmosphere which surrounds and permeates the home than by all other influences combined. If woman, suffering as she has been for ages all the woes and misery, all the debasing tendencies, all the degradation of daily contact and association with the grim evil intemperance—with an almost constant example before her eating, sleeping, breathing its pestilential breath into every hope of earthly happiness.—If in all these ages she has not been brought to the brink of ruin—aye to ruin itself, shall we fear that the privilege guaranteed to her of assisting in the overthrow of the evil which in all ages has been the death knell of her dearest hopes—shall work so sudden and terrific a revolution that she shall adopt the evil and be conquered by its power. If the simple act of suffrage produces so marvelous a change, one would be justified in arguing therefrom that suffrage must be the producing cause of the prevalence of the evil in man and therefore reason that he should be denied its privileges.

He further says "The reason why women are now better than men, is because they

are under better influences and less subjected to temptation." This may be true but if so it is a truth not complimentary to the inherent virtue and stamina of woman. That must be a negative sort of virtue possessed by a person never subjected to temptation—never coming in contact with wrong. Such virtue resembles the sickly plant growing in the musty cellar or choked and overshadowed by the taller, hardier plant deprive of the life-giving elements of sun and air. Such virtue is no virtue at all, and were this all possessed by woman we should assert at once that she was not worth the effort being made to bring her out into health, strength and life-giving elements. But happily for woman and the world, she has shown herself capable in multitudes of instances of resisting temptations to which the strongest men have yielded, and in point of virtue tried "even as by fire," she has proven herself more than his superior.

We shall find I apprehend that while our physical natures are so nearly alike that the same kind of food that nourishes one nourishes alike the other, so also the same mental aliment is required for the fullest and healthiest mental development of each. We know that woman nature is human nature, and is therefore more or less liable to yield to temptation, but no more liable is human nature to yield when embodied in the feminine form than when encased in masculinity, and we do not believe that with increased responsibility woman's tendency onward and upward would be retarded for one moment.

But our intention is not to prove in this article that suffrage is woman's prerogative, but rather to elucidate what we consider some of the weak points in the arguments of the writer.

We cannot assent to all the ideas put forth in this *ECCE FEMINA*. But we like the book, we always have more comprehensive views in regard to any subject when we are placed in the possession of arguments Pro and Con. The book will be read carefully and whatever position the reader assumes he will be fully convinced in his own mind.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision; and yield with graciousness or oppose with firmness.

We have received the report of Joseph H. Petty, D. Deputy G. W. C. T., for the 1st Grand District of N. Y., comprising the Counties of New York, Richmond, King's, Suffolk, and Queens. Also resolutions, adopted by the Quarterly Convention of said district.

Since August four Lodges have been instituted in the Dist., and are now working well and increasing rapidly in numbers. One Lodge only has ceased to work in this time. The report shows the cause to be slowly but surely going forward in that section. If the Grand Lodge had thousands of dollars it could not be perhaps more effectually expended than by appropriation to support lecturers in that Dist. The two-fifths tax, which was voted by the Grand Lodge to be returned to each Dist., to be devoted to the support of lectures, seems to be entirely inadequate for the labor demanded and fails utterly in the objects intended, as its tendency is to add to the strong in proportion to its strength, and to the weak only in proportion to its weakness. This is felt by the first Grand District, which contains perhaps the largest, broadest and neediest field for action over which the Grand Lodge has control, but these resolutions were passed in good faith and must stand until repealed by farther action of the Grand Lodge.

The D. D., refers to the fact that the south-eastern part of the state is without representation in the controlling power, the ten managers. This is unfortunate. That portion of our state should be represented in the Grand Lodge, possessing as it does some of our strongest and most earnest workers. By what means or combination of means they are not represented does not appear, the officers of the Grand Lodge, and the additional Board of Managers were elected by ballot in a fair and honorable manner, and entered we fully believe upon the discharge of their duties with the purest and most earnest determination to work for the highest good of a cause dear to the hearts of every Good Templar.

If there is a combination which seeks to prevent the representation of any portion of our moral vineyard, we think it must be outside of and unknown to the Grand Lodge

officers and Board of Managers.

There can be no reason it appears to us why any should not be represented, while the best of reasons are apparent, why those Districts containing the larger cities and therefore the greater need, should have a voice in the control of affairs which may be of the greatest importance to those localities.

We trust the suggestions of the D. Deputy will be heeded and that in future the great field for labor presented by New York city may not be without a representation in the Grand Lodge councils.

We copy the following closing portion of the report which contains valuable suggestions:

ONE CAUSE OF OPPOSITION.

But before I close this report, the convention will allow me to speak for one instant of ONE obstacle that lies in our path.

In considering the various kinds of opposition which our cause has to encounter, we are apt to overlook one of the most potent that we have to labor against, and strange as it may appear, one entirely created by ourselves.

There are many, too many, of our members who seem to be temperance people who join our Order solely for the social enjoyment they may there find. The importance of temperance as a doctrine or an observance never entered their mind, and their conduct is, to those who do care, and who are in for work, an indication of their utter want of heart interest in the cause.

These people never see the poverty, wretchedness and crime that intemperance causes; never care to assuage its woes, but look forward only to our Lodge meetings as the place where, and the time when, they can indulge in some social frolic. They do not devise themselves, nor support the efforts of others in providing for the intellectual enjoyment and the temperance education of those who may join us for the purpose of assisting in our great, grand work.

The intelligent, on this account, soon become indifferent, nay, disgusted, the workers discouraged, and their absence from our meetings noticed, but the cause not inquired into or even thought of. This should not be, Time should be set apart for work, and time for intellectual and social recreation. It should not be all the one or the other; and so our Lodges could be made intellectually attractive as well as socially so.

And above all, let us, after we have entered within the doors of a Good Templar Lodge and taken upon ourselves the Good Templar vow, wear the name and act the

character, as the true Christian does that of Christ, that all who see may look only to admire, only to love.

Let our prayers then be to Him under whose hand we live, that He will make us in the cause of temperance, inwardly as well as outwardly, in word, and in deed, *Good Templars.*

Respectfully submitted,

JOSEPH H. PETTY,

Deputy of First Grand District, State of New York.

COLORADO.

We have received the journal of Proceedings of the 3d annual session of the Grand Lodge of Colorado Territory, held at Georgetown, Sept., 16th and 17th 1869.

The report is neatly printed on clear white paper with an excellent paper cover.

The Secretary's report states that at the commencement of the year the Treasury was empty and the Grand Lodge in debt. The Treasurer reports at the end of the year, all debts paid and a fine sum still in the treasury. This denotes marked progress. May this band of noble Templars succeed in establishing a sentiment in that young and growing Territory which shall tell for all coming ages on the well being of the land.

Willard Teller, formerly of this State is G. W. C. T., of the Territory. Many in this locality will remember him as the talented young man who worked so enthusiastically in the political field during the last Presidential campaign. We hope to hear of their continued prosperity and will pray that a sentiment of right may be formed in that state so deep and lasting that the terrible curse of intemperance may never become so firmly seated there as it is in our own loved State.

ELSIE MAGOON.

Mrs. Frances D. Gage an eminent Temperance and Anti-Slavery worker has done no better service for the world and for the cause of Temperance than she has done by sending out that little volume, entitled 'ELSIE MAGOON.' It is certainly one of the best Temperance stories which ever came to our notice. It is the story of the highest type of a true woman, and as such should be read by all the mothers and daughters in the land. Mrs. Gage has worn herself out in the cause of humanity, and now in her old age a stricken invalid, is dependent upon the sale of her works in a great measure for her sustenance. Those who purchase the book will have the consciousness of performing a good deed and will therefore receive double remuneration for the small sum paid for the book. Elsie Magoon may be obtained at the office of the GOLDEN RULE for \$1.50, and will be sent to any address post paid on receipt of price.

Golden Rule.

NOV. 2.

BBB 1870

NO. 2.

Original,

ANNIE HENDERSON.

BY MISS L. MCQUEEN.

"Must I marry Col. Seymour father ?

Yes, my daughter, he alone can save me from utter ruin. I must raise ten thousand dollars by 9 o'clock to-morrow morning. Col. Seymour offers to loan the amount; he wants no security, he only asks your hand in marriage. That I told him he should have, but he was not quite satisfied and purposes to call this evening to hear from your own lips that you accept his offer. I have spoken to your mother and she heartily endorses the plan. She agrees with me that no brighter future can await you, Annie than to see you the wife of the wealthy and aristocratic Col. Seymour. Go to your room now, and call Caddy to arrange your hair and dress for the Col. must soon be here."

"The world knows nothing as yet of my misfortune, by making Col. Seymour my confident I shall cheat it of a nice little dish of gossip, that would tickle the ears of some of my personal enemies wonderfully." The last sentence was heard only by himself, for Annie had gone to her room as directed, and John Henderson the great Lumber merchant of L—— seated himself by the fire to await his visitor. He did not come, he went on thinking half audibly. "The fact is, I must quit gambling, I never win a hundred dollars now but I loose five the next game.—Let me see, its three years this winter since I commenced I admired Dickens so much I really thought it quite literary to play whist his favorite game. Davis led me on, he knew into whose hands my money would go. It will take this entire loan, ten thousand dollars to settle my debts of honor. If I get safely out of this, it shall be the last, I swear it—A ring at the door bell, a firm step, a little stamping of snow from highly polished boots,

and Col. Seymour was in the parlor, hat in hand, bowing and smiling after the most approved business mode. He was tall, stately, dignified. Keen perceptive faculties, he knew the weak points in every man's character. He judged women were the same and weighed them by the same standard.

He knew nothing of fine, sensitive natures, sweet womanly graces or pure unselfish love. He needed a wife, it was very nice for men of his age and position to have a home where they might occasionally invite their friends to dinner or tea. He was abundantly able to support a handsome establishment, keep his own servants and horses, and when John Henderson spoke to him of a private loan of ten thousand dollars, it occurred to him his daughter Annie would be a very suitable person to place at the head of his household. She had a fine face and figure, beautiful brown hair and eyes, and was intelligent, could entertain company in a very stylish manner, so people said, he had never been much at the house, but public opinion was generally about right in such matters. John Henderson was reputed rich, had a third interest in an extensive Lumber business that paid a net profit of seventy-five thousand yearly. What he wanted of a loan he didn't just see, it would probably come out in a few days, he should get his money back, he was running no risk, he never run any risks.

Mr. Henderson received his visitor with a polite bow and begged him to take the warmest seat by the fire, the one he had just occupied. The Col. respectfully declined it and took the one opposite. The two men sat thus face to face. The keen piercing eyes of the one looked into the downcast shrinking eyes of the other and

without the exchange of a syllable read the destination of the ten thousand dollars. He saw it all, the very soul of John Henderson lay open before him and he examined it with the eye of a shrewd economist. Col. Seymour knew just how many steps he had taken in the downward road as well as what each step had cost him. He saw distinctly the whirlpool toward which he was drifting, the fearful abyss that was opening to swallow him, up—Should he step forward and rescue him and place his feet on solid ground again? Alas! for poor weak human nature! Mr. Henderson began to grow positively nervous, and as Annie entered the parlor from the front hall, he made his escape into the sitting room where he most unexpectedly encountered his wife. She was lying upon a couch apparently in the last stages of consumption. He drew a low seat to her side and for the first time in many months took her wasted hand in his.

John Henderson loved his wife devotedly, but his time was so occupied with business, he had little leisure and failed to notice the change disease had wrought upon her delicate frame.

"Your father has doubtless informed you of the purpose of my visit this evening," said the Col., very deliberately.

"Yes, he said you would loan him ten thousand dollars and take me for security, is it so?"

The Col., smiled, just a little quiet dignified smile, that showed a set of white teeth beneath his dark curling moustache. Annie did not laugh, a shade of sadness came over her face and a tear glistened in the brown eyes.

Col. Seymour saw it all, the beautiful girl before him, her shining golden brown hair, her beautiful hands and feet, her delicate figure, her soul looking out from her liquid brown eyes. She was a prize, why had he never thought of her before? He couldn't suit himself better if he searched the entire world, he knew he couldn't.

He moved his chair a little nearer hers.

"Miss Henderson, I have long admired your devotion to your invalid mother, and I now admire you for yourself, your kind and amiable disposition,"—He paused, he was not an adept at love making. "Your father is in debt"—another pause—"I can relieve him, I ask no security, I only ask you to be my wife"—Sixty seconds make a minute, says the Table of Time—Hav'n't some minutes more, or are the seconds longer?

"Col. Seymour," Annie measured every word, "I do not love you as a wife should love her husband, I never thought of marrying you

until this evening. My father must be saved," a little tremulousness of the sweet voice.—A new idea struck the Col. "Perhaps Miss Henderson is engaged?"

"No, sir, I love no man better than my father."

Many have sought the hand of Miss Henderson, "only to be rejected."

Another long pause, Annie was the first to speak, "May I ask a question Col. Seymour?" "Certainly" "In what way is my father involved, he never spoke of his indebtedness until this evening, and then he gave me no explanation." The full brown eyes were upon him, much as he searched others, he didn't like to be searched. He appeared not the least concerned.

"Your father has made me his confidant, I can not betray a trust." "Would he tell you what he wishes me not to know?"

"It appears he has done so"

Col. Seymour could not tell a downright falsehood, he was too honorable for that, yet it was best Annie should not know her father's secrets.

There was unbroken silence and Annie reviewed the past few weeks, her father's altered appearance, his frequent absence from home, his unusual coldness toward her mother and herself,—was he in trouble, why did he not mention it to her? It was all a confused mystery.

Col. Seymour arose from his chair as if about to take leave. Annie also arose.

The full blaze of the gas light fell upon the two. There was nothing repulsive in the tall commanding figure and clear cut features of Col. Seymour. Annie could but admire. He instantly saw his advantage. Taking a step towards her, he extended his hand "Miss Henderson what may I consider your answer?"

Col. Seymour, give me but one week to think, and if at that time I cannot marry you I will pay you every cent of my father's indebtedness if it takes my jewels and the last article from my wardrobe." This was but reasonable. Wouldn't the chances be against him if he waited. He must have Annie Henderson for his wife, she met his idea, came up to the perfect reality. With a seeming severity he scarcely felt he said "Unless you consent to be my wife within a year I can do nothing for your father."

"Will he be ruined in his business only?"

"Not that alone, but he will be disgraced."

Disgraced—It was the last blow, the little figure drooped, the sweet face paled, the brown eyes closed. Col. Seymour's heart was not all

tone. He placed his strong arm around the slender waist and drew her to his side. In a moment she rallied; her voice was firm.

"Save my father and if at the end of a year you desire it I will be your wife."

Not another word was said. Col. Seymour, bowed his stately head, kissed the trembling lips and was gone. Half an hour afterward when Caddy answered the bell summons, no trace of a heart struggle was visible. "Where is father, Caddy?"

"Gone to his room—to be sure, he has been in your mother's room the whole evening, acting more the young lover than an old husband of twenty years standing."

"Did he leave no message for me?"

He said you should give his adieu to Col. Seymour, tell him he would call at his office early in the morning, but he did not wish to be disturbed to-night. Annie retired to her own room and after dismissing her maid, sat down to think over the event of the evening and try if possible to solve the mystery that hung about her father.

She was a fine scholar and bent every energy of her well trained mind to the task. 'Twas all in vain, she could not comprehend its nature or fathom its depths.

She was not surprised that Col. Seymour sought her hand. She knew that she was beautiful and that beauty is generally appreciated. She also knew it would be a very suitable alliance, Col. Seymour was highly respected and wealthy, one of the heaviest stockholders in the city, but love, such as fancy paints and poets dream, there was none of it. Was it not after all a vain delusion, a vague ideal fancy of an over excited brain. Did only weak minds love? Should she never see one that she might prefer above all others? She run over in her mind her whole circle of gentlemen acquaintances. Each had his faults and virtues. What trait of character she most admired would be equalled by one she thoroughly despised, and after going over the entire list she found none in whom was combined more admirable qualities than Col. Seymour.

Her prayer that night was for strength to do her duty, and that God would overrule all for good.

It was late the next morning when she awoke and hastily arranging her hair and wrapper, she descended to her mother's parlor. The blinds were yet closed and a threatening stillness pervaded the whole house. She threw back the shutters and let in a drift of sunlight. Mrs. Henderson's white cheek rested against the

pillow her thin hands were clasped over her feeble beating heart. As Annie approached the bed she slowly opened her eyes and welcomed her with her usual pleasant good morning.

"I have had such a beautiful dream, my daughter, sister Lizzie is coming for me soon, she told me she would come and take me up among the Holy Angels, that I could see,"—She paused as if for breath and a shade passed over her countenance. Annie beckoned to a servant who softly entered the room. "Where is father."

"He went out an hour ago, Miss, said he was going down town, should not be back to breakfast." "Send John after him immediately I fear my mother is dying"

Mrs. Henderson never spoke again, she remained in a sort of stupor an hour or more. When her husband returned she did not recognize him. Several times during the forenoon she opened her eyes and looked from one to the other as they stood by her bed. About noon she made a sign of recognition. Her husband lifted her up in his arms, she breathed once and went with her sister Lizzie to live with the Holy Angels.

Tears coursed down John Henderson's cheeks as he looked upon all that remained of his dearly loved wife. When his grief was somewhat spent he turned to Annie, who stood a little apart sobbing convulsively. "Come here, my daughter, you are all I have left." "And you my Father," She threw her arms about his neck, and sobbed out her grief upon his bosom.

In the midst of deep waters that now overwhelmed them she thanked God, for she knew she had saved her father. The funeral of Mrs. Henderson was largely attended. A few intimate friends lingered.

A cousin who had come on from the East spent a few weeks in the family and things moved on as before. The winter not generally severe in that latitude, gave place to early spring.

John Henderson was greatly changed, his face was haggard and care worn, his step faltering and unsteady, his whole appearance that of an old man. Annie still maintained her position at the head of the household and watched this change in her father with great anxiety. She knew he had many times come home in a state of intoxication, and kept his room for several days. That he would not admit herself or any of the servants except John, his faithful negro, from whom she could

learn nothing. Col. Seymour was regular in his visits, gentle in his deportment and she began to look upon him as her future husband, without a feeling of regret or wish that it might be otherwise.

She talked with him freely about her father, but he seemed reserved, and sometimes put her off with replies that concealed, what she most wished to know.

Early summer was unusually hot and dry. the fashionable were leaving the city, for the North, East and West. Annie declined all invitations to accompany her friends, even when Col. Seymour urged, giving as excuse her fathers bad health.

As the heat became more intense, Annie grew weak and languid. She was quite delighted on hearing her father announce his intention of going up North to attend to some business and taking her with him. He had often made the trip in summer while his wife and daughter were at the sea-side, but as Annie did not choose to go now, he would take her up to the fine woods and show her how lumber was made. The Col. acquiesced in the arrangement and the middle of June found them *en-route* for Shelbyville where the Co's Mills were situated. "Should anything serious happen Telegraph me immediately," were his last words as he bid them good by on board the cars.

The Firm of which John Henderson was a member, consisted of himself with two other gentlemen residing in the same city.

They owned large Steam Mills at Shelbyville with immense tracts of timber land situated along the river and small streams. Their business was transacted through Agents and clerks, with occasional visits from one or more of the Firm. Mr. Henderson arrival at the little manufacturing village was not wholly unexpected but the coming of his daughter, the beauty and bell of the great city was a nine day wonder to the simple hearted inhabitants. They stopped at the Co's Boarding House kept by a kind-hearted old man and his wife by the name of Mason. Mrs. Mason was a motherly old body and bustled about in true boarding-house style, declaring everything was upside down, they never were in such a muss before, with such other meaningless phrases as came most readily to her mind. "Do you think you can stay in this back woods place two or three weeks Annie" said her father as they stood in the door of the little parlor" "I can stay anywhere with you, father" "When you get rested we will go out and take a general survey of this country if you wish." You had better lie

down while I go out to the office and look to the men a little. Remember I must see the rose come back to your cheeks" He went out and Annie returned to the parlor, Mrs. Mason soon dropped in and opened a conversation by saying "We're pretty full just now, and I'm scant for help, but I guess we can get along someway." "How many boarders have you and how much help do you keep,"

"We've some over a hundred men here now and I keep four girls most of the time, my best hand left yesterday, and I won't put up with every kind of trash that comes along, tell Mason I want good help if I don't have so much of it. Let me see," she went on in her housewifely way "You can have these rooms all to yourself, nobody ever comes in here but the clerk, and he won't disturb you a bit." "Our servants will be here to-morrow with our baggage, where will you put them Mrs. Mason?" "The dear only knows, how many are they, are they men or women." "Only two, John is a colored man and waits upon father, Caddy is an Irish girl and has been so kind to me since my mother died that I look upon her more as a companion than a servant." "Let me think," and Mrs. Mason set her not-much-used brain to work right vigorously. She did not think long or deep "I'll go and tell Mason to fix up that little room at the head of the stairs for the man, you say he's colored, that means a nigger I'm afraid the men won't eat with him, we aint used to niggers up here" and she gave a little shrug to her shoulders as though she was not altogether pleased with this anticipated addition to the family. "Very well Mrs. Mason he can eat with father and I" Mrs. Mason threw back her head with a jerk and opened her pale blue eyes in complete wonder "Then there's the woman, what did you say her name was?" "Caddy" "Oh, yes, I remember Mrs. Dubrey has got a little girl they call Caddy, but her right name is Caroline—Do you know whether this one's is; I always want to call people by their right names." "I never heard any other name for her but Caddy what are you going to do with her?" The old lady looked puzzled, she wiped the perspiration from her face with a corner of her apron which was not over clean and said, "There is not another empty room in the house, what a pity she aint married to the man" Annie laughed outright, that she thought would certainly be a marriage of convenience. Mrs. Mason looked a little confused, and she hastened to say, "Caddy can share my sleeping room, I would not have her away from m

you had ever so many unoccupied rooms. We can make her a nice bed there on the lounge where we will be perfectly comfortable." His arrangement was satisfactory, and as the clock struck four she started up. "Well Miss. Henderson, make yourself as comfortable as you can, it won't be much like home to you, I don't expect. Annie assured her she had everything she needed and should be very happy in such a nice cool place.

After Mrs. Mason retired she took from her traveling bag and began to read. She became interested, absorbed. The six o'clock whistle of the engine aroused her. Looking from the window she saw her father approaching accompanied by a gentleman with whom she seemed in animated conversation. They entered the parlor together. Mr. Henderson introduced Herbert Cornell his confidential clerk and principal business agent. The young man bowed politely and a pleasant smile lighted up his handsome face. Herbert Cornell, as young, quite too young, one might think for the position he held, yet there was a manliness in his appearance and movements that instinctively won your confidence. His features were regular and perfect in outline, his complexion clear almost transparent, his eyes were evidently blue, but when engaged in animated conversation, they appeared dark grey or black. His face wore a general, happy look such as makes us forget care, sorrow, anxiety, moodiness and leaves one satisfied with ourselves and everybody around us. Why are such faces seldom seen in this great world of ours, when even a look gladdens the heart and elevates the soul? For three years past he had been a successful clerk, and managed the extensive business of the firm to its entire satisfaction, had as a matter of necessity received some hard blows by coming suddenly in contact with the projecting elements of peoples character, yet amidst it all he had preserved the true dignity of manhood unviolated, and the promise given his mother on leaving the parental roof "I will be an honest man," had never been broken. He was of a fine ideal temperament slightly impulsive, but so generous in mind and forgiving in disposition, impulses never led him astray. When the motives are right there is little danger of harm from actions. Mr. Cornell made no effort to make himself agreeable to Annie or essential to her father, yet he soon became both. Whenever he could leave the office he accompanied them in their walks and drives about the coun-

try and showed a remarkable familiarity with the various departments of business. He was a general favorite with the millmen, overseers and workmen were alike loud in his praise.

Mr. Henderson would sometimes remain in the office while he and Annie went out alone.

On one occasion when they were taking a morning stroll, they stopped at a pretty little cottage and refreshed themselves with a glass of clear cold water. Annie thanked the hostess in her sweet affable way which so delighted the little woman, that in mentioning the incident to her husband declared "Miss Henderson was a perfect angel and not a bit proud"

As clouds sometimes obscure the visible sun and intercept its light, so trouble often comes and renders dark our path of duty and happiness. "Every heart hath its own bitterness, each must be tried in the furnace of affliction, to prove the quality of its material as well as its power of endurance.

Annie Henderson was no exception to the general rule. They had been in Shelbyville two weeks, John Henderson had tasted no liquor, but his appetite still craved the stimulant.

Twas a warm afternoon the clerk was busy with his books and nothing particularly interesting was going on at the mills. Mr. Henderson sauntered out for a walk. He had not gone far when he was overtaken by a gentleman whom he immediately recognized as a young physician of the place, driving a matched span of beautiful horses attached to a light buggy.

Dr. Crane had heard much of the wealthy John Henderson and his beautiful daughter and was anxious to form their acquaintance. He had met Mr. Henderson a few times since his arrival, so he reigned up his horses and bowing politely begged him to jump in and take an airing in his pleasant little chaise. Mr. Henderson readily accepted the invitation and took a seat by his side. The horses were spirited and dashed on unmindful of dust or distance. Conversation grew interesting, they took no note of time, until a turn in the road brought the sun directly in their faces and they discovered it was but just above the horizon. The heat was oppressing and the horses began to show signs of fatigue. Emerging from a clump of low pines they came upon a little wayside tavern of most unpretending appearance and alighted. The Dr., ordered his horses fed but not unharnessed as he should wait them again in an hour, and the two men, now the best of friends passed into the house.

Liquor was called for and to their surprise the best wines and brandies were set before them. Mr. Henderson swallowed glass after glass of the brandy before the Dr., who was a moderate drinker, had finished his first glass and an hour afterward when the horses were brought around to the door he was in a beastly state of intoxication. The Dr., could not take him home, his very soul revolted from riding beside a drunken man, so holding a whispering consultation with the landlord he jumped into his light buggy and was soon out of sight.

It was truly pitiable to see John Henderson, the man of wealth and influence occupying an enviable position among men, as he lay in a drunken stupor in that old, dilapidated country tavern. As low ignorant men passed in and out during the warm summer evening they turned a look of scorn upon "the old chap in the corner." A young sprig with more brass than brains, was caught eyeing suspiciously the heavy gold watch and chain that was but partly concealed by a light coat.

In the mean time six o'clock came, the usual supper hour and Annie began to show signs of uneasiness at her fathers protracted absence. She took only a cup of tea in her room and watched by the window until the fading twilight deepened into night. She called to John, but he knew nothing of his masters whereabouts.

Her next thought was of Mr. Cornell, she sent John to the office but with no better success.

A feeling of sadness, a presentiment of evil came over her spirit. She must see Mr. Cornell herself. She had great confidence in his discretion, she had watched his careful attention to business and knew he was a man to be trusted, but how could she mention the subject to him a comparative stranger. Caddy had gone with one of the servants and she was quite alone. She was becoming excited, nervous as she heard the clerk's footsteps as he was passing up to his room. She opened the door timidly "Mr. Cornell"—Her voice was low but it reached his ear and in an instant he was by her side. They passed into the little sitting-room together—"Do you know where my father is?" She stopped short as if half afraid of the answer. Herbert Cornell was not slow to read the truth from the pale lips, that quivered as they uttered the words. He knew something of Mr. Henderson's habits of life, that he sometimes drank to excess, and Annie's anxious face revealed a volume in itself. He saw it all at a

glance, and hesitated a moment before replying.

He tried to appear unconcerned "He left the office this afternoon about three o'clock I should judge; an hour or two afterwards a man mentioned having seen him riding with Dr. Crane on the marsh road. He will probably be in soon." He quietly seated himself in an arm-chair and commenced a conversation on the weather, its unusual heat for that climate &c. &c. Annie heard not a word, her face paled until it grew ghastly livid. With an effort born of desperation she said "Mr. Cornell something has happened to my father, will you go and find him?" "I will find him, do not be alarmed Miss Henderson"

He repaired first to Dr. Crane's office, then to his house. Here he learned the principle facts in the case, that Mr. Henderson was lying dead drunk at a little country tavern ten mile away.

Could he return to Annie and tell her the humiliating truth? She evidently anticipated something of the kind, but knowing it would break his heart. In this case suspense was easier to bear than certainty, and going back to the stable he hastily harnessed the best horses and hitched them to a light wagon taking John with him in case he needed help was soon on his errand.

The air was quite cool with an occasional light breeze springing up, the moon was at its full and revealed objects at a considerable distance. Although Herbert Cornell drove rapidly, his thoughts more than kept pace with utmost speed. He reviewed the past few weeks he examined his feelings carefully, and four ready to spring up at the least encouragement a tender regard for Annie Henderson. As he weighed the evidence, he found proof positive. He realized she had immense wealth while he was comparatively poor. He was yet young, a few years of industry and economy, might raise him to a position where he could accumulate faster and visions of Mortgages, Bank Stocks &c &c., flitted through his brain.

A few minutes before midnight he found himself at the tavern described. 'Twas without difficulty he aroused the proprietor and got into the house. "Where is Mr. Henderson?" The landlord pointed significant to a pile of rags in one corner "I threw the old clothes over him before I went to bed. He stepped to the place designated, and under a pile of old coats, blankets and dirty children's clothes lay John Henderson fast asleep.

Herbert Cornell was a man of fine feelings, keen sensibilities and his soul recoiled from the loathsome spectacle. For Annie's sake, for humanity's sake, for God's sake he raised the prostrate man from the floor and endeavored to rouse him to consciousness. With John's assistance he dragged him to the door, that the cool evening air might awaken him. He partially awoke and begged to be let alone, but the moment they released him he would crawl back to his bed of filthy rags. The three men lifted him into the wagon, John held him firmly in the seat and the clerk drove home. The night air, together with the motion of the wagon brought him to his senses, and when he learned where he was and where he had been, he hung his head for very shame. Few words were said as they rode more slowly homeward.

As they approached the village, Herbert said, "Your daughter has been very anxious about you."

John Henderson groaned out, "Oh! Annie my darling, if you knew this would you ever love your old father again?" he bowed his head upon his breast and wept like a child.

Father, husband, brother, may you weep just such tears when brought to a sense of the disgrace your vile conduct brings upon your loved ones. "Drive around to the stable with me Herbert, I must go up the back stairs to my room, I cannot see Annie to-night. Go to her my boy, for she will be anxious, explain my absence as best you can, you shall be well paid for this night's work." John conducted his master to his room while Herbert unharnessed the horses, carefully putting everything in its proper place, that no questions might arise on the morrow.

If, now he could get to his own room unobserved, but Annie's quick ear caught his first step, she rushed out to meet her father. Seeing he had not come she whispered, "Where is he you said you would find him?"—and fainted. Mr. Cornell gently lifted the slight form in his arms and carried her to the sofa.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ELOQUENT.

At a temperance meeting in Concord N. Y., a poor drunkard by the name of Bachelder, made his way into the hall, and in broken accents gave vent to the overflowing of his soul:

"Who made me a drunkard? Not God! He never made a man a drunkard. He makes them husbands, and fathers, and

brothers, but not drunkards. No! but I did it; I made myself a drunkard. And not I alone but you, your influence, custom and the rumseller—you made me a drunkard;—yes the rumseller—he did it!

"I went into his shop—his house—the 'Eagle Coffee House,' to-day; Yes to-day, Sunday, my appetite drove me there. I didn't want to go in. I don't want to drink. My very soul my whole soul is against it; but this body, this appetite drove me in. When I was a moderate drinker, I used to go there and drink. Then I was respectable I was not a drunkard; but moderate drinking made me a drunkard. They, made me what you see me now! and now, to day, I went in and called for gin, and the proprietor refused me—yes, refused me; he didn't sell anything! because I'm a drunkard."

"What would you have him do?" asked one.

"I would have them sell to me, or not at all. To me, who am lost—not to those who may become drunkards. But no; they have made a drunkard of me, and now they're ashamed of their own work."

There was a pause here, and then Bachelder resumed:

"Who was Michael Martin? He was a robber—a notorious robber! What was he hung for? For taking money; yes their money; that was all—all. He never took life. He never took a man's character—never. Nor broke the heart of a wife; nor beat nor bruised her children; nor injured her reputation—no never. And he was hung! Yes, Michael Martin was hung for taking men's money. His words were 'your money or your life!' not your reputation, your character, the peace of your family, and your life."

The poor creature's brain seemed staggering; but every one could see that his object was to contrast the business of the rumseller with that of Michael Martin; and every one felt awed with the idea, and with the tremendous force which, so far, it had been hurled out, rough and unshewn from the workshop of his scattered brain.

Moral Suasion for the man who drinks.
Mental Suasion for the man who thinks.
Legal Suasion for the Drunkard maker,
Prison Suasion for the statute breaker.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

A young lady who signs herself a "Martyr to late hours," offers the following sensible suggestion to young men: Dear gentlemen, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, listen to a few words of gratuitous remarks. When you make a social call of an evening, on a young lady, go away at a seasonable hour. Say you come at 8 o'clock, an hour and a half is certainly as long as the most fascinating of you in conversation can, or rather ought to use his charms. Two hours, indeed, can be very pleasantly spent with music, chess, or other games to lend variety; but, kind sirs, by no means stay longer. Make short calls and come oftener. A girl, that is a sensible, true hearted girl will enjoy it better, and really value your acquaintance more. Just conceive the agony of a girl who, well knowing the feelings of both father and mother upon the subject, hears the clock strike ten, and yet must sit upon the edge of her chair, in mortal terror lest papa should put his threat into execution—that of coming down and inviting the gentleman to breakfast. And we girls understand it all by experience, and know what it is to dread the prognostic of displeasure. In such cases a sigh of relief generally accompanies the closing of the door behind the gallant, and one don't get over the feeling of trouble till safe in the arms of Morpheus. Even then, sometimes the dreams are troubled with some phantom of an angry father, and distressed (for all parties) mother; and all because a young man will make a longer call than he ought to.

Now, young gentlemen friends, I'll tell you what we girls will do. For an hour and a half we will be irresistibly charming and fascinating; then beware; monosyllable responses will be all you need expect. And if when the limits shall have been passed, a startling inquiry shall be heard coming down stairs: "Isn't it time to close up?" you must consider it a righteous punishment, and taking your hat, meekly depart—a sadder, and it is to be hoped a wiser man. Do not get angry, but the next time you come, keep within bounds. We want to rise early these pleasant mornings and improve the "shining hours;" but when forced to sit up at such unreasonable hours at night, exhausted

nature will speak, and as a natural consequence, with the utmost speed in dressing, we can barely get down to breakfast in time to escape a reprimand from papa, who don't believe in beaux—as though he never was young; and a mild, reproving glance from mamma, who understands a little better poor daughter's feelings but must still disapprove outwardly, to keep up appearances. And now, young men, think about these things, and don't—for pity's sake, don't—respond with a "pshaw," but remember the safe side of ten.

GIRLS, DON'T DO IT.—There is a practice quite prevalent among young ladies of the present day, which we are old-fashioned enough to consider very improper. We allude to their giving photographs of themselves to young men who are only acquaintances. We consider it indelicate in the highest degree. We are astonished that any young girl should hold herself so cheap as this. With an accepted lover it is of course all right. Even in that case the likeness should be returned, if the engagement should by any misunderstanding, cease. If this little paragraph should meet the eye of any young girl who is about to give her photograph to a gentleman acquaintance, let her know that the remarks made by many young men, when together, concerning what is, perhaps on her part, a piece of ignorance or imprudence, would if she heard them, cause her cheek to crimson with shame and anger. "Were it a sister of ours"—but that not being the case, we give this advice to anybody's sister who needs it, most anxiously desiring that she should at all times preserve her dignity and self-respect.

The young ladies of Tipton, Ind., recently met in council and passed the following Resolution: "Whereas, we mean business; therefore be it resolved that we will not accompany any young man to church or other places of amusement who uses tobacco in any manner; and, resolved, that we discard all young men who play billiards, euchre, or poker; and resolved, that young men who indulge in profane language need not apply; and resolved, that we will not, by 'hook, look or crook' notice any young man who indulges in lager beer or whiskey; and resolved, that we will not harbor young men known to keep late hours."

For the Golden Rule.

THE INDIAN LEGEND.

BY EDWIN BAKER.

Centuries before Columbus,
 Sailing westward sought the Indies,
 Upon bay where now Rhode Island
 Builds her mills inviting commerce,
 Slowly beat a bark one Autumn,
 Where before a sail ne'er fluttered,
 Slowly beat a bark of Europe,
 Manned by bold, adventurous Northmen,
 Seeking novelty and pleasure,
 Seeking gold less than excitement,
 Rounded too before an island,
 Furl'd her sails and dropp'd her anchor.

Soon a boat's crew and her captain,
 Eris, leader by his birthright,
 By his beauty and his stature,
 By his prowess, and his wisdom,
 Clad in armor sought the mainland,
 Sought the wonders of the New Land,
 Sought its beauty and its strangeness,
 Sought its beasts and birds and people,
 Sought and found its simple people,
 Welcome found among its people,

Who in wonder viewed the strangers,
 Pale faced, yellow haired, and comely,
 Battle ax, spears, sword, their weapons,
 Clad in mail that gleamed and glittered,
 Wondering viewed the bark that stately
 Floated on the tranquil waters,
 Like a fair huge bird of heaven,
 Wondering brought them food and plenty
 Flesh of partridge, duck and wild deer,
 Skin of Otter, Bear and Beaver,
 Bade them eat and sit and rest them.

Eris saw the Chieftain's daughter,
 Sunbeam called for her beauty,
 For her ways so light and winsome,
 For her gayety and humor,
 For her kind and loving manners,
 Laughing, dancing, gentle, Sunbeam.

Eris saw the Chieftain's daughter,
 Saw and loved the pleasant Sunbeam,
 Learned her language, roamed the forest,
 With her as his guide, companion,
 In the glorious days of Autumn,
 When the sunlight, hazy, golden,
 Sleep so still on air on forest,
 One might think the sky and hilltops,
 Calmly, sweetly, intermingling,
 Happy voice of bird and squirrel,
 Calling through the quiet forest,
 Overhead the wild grapes purpling,
 Tinted leaves around them falling,
 Everywhere the peace of Autumn.

Eris won the love of sunbeam,
 Daughter of the lordly chieftain,
 Who had given her to a warrior,
 Strong arm called by his nation,
 Strong in council and in battle,

Who should lead and guide and succor,
 When the chieftain crossed the river,
 In his journey to his father's,
 Hunting in the happy country,
 Soon had Strongarm claimed his Sunbeam,
 Took her to his painted wigwam,
 When the pale faced Eris won her,
 Won her from the side of Strongarm,
 Though her father begged and threatened
 For the future of his people,
 Eris won the dancing sunbeam,
 White or dusky though the color,
 Woman's heart is still uncertain.

Burning with his hate and vengeance,
 Strongarm sought a neighboring people,
 Fired them with his rage and fury,
 Led them forth upon the warpath,
 Sought to desolate his nation,
 Sought the scalp of pale faced Eris,
 Who had won the love of sunbeam.

Eris with his mailed Northmen,
 Met the furious host in battle;
 Spear or sword, and steely armor,
 Gainst the club and flint-head arrow,
 Gainst the naked breast of Indian.

Short and bloody was the contest;
 Though the arrows fell like hailstones,
 Till like hailstones on the armor,
 Scattering sparks like glowing firebrands,
 As they rattled 'gainst the armor;
 Though the war clubs fell like fury,
 On the helmets of the Northmen,
 Still their efforts all were fruitless;
 For the broadswords of the Northman,
 Lopped the limbs from frightened Indians,
 Lopped the heads from flying Indians,
 Thinking in their superstition,
 That their foes were more than mortal,
 Fearing, flying, madly shouting,
 "Ot-ne-yar-heh, stony giant!"

Sunbeam's people welcomed Eris,
 And his Northern back in triumph,
 Feasted them on spoils of forest,
 Built a wigwam tall for Eris,
 From the tapering poles of spruce trees,
 Covered it with painted deer skins,
 Made a couch of skins of wild beasts,
 Blushing Sunbeam led to Eris,
 Married her to pale faced Eris.
 Eris's crew built them a tower,
 From the rocks upon the seashore,
 Made a home upon the Island,
 You may see it still near Newport.

Pleasant passed the stormy winter,
 O'er the lodge of pale faced Eris,
 Dancing Sunbeam ever near him,
 Lighting up the gloom of winter;
 But in Spring time, when the southwind

Loosed the snow upon the hill sides,
 Scattered flowers through the forest,
 Eris grew absorbed and listless,
 Scarcely heeding wondering Sunbeam,
 Gazed upon the swelling ocean,
 Seemed to gaze across the ocean,
 Till upon a breezy midnight,
 Left the couch of sleeping Sunbeam,
 All his Northmen gathered round him,
 Shook his sails out, hoisted anchor,
 Sought his home across the ocean.

In the morning Sunbeam sought him ;
 Saw his free bark heading southward,
 Heading eastward o'er the ocean,
 Saw it sink in the horizon,
 As she turned away in sorrow,
 For she knew across the billow,
 Never more would come proud Eris :
 Desolated, broken hearted,
 Sought her wigwam's kindly shelter,
 Hid herself within her wigwam.

Strongarm heard of Eris's sailing,
 Thought the now could wreak his vengeance,
 On poor Sunbeam and her father,
 He too old to lead his people,
 While among his willing warriors,
 There were none by nature fitted
 So to rule in surging battle.

Strongarm with his dusky warriors,
 Smote the tribe at dazzling mid-day,
 Smote them in the gloomy night-time,
 In the forest, in the wigwam,
 In all times, and all places,
 Smote the friends of stricken Sunbeam,
 Till disheartened, vanquished conquered,
 Hunted as the tireless gray wolf
 Hunts the timid flying red deer,
 They were forced to fly their country,
 Leaving there their pleasant wigwams,
 Leaving there the dust of fathers,
 Forced to fly o'er stream and mountain,
 Westward, ever westward flying,
 As the deer before the gray wolf,
 Till they reached a rippling lakelet,
 Here in sadness built their wigwams,
 All too few to throw a shadow
 That would show them in the green woods,
 Lit their camp fires few and feeble,
 All too few to show their presence,
 To their foes among them straying,
 Seeking them throughout the forest.

Glowing eyes they cast on Sunbeam,
 Called her author of their sorrow,
 No more called her dancing Sunbeam,
 Called her night cloud in their anger,
 Said her shadow rested o'er them,
 Veiling them from the Great Spirit,
 Causing them to walk in darkness,
 Causing them to trip and stumble,
 Causing them to live in sorrow,
 Yes, they called her blasting night cloud.

Ah, the heart of noble woman ;
 Who can measure its affection,
 For her friends though turned against her,
 Who can tell the pity, mercy,
 On the merciless she wasteth,

Who may know her self reproaches,
 When she deems some erring action,
 Though performed in fear and trembling,
 Without guilt upon her conscience,
 Has brought others tribulation,
 Such there are, and such was Sunbeam.

Ott she sought the Indian's Father,
 Manitou, the mighty spirit,
 Sought with tears and supplications,
 Prayed for rest unto her people,
 Prayed that they might grow and flourish,
 Be relieved from cloud and shadow ;
 Asked the spirit to reserve her,
 As an offering for her sinning,
 When she loved the pale faced Eris,
 When she married heartless Eris,
 Asked to be received, an offering
 For the welfare of her people.

Day by day she slowly faded,
 Through the summer, through the autumn,
 Through the winters, cold and solemn ;
 In the bright sad flush of Spring time,
 Told the stricken few around her,
 That the Spirit had accepted
 Her, an offering for their welfare ;
 That the spirit in the night-breeze
 Bade her tell them watch the hillock,
 Where her form should calmly moulder,
 There should spring a welcome blessing,
 That should renovate her people ;
 Bade them guard her tender infant,
 Kissed in tears her tender infant,
 Son of her and pale faced Eris ;
 Passed away as dying Sunbeam,
 For the welfare of her people.

Night and day they watched the hillock,
 Where she slept upon the hillside,
 Sloping gently to the lakelet ;
 Scared away the bright-eyed squirrel,
 Crow and raccoon kept afar off,
 Till from out the shielding hillock,
 From the bosom of dead Sunbeam,
 Sprung a pale plant, tender, tiny,
 Growing slowly in the Spring time,
 Quickly growing in the Summer,
 Casting forth its silken tassels,
 Green and rank and very pleasant,
 Springing from the breast of Sunbeam,
 Watched and tended by the maidens ;
 Ripening, rustling in the autumn,
 Till the parting husks disclosed
 Row on Row of Shining kernels,
 Of the Indian corn that ripened
 O'er the grave of buried Sunbeam,
 Springing from the breast of Sunbeam,
 As a blessing from the spirit,
 For her prayers and supplications,
 For the offering, pure and holy,
 Of herself to save her people.
 For the first time to them given,
 By the prayers of offered Sunbeam.

By its richness flourished, strengthened,
 Soon the tribe began to flourish,
 While the son of sleeping Sunbeam,
 Living on its luscious sweetness,
 Soon grew up to lusty manhood ;
 In his brain were deftly mingled

White man's wisdom, Indian's cunning,
Till in council or in battle,
Who could stand before the Indian,
Known afar as spirit chieftain.

Tribes around in proud alliance,
Gathered under him as leader,
In the council, on the warpath;
Ye have heard of them I doubt not,
Iroquois, the Frenchman called them,
Some have called them the Six Nations,
Since together were united,
Senecas, Cayugas, Mohawks,
Onondagas, Tuscararas,
And Oneidas in alliance.

While their homes the Indians called
Ho-de-o-san-nee, or the long house,
Stretching from the Hudson westward
Far beyond the Mississippi
From beyond the great lakes reaching
Southward to the great gulf's waters;
Over all the spirit chieftain
Ruled as Sachem and as leader,
And in dying left behind him
Sons of daring mighty chieftain,
Ah, our fathers, they had reason
To acknowledge mighty chieftains,
In the son of spirit chieftain,
Son of self devoted Sunbeam.

Never goes a lonely Indian
By the Onondagas' waters,
Through the rich fields of the white-man,
Erst the country of his fathers,
But he passes o'er the hillside,
Pauses on the pleasant hillside;
Lays a stone, with mystic lettering,
On the mound upon the hillside;
Then with footsteps sad and stately,
Passes on to join his kindred,
Who have hastened on before him,
O'er the dark and solemn river,
To the peaceful, happy country,
Where Manitou brings his children.

Speak, perhaps that you may win him
From his settled melancholy;
Ask him why he lays the stone there
With his unknown mystic muttering;
If he answers he may tell the
Story of the dancing Sunbeam,
Tell you that throughout the ages,
Indians passing thus erected
A memorial unto Sunbeam,
That her dust beneath reposes
Calmly on the sacred hillside,
That her spirit crystalized
At the word of the great spirit,
Sprung again to earthly being,
In the form then first created,
Bearing beauty, joy and blessings,
Evermore through man's existence.

For the Golden Rule.

THE BLIGHTED LIFE.

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

I once chanced to meet with an unfortunate being whose life had been robbed of light and happiness. I thought at the time, that she was the most pitiful mortal that ever crossed my pathway. She was at times wild and crazy, and then again she appeared perfectly sane, upon every subject save her own life, which seemed to be a perfect blank to her. But while the present was a void in time, the past like a pale phantom ever lingered around her—casting its gloomy shadows over her soul. She lived only in the past, and often again in fancy, she was passing through the terrible ordeal that wrecked her happiness.

It had seemed that when hope gave away to despair, that the wheels of time stood still—that its fleeting days brought no new scenes to her. Others rejoiced in the sunlight that fell upon their pathway, while this poor child of misery was doomed to dwell in the haunts of despair.

Yet sometimes she would fancy that she was living over those happy days, ere adverse circumstances had chained her soul in darkness, and then she would talk with childlike simplicity of the happiness that awaited her in the future. But oftener she fancied that she was journeying the desolate path, upon which the wild storm beat with such fury, when the gloomy clouds forever eclipsed the bright sun of hope.

And yet the fearful shadows resting over her pathway, had not entirely robbed her of the many charms that graced her early life. Occasionally the old light of love would shine in her eye, and then for a moment would the wild gleam of insanity disappear.

The voice too that would often shriek in agony, would at times become low and tender with emotion, bringing tears of pity to the eyes of those who knew her sad history.

I had never seen her until after she had become a hopeless maniac, but her history

of her former life was related to me by a friend who had known her well, when a happy cheerful girl. After I had met her, I was very desirous to know the story of her wrongs, and at last I chanced to meet with one, who knew every event connected with her past life, although it was not until the poor aching heart was laid in the grave.

Her Father was a proud selfish man, very intemperate and unkind. He was not a habitual drunkard, yet he drank enough every day to make him harsh and stern, and unmindful of the happiness of others. He was naturally a haughty selfwilled man, and strong drink made him doubly so, and it was no wonder that his wife and child stood in fear of him. But he was wealthy and so his money hid in a great degree his faults, and gave him more power to exercise his will and authority over all about him. Only one child ever graced his home, and by his cruelty and unkindness her happiness was wrecked forever, and she became the hopeless maniac that I have described.

In early life she had been happy and cheerful in spite of her Fathers unkindness, and it was in after years—when he had grown more harsh and cruel, that she learned to fear him. But she had caught a few glimpses of the bright world, for her youthful days were not all passed in the parental home.

The Father although unkind and indifferent to his only child, was yet a very aspiring man, and so he determined that she should receive all the accomplishments that he was able to bestow. Pride and worldly ambition had much to do with this decision, for John Lester was a man who delighted, in making a display in the world, and in causing others to feel his superiority over them.

Accordingly Mary was sent away to a fashionable school to remain until her education was completed. Here it was that the bright beams of happiness fell upon her life path, and she like a happy bird sang and rejoiced in their radiance. The years sped by and the mind of Mary Lester became stored with useful knowledge, and she was about to return to her Father's home. Then it was, that she met with Edward Stanton, and the mystic cords of love at once bound their hearts together. He was noble and generous, incapable of practicing deception, and she

was trusting and impulsive. I think that Mary Lester never once stopped to consider the results that might follow when she pledged her heart and hand to the young student. It probably never entered her mind that there was an eternal barrier between her and Edward for she did not know what a distinction wealth makes between the children of earth. Had she been a few years older she might have known this, but then she had not walked the great highway of life long enough to learn all the bitter lessons that the false world teaches.

Well school days were ended at last, and Edward and Mary parted beneath the old elms trees upon the school ground—vowing eternal constancy to each other. So they parted, she to return to her childhood home, and he to go into business until he was able to claim Mary's hand.

The old homestead seemed dreary enough to Mary after she had left the pleasant associations of the school room, and then it was that her Father's cruelty seemed to weigh down her spirit with two-fold power. His unkind disposition had not improved, but instead he had become more sullen and cruel, and it seemed to be his delight to make all about him feel his power.

Yet some bright gleams of sunlight fell even then, upon her life, for she often heard from Edward, and his long letters were a source of happiness to her. Many an hour was passed in reading and musing over the epistle that she received from him, and in looking forward to the time when she would again meet him. A year had passed away—a year of alternate shadow and sunshine, and the love that dwelt in her true heart was still pure and strong. No human being knew of the tie that united the two young hearts together but the Mother of Mary Lester. She had warned her child of the opposition that she might meet with from the Father, yet she did not dream of the storm that really came.

By some means John Lester found out that Mary had dared to correspond with a man whom he had never seen, without his knowledge or consent, and as he made that discovery his rage knew no bounds. With fearful imprecations he bade her never to think of Edward again, threatening that if

she disobeyed him, that he would devise means to humble her rebellious spirit. The poor girl listened in silence to his stern commands, for she knew how useless it would be to appeal to his sympathy. Indeed the gray rocks of the ocean shore possessed as much pity as did the heart of John Lester. Days of agony followed, and in vain did Mary try to devise some way to inform Edward of her Father's commands. She dared not write to him for she well knew that if detected, her Father would carry his threats into execution. But in these same days John Lester was also busy in laying a plan to work the ruin of his only child. Strong drink had made him reckless, and so he did not care what measures he adopted to carry out his will and plans.

It seems as though the fiend of darkness helped him to devise a plan, and to find a man base enough to help him to carry it into execution. This man was at once employed by the Father to act a base part in the scene that was to be enacted and this was, to become the husband of Mary.

James Newman was wealthy, yet a more unprincipled man never breathed the air of Heaven. Had he not been rich in worldly goods he would have been regarded as a being too vile to enter into the society of the good and pure but as it was, he was called respectable, and admitted into the presence of purity and innocence. It is passing strange how a few thousand dollars will hide the unholy passions of a depraved heart, and screen a human being from justice and condemnation and also that the keen penetrating eye of the world cannot look through the gossamer covering that is wrapped around the soul of the rich villain. Yet it seems utterly blinded to his faults while it can plainly discover the shame and degradation of the child of poverty.

Well John Lester determined that James Newman should become the husband of his daughter, and so he informed her of his resolution. Words cannot tell the misery that settled that moment upon her soul. Wildly she prayed and entreated, that she might be spared, but she might as well have talked to the tempest as to the man that she called Father. Her bitter tears and pleading tones did not touch a single cord of pity in the heart of the self willed intemperate man.

Coldly he turned away from her to make preparations for a speedy marriage with James Newman.

But then as the storm began to subside, a bitter rebellious thought took possession of her heart, and then she resolved to meet any fate rather than to be tied to the base bad man that she knew James Newman to be. She determined to choose a life of poverty and drudgery, rather than to become the wife of one, whom she so utterly despised. Then she wrote a long letter to Edward, telling him the whole story, and also the resolutions that she had formed and in conclusion, asked him to come to convey her away from the parental home. Fortunately she succeeded in sending the letter, for the Father had not dreamed that she dared to disobey his commands.

At last he fixed a day upon which she was to become the wife of the man that she detested and despised, and he very coolly informed her the ceremony would assuredly take place at that time in spite of all opposition. But the hitherto obedient girl seemed transformed into a strong firm woman, and in a bitter mocking tone, she informed the heartless man, that she had chosen to go out into the world and take care of herself.

"We will see about that my pretty Miss" he answered, while his eye flashed with anger, allow me to inform you, that you will obey me in this matter, and also that you will not leave this house until you are the wife of James Newman."

"You have no right to do this sir," answered Mary firmly and I will not submit to it. Rather than become the wife of James Newman I will forever leave the home of my childhood.

"We shall see about that" said the father again in a strange firm tone, I tell you that in less than one week you will be the wife of James Newman" and then he walked out of the room and turned the key of the door with a low laugh of triumph.

A few hours later James Newman entered the room, and coolly approached the distracted girl, and at once began talking of their future union. "I hate you" she answered springing away from him as from a reptile, "and were you a man, you would scorn to

play the part that you are now acting. I tell you I will never, NEVER become your wife."

"But you will though?" he answered with a sneer and before I leave this room, too, in fact I am here now for the very purpose of claiming you for my wife. There is also a clergyman present waiting to do the business.

"I never will consent to it James Newman," said the poor girl while a strange light gleamed in her eyes. "You will obey me" said her father who at that moment entered the door. You have just one hour to prepare for the ceremony.

Mary Lester felt a sensation of pain creep over her, and everything appeared very strange and odd about her. Her ideas become very much confused, and then she quietly arose to obey her father. In just one hour she was the wife of the base-hearted man, but she did not comprehend the transaction that had been done, neither did James Newman know that he was the husband of a maniac, but he soon was undecided.

In a few days Edward Stanton arrived at the home of Mary. She was watching for him, and eagerly she flew out to welcome him. Ah, the poor crazed woman did not know that she was the wife of another. "Have you come Edward?" she said as she leaned her head against his faithful heart.

"Yes Mary he replied and you will go with me will you not."

"I will go" she said, in a strange tone that made Edward grow pale with terror; "but there is a bold bad man here that claims me as his wife, but you know Edward, that I would never consent to such a base transaction."

Just then a pair of jealous eyes gleamed upon them, and in a moment more Edward received a blow that made him senseless. A wild scream of agony rang out upon the air, and then the false husband knew that reason was forever dethroned, and that the woman he called his wife was a maniac.

A few days after the body of Edward Stanton was found in the river close by the house of John Lester, and none ever knew how it come there. Mary thought, that when bewildered with grief he accidentally fell into the deep water, others thought that

he purposely cast himself there. A few surmised that other hands helped him to find a watery grave.

Be that as it may Mary smoothed back the wet curls from the white forehead, and planted bright flowers over his grave.

Poor Mary wandered for many a day along the river banks, ever talking of Edward and of the happy days when first she knew him. James Newman, after he discovered her terrible condition cast her from him, and left her to wander by the river, or wherever she might chance to stray.

Her father might have had some bitter thoughts, yet if so, he never betrayed it to the world, but still pursued his way of shame, and at last died a miserable drunkard.

But poor Mary sleeps by the side of Edward, and the world no longer gazes upon the form of the pale maniac as once it did. Her heart aches are all over, and she now knows not of the pains that once racked her soul with agony.

MOTHER AND SON.

Good bye, then you're going, my darling,

Away from the home of your youth,

Away from its innocent gladness,

Away from its faith and its truth.

The world with its joys and its pleasures—

Alas, they are lighter than foam;

Yet these are the troubles which draw you.

Away from your mother and home!

Ah, well, it is but the old story,

The tendrils which cling to our life

Must ever be breaking and bleeding,

And tangled and torn in the strife;

Good bye, then, dear boy, and believe me,

Wherever your footsteps may roam,

My love is still watching, forgiving,

And waiting to welcome you home.

You speak of the greatest and noblest—

The tempter that tempts you in fame;

You would climb up its mystical ladder,

You would gild with its tinsel your name.

Wake, my darling, beloved you are dreaming,

You need not a wanderer be;

In my cottage we're peaceful and happy—

Stay at home, dear, share it with me!

You cannot—you will not?—farewell, then,

Your vision must fade and must die;

Be honest, be upright, be fearless,

Sometimes think of ME, dear! Good bye!

When this world's hopes and treasures deceive

you:

When you've proved them to be like the foam,

Then come back to the scenes of your childhood,

Come back to your mother and home.

THE TWO GIFTS.

BY M. Z. Y.

Once upon a-time in a far Eastern country, there lived a beautiful princess named Giahura. The island palm that hangs delighted over the fair reflections in the sea is not lighter in its shade nor does it bear itself more graceful. Her locks were luxuriant as the vines of Syria, her eyes were like the Southern night dark, but flashing with starry splendor. But her wisdom was more surprising than her beauty; for her nurse old Fatima had taught her twenty-rules of magic so powerful that by their aid, she could call the stars out of the sky. She could at will change herself into the form of a nightingale, or she could if she pleased, have condemned one who had offended her, to pass the remainder of life in the form of the most disgusting beast or reptile. But her piety and amiability equalled her wisdom and she never used her magical knowledge to revenge herself on her enemies but only to counteract the spells of wicked magicians.

She read the Koran attentively and could repeat all the passages relating to the duties of her own sex which is all that could be expected of a woman.

She was admired by all who knew her. Her mother loved her best of all her children, and her father valued her higher than his crown. Suitors came from the east and west to win so charming a lady. Prince Agib came from Arabia and he was fair to see. He was swiftest of foot and keenest of eye, of all his tribe, and Giahura's heart inclined to him.

Now the queen, her mother, spoke to the princess saying "do not, choose an old man for his wealth. Prince Agib is young and fair-choose according to your own wish, for a happy heart is better than a crown, and a smile from the man she loves is more precious to a woman than diamonds."

But the King, her father, said, "here is the great Sultan of the Indies. His country stretches from the rising to the setting of the sun, and the gems of his throne are countless. True his face is wrinkled, and his form bent, but, his head is wise. Is not all his magnificence combined with his reasonable regard, better than the barren sands and fickle regard of Prince Agib? For a young man's fancy is as changing as the wind, and as truly as he admires you to day, so truly he admired another yesterday and will admire still another to-morrow." When

her father spoke thus Giahura doubted and she desired above all things to look into the hearts of these two men. So she sought out her old nurse Fatima and said to her "I have every thing that heart can wish except, the one thing that I want. Without it I am miserable and I have come to ask you to give it to me." Fatima said, "I will give it to you dear princess even if it should be my life."

Then Giahura said, "you have told me that you knew a thirtieth rule of magic, by which you can detect, every evil deed or thought; that no art, can make you think a bad man better than he is. I wish you to teach this magical spell to me!" At this Fatima groaned aloud, "anything but this gracious princess" she said, "anything but this. consider the misery you are preparing for yourself." But Giahura said, "'tis worse to be deceived than to learn the cruellest truth. I want the real truth whether it be sweet or bitter."

So Fatima spoke the charmed words and gave the magical signs, and Giahura went from her nurse's cell into an altered world. When the great Sultan of the Indies came before her, she looked into his heart, and knew that he sought her only because she was the daughter of a great king; and even as he stood before her he was debating in his mind, whether the benefits of the alliance would repay him for the loss of time and trouble. So she told her father that she could never marry the Sultan. The king was ill pleased but he let her have her will. But when Prince Agib came before her, she said "go back to the Arab girl to whom you first, vowed love. She pines for your coming and I do not care for a heart, that changes like the moon." So she sent him away with scorn; but she was no happier when he was gone.

Her friends she trusted no better. Deep in the heart of each she found some flaw of selfishness or deceit, but she went on sick at heart wearily searching for a single pure and thoughtful heart. The king, her father, was old and suspicious, and had long since ceased believing much good of any one, so he was delighted at his daughter's success in detecting the faults of others. When a case was brought before him for trial he bade her sit beside him on the judgment seat, to assist him with her penetration. Day after day she sat beside him, patient to hear, swift to detect and inflexible to judge.

criminals shrank away from her penetrating gaze. Thieves and murderers confessed their crimes before they were accused, when brought before those steadfast and passionless eyes.— Even innocent men whom she released from suspicion shrank away in dismay from her scrutinizing glance. Every one wondered and feared, but no one loved her. Yet, if there had been, among the careless creatures around her, one heart great enough to comprehend the woe that was eating away her life I think that heart would have mourned for her. But they were blind and could not understand the unfathomable melancholy in her eyes or the care upon her faded cheek. But she was very brave and still judged justly and clung with a desperate hope to the vain attempt to stem by her own exertions, the tide of wickedness around her. At last one day a poor man came before the king, claiming judgment against a wealthy neighbor who had defrauded him of his vineyard. When Giahura filled with just displeasure would have spoken in condemnation of the rich man, her father touched her arm and whispered: "The man he accuses is the man who gave me those lovely pearls yesterday, surely he cannot have done so wickedly."

"And would you?" said Giahura "for the sake of those paltry pearls, take the side of the powerful oppressor against this poor man."

"No," said her father, "'tis because I believe the rich man's cause is just, and look here daughter, say no more about it and you shall have half of the pearls." White with indignation the princess remonstrated with her father, but he only ordered her to go to her mother, and never interfere with his affairs again. In a passion of tears, Giahura hastened through the palace, and poured out all her shame and anger to her mother.

But her mother said, "Why do you accuse your father so boldly when your own conduct is a thousand times worse than his? What base quality is it in your own soul that teaches you to see everything evil? where others see only innocence, you see guilt, neither father nor mother is sacred from your criticism. Are you so perfect yourself that you dare thus condemn others? You are no longer a dutiful child, but a monster. Leave us! go into the wilderness and perhaps fasting and prayer will bring you a little temper."

When Giahura saw that Fatima's gift had estranged even her mother's heart from her she said, "I will go to Mecca and there I will pray that my curse may be removed."

Next morning she started on her dismal jour-

ney, and for the first time she began to look into her own heart, and that was the worst misery of all, for she perceived with fatal clearness the arrogance and scorn of human nature that had grown up like weeds in a rich soil, since she received Fatima's woeful gift. This dreary self-communion was her only companion on the long miles of her journey. At last she reached the holy city. For three long days she prayed that the spell might be undone. But it was all in vain, she could read ignorance and superstition in the minds of her fellow pilgrims as clear as ever, and when she turned to retrace her steps, despair lay cold at her heart.

Night overtook her on the desert, and she lay down to sleep beneath the open sky. But in the night she woke. The place was full of light purer than that of the rising moon. The long low reaches of sand were bathed in those silver beams. She looked up and an angel figure stood beside her. The perfect peace of sinless purity was upon lip and cheek, but the eyes were sad with the divine compassion that grieves over a world of sin and woe.

"Oh! blessed angel," Giahura said, "take away this dreadful gift of seeing evil, I can carry my load no longer."

"It is too late," the angel answered, "for I could not take away the remembrance of what you have already seen."

"But is there no hope," Giahura pleaded, "must I bear my curse forever?"

"There is another gift," the angel said, "but it is so high a boon that no mortal can receive it in perfection and live. It is the gift of seeing all the good in the world."

"The gift is doubly blessed if it ends this weary life," Giahura answered.

The angel touched her eyes. The pearly rays streamed across the level desert, and by their light her purified eyes could look into the distant haunts of men. She saw her mother mourning with a mother's unconquerable love over her absent child. She saw her father repenting in secret of his unjust judgment, with a thousand good deeds standing in contrast to that evil one. In every human soul, in all the crowds, she looked on through all the spots and stains beneath the dust and rust of sin and selfishness, she caught the flashing of an angel's wings.

"This is the way God sees us," Giahura said as she spoke she died. She died alone upon the desert, but her death was happier than her life. When morning came and the Bedouins of the desert found the poor remains of the once beautiful Giahura, the settled gloom that was on her face in life had given place to inexpressible

peace—a look above and beyond every joy or sorrow that earth can give. She had felt the deepest woe and known the purest joy that life can afford. For the eyes that are enlightened to see evil will find in the world “a land of darkness as darkness itself, and where the light is as darkness.” But the world will always smile for him who has the happy gift of seeing all that is good. No other blessing is like it. Youth and beauty are gone before we prize them, wealth is but a doubtful pleasure, and love sometimes causes our deepest sorrow, but the happy faculty of looking on the bright side and seeing good in every one never fails us. No one is so bereft of fortune, friends, and courage, but this best gift of Heaven can cheer him. Without it how can we make large merciful allowance for the faults of the past, or give generous encouragement for the future.

Ah! the eyes that are enlightened to see evil may do good service in the world, but as for us and ours, may God grant us as his choicest blessing, that our eyes may be enlightened to see all that is good.

In Mystic, Ct., a village of some five thousand inhabitants, a meeting was recently called to take into consideration the alarming state of things existing there, by reason of the sale of alcoholic drinks, and if possible to inaugurate measures to close the flood gates of vice that was deluging the place with crime. A committee was appointed to draw up a pledge, and present it to the twenty-four liquor dealers, and with what fidelity and success let the following from Norwich (Ct.) COURIER answer;

“TEMPERANCE.—We are happy to chronicle a continuance of the temperance revival. We have already given a list of the large committee, so far as we could recall their names from mere recollection, and that a sub committee was engaged in pledging the liquor dealers to close. That committee performed their work with great fidelity and with unexceptionable suavity. Conditionally all were pledged to close their bar when the rest did, except the Hoxie House. The strain upon the gentlemanly keeper of this house was very great, and at last he sent for a committee and informed them that he should not take the responsibility of longer continuing this traffic, and that from that hour his bar was closed and his house was a temperance house, assuring the committee that his conscience had always been with them in their commendable work. Mr. Brown, of the Shore Line House took the same view, and the committee on Tuesday formally notified

all the dealers that the conditions of the compact men were complete, and from that hour all traffic in intoxicating liquors was to cease. In a number of instances it has ceased, and bars closed upon the first call of the committee of four-score tax payers. None objected. And we believe while we write no liquor can be obtained as a beverage on either side of the river or in our entire Mystic valley. The drug stores have shown a commendable readiness to fully comply with the wishes of the committee, and are determined to have clean hands in this matter. On Wednesday evening, at a full meeting, the report was made by our efficient committee that the sale of intoxicating drinks had ceased in this community. The meeting rose *en masse* and sung:

“Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.”

Thanks were offered to Almighty God by one of the clergymen present. A vote of thanks was passed to our efficient committee, and they were directed to prosecute the first offender and a reward of \$100 offered for any testimony that should lead to the conviction of such offender. At the same time the material aid committee were instructed to continue to circulate the pledge binding the subscribers to taxation to carry on the reform to the extent of every man's town levy of 1869. Some \$2,000,000 are already pledged, and very few refuse. Some who are to act as magistrates think it is proper to remain unpledged perhaps. From a knowledge of the character of the prosecuting committee and their backers, it seems at present improbable that any opportunity for prosecution will be given. Indeed the former sellers seem very anxious to have the Maine law carried out with great strictness, if not severity, asking equal justice to be meted out to all others as well as themselves. We have been thus particular in our account of this wonderful reformation and transformation, as an event in our history as a community worthy of publicity and commendation, and an incentive to other rum-cursed towns to go and do likewise. At three o'clock Thursday P. M., all broken packages of ale were brought to the liberty pole, and there poured out in the presence of a rejoicing people.”—[New Jersey Good Templar.

If a man has any religion worth having, he will do his duty and not make a fuss about it. It is the empty kettle that rattles.

To think kindly of each other is good; to speak kindly to each other is better, but to act kindly one toward another, best of all.

FACTS ABOUT WORKING WOMEN.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"Oh, yes, ma'am" she replied, with a wondering look in the depth of her unnaturally bright eyes. "But father never takes any notice of anybody; all he wants is something to eat and something to—," and here the breath came quick and short. Something to drink, lady, but the doctor we had, when he was first takensick, said he must never have another drop. I am glad it is not good for him, for of course I could not buy it for him any way."

It was painful to listen to the poor child's respiration. The lungs had evidently been so long cramped, from lack of proper exercise and healthy food, that they had lost all strength and vigor.

"Oh, no!" said she; "please don't" as I attempted to assist her with the cruel load.

"But I shall, child; indeed I shall! I am well and strong—why not?"

"Oh, because," she replied, ladies don't generally want to mix up with poor sewing girls. If I was a lady I shouldn't want to help carry such a bundle as this.

Across town to that lower part of East Broadway—and here before a miserable looking old building, surrounded by a crowd of idle boys and forlorn looking women and children, we halted.

"This is the place," said the elder of my companions practical to the last. "Hold your dress up; it isn't very clean here; there are so many folks jammed together in this house that it is impossible to keep anything decent."

"How are you Missionary? how are you, sister Pease?" yelled a little boot-black, seated upon the area steps, eating a huge slice of bread and molasses.

"It ain't no Missionary, nuther," sung out another begrimed specimen of "make 'em shine," astride the railing, "she's Revolution! with a tone and accent which, in spite of the terrible circumstances surrounding me, were ludicrous to the last degree.

Through the dark, dingy hall into the back basement, we picked our way. Rubbish of all kinds was piled up here, making it exceedingly difficult to force an entrance into the room, which not many years ago,

was probably used as the kitchen of some family in easy circumstances.

Now let me describe that room and its occupants, as they first appeared to me. It was five o'clock, and just about this time of year, cold enough for a fire and almost dusk.

"Umph! you don't say you have got back, do you?" came in querulous unmistakably masculine tones from the corner. "You ought to have made a night of it, who the — do you think cares whether you ever come back or not."

"Father," said Louisa, stepping to the side of the bed, "we have brought a lady home with us, and if you talk so loud you will frighten her."

The elder girl quietly lit a candle and placed it on the mantel.

"Who the — cares who you have brought home with you; I want my supper, do you hear? Some psalm singing, hifalutin old woman, I suppose on the pray. No you don't; I'm hungry, I tell ye, starving to death—starving to death every day of my life in a christian city—do you hear? Went off both of ye, and left the poor old man without a stick even to fight with. Ay, blast the rats; they've had a ball here for the last hour, and the devil has played the fiddle."

The candle sputtered and flickered, and I took in the situation. Upon a low bed, in the farther corner of the room, lay the most horrible looking creature I ever laid my eyes upon. He seemed to me a giant; such an immense head, and apparent length and breadth of figure, I am sure I never saw. Long iron-gray hair, which gave a hideously repulsive expression to the face it partially hid, fell over his shoulders. Small, deep-set, restless black eyes, glowed from under the bushy eyeballs, like burning coals. Mercy, how he glared at me! Near the bed, upon two old stools, was laid a small pallet of straw, covered with a folded quilt, upon which the two girls slept. There was not a single comfortable article of furniture in the room. A small pine table, two or three rickety chairs, and a furnace in the fireplace, completed the list. It was eminently proper that I should say something to the invalid; but of all the uninviting specimens of the sick GENUS HOMO I had ever seen, this man most certainly took the lead. If I con-

ness that I hadn't the slightest drawing in that direction, I trust my friends will not consider me lacking in sympathy or desire to be of service. Ugh! my flesh creeps now, as I recall the sensations experienced as I walked reluctantly to the bedside.

"You ain't one of the praying kind, I see that's plain-enough," he roared, as I reached the desired position. Rather a dubious compliment, I thought, but ventured no criticism. "You ought," he continued, "to see some of the women who come here—missionaries, I believe they call themselves. They don't know what they are talking about half the time. If they was so hungry as I am they'd say less about their souls and more about their stomachs. What a gnawing there is here," bringing his prodigious hand down upon the organ of digestion with force enough to have crushed a common ventricle.

Rum had told here. Paralysis, the result of disipation, had lain this Hercules upon the bed of helplessness, where he bid fair to remain long after the poor little girl, his only support, had stopped to the other side.

"You don't seem to feel like talking much; you needn't be a bit afraid of disturbing me," he continued. Why, as long as you don't pray, and whimper, and preach, I'd as lief have you here as not."

In an incredible space of time the eldest girl had kindled a wood fire in the furnace, boiled the kettle and made the tea. The invalid was served with a bowl of tea, some crackers, and a bit of bacon, which appeared to have been left from a previous meal.

"What are you going to eat for your supper?" I inquired of the girls.

"Oh, some bread, and milk, and water," was the reply. "We can't afford tea ourselves."

My heart was too full for utterance. There was not the first symptom of impatience or restlessness apparent here. The old man groaned and swore in the corner; but they took no notice, except to render whatever assistance they found necessary; but replied to my numerous questions civilly and pleasantly, and accepted with true womanly dignity, my attempts to alleviate their present condition, and advice for the future. They unrolled, for inspection, the huge bundles of work. Six dozen calico shirts, at twelve cents

apiece; every part of which they were compelled to make by hand, on account of having no machine. When Louisa had good days she could make two; Ann averaged three—making at the best conjointly, sixty cents per-day.

"Don't you think, Ann," I inquired, hoping to suggest something for the best good of all, that it would be the wisest thing you could do to accept a place at service—a chambermaid's position for instance? I think I could find you one without any trouble."

"I should like it," she replied unhesitatingly, "but what could that child do?"—pointing to the little figure crouched before the furnace, holding on to her side, her face blanched with pain—"all alone with that great helpless man; she is almost used up now. No, no! I can't leave her;" and the brave girl turned her head away to hide the tears she was evidently ashamed to have seen.

"Is there no way of having this man taken care of by the city in the hospital?" I inquired, in low tones, supposing, in ignorance, that such places were always open to the sick and disabled.

"Oh, no! ma'am" she replied; "we tried that, but it would cost a deal more to have him minded there than it does here; and I don't suppose he'd go any way. He's an awful troublesome customer to take care of, and then you see he can't help himself a bit."

Just think twelve cents apiece for shirts; and shirt, making the only means of maintenance for these three adults! After that miserable meal of bread and milk, and water, these poor girls, one of them seemingly ill, by the light of a solitary candle, must sit down again to their work. Who was to blame? I don't know do you? But was there not a field here for the exhibition of Christian charity and philanthropy? Wasn't there something for somebody to do in this one room of a house swarming with suffering humanity? :

In a conversation, a few days ago, with several representative women of the country, I was surprised to hear that they had after careful and conscientious consideration, decided that it was not best to stretch out the

hand of alleviation to this class of unfortunates.

"To give to women in such conditions only detracts from their self-respect," came from the lips of one of our firmly established literary women, to-day, who make comfortable living in New York and Brooklyn by their pens, who, had it not been for the assistance rendered them by sympathising friends, must have sunk under the weight of their burdens; women who are cheerful and thankful, many of them willing and abundantly able to help others up the thorny road. We have Sorosis, Woman's Suffrage Associations, Women's Parliament, all excellent institutions in their way. Intellectual feasts are here provided, of which the cultivated and refined may partake. With the exception of the Woman's Protective Union—which is really doing a noble work—we have absolutely no association looking to the temporal and physical condition of our thousands of working women. But to my story.

"How would you like, Louisa, to leave work for a few days, and introduce me to some of your friends and acquaintances, who make their living as you do by sewing? I want to find out all about them."

"Oh, yes! she can go," howled the old man, catching the last sentence. "Of course you'll pay her well for doing it."

The hectic flush on the poor girl's cheek changed to a bright carnation, and suffused her whole face.

"Oh, father!" she moaned, "how can you?"

Talk about delicacy and refinement; I positively declare that I have found just as much of the true gold of modesty among those half starved, down trodden stitchers, as I ever have among the so-called cultivated and refined of upper-tendom. So it was decided that the next morning Louisa and I should start on our visit to the miserables.

We went! In next number I will endeavor to depict something we saw and heard.—[Packard's Monthly.

When you here a man say "Life is but an empty dream," tread on his toes and wake him up. Life is real.

THE DOOR IN THE HEART.

BY VIRGINIA TOWNSEND.

She was a stern, hard woman. But far away, up a great many pairs of winding stairs in her heart, was a door easily passed by, and on that door was written WOMAN.—[Charles Dickens.

And so it is with the drunkard. Up a great many pair of winding stairs in his heart, is a door, and on that door is written MAN, and you must knock at it once, twice, seven times, yes, seventy times seven, that it may open unto you.—[JOHN B. GOUGH.

He was an old man—not so old either, for the years of his life could not have wrinkled his forehead and whitened his hair, and the hands locked together on the low pine table did not tremble so with the weakness of age; yet very old and very miserable looked the occupant of that small, narrow room or entry, with its faded red curtains, and its atmosphere rendered almost intolerable by the bar-room into which it opened. A hat bearing unmistakable evidence of long intimacy with brick-bats and gutters," maintained a safe position on one side of the owner's head, and a pair of elbows thrust themselves through his coat sleeves in rejoicing consciousness that they could afford to be out." Add to this, reader a pair of pants whose original color it would have been a matter of time and study to determine, and you have a tout ensemble of the wretched being who occupied the old grog shop which he was allowed to frequent in the village of Greenfield.

And yet that miserable, solitary, friendless creature, sitting there half stupefied with the effects of last night's revel, and utterly unconscious that outside, the May morning of God, with its glorious birth-right of sunshine and dew and bird songs has a heart, and "far away, up a great many pair of stairs in his heart is a door," covered with cob-webs and dust, and on the door is a word written, which Time and Sin have never been able to efface—and that word is MAN

But nobody ever dreamed of this, and people shook their heads and said Billy Strong's case was a hopeless one. Had not many kind-hearted persons reasoned with him earnestly on the evil of his ways? Had not the "temperance men" gone to him with a pledge and promised him employment if he would sign it? And all this had been utterly in vain.

Ah, none of them, had groped their way

up the winding stairs, and read the name on the hidden door there.

But while the unhappy man sat by the pine table that morning, the bar-keeper suddenly entered, followed by a lady with soft hazel eyes, and a face that a child would have gone to in any trouble.

The old man looked up with a vacant gaze of wonder, as the bar-keeper offered the lady a chair, and pointed to the occupant of the other, saying, "That's Billy Strong, madam," and with a lingering stare of surprise and curiosity, left the gentle woman alone with the astonished and now thoroughly sobered man.

The soft eyes of the lady wandered with a sad, pitying expression, over Bill's features, and then, in a low, sweet voice she asked, "am I rightly informed? Do I address Mr. William Strong?"

Ah! with these words the lady had got farther up the winding stairs, nearer the hidden door, than all that had gone before her.

"Yes. that's my name, madam," said Old Bill, and he glanced down at his shabby attire, and tried to hide the elbow that was peeping the farthest; for it was a long time since he had been addressed by that name, and somehow, it sounded very pleasant to him.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Strong," said the lady; "I have heard my father speak of you so often, and the days when you and he were boys together, that I almost feel as if we were old acquaintances. You surely have not forgotten Charles Morrison?"

"No! no! Charles and I used to be old cronies," said old Bill, with a sudden animation, and a light in his eye, such as had not been there for many days, except when rum had lent it a fitful brilliance.

Ah! the lady did not know, as perhaps the angels did, that she had mounted the stairs, and was softly feeling for that unseen door. So she went on, "I almost feel as though I could see the old spot upon which your homestead stood, Mr. S. I have heard my father describe it so often. The hill, with its crown of old oaks, at the back of your house, and the field of golden harvest grain that waved in front. There was a

green grass plot before the front door, and the huge old apple tree that threw its shadows across it, and the great old-fashioned portico, and the grape vine that crept around the pillars, and the rose-bush that looked in at the bed-room window, and the spring that went flashing through the bed of mint at the side of the house."

Old Bill moved uneasily in his chair, and the muscles around his mouth twitched occasionally; but, unmindful of this, in the same low sweet tone, the lady kept on:

"Many, and many were the hours—so my father would say Willie and I used to pass under the shadow of that apple tree, playing at hide and seek, or rolling and tumbling about on the grass, telling each other things we would certainly do when we became men; the sun sets its cap of gold on the top of the oaks, I can see Willie's mother standing in the front door with her white cap and cheerful dress, and the pleasant smile that always played around her lips, and hear her just as then calling, Come, boys, come to supper."

One after another the big, warm, blessed tears came rolling down Old Bill's cheeks. Ah! the lady had found the door then.

"I was always at home at Willie's," father would say, 'and used to have my fresh bread and milk, too; and when that had disappeared, Willie would draw his stool to his mother's feet, lay his head on her lap, and she would tell us some very pleasant story, it might be of Joseph or David, or some good child, who afterward became a great man; and then she would part Willie's brown curls from his forehead, and in a voice I can never forget, say, 'Promise me Willie, when you go out into the world and its temptations, and your mother is laid down to sleep in the church yard yonder, promise me, child, that her prayers and her memory shall keep you from all evil ways.' And Willie would lift his laughing blue eyes to her face and say, I'll be a first-rate man, don't be afraid mother.' And then, after we had said our prayers, we would go to our bed happy as the birds that went to their nests in the old apple tree branches by the window, and just as we were sinking to sleep, we would hear a soft footfall on the stairs, and a loving face would bend over to see if we were nicely tucked up. It is a

long time,' father would say after a long pause, 'since I have heard from Willie, but I am sure he has never fallen into any evil ways. The memory of his mother would keep him from that.' "

Rap, rap, rap! went the words of the lady, at the door of the old man's heart. Crack, crack, crack! went the door on its rusty hinges, while far above them both, the angels of God held their breath and listened. But the lady could only see the subdued man bury his face in his hands, and while his whole frame shook like an aspen leaf she heard him murmur, amid child-like sobs:

"My mother! Oh, my mother!"

And she knew that the tears that were washing those wrinkled cheeks were washing out also many a dark page in the record of Old Bill's past life; so with a silent prayer of thankfulness, she resumed:

"But there was one scene my father loved to talk of better than all the rest. It was the morning you were married, Mr. Strong. 'It was enough to do one's eyes good,' he used to say, 'to look at them as they walked up the old church aisle; he with his proud manly tread, and she a delicate and fragile creature, fair as the orange blossoms that trembled in her hair. I remember how clear and firm his voice sounded through the old church, as he promised to love protect and cherish the fair girl at his side; and I knew as he looked upon her the very winds of heaven should not visit her fair face too roughly.

"And then my father would tell us about a house made very bright by watchful affections, and of a dark-eyed boy and a fair haired girl, who came after a while to gladden it; and then you know he removed West and lost sight of you, Mr. Strong."

Once again the lady paused, for the agony of the man before her was fearful to behold; and when she spoke again it was in a lower tone:

"I promised my father previously to his death, that if I ever visited his native State, I would try and seek out his old friends. I kept my promise. But when I inquired for you, they unfolded a terrible story to me, Mr. Strong; they told me of a broken desolate household; of the gentle uncom-

plaining wife, who went down with a prayer on her lips for the erring husband, broken-hearted to the grave, and of the fair-girl, they placed in a little while by her side, Oh, it is a sad, sad story of my father's old friend."

"It was I! It was I that did it all! I killed them!" said old Bill, in a voice hard with emotion as he lifted his head from his clasped hands and looked upon the lady, every feature wearing such a look of agony and remorse that she shuddered to behold it. Wide, wide open stood the door then, and the lady hastened to pass in. A small hand was laid gently on Old Bill's arm, and a sweet voice murmured:

"Even for all this there is redemption. In the name of the dear mother that loved you, in the name of your dying wife, and of the dear child that sleeps beside her, I ask you to sign the pledge."

"I will," said Old Bill; and he brought down his hand with such force on the pine table that its rheumatic limbs hardly regained their equilibrium, and he eagerly seized the pen and pledged the lady had placed before him, and when he returned them to her, the name of William Strong lay in broad legible characters upon the paper.

There was an expression, ludicrous from its extreme curiosity, on the bar-keepers face, as the lady passed quietly through the 'shop' after her long interview with Old Bill; and the expression was in no degree lessened when in a few minutes after, Old Bill followed her without stopping, as usual, to take his first glass. And, he never passed over that threshold again.

And now, you whose heart throbs with tenderness and reverence for humanity, fallen, despised, miserable though it may be, remember that somewhere in the heart of your fellow men is a door, which though closed for many years, will surely open to the hand that knocks in kindness and the voice that calls in love.

Love the poor. Be great, and seek little things; don't be little and seek great things.

Be deaf to the quarrelsome, blind to the scorner, and dumb to those who are mischievously inquisitive.

APPETITE OF STRONG DRINK.

"The mind," says John Foster, "is weak where it has once given way." But the drunkard's mind has been given way a thousand times. His appetite dies with death itself, like the nature of the tiger which may seem subdued by training, but when the taste of blood springs with wild fury upon its keeper. A single glass after years of abstinence may awake the slumbering appetite mightier than ever." A thimble full of spirits (said a reformed man) would convert me into a demon." Said another who had grown from affluence to poverty and degradation, but had taken the pledge and was struggling for life, "I shall if pressed to take a single drop, produce the page whereon my resolutions are recorded, and if still enticed I shall look upon that person in the light of an infernal fiend." There lately sat at his brother's table a poor wretch who had lately signed the pledge. A doctor of divinity present ridiculed the idea of people not being able to restrain themselves. What was the sequel? In a fortnight that weak brother was reeling through the street, mad with drink, attempting suicide, and is now an exile from his native land. Had his brother and that minister acted a wiser part, and helped the fallen to regain himself, how different might have been the result.—How can the reclaimed find safety but in an abstaining community, and every one who drinks exposes them to temptations which may be the undoing of them forever.

[We have received a very interesting Essay from Bro. James Harris of Elgin Lodge, if our space permitted we should be glad to insert the whole, we make the following extract.]

When the intrinsic worth of knowledge is duly appreciated, more extensively disseminated, and eagerly sought after by the different classes of society, but more especially by the working population, then how vastly great will be the decrease of crime, which so often presents a most formidable front to the advance of that which of other blessings, is the greatest bestowed upon man. Let the whole mass of the population be devoted to the utmost of their capabilities in the scale of intellect, and the possession of a moderate portion of literary taste and scientific information will cease to be objects of distinction. Let a movement go forward in the Order towards the higher regions of

intellect. Let every member assiduously apply themselves to some useful branch of knowledge, keeping in view the economy of nature, without seeking or attempting to destroy its virtue, each one moving in his own sphere or allotted place. Let this stimulate us in this desirable object, that "its successful and accordant play of operations will convey a sound of moral melody to the ear, more delightful than the harmony of the spheres." Let each one strive to promote this, so great and beneficial to our interests, and also national good. Let not our time be trifled away by attention to the frivolous anecdotes of intrigue and caprice. But seek out that solidity which is obtained by the study of those things which stamp the character and decide the destiny of our future greatness.

Were we (comprising as we do, such a bulk of the population) individually to use the uttermost of our exertions to carry out this national benefit, by introducing into our Lodge and District, the formation of classes for scientific and literary pursuits, we should soon arrive at that perfection which is the object of our laudable institution, that of making "better fathers, better husbands, and better members of society." Let the most intellectual member be selected to produce papers on some scientific, historical or other subjects. After the reading of the same, let each discuss its merits and demerits, its proper bearing upon society and its tendency towards its amalgamating every just and good principle. This would excite an interest in our meetings, and induce many of our members to search after knowledge, that they might make themselves more acquainted with the component parts of the laws of nature, and thus would their minds be stored with that necessary information so salutary in its effects.

Let a spirit of inquiry go forth throughout the Order, let the increase of our numbers be the signal for the increase of our knowledge, while the sources are great and available, and the order will become the nucleus of information, the complex of its numerous streams will be as a grand and mighty river, welling out to the millions around an inexhaustible fund of mental enjoyment. The bright luminary of its

principles will blaze through the intellectual atmosphere. Ignorance with its absurd constructions upon our internal government, will be thrown far back into the shade, and, as the Milky-way is to the celestial hemisphere, so will the Order be to the terrestrial hemisphere, its track will be seen to make its way through all the dark abodes of vice and ignorance, diffusing its beautiful motto abroad in their hearts, instilling into their minds the object of man's induction into this world, and point out to them those bright beams of hope and happiness which await them in another and a better world.

Hitherto we have taken but a partial glimpse of the theory of the subject, without adducing any practical form whereby we might arrive at the conclusion of its practicability. We will now advance the subject, and give it a more tangible form. As some may have previously said, this is all very good, but how is it to be accomplished? for before we can have scientific classes, we must have Libraries,—this is the principle object, and the great absorbing question is how are these attainable? The answer is let each one pay one shilling per month or $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents and this will be one dollar and a half per year each subscription, and if there are fifty-two subscribing members in this lodge, taking the average price at one dollar per volume it will purchase 78 volumes of useful works; this number will make, by circulating the whole, one volume and a half per week for each member during the year. Here, then, in one year from the commencement of the subscriptions, would a Library be raised and if continued for five years with extras from new members, a Library of 400 volumes would be the result, and where greater numbers in a lodge subscribe, the library must increase at the same ratio, by this each lodge might furnish itself with every requisite calculated to carry out in the fullest extent all the advantages of an institute, and this or some other suitable room might be got to hold classes in—these classes to consist of reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, history &c., or any other that might be suggested to suit the taste of all the members; to be taught by some efficient persons selected from the lodge or district.

And here might the toils of the day be sweetened by the recreation of the mental faculties, the cares attendant on the working man would be softened down by the balmy infusion of his literary acquirements, making his mind healthful and vigorous, by receiving that nutritious aliment requisite to keep it in active operation, and alive to every important subject, if but a few of the most intelligent members of our lodges were now actively to co-operate one with the other in some practical way to carry this object, it might soon be done; a sufficient number would soon be raised to throw in their change, and, with those of our brethren whose subscriptions may be depended upon, there is no reason why we should raise that absurd idea and popular error, "it can't be done." Where is the man that would not sacrifice some little indulgence to meet this exigency "if it can be so called" of paying his little contribution? Barren, indeed, must that mind be which cannot see the utility of such a project, great as the increase of members is now, much greater would it be then,—the Order, possessing these peculiarities, would cause it to excel all other societies of similar character, embodying within itself all the benefits of improvement that could be desired, together with the advantage of a Mechanics' Institute, including all the available parts of modern education and literary instruction, under these auspices we should stand unrivaled in the scale of importance, the banner of Good Templars would be unfurled in every city, village and hamlet, and in all probability, as time rolls on, it will find its way over the trackless deserts of unexplored continents, its boundary cannot be fixed, nor limits defined to any given place; for the line of demarcation would be swallowed up in its universality, and Good Templars would flourish in every degree of latitude and longitude.

THE best evidence of Christianity is a live Christian.

A SHREWD old gentleman once said to his daughter, "Be sure my dear, you never marry a poor man; but remember that the poorest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else."

APPALLING FACTS.—There is a sufficient quantity of fermented and distilled liquor used in the United States, in one year, to fill a canal 4 feet deep 14 feet wide, and 120 miles in length. The places where intoxicating drinks are made and sold in this country, if placed in a row in direct lines, would make a street 100 miles in length. If the victims of the rum traffic were there also, we should see a suicide at every mile, and 1000 funerals a day. If the drunkards of America could be placed in procession, five abreast, they would make an army 100 miles in length. What an army of victims! Every hour in the night the heavens are lighted by the incendiary torch of the drunkard. Every hour in the day the earth is stained with the blood shed by drunken assassins. See the great army of inebriates, more than half a million strong, marching on to sure and swift destruction,—filing off rapidly into the poor-house and prisons and up to the scaffold, and yet the ranks are constantly filled by the moderate drinkers. who can compute the fortunes squandered, the hopes crushed, the hearts broken, the homes made desolate, by drunkards!

A MOTHER'S LOT.—A mother has perhaps, the hardest lot of anybody. Her life is one perpetual emptying of herself of her own convenience in behalf of her little child, that for many years can return nothing, and can never make an adequate return, for her care of it. There is no other instance of such spontaneous and thoroughly emptying of one's own nature for another that we know of in this life. And yet, no mother, worthy of the name, ever gave herself thoroughly for her child who did not feel that, after all, she reaped what she had sown. No person was ever called to suffer for a principle, and suffered manfully, that he was not himself conscious that he was a victor. When your name is cast out, and trodden under feet of men; when you are counted as the offscouring of the earth for faithfulness to duty, do you not experience a peculiar joy? Can you not then understand what the apostle meant when he said, "My brethren, count it all joy when you fall into temptations?"—[Beecher.

[Hon. Francis Gillet a sterling statesman reformer delivered an address before a temperance Convention, Hartford, on the relation of Tobacco to the temperance reform. We clip the following extract from the INDEPENDENT.]

"My own belief is that an insidious, subtle, and powerful foe has had much to do in neutralizing and baffling our efforts, in turning the shadow on the temperance dial backward, while the policy has been to maintain peaceful relations toward him, and shun an open rupture, as if afraid to arouse his wrath; and while moreover, many professing temperance men have actually yielded to his bewitching sorcery. Like the Spartan boy who suffered the fox which he had stolen to gnaw into his vitals rather than expose the thief; so we have suffered this foxy foe of temperance to eat into her vitals without complaint, thinking sufferance and silence to be the best policy, the dictate of expediency. Expediency forsooth! Out upon such an expediency which has so crippled and shorn us of our strength; and after so many years of cowardice and defeat, let us declare open and eternal war on the twin-demon of alcohol, its seductive hand-maid and terrible ally for the destruction of mankind. Let us enlarge our base and plant our guns on the everlasting hills, whence they will sweep the whole field of the enemy, and pour hot shot not only into the serried ranks of King Alchy, but also rake his wily accomplice and pander. Let us no longer follow the erratic and delusive meteors of expediency, to be led further backward into quagmires and pitfalls; but take our course by the eternal stars of truth and rectitude,

"Nearly every drunkard uses tobacco. John Hawkins, the father of Washingtonianism, said he never had seen, in all his travels, but one who did not use it. He began its use before he began to drink; while it is not true, I admit, that every tobaccoist drinks liquor; though I cannot predict that he never will.

* * * On this point medical authorities, the world over, could be quoted to extent. They testify emphatically that tobacco-using leads naturally to liquor-drinking that it is the *facilis descensus Averni*—the slippery and smoky gangway to the hell of drunkenness. There is a touch of philosophy in the wish of the poor, degraded Indian. Said he: 'I want three things—all the rum in the world, all the tobacco in the world, and then more rum. I smoke because it makes me love to drink. In his case at least, the tobacco demon seems very like that unclean spirit, which, when it ha,

gone out of a man—or gone into him, rather—says in its unrest, I will take to myself seven other spirits still worse; and then enter in and dwell there and the last state of that man is worse than the first.

Moreover, the permanent reformation of inebriates—one of the leading objects of this society—has been found to be impracticable so long as they have adhered to the use of tobacco. The grand Washingtonian uprising of 1840 was rendered abortive, well-nigh, by this demoralizing agent; and very large proportion of the inebriates hopefully reclaimed all over the country, who have desperately struggled up and grasped at their lost manhood, fell back again into the depths of drunkenness in its Circean sorcery. Such it is to be apprehended will be the lamentable result of the Good Samaritan movement, in which we all rejoice, should not its reprisals from the grog-shops turn away from the tobacco-shops and dash both agents of ruin from their lips. Tobacco, in the case of the reformed inebriate, whets and keeps alive the craving appetite for liquor; and a lasting deliverance can be gained only by repudiating it wholly, and a persistent determination to be free from the thralldom of all narcotics.

I might also speak of the damage done to the cause of temperance by the use of the drug on the part of men professing temperance, and urge the necessity of reformers having clean hands, or clean mouths, in this particular. But I pass on to say that the tobacco curse is fearfully spreading. Its consumption is ten-fold greater than it was twenty-five years ago. Then it was not fashionable for children and boys to smoke and chew. From the high places of power the curse sweeps hotly down through all ranks of society, like a scathing sirocco. The very air reeks with its noisome fumes, and it trails its yellow virus wherever its victims wend their way. Our beautiful valley of the Connecticut, which the Father scooped out with his own benificent hand, and gave us in lieu of lost Eden, waves with the stygian growth; and the best acres of our goodly heritage are devoted to a crop but slightly prefigured by that which sprang from the dragons teeth. What high minded dweller in this delightful valley can fail to respond to the following indignant apostrophe of the Rev. John Pierpont.

"A righteous anger doth possess my soul,
When, lovely valley, I am doomed to see
The plant that's killed Virginia killing thee;
To see that plant, the deadliest that grows,
Supplanting both thy lily and thy rose—
See the green, sluggish reptile it receives
Climb its rank stalk and lie along its leaves:

Round its pink spikes the loathsome crawler squirm,
And man becomes—a vile tobacco-worm!"

"We this morning listened to an admirable paper on intemperance in our colleges. It saddened me to hear of the dissipation of young men blessed with such opportunities. But when it occurred to me, as I have recently been told, that the use of tobacco is there almost universal, and the college, among its other uses, is turned into a genteel smoking house, where not to contribute to the fuliginous cloud is to be singular and unfashionable, and on the whole not a very 'good fellow,' it did not surprise me to hear that drinking and debauchery disgrace those institutions. A large proportion of the pitiable young dupes that bow down to the tobacco idol, which is appropriately enshrined in front of the tobacco shops in the image of a stalwart Indian, with a bundle of cigars in one hand and a murderous tomahawk in the other—thus to entice victims with the former, to be immolated with the latter—a large proportion, I fear, will find themselves ere long prostrate and dying in the purlieus of the temple of Bacchus, should they persist in their infatuation. To be sure, they may never reach that natural destination; for German physicians testify that of the deaths in their country of the young men under twenty-five more than half are caused by tobacco, supplemented by gin and beer.

"Now to imagine that temperance can win, with a foe so wily and seductive constantly recruiting in and around her very camp, is to dream. It is to indulge in congratulations while drifting down stream, as we have done for some years. It is to watch at the hole of the cockatrice's den, only to kill the old one, while the young ones are hatching below, soon to rush upon us. It is to doze over volcanic fires. It is to have our labor for our pains. It is to build upon quicksand. It is to cast the liquor demons out of the front door, only to be succeeded by a younger legion at the back door. It is to make merry over imaginary victories, while the enemy, perpetually reinforced, is advancing upon our citadel and even thundering at our gates. It is to carefully fence out the old fox from the vineyard, and leave holes for the young ones to steal in and eat the vines. It is to roll the huge round stone up the high hill, only to recoil upon us and rush down again. It is to re-enact the stupendous folly inflicted on the murderous sisterhood, of attempting to fill with water a vessel full of holes—and these tobacco and rum holes, the very leakiest of all holes."

THE POETS CORNER.

THE SPIRIT VOICE.

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

Out on the wilds I long did roam,
Where earth's cold storms in fury come.

My restless soul long sought in vain,
Some pure enjoyment to obtain.

The spirit voice said soft and low
"Go weary one to Jesus go."

I answered, "I some future day
Will seek to find the better way.

"But I will roam awhile around
Upon life's bright enchanted ground.

And pluck the gaudy dazzling flowers
That bloom amid its golden bowers."

Again I heard the low voice say
"Those blooming flowers will fade away."

"Then I will seek for gold and gems
Pale glistening pearls and diadems."

While "all is well," with wealth and gold,
Earth's glittering treasures I will hold."

The soft voice plead "all is not well,"
Gold will not save thy soul from hell.

"Well, long bright years will linger o'er,
Ere I shall leave Life's mystic shore.

The sky is blue, and bright and fair,
The glowing sun is shining there."

The answer came, "dark clouds will come,
And still thy wandering feet will roam."

I plucked the flowers that bloomed so gay,
But then they withered—soon away.

I gathered gold and gems at will,
The "aching void" they did not fill.

The sad voice whispered still to me,
And bade me from the tempted flee.

Away, away, from Heaven so bright,
I plunged into the awful night.

At last I prayed for light to shine,
Upon that lonely path of mine.

The sweet voice whispered in my ear,
"Retrace thy path so dark and drear."

I struggled long and o'er my way,
There fell a beam of coming day.

No flower and gold—no flashing gem,
Could ever charm my soul again.

The voice of love still whispers me,
That I the better land will see.

And if I reach that clime so fair,
The spirit voice will lead me there.

OUR BABES WITH RADIANT EYES.

With seeking hearts we still grope on
Where drop't our jewel in the dust;
The looking crowd have long since gone,
But still we seek with lonely trust,
O little child with radiant eyes!

[Gerald Massey.]

Why seek for treasures in the dust,
When higher than the stars you trust?
Of all the countless, heavenly host,
Forever safe, by far the most
Are babes of ours with radiant eyes.

She was the "jewel"—not her clay,
Or else that, too, had passed away
Among the shades of death. You kissed
A silent form with tears, and missed
Your little child with radiant eyes.

She was the jewel. CHRIST came down
To find a diamond for his crown;
He saw one lying on your breast,
And thought it purer than the rest—
Your little child with radiant eyes.

He held aloft His diadem,
The angels know the added gem,
And welcomed it with heavenly glee:
They still are raptured when they see
Your little child with radiant eyes.

He leaves them with us for awhile,
Our journey heavenward to beguile;
Then takes them, lest our feet should roam,
And keeps them for us safe at home—
These babes of ours with radiant eyes.

[C. K.]

THE FARMER BOY'S SONG FOR SPRING.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

The welcome Spring with its sunny hours,
Its bursting buds, and opening flowers,
Its singing birds in their restless glee,
And the brooklets dancing joyfully;
Is coming again to bless our earth,
And draw us away from the glowing hearth.

Well have we rested through winter days;
We have sang our songs and played our plays,
And when the cold blast has raged without,
Have answered his howl, by a merry shout—
We labored in summer that winter's rest
Should come, with peace, and with plenty blest.

But the days of mirth and glee are past,
The hours for labor are coming fast,
Let us be doing with ax and with plow,
For duties more noble awaits us now;—

With cheerful spirit, and ready hands,
To bless with labor the waiting land.
The Father above, who chains the rill,
Bids mother earth in deep rest be still;
That she may gather her strength again,
For the luscious fruit and golden grain.
And spreads his bow, lest our spirit quail,
That seed-time and harvest never fail.

Shall we raise for man's use the vilest weed
Shall we for his drinking, plant golden seed
Shall we toil for a harvest that fills the earth
With sorrow and trouble; by Hall or hearth,
Let us take the pledge ere the spring days come,
To touch not and taste not;—To keep the home
We love if we can, from the spoiler hand,
And banish intemperance from our land.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew when daily meeting
Stranger faces in the street.
All the hidden snares and pit-falls,
Waiting for unwary feet,
We would clasp our arms around them,
And with earnest words and true,
Lead them back to paths of safety—
If we only, only knew.

If we knew the brimming wine cup
Filled with drops of ruby red,
Had enticed from home a loved one
By the baleful light it shed.
We would hasten to their rescue,
With brave hearts to will and do,
Fighting back the wily tempter—
If we only, only knew.

If we knew when careless passing
Many a noble, manly form,
That that man, so rare and gifted,
With a heart so true and strong
Yet would turn from all things holy,
Tempted by the flowing bowl,
Rushing madly to destruction,
That the drunkards only goal;

We would turn our footsteps backward,
Seeking the misguided one,
Show him all the wrong and evil
That intemperance has done,
Point to him the better pathway
Than the one he would pursue,
Lift him up—our fallen brother—
If we only, only knew !

If we knew the many trials,
The temptations that beset
The lone heart, that toiling near us
Strives God's teachings to forget—

Knew how nearly was persuaded
To the haunts of vice and sin,
Tempted by the show and glitter
Just for once, to look within;

We would whisper words of warning
For the path that seemed so fair,
Tell him of the thorns that's hidden
Underneath the roses rare,
Of the summer friends beguiling
Him, away from all things true,
We would urge him to forsake them,
If we only, only knew !

Ah, the downward road to ruin
Is the easier one to tread,
While the blue heavens smile above
And the birds sing overhead—
Then it seems that friends are truest,
And that love is what it seems,
That all pleasure are enduring,
And that life's golden dream.

Then could we but undeceive them,
Lead them back to truth and right,
Lift the veil that has obscured
Wrong and evil from their sight,
Show to them that narrow pathway
Long been hidden from our view,
Teach them how to walk within it,
If we only, only knew !

If we knew ! Our lips repeat it,
While we sadly view the past;
Know that warning word unspoken
Might have saved a soul at last;
And we cry unto the Father,
"Surely around the eternal throne,
Seeing then with undimmed vision,
"We shall know as we are known !"

LE CLAIR.

THIRTY-THREE.

BY A. C. P.

Eleven times one are eleven,—

O fly

Ye years, Do not tarry, I'm longing to try
My powers in the conflict,—my voice in the song
Which gladdens the warriors while fighting the
wrong,

I've cared for the Baby and Eddie and Sue,
I heard you tell aunty, quite equal to you,
I guess that my body's too young for my soul
For *that* is the hardest of *all* to control,
'Twill fly like the eagle away to the sun,
Then, again to the time when creation begun,
I think were I older, it seldom would dare
Thus leave me alone on the banks of the "Ware."

Eleven times two are twenty-two,—

Away in the West

New England's own daughter is striving her
best

To rescue the erring, to silence the wrong,
To cheer the faint-hearted and weary with song,
The spirit aspiring and scorning earth's rest,
Would gather rich sheaves for the home of the
blest,

But the voice of the master bids "suffer"
'Be still"

And in quiet submission she bowed to his will,
Thus waiting and watching and wandering lone
Each heart-throb a prayer, and each prayer but
a moan.

She measures the years, which, though darkly
they gleam,
Still thrill with the echo of youths brightest
dream.

Eleven times three are thirty-three,

They sped—

The years, but I garnered bright gems as they
fled

The brightest from sorrow, the *largest* from
pain

And my diamonds are crystalized tear drops of
rain

From the chiseling hand of the Sculptor I stand
A statue awaiting His farther command.

Nor care if the quarry or mansion retain
The work, which, in either, His glory proclaim,
The thirty-third link of the lengthening chain
Of the year, I've been clasping to-day without
pain

For Hope, the bright minstrel which springs
from the Throne

Is thrilling my soul with sweet music of home.

THE Legislature of Iowa, Kansas, and Wiscon-
sin have each elected a woman as en-
grossing clerk.

MAN ought never to be idle. Inactivity frus-
trates the very object of his existence; whereas
an active life is the best guardian of virtue,
and the greatest preservative of health.

THE bill granting suffrage to the women of
Utah has passed both houses of the Mormon
legislature and the council, and received the
signature of Acting-Governor Mann.

APPEAL TO DEALERS IN STRONG DRINK.—

Yours is a melancholy position—a more
pitiful, more unworthy, more degraded and
more sinful position can never be conceived!

To prepare the way to bankruptcy, pau-
perism, prison, death, is not to be coveted!

To assist to ruin character, murder repu-
tation, sink position and circumstances, filch
a man's crumbs of bread, is odious!

To prey upon the shame, the crime, the
body, the soul, the time, the eternity of a
fellow creature, is awful.

MEN will wrangle for religion; write for it;
fight for it; die for it; anything but—live for
it—[Bacon.

WOMEN are about to achieve a brilliant tri-
umph in South Carolina. A bill was passed to
a third reading in the legislature which pro-
vides that no real nor personal property held
by a woman at the time of her marriage shall be
subject to levy or sale for her husband's debts;
but shall be her separate property, and that
she may manage and dispose of the same as
though she were a man.

The people of Edingburgh Scotland, have
been holding an enthusiastic meeting in support
of the demand for woman's suffrage. Mr.
Duncan McLaren, member for Edinburgh, and
Jacob Bright, member of Manchester, (the lat-
ter the brother, the former the brother-in-law
of John Bright), were among the principal
speakers. The speaking seems to have been
done by men. In England the ladies who
advocate woman's suffrage generally appear in
public as damsels did in the days of chivalry—
"by their champions."

WORDS BY THE EDITOR.

CAUSE AND EFFECT OR LICENSE AND ITS RESULTS.

In May, 1869, a day was appointed wherein three men, a Judge and his appointees, with himself as clerk sat in state to receive applications from parties wishing to retail intoxicating liquors. These three men entrusted with the dearest interests of the County financially and morally.

Let us after a lapse of ten months review their action at that time and behold its results. We need not recall the accumulation of vice and crime in the county but confining our attention to Olean and vicinity let us note the effects of licensed or legalized liquor selling.

With a remonstrance signed by our most influential and worthy—by our very best men, with names also added of all the women and the children who were old enough to know and understand the horrors of intemperance, earnestly protesting and beseeching that no license be granted in our town, the Good Templars assembled in council at Little Valley. Able advocates were sent before these three men, men who had experience and who knew and felt the great need which they represented, these were there to plead the cause of truth and justice against crime and its instigators. With every argument which men with reasoning faculties could be expected to understand and appreciate they presented the remonstrances of the people and begged that the wishes of the citizens might be regarded, they presented the reasons for wishing the vile thing prohibited in our town. They plead with them to have mercy upon the children made worse than fatherless by this traffic they urged them to consider the claims of the wife and mother made needy and wretched, they begged for the rising generation that they might be spared the evils and the blasting influences abounding where license is given. By all that was sacred and dear in family and social relations they besought these three men who held

the power, to prohibit the vile thing in our midst. They represented faithfully to these commissioners that three-fourths of all the crime committed in our County was directly attributable to whiskey, and begged them from regard for the financial interests of the county not to legalize an instrument for manufacturing criminals.

In what way were our remonstrances received? With silent, with utter contempt. With a knowledge of the misery their action would entail upon society, they willfully and with premeditation granted licenses and legalized no less than 15 men in our one village to make all the paupers, all the orphans, all the criminals, all the murderers possible in carrying out their license and following their legalized profession. Now for the result, we will not tarry long to notice all the crime that has been committed, or dwell upon the scenes of our last national holiday; when by reason of whiskey an officer was very seriously injured and decency outraged by a street fight. Time and space would fail us to relate all the evil which has been the direct result of the action of this Board of Excise.

But the last the most direful result of this traffic, one which must cause especial rejoicing in Pandemonium, is now shocking society as the crowning legitimate result of their action, and justice points to the brutal murder of an old and esteemed citizen, and claims the penalty of that law which says "whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." The human law points to a boy not yet 19 years of age as the guilty man, and like a hungry beast pants for his life-blood. God's law, His Justice looks to the instigators of the crime and says THERE is the man, and behold we see written as with a pen of fire and blood, upon all who uphold and legalize the murderous traffic the mark of CAIN.

"I never would have done it but for whiskey, it was whiskey that did it," this the declaration of the boy, and our hearts bled as

we thought whose boy will be the next victim, whose the next sacrifice, to the work of the Excise Commissioners who unblushingly walk the streets, as honorable men while their unfortunate victims receive the execration of the world and suffer the extreme penalty of the law. "How long Oh Lord, how long shall these things be."

CATTARAUGUS COUNTY LODGE.

Cattaraugus County Lodge met in Salamanca Jan. 24th. The time of holding the meeting was unfortunate, as the County Court was being held at that time and necessarily many who otherwise would have attended were obliged to be absent. Yet a goodly number met at Old Salamanca Lodg room, and were warmly greeted by Bro's and Sisters of that lodge.

G. D. D. Rev. J. E. Chapin arrived in the afternoon, and at a public meeting in the evening gave a lecture describing very graphically by the aid of maps the route of the Black Valley Railroad, and its final and inevitable termination. He was followed by a good strong stirring lecture by S. B. Dickinson of Olean, who is thoroughly in earnest in this temperance work. As the result of this meeting seven names were proposed for membership.

The meeting though not large in numbers was characterized for its earnestness and we believe was productive of much good. A motion of Bro. S. B. Dickinson, after earnest and able discussion was passed appointing a Committee to prepare a petition to be sent to every lodge in the State for circulation which petitions after being signed were to be sent to the Legislature of the State beseeching that body to "submit the matter of Prohibition back to the several counties, for adoption or rejection. This is matter of the greatest importance, and we trust the legislature will heed the petition of the people and thus save us from the curse of a wicked traffic thrust upon us against our most earnest protestations by **THREE MEN**. If we must have the curse of free whiskey, let us have it as American people are entitled to receive their rights, by the direct use of the ballot. This effort alone carried into effect by an active committee we are confident will repay all for time and money

spent in attending the County Lodge.

Salamanca Lodge, though not large in number makes up in energy and determination. Bro. Price is a strong active, energetic, Good Templar who is deeply interested in the success of all that shall tend to promote the cause he has espoused. He is entitled to commendation for his zeal in every good word and work. We know there are others fully alive and determined in the work, but time and space forbids mention.

The people of Salamanca very generously entertained the friends attending the Co. Lodge, for which they have the gratitude and kindly remembrance of those thus entertained. The report of the Committee on Good of the Order will be found in the **GOLDEN RULE**.

WAS IT ACCIDENT?

As we are going to press the tidings come to us of a terrible accident on the R. R., which happened at Carrollton in this County, on the night of the 21st whereby two useful industrious and worthy men were without moments warning thrust out of this life, and several others severely and painfully wounded. These occurrences are so frequent of late, that except a slight shiver and shudder on the first reception of the news the world moves along as before except the lonely, bereaved, broken hearts that still live to lament over that criminality, carelessness or imbecility which tore their loved ones from them. Few stop to inquire why this calamity, forgetting that every result has a producing cause, they too frequently account for it as a special Providence of God, and wait with seeming indifference for the visitation of another special Providence, which waiting need not be long in these days. But let us view the accident in the light of facts, and we shall find that whiskey was the agent. Here it is again—licensed whiskey the murderer of two worthy persons. Three cold-blooded, horrid murders in less than three months, and yet we throw our arms of protection around the murderer, while we offer thousands of innocent lives as fresh victims for immolation at his shrine. Oh is there any responsibility in all these crimes, and is there any sense of justice left in the consciences of our people.

Let us sift this thing and see if any person

or any set of persons have any agency in this matter, and where rests the larger share of guilt. Whiskey was the producing cause, but if the engineer had not drank it, and if the seller had not sold the whiskey, and he would not have sold it, had not the Excise Com., and back of them the law telling them it was right and legal and therefore might be done. Where then is the responsibility. We answer every one who has aided in making so unjust a law, and in an especial manner that Board of Excise Commissioners who might, but did not withhold that license. The drinker and seller are responsible, but more and greater responsibility rests on those who gave the seller the right to pursue his calling. If it is right for men to sell, it is right for men to drink. The Excise commissioners had the power to withhold their license; had they done this they would have said virtually the traffic is illegal and unjust promotive of poverty, want, woe and CRIME and pernicious every way in its effects, then though the engineer had drank, though two worthy persons were deprived of this life, and widows and orphans made, though others were wounded and maimed for life, and a family turned from house and home by flames lighted by whiskey, it would not have been legalized whiskey, and their hands would have been washed from the foul stain. But we await farther accident and crime, Railroad Officials will doubtless continue to employ drinking engineers, Excise Commissioners will still make the manufacture of criminals and murderers legal and therefore respectable, and sellers will continue to feed and clothe themselves on money wrung from the tears of heart-broken wives and starving children. We would stay this evil if we could, we will work for this purpose while life lasts if necessary. But we believe that a Judge who is all mercy (and mercy is not mercy without justice) is listening to the prayers of the afflicted and wronged, and will not always listen in silence.

Just as we are going to press we receive from Mrs. Spencer a continuation of her "Life Sketches," too late for insertion in this number of GOLDEN RULE, it will appear in our next, and thereafter without fail. A combination of afflicting circumstances has prevented sister Spencer from preparing her article for this No., We beg the forbearance of our readers.

OWING to the severe illness of Mrs. B. C. RUDÉ she was unable to continue her story in this months issue. It will be continued in our next.

WE are indebted to J. N. Clark G. W. S. of Iowa for a copy of the Proceedings of the last annual Session of the Grand Lodge of that State. The proceedings are of interest. While the report of the G. W. C. T., shows a decrease of membership, yet there seems to be the element of success still with them, and from their report we infer that another year, will find them with numbers increased and valiantly contending with the wily foe. They employ a Lecturer with a salary of \$2000 per annum and traveling expenses.

At a District Convention recently held in Wellsville, the subject of County Lodges was discussed somewhat at length and a resolution passed that a Committee should be appointed to take measures to effect the organization of a County Lodge.

The subject of County Lodges is receiving more attention and judging from the reports which we are hearing from all parts of the State, are doing good work. We believe the report on County Lodges at our next Grand Lodge will be more interesting and encouraging than the last, and that from henceforth County Lodges are a permanent institution.

Minnesota as it is.

This book of 300 pages has been received. It is what its title indicates a description of Minnesota as it is, and we confess that in reading it we long to fly away from the ever changing climate of our own State and revel in the health inspiring air and recuperating properties of life in Minnesota. Any one with a view of making a home in the West should procure this book, that they may be able to judge impartially and decide upon a desirable location. These who are content to remain at the east should possess the work that they may know what their western friends are accomplishing. It is the intention of the author to publish another book in a few months. We hope to be able after a more thorough reading of the book to speak still farther of it.

Golden Rule.

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Original.

ANNIE HENDERSON.

BY MISS L. McQUEEN.

Closing the door softly that the house might not be aroused he stepped into the adjoining room and awakened Caddy—"Keep perfectly quiet, your mistress has only fainted"—In a moment she comprehended the situation and set vigorously to work. Proper restoratives were applied and as consciousness returned Herbert hastened to inform her of her father's safety. She did not appear satisfied—"Is he sick, Herbert?" She had never called him Herbert before—He scarcely knew how to reply and hesitated, "You need not be afraid to tell me the truth, I know"—a pang as of pain passed over her sweet face and she was still again. She soon revived and Herbert delicately related such parts of his nights work as he felt she must know and ended by saying "I think your father will be quite well in the morning. Do not be alarmed if he does not come down to breakfast, I will see that he is cared for and this affair must not get out among the mill-men or servants, Mrs. Mason you know loves gossip and there are others in the neighborhood who delight in circulating reports of any unfavorable character," He arose to go. Annie arose and placing her hand upon his arm said, "Mr. Cornell, Herbert" tears filled the brown eyes—"God will reward you for your goodness to my poor father, I can only thank you" "I have only done my duty." He raised her hand to his lips, bowed a pleasant good-bye and repaired to his own room.

As daylight came creeping up from the earth, Annie, sought her pillow, giving Caddy directions not to let her be disturbed until her father came down.

As soon as objects become visible in the room Mrs. Mason was astir. Breakfast must be ready by times, and she was not going to

lie in bed while others were up and at work. No, indeed, she meant to do her share, she despised a shirk above all other characters. They were always around in the way and it was harder to get work out of them than to do it herself. She expressed great concern when Annie did not make her appearance at breakfast, was afraid she was sick, would make her a nice cup of tea directly, but when John reported Mr. Henderson also sick, she knew some disease had broken out. What an awful thing if they had the small-pox or typhoid fever, it would be dreadful in such a house" and Mrs. Mason worked herself up into quite an excitement. John soon quieted all apprehension by saying his master was out late and as Caddy had already informed her Annie did not retire until after midnight she concluded they were out together, some one mentioned Mr. Henderson riding in the afternoon, of course they were riding until late in the evening she remembered it was moonlight, and this report was freely circulated among all whom it might concern.—Mr. Cornell was entirely satisfied with the explanation, and as he was not supposed to know more about the matter, no direct questions were put. He felt tired having slept none, but an extra cup of hot coffee revived him and he went to the office as usual. Toward noon Mr. Henderson came down stairs and ordered a warm breakfast for himself and Annie. He did not go into the sitting-room to meet his daughter, but kissed her tenderly as she took her accustomed seat by his side at table. Mrs. Mason soon came in bantering them on their late hours and retailing such news as she had been able to pick up or manufacture. Not a word said of what was nearest the heart of both. When the meal was over Mr. Henderson

walked to the office, while Annie busied herself with some light needlework. A week passed Mr. Cornell and Annie were constantly together.

She realized there was a warm tender feeling springing up in her heart, toward the young man, but she did not dream it was love. She often thought of Col. Seymour, and always with due reference to their future relationship. True it was not a genuine betrothal; there was no heartwork on either side but she had pledged her word, and with her life the promise must be kept. Herbert Cornell knew he loved Annie Henderson. It was not now an undefinable something, but a complete certainty. He had never mentioned the matter to her father, but he was satisfied he understood his feelings. It was a warm evening, not a leaf stirring. Annie sat by the open window with a book in her hand when Herbert entered and took a seat by her side. Her voice was musical and sweet, she read but a few lines and turning was about to ask his opinion of the sentiment, when something in his face startled her. Instantly she read in his clear blue eyes the love tale he was about to tell, and she felt her own heart echo the strain. Before a word was spoken, Mr. Henderson came in and tossed a letter into her lap.

"We can't go back to the city yet Annie, Mr. Boyd writes me the heat is insufferable, while the cholera is making sad havoc in some districts." "I'm in no hurry to go back if that's the case, its warm enough here. Your health is improving too Annie, don't you think she looks better than when she came up Mr. Cornell?" "I think she does, and hope she may never regret the trip." "I never shall, had I known what a delightful place it was I should have come before. I mean to come every summer now, may I father?" Certainly if you wish but you haven't read your letter, perhaps that will have something to do with your future movements." Annie excused herself a few moments and read a very staid common-place letter from Col. Seymour. It was short, containing only a few news items, number of deaths from cholera as reported by the city authorities, and closed by saying, "Do not think of coming home until the heat has somewhat abated."

When she returned to the parlor her father and his clerk were discussing the probable amount of lumber a certain number of logs would make, and the propriety of securing as many as possible for another years run.

When Mr. Henderson arose to retire he announced his intention of going up the river

forty miles the next day to look at some timber land he had just heard was for sale. "How long will you be gone?" asked Annie. "Three or four days perhaps," "I cannot possibly spare you so long.

Herbert must see that you are not lonely, but don't get sentimental, you know the Col. wouldn't like that." Herbert's eyes were gradually opening, he tried to smile, but something down deep in his heart forbid, he did not look at Annie, but her father did and read the exact truth as plainly as from a book. When he kissed her good night at the door, he whispered in her ear. "If you love Herbert Cornell it is all right, I can buy the Col. off" He went on to his room and Annie returned to the parlor. Herbert arose and took a step towards her. Their eyes met, twas electrical. In an instant they were in each others arms. Annie was the first to awake from the pleasant dream and freeing herself from the strong arms that would have held her to his heart forever, she said—"Be seated Herbert, I must tell you something."

"My father mentioned Col. Seymour, he is my promised husband." She did not say affianced, that was not the word. "We were in deep trouble, my father was involved in some mysterious way, and Col. Seymour advanced ten thousand dollars, asking no security save my hand in marriage. He said my father would be disgraced, I could not bear that, and my poor mother dying. I gave the promise, that if at the expiration of a year, he desired it, I would be his wife." It was all out now, and Herbert Cornell knew just what he had to contend with. It is said the battle is half won when we know our enemy's strength. This revelation did not lessen his love for the beautiful girl at his side, who had in her own straightforward way told him the plain unvarnished truth, "Annie," his voice was firm and unyielding "I love you truly, tenderly but I have until now scarce dared tell you so.

When I came in this evening I had fully resolved to tell you all and hear my fate from your own lips. I have heard it. Thank God it is no worse. You do not love Col. Seymour, if you marry him; it will be to keep your promise, fulfill an obligation. Am I right?" She was silent, and he went on, such a marriage would be blasphemy. A direct violation of God's immutable law. Constant companionship and the familiar intercourse of married life must be unbearable, where love is not the controlling element, the ruling passion.

I did not come to this place with a view of

forming a matrimonial alliance, but to attend strictly to business and prepare for the active duties of life. My father died when I was quite young, a mere boy. Our means were limited, but my mother insisted upon my continuing to pursue the course of study he had marked out for me. I studied hard, often until late at night, I felt the need of a thorough education, for I knew I must make my own way in the world. At twenty I left the college halls, having finished the course of study prescribed by the institute. My only sister was soon afterward married and my mother went to reside with her. I came here, I liked this business and have tried to do my duty. I never dreamed of love until I saw you. I would not admit even to myself the true nature of my feelings, for I knew you were far above me in wealth and position. There is but little hope of winning so priceless a jewel. To-night I am encouraged, your beauty alone would attract, and when combined with such amiable qualities of mind and heart, is irresistible."

He took her hand in his, it was not withdrawn. He saw that she had been weeping, there were unshed tears in the full brown eyes, 'Twas no weak point in Annie's character. She fully realized the situation, she knew she loved the young man at her side, that he alone could make her happy. There was no distinction save such as wealth can make. He was more than her equal in education and perfect physical development,

"Time can only reveal what is in store for us, she said as she wiped away the fast falling tear. Leave me now Herbert, and forget this little episode in our lives." As well might the sun forget to shine," but you have reminded me it is late "good night," he held her to his heart a moment, kissed her tenderly and went to his room. The next morning when they met at breakfast Mr. Henderson had gone. He started early that he might not be obliged to travel in the heat of the day. "He had been writing nearly all night John said, left a package of letters which he wished Mr. Cornell to lock in his private drawer until his return. This was done as desired and things moved on in their regular routine. Three days passed and Mr. Henderson did not return. The fourth was drawing to a close when a gentleman rode up to the house apparently in great haste. His horse was wracking with foam and the perspiration stood on his face in great drops. He inquired for Mr. Henderson's business Agent, and was shown to the office. Annie saw the stranger and instantly premised some accident

to her father. She stepped to the window and saw Herbert approaching followed by John who was wringing his hands and crying bitterly. "That's just what comes of not letting me go 'long' she heard him say. Herbert was pale as he entered, but he commanded his voice and drawing Annie to a seat said "Can you bear to hear bad news my darling?"

"My father——yes, he has met with a serious accident on the road." Where is he, let me go to him," She gasped, her strength giving way. He is about five miles above here, John will go to him as soon as the horses can be got ready, I shall go with him but you had better remain as the ride would fatigue you and do your father no good." She reluctantly consented to stay and the two were soon on their sorrowful errand. The man had reported him killed by being thrown from his wagon.

Mr. Henderson had completed his business to his entire satisfaction and started to return home on the third day morning. By ten o'clock the heat was so intense he was obliged to halt until towards evening. He drove on in hopes to reach home, but his horses were jaded and refused to go farther. About midnight he found himself at the little country tavern he had once before visited. It was a humiliating reminiscence, but his horses must rest, and seeing a dim light in the bar-room he drove up to the door and alighted.

The landlord was delighted at receiving a second call from so distinguished a gentleman as John Henderson. His horses were well cared for and his guest made as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

Mr. Henderson took but a single glass before retiring, in the morning he was weak and languid, had not recovered from the fatigue of the previous day. His physical strength was exhausted and required a stimulant. He was determined not to get drunk but positively he must have liquor. 'Twas brought, he soon forgot his languor and fatigue as well as his good resolution. He did not get thoroughly soaked as before, but was soon in the best of spirits and about noon ordered his horses, declaring he would drive home in an hour. The landlord saw he was not fit to manage a team, and urged him to remain until they could send for his servant, but brandy had fired his brain and he would not listen.

He made several unsuccessful efforts to get in to his wagon. By the help of a by-stander he at last succeeded and drove furiously away.

Two hours afterward some hunters passing by the marsh road saw a span of horses tangled

in the thick underbrush, with fragments of a harness and light wagon scattered around. They followed the direction it appeared they had come and soon found the body of John Henderson lying by the road side. No blood was upon his person or clothes, no signs of violence, but the life had gone out for the body was cold and stark and stiff. One of the men immediately recognized him as one of the owners of the Shelbyville mills. They loosened the frightened animals and tied them to a tree near the road. They took up the lifeless body and carried it to the nearest dwelling a distance of half a mile. Though no signs of life was visible a young man was dispatched for a physician and to inform his clerk of the terrible accident.

Mr. Cornell and John were not long in reaching the spot, placing the body upon a rudely constructed bed, they drove more slowly homeward. Just before they reached town they met the physician riding in hot haste. He turned his horse and accompanied them home.

Herbert was revolving in his mind how best to break the sad news to Annie. He knew her devoted love for her father, and he feared the effect of his sudden death upon her fine sensitive nature. She had often said to him, "since my mother died my father is all I have to love."

Before they reached the house they halted for a moment and Herbert hastened on to prepare her for the terrible reality. He was surprised at her calmness, though every vestige of color had left her face she showed no signs of faintness, and when her father was brought in and placed upon the sofa she brushed his gray locks from his temples and wiped his forehead with her own hand. While the physician was preparing a warm bath and the attention of those present were called away, she dropped upon her knees beside her father and clasping her white hands convulsively prayed, "Oh Father if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." She arose and going up to Herbert, her countenance radiant, a new light in her eyes. He is not dead but sleepeth."

"Glad you pray, Miss Annie, de Lord hear you, won't hear dis darkey, me pray all way home said John "don't you tink better telegraph to the Col., he'll hear sertain sure" Annie remembered his last words, "Should anything serious happen" and hastily writing a line she dispatched it to the Telegraph office. For more than an hour the physician with his assistant worked over the inanimate body of John Henderson. He was about giving up when Herbert who stood over him observed

the least perceptible flutter about the region of the heart. This inspired them with new hope and they continued their efforts until the muscles began to relax and the face showed signs of returning life. Annie's quick eye caught the first quiver of the eyelids and throwing her arms around his neck she sobbed out "My father, oh! my father." Excessive joy brings tears, while sorrow often dries them. Mr. Henderson slowly opened his eyes and gazed vacantly about the room. Eager faces watched every appearance of returning consciousness.

It was past midnight before the question of life or death was answered. The physician then turned to Annie and said, "Should no fever set in I think he will live."

"Thank God and you" was all she could say as she took his extended hand. He gave some further directions to Herbert and went away saying he would be in again at daylight.

Anxious hearts hung around that pillow the remainder of that eventful night. Scarce a word was spoken. Annie expressed no wish to know the particulars of the accident. Her own past experience told the sad tale. She knew that liquor had been the cause, and as she looked upon the pale face of her father and saw how near death he had been, even at the very gate, she shuddered with awful apprehension. She recalled the scene at her mother's death-bed. She felt that by pledging her hand to Col. Seymour, she had saved her father she knew not from what. Certainly not from crime, her father could never be guilty of breaking the law, it was yet an unsolved mystery, and she resolved to banish it forever from her mind.

Morning found Mr. Henderson better, though very weak. He spoke once "Annie, my daughter," were his only words. Toward noon he became hot and feverish and at four o'clock when Col. Seymour arrived he was wild with delirium.

The meeting of the Col., and Annie was that of old friends. He remarked she was not looking so well as when she left the city. "This terrible affair of your fathers has worn upon you."

Herbert watched every movement most zealously. He was not slow to learn there was no love in Col. Seymour's heart. As we have said, three years experience had given him some knowledge of human nature. He read Col. Seymour's soul with an intellect sharpened by love. He realized however, he had a strong man to contend with. Towards evening Mr. Henderson became quiet and sunk into an easy

slumber. Annie had given herself no rest, and now tired nature could endure no longer and she retired to rest. Herbert showed no signs of fatigue and did not leave Mr. Henderson's bed-side through the long watches of the night. He slept most of the time until morning when he awoke he was conscious but unable to speak. As Herbert hung over his pillow he whispered, "letters."—Col. Seymour."—He instantly recollected the package left in his care and when Annie came to sit by the bedside he beckoned Col. Seymour from the room.

"Mr. Henderson wrote some letters the night before he left here," said Herbert by way of explanation. "He left them with his servant requesting me to lock them in his private drawer until his return. He just mentioned them in connection with your name, they are doubtless for you."

They walked to the office together, and Herbert took the papers from the secret drawer and placed them in the Col.'s hands. On removing the wrapper there was a letter addressed to Col. Seymour, inside of which was a small sheet directed to Herbert Cornell.

Herbert's note was brief—"Stating that for sometime he had a presentiment that he was not long for this world. He might never return from the trip he now contemplated. His only wish was for Annie.—"I trust her with you Herbert, knowing she loves you," he wrote, and I fully believe you worthy of her love. Make her happy. Be gentle and kind to her, and do not grieve her by your conduct as I have often done." The remainder of the epistle was blotted and marred as though tears had rained upon the page."

As Herbert folded the precious document Col. Seymour said, "Listen young man, this concerns you as well me" He read:

"My daughter does not love you, she frankly told you so, she only consented to be your wife, to save me. Thank God, I was saved from wasting what I had been years in gaining. I heard all that passed between you on that eventful night. I made a solemn vow before God and my dear wife, that I would never touch cards again.—Annie's noble conduct has helped me to keep it. And now on your honor as a gentleman I ask you to release her from that engagement. Inclosed find a check for the amount due you. Herbert Cornell thoroughly understands my business and will attend to it. I inclose a line for him. At my death he will share equally with Annie, my will is to that effect.—JOHN HENDERSON.

For a moment the two men looked into each others faces Herbert's eyes did not quail before the proud man of wealth and position. Col. Seymour accepted the situation and if he felt regret at the loss of Annie or her father's immense wealth, there was no visible sign. He soon made arrangements for going back to the city. Mr. Cornell could attend to everything, he was not needed. Before leaving he went to Mr. Henderson's room. He was sleeping. He would not disturb him. He turned to Annie her face instantly told him she knew all, and the tidings had not been unwelcome.

"I go back a wiser man Miss Henderson, I could never make you happy. When next I seek a wife it shall be for love, not beauty or wealth." He raised her hand to his lips, shook Herbert's warmly, gave a last look at John Henderson and departed. He never married, love found no home in that noble soul and he would not wed without it. John Henderson did not die, but for long weeks he lay hovering on the very borders. When the weather grew cool he improved rapidly and by the middle of October was able to walk about.

He gave his business into Mr. Cornell's hands entirely and as soon as he was strong enough they all went to the city together.

The Firm did not suffer by the exchange, Herbert remained one of its most active members. Annie, now Mrs. Annie Cornell, never had cause to regret her change in lovers or her father's habit of intemperance. His accident had cured him.

The reign of good principles in the soul carries its own evidence in the life, just as that of a good government is visible on the face of society.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a persons character. Indeed, character consists in little acts habitually and honorably performed; daily life being the quarry from which we build it up and rough hew the habits that form it.

A PRACTICAL LESSON.—It is not far from being true, in the progress of knowledge, that after every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us toward what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so; but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth.

WHO WAS TO BLAME?

ADELAIDE WETMORE.

"May you never be ashamed of your new son!" said a gentleman in a light merry tone as he turned to his host and raised a wine-glass to his lips.

All within hearing smiled, not merely at the brusque manner in which the toast was given, but at the idea that shame *could* be attached to the name of Edward Fowler, he who the hour before, with solemn vows on his lips, stood at the altar with Mary Tupper.

At these wedding festivities the congratulations were most hearty—"a capital, most suitable match echoed all voices. And no one seemed more pleased and satisfied than did Mr. Tupper, who gave his only daughter, lovely and accomplished, without fear or hesitation to the man of her choice. Edward Fowler was deservedly popular. No young man in the city of Boston had higher or brighter prospects, either in private or professional life. A few years before he had been admitted to the bar, and had already acquired honor and distinction.

Immediately on the return from their bridal trip Mr. and Mrs. Fowler went to a beautiful little home which Mr. Tupper had bought and given them. This present was very complete as the house was furnished with every needed comfort and luxury, and the happy pair might well think they had not a wish ungratified.

Very early in their house-keeping days, while planning for social festivities, Mr. Fowler said, "Your father has generally supplied us with choice wine and spirits; but I propose that we do not use them at least on our table.

"Oh! nonsense; how came you to think of any thing so absurd?" replied his wife.

"Because if we offer wine to one, we must to all of our guests, and I have several young gentleman friends to whom I should not think it right to give the tempting cup."

"I have never" said Mrs. Fowler, "been so inhospitable as to give cold water to *my* friends, and I cannot commence now: it would be shabby!"

"But would'nt it be right?" said Mr. Fowler.

"No!" replied his wife. "If any one drinks too much it is his fault, not yours."

During this conversation Mr. Tupper joined them, and threw his influence decidedly with his daughter.

"A craven cowardly, temperance son-in-law! I would'nt own him," said he emphatically;

adding "all God's gifts were made to use, not to abuse nor to slight. Too much heat will kill a man; yet I enjoy this bright fire, and this glass of rich old sherry, (turning to the side-board and helping himself therefrom.) My motto is, moderation in all things, abstinence in none."

Edward Fowler was silenced but not convinced. Afterward he bitterly regretted that he had not the real courage at that time to take the decided step he knew to be right, especially as he was haunted by the lurking fear that he himself was fostering a real appetite for this stimulant. Ah! soon it not merely cheered, but it inebriated him.

In the years that followed, his little wine-cellar was filled and emptied many times, and Mrs. Fowler's heart was emptied of all happiness and hope.

Intoxication has many and various forms by which it kills the souls and bodies of its victims. With Edward Fowler the work was sure but slow. His wife saw him gradually lose self-control, self-respect, his interest and standing in his profession, and in society. Yet he lived a long life, a by-word and a reproach.

Neither Mrs. Fowler nor Mr. Tupper ask, "Who is to blame? Their own hearts give answer.—[Temperance Advocate.

A New Britain physician, making a professional visit recently, found a father drunk, while his sick boy was suffering for the necessities of life. The same day a man went to a liquor shop and offered to pledge a set of false teeth for a drink. On the evening of that day a negro was found dead drunk in the snow on Commercial street, benumbed with the cold. A good field for temperance missionary work.

GOOD WORDS.—Jeer not others upon any occasion. If they be foolish, God hath denied them understanding; if they be vicious, you ought to pity, not revile them; if deformed God framed their bodies, and will you scorn His workmanship? Are you wiser than your Creator? If poor, poverty was designed for a motive to charity, not to contempt; you can not see what riches they have within. Especially despise not your aged parents, if they have come to their second childhood, and are not so wise as formerly; they are yet your parents—your duty is not diminished.

For the Golden Rule.

Life Sketches of Mrs. R. H. Spencer,

STATE AGENT AND NURSE FOR FIELD AND HOSPITAL IN THE LATE CIVIL WAR.

In Hindes case there was no visible amendment; on the contrary, his delirium appeared to increase rapidly. The time had arrived in which I should remove the poultice from his limbs, and I was proceeding to loosen the bandage for that purpose, when orders were brought in to prepare him and two other patients for immediate removal to Armory Square Hospital, Washington. I refastened the bindings, imagining that he might receive more injury by the exposure he would be subject to during the transportation from one hospital to the other, than by suffering the blisters to remain as they were, a short time longer. I had no fears but that he would be faithfully attended to after his arrival at that hospital; as its reputation for excellent surgeons and faithful efficient nurses, had become proverbial throughout the neighborhood of Washington. The following day, one or two more of our sick were taken to the same place. On the return of the ambulance, the driver said, "Mrs. Spencer, there's some tall swearing down to that hospital about our Dr. They say it's awful, the way our men are treated here, and that our Surgeon ought to be sent home, that he is not fit to be in the army."

"Why, what has the Surgeon done, to create so much indignation against him?" I questioned.

"Well," he replied "it is the case of Hindes, that excites them most. The wardmaster says, 'it took me nearly two hours to soak the mustard from the man's limbs and then the flesh sloughed off, leaving the cords and bones bare'" he thinks it would be horrible to treat a beast in that way, and he declares that such a surgeon should not be allowed to prescribe for any one. I think myself, (said the driver) that soldiers have enough to submit to, without the added torment of unnecessary applications and medicines from the Dr. to fill up their quota of suffering."

After he had finished giving full expression to his own feelings in addition to the report he had brought from the hospital in the city I rejoined, you, as well as the attendants at Armory Square Hospital, have made a grand mistake, in charging Dr. Coe with inhuman treatment toward Hindes. The Dr. gave me permission to place bottles of hot water or mustard (whichever, or both, if I pleased) to the patient's feet and limbs, so that by outward irritation, we might succeed in keeping up a circulation of the blood if possible. I am the one that applied the mustard, bound it on, and left it there. The Doctor supposed I had judgement and was capable as a nurse should be, to care for those placed under my supervision. If he erred at all in the case it was in placing too much confidence in me, and if I made a mistake it was in trusting and acting by the advice of Mrs. Painter, a graduate from a Medical College and the present matron of College Hospital, Georgetown. When advising me to apply the mustard, she also informed me, that the effect following the thorough application of the remedy, would be just what you have reported. I will go with you to-morrow and explain to those in charge, how, and why, I treated the patient so cruelly.

The next morning, I visited the Hospital in Washington, acknowledging myself to be the perpetrator of the offence, entirely exculpating Surgeon Coe, from all complicity in, or knowledge of, the wrong inflicted, and received in return a severe castigation from the tongue of the ward master. The reprimand did not pain me as much as it would have done, had I not observed a very decided improvement in the appearance of Hindes, near whose bedside we stood while conversing, I made the remark, "he seems better at all events, I think his symptoms betoken recovery."

"No such thing," roughly responded the nurse or ward master, "no man has been

known to recover whose feet and limbs have become black like his. Look? at that man, lying there, pointing to a lifeless body stretched upon the bed adjoining that of Hindes. That person had the same fever with like symptoms, he died just before you came in this morning, and this man, making a motion toward Hindes, will go the same way, only he will have the benefit of your blistering to aggravate whatever peaceful moments he might have had."

Before I could make a reply to this unfeeling boorish speech, Hindes in a faint thick voice, said:

"Never mind, Mrs. Spencer, I shall live to repay you for saving my life, and when I feel the soreness caused by the blistering, I pray God to bless Mrs. Spencer, for her kindness to me, when I felt all alone *entirely forsaken*."

While he was thus addressing me, the nurse turned and gazed on him with the most ludicrous astonishment, depicted upon his stolid countenance. I do not think he would have been more surprised if the dead body had arisen from the stretcher and commenced conversation with me. The last time he had particularly noticed Hindes, he was still raging and muttering, in the delirium of the fever, now he appeared perfectly rational. I was not taken so much by surprise, because I had observed the returning consciousness in his eye, when I made my former remarks upon his improving condition.

I soon took my leave and returned to my own charge with a belief that the patient would recover, and applied myself to my daily duties with renewed zeal and hopefulness.

A few days passed, and I was thinking of visiting the hospital again, to ascertain the condition of our patient there, when I received a summons to repair to Armory Square Hospital without delay. I promptly obeyed the request, but with some misgivings, fearing possibly Hindes might have died, after all, (for in this terrible fever, the changes were sometimes unaccountably sudden and unexplainable to those most familiar with the disease) in that case, judging from the impressions which I had received at my previous visit, I should probably receive my dismissal from the army, (as one incapable of discharg-

ing the duties of nurse efficiently) through the representations of such as were indisposed toward me in that hospital. I was therefore agreeably surprised on entering the ward to find Hindes alive and in a convalescent state, the ward master pleasant and polite as his important nature would permit him to be. He received me with a low bow, and a contortion of his hard ungainly visage nearly approaching the semblance of a smile, and which I really think he supposed to be a real genuine glow of pleasure, (while I likened it to the grimace that we often see upon the face of the monkey) and with much apparent condescension, paused at Hindes bedside long enough for me to make the usual inquiries, regarding his present state of convalescence, and hopes of future recovery. After which he passed on with me to the Surgeon's office, and throwing wide the door pompously introduced one of two gentlemen seated there, as the Surgeon in charge, and I, as Mrs. Spencer, Matron of Regimental Hospital of 147th N. Y. S. Vols. The Surgeon received me very politely requesting me to be seated, and presented his companion as a Surgeon from the Queen's dominions. Then addressing me said:

"I am informed, Mrs. Spencer, that George Hindes is one of your Regiment, and a patient from under your care."

I replied in the affirmative. When he continued:

"I suppose you understand, that your method of treatment, in his case, probably saved his life, at all events, *we give to you*, the credit, although we thought at first your appliance of mustard, entirely too severe. The result has shown us that extreme measures were necessary, to produce that certain state of reaction required to promote and insure his recovery. I have taken the liberty to send for you, that we may be correctly informed at what stage of the disease you applied the mustard, and how you prepared the poultice before application, as it is the first instance within my knowledge that any one has recovered from this type of fever, after the feet and limbs were swollen and discolored, and the brain in a continued state of delirium. We are sensible that we censured you hastily and unwisely, we regret that we did so, and improve the opportunity in ex-

pressing the same to you, we owe you this apology in return for our hasty condemnation of you, in your treatment of your patient. I have been informed of the energy, and persevering kindness, you have already displayed in your hospital, and, am sure, if you continue as you have commenced, many, on whom you have bestowed your care will have cause to honor and bless you."

I returned thanks to the Surgeon for his very complimentary remarks, and for the skill and kind treatment our men had received at his own, and his attendant's hands. I explained to the best of my ability, the condition of the patient when I commenced to administer the poultice, and the way I prepared it, and also why I did not remove it sooner, and why I was constrained to exert myself for him after his case seemed hopeless, by telling of his almost dying appeal to my sympathies, of my sudden remembrance of the remedy recommended for such cases, and my belief that we had this one "forlorn hope" to trust in *as a human means* of saving his life.

Both of the surgeons expressed their satisfaction for the information and explanations I had given them, and bade me a cordial good day.

After visiting each of our men, then lying in the different wards, I returned to the Regiment, possessed with a far different opinion of the Surgeon and his attendants at Armory Square, than when I left our Camp in the morning. The change of feeling, showing how susceptible and appreciative my disposition is of kind and generous treatment. I went from the Camp that morning, expecting war and unjust judgment, with pomposity and tyranny in the ascendent, and had nerved myself for a severe struggle, instead of which, I found peace and justice reigning, and the Chief medical officer in charge, manifesting in speech and manner, all the gentle courtesy, springing from a refined and cultivated mind, ready to admit a fault or wrong doing, and willing to appreciate in another the qualities of truth, and honesty of purpose.

Happy would our lives be should the world produce a predominance of such characters as the Surgeons, with whom I exchanged courtesies that day, at Armory Square Hospital.

Hindes eventually recovered, and returned to his Regiment in time to be in the battle at Gettysburgh, July 1st 1862, where he was wounded, and again became an inmate of my hospital, at the White Church, situated on Baltimore pike, four miles from Gettysburg. He again regained his health, sufficient to continue and when the war closed went home and now resides seven miles from Oswego City, and has given me his name as a subscriber for the "Golden Rule."

Nov. 14th.—Frederick Preston, died in our field hospital of typhoid fever, his brother came, and was with him, and after his death, removed his body to Georgetown for the purpose of embalming, and from there, it was conveyed to Fulton, Oswego Co., for burial. Stewart Parks, and a young man by the name of Wilson, (I forget his given name) both died of the typhoid fever, in the Presbyterian Church Hospital. George Baker, of Co. G., died of typhoid in Armory Square, Washington. Thomas Kane Co. F., in Georgetown. Also Lieu. Flint died of this awful fever at Tennyson Town. He was quartered at a private residence, his wife reached him to care for, and receive his last breath, and when death snatched him from her loving clasp she threw herself upon his dead body as if by that means she might retain him still, she nearly sank with him to death. Who can describe those moments of agony filling the heart of the bereaved with such heavy dark despair. We may think we sympathise with the surviving friends of the dead, and we do in a measure, but it is impossible for us to feel that depth of woe which surges and swells in the heart of the bereaved one. No sympathy of ours can obliterate or heal the broken ties that bound them or assuage the sorrow that assails when those bands are burst asunder. No word from us relieve their pain. God alone can calm the turbulent waves of affliction, and say to the troubled waters be still.

I was made to realize the truth of this, as months rolled on. Death entered our ranks and struck out indiscriminately with his destroying scythe, and slowly but surely mowed down our men regardless of their possessions, intellect, position, or the loving home relations. No earthly tie, no agoniz-

ing prayer or clinging love retarded or restrained his destructive power and blasting presence, and his victims indelphensive yielded to his remorseless blow and passed from earth away:

I am incapable of portraying with my pen or orally the sufferings that I witnessed beside the dying and dead soldiers during the time I was administering to the necessities of the living and the preparation for the grave of the dead.

The churches, colleges, patent-office and other public buildings were converted into temporary hospitals, and were being filled rapidly.

On the 30th, at three o'clock P.M., orders were received from Head Quarters for the 147th regiment to break camp and march to Fort Carroll and report at seven o'clock next morning to *somebody*. The distance from our present encampment being from ten to fifteen miles. When the orders were received, my husband and I were absent, having gone with four of our sick ones to a hospital in the city, and we were much surprised on our return to find the camp in the commotion usual to breaking up quarters. A day or so previous, the Regiment had received a large box of cooked provisions from the citizens of Oswego, consisting of baked turkey, pies, cakes and all the requisites for a good dinner, and among others I seemed to be remembered, as a *nice large turkey* with its attendant pastries appeared to have a cord attached with my name upon it. The donation was immediately sent to my tent, (I have been informed since my return that the turkey was given by one of our benevolent citizens Theodore Irwin.) The turkey and its accompaniments reminded me of the "widows cruse of oil" (in the olden times) because of the number that partook thereof. The regiment did not move off until late in the night and many were fatigued and hungry. I made tea and coffee, sliced the turkey, cut the pies, and cake; arranged all upon my long table and invited the weary and fasting to come and partake. When morning came and all had gone except those remaining behind to care for hospital stores, Mr. Spencer and myself found each a slice of turkey with some good picking from the bones. Only a few of us were now left in

camp awaiting the removal of our supplies. My husband had procured a horse that I might have means of conveyance more comfortable than traveling on foot whenever the regiment should move. He was a large roan, ungainly and heavy, a draught-horse, his name was Charley, he had been used in the army we thought as a Cavalry horse he had a wound in one of his legs and a little while after we got him a piece of iron worked out of the orifice in his leg and then it entirely healed up.

I was still in difficulty, I had the horse without the saddle, and unless I could procure one I should have to ride the horse upon the bare back, or at best with a blanket strapped over. The question was where and how could I supply the necessity. Some person informed me of an old lady who had a side-saddle, but could not say if she would be willing to dispose of it. I thought of the old adage "nothing ventured, nothing have," and concluded to try for the saddle. The residence of Mrs. Lyles was but a short distance from our camping ground, situated on a slight eminence some distance from the road in front of which was an extensive lawn sloping gradually toward the road. Trees were interspersed here and there with low shrubbery bordering the carriage drive that opened from the highway to the house. A home to be happy in thought I to myself were it not for the anxiety and ravages attending upon the war. The dwelling was of wood painted white with heavy fluted columns supporting the roof which overshadowed the piazza.

I had been informed that the sympathies of this lady were exclusively with the South, and that her regards were anything but pleasant towards the northerner, and I felt almost a trespasser in approaching her home after being made acquainted with her strong prejudice against us of the north, and it was a feeling akin to cowardice that I lifted the heavy rapper to seek admittance. This was but transient however, my consciousness of intending no wrong in approaching her, and that she misjudged us and our motives as a people, assisted me in recovering from my momentary weakness, and by the time my appeal at the door was answered I had become myself again. The door was opened

by a lady of fine appearance, who requested me to enter and be seated, I did so and shortly after mistaking her for the lady of the house I broached the subject of the saddle. She said she was not the mistress of the house, but that she would seek her. She went from the room for the purpose and soon returned accompanied by a lady, I should judge not far from sixty years of age, who she immediately introduced as Mrs. Lyles the lady of the premises. I arose to my feet upon the introduction and remained in that position until she pleasantly pressed me to resume it. She received me with that cordial ease and grace inherent in the lady of true cultivation, and with the finished politeness of manner that you will observe in none but those who have all their lives been accustomed to refined society. Her voice was soft and winning, yet in tone and look and mein you could trace the pride of birth and position. In her I realized my ideal of beauty and dignity in old age, her form was tall, slender and graceful, giving the impression to the beholder of once having been rounded in full and beautiful proportion before age advanced with his wintry winds to freeze her young blood to the destruction of youthful elasticity and shrivel the full proportions, although time had not passed her without a touching sweep of his blighting wings, yet his scathing breath had passed her lightly, I could discover very few signs of his withering marks on her fair face, scarce a wrinkle to be seen. Her dress was of some soft black material and hung in graceful folds about her person, the cap she wore was of swiss-mull or something like it, with its full narrow crimped border of the same texture surrounding her sweet face like a frame of silver fluting, casting a halo of brightness over the whole countenance, while the broad muslin strings falling from her cap down over her waist presented a pleasing contrast as they relieved the gloomy shade given by the sombre hues of her dress. I stated to her my situation and great need of a saddle. She said she had a side-saddle a relic of younger days, she had never intended parting with it as it had been in her possession many years, and without giving me a decided answer adroitly turned the

subject of conversation upon the present feeling existing between the North and South and drew me on to express my views in regard to the assistance given to the Confederate soldiers after they were taken prisoners, sick or wounded. She finally asked me if I should consider it my duty to feed and care for a wounded southern if I found him on the field or in hospital in a needy condition. I frankly told her that all my sympathies were with the Northern soldier as a natural consequence of my northern birth, but I believed that God had implanted the principle of mercy so strongly in my nature that it would be impossible for me to refuse drink, food, clothing or care to a wounded or sick enemy, and that I should most certainly relieve the sufferer were it in my power, though that needy one were my most bitter foe.

After more than an hour's conversation with her, wherein she had told me of the injury done her property by the unruly soldiers who from sheer recklessness had cut the trees, torn down fences and committed other depredations apparently for a keen love of mischief rather than expecting any benefit to accrue to themselves, I returned to the sale of the saddle, and asked her if she would be willing to sell it to me. That I had no money to pay her, but I had some articles of clothing that I could well spare a fine white night-dress that I had nicely embroidered a year before the war commenced, a pair of slippers that I could dispense with, a woolen blanket, that my mother sent me marked with the initials of my name and some other articles useless to me while on the march. She replied, I will let you have the saddle because I believe you will show a christian spirit to all." "You may give me what you can spare and will not need, but do not let me have anything that you can use for yourself or others," I rejoined that "I hoped to be able to obtain enough for comfort wherever we were stationed for any length of time, and that the articles I gave her I could well do without." Our bargain was made, I delivered the things before mentioned to her, and in turn received the saddle.

I was now prepared for most any emergency. One of the men remaining with us had

taken two knapsacks and united them by a broad piece of check bed-tick which would lay over the back of the horse without, or over the seat of the saddle when on, leaving a knapsack hanging upon each side of the horse in such a way that I suffered no inconvenience whatever when seated upon him. In those knapsacks I placed my necessary supplies. This man also fastened straps through the back of the saddle by which I could secure my roll of bedding. Upon the horns or pommels of the saddle, I hung my coffee-pot and lantern, the inside of which (the lantern I mean) I filled with candles. Besides these I had two haversacks with thin long straps attached to them by which the soldier swung them over his shoulder. These straps I tied together by the extreme ends, and then wound around the pommels to fix them securely that they might not be thrown from the saddle by the motion of the horse when loping. In those haversacks I carried tea, coffee, sugar, salt, (each done up in separate packages of course) dried fruit, soft crackers, bottles of ginger extract instead of whiskey, brandy or wine,) tea-cups and saucers, teaspoons, matches &c., the knapsacks contained something of the same only in larger supplies and could not be opened as readily when needed in haste. My horse was large and able to bear me and all those supplies, when added to my weight making a load of over three hundred and fifty pounds. You can picture to yourselves a large roan draught horse, all saddled, bridled and loaded, his head hanging with a sleepy look and upon each of his sides one full knapsack, and at the back of the saddle a large roll consisting of one bed-quilt, one government blanket, and outside of all these a rubber blanket to protect them from the rain. In front hanging from the pommels, one lantern, one coffee-pot and two haversacks well filled almost to overflowing and last though not least your humble servant sitting erect and confident in the midst of all the bundles myself the largest and most precious (in my opinion) of the bundles. I think you would certainly think the "camels were coming"

We were now ready to move from the old camping ground. The hospital stores were to be taken to Washington for future transpor-

tation to wherever the regiment might be stationed. We had packed two large boxes with pillows, sheets, shirts, drawers, socks, and various articles needed in the field hospital. I also packed my pillows and a good share of my clothing, bedding and linen with them. I had filled the boxes and was told that we could get transportation for no more. We had still a large supply of what the ladies society at Washington had furnished us. I consulted the treasurer of that society Mrs. Robert Farnham and she authorized me to turn over what we could not take with us to any or all needy regiments then lying immediately around and near us. Making my husband and myself for the time being the almoners of their society. Those ladies in their benevolence appeared to us, as does the oasis in the desert to the weary sun scorched fainting traveler, who finds water to quench his raging thirst, and shade in which to rest until refreshed, he arises to renew his journey. So did we feel strengthened and encouraged to pursue our course of duty by their kind sympathetic treatment and cheering words of encouragement. My memory will have failed me when I forget Mrs. Robert Farnham or her family, Mrs. Chauncy Snow or her sister, Mrs. Blanchard and others of that society. Mrs. Blanchard not only gave her own labors, but two sons to her country. Ah! mothers and wives who have lost their dear ones in this struggle can realize something of the cost of civil war.

My husband and I sought out the surgeons, hospital stewards, and Ward masters of the different regiments and gave to them as directed, receiving their acknowledgments for the same, which I delivered to the proper authorities.

Our Col., was not able to go with his regiment and stayed in Washington at the Ebbett House. Finding that the ladies would not be allowed to go, at present he kindly detailed Mr. Spencer to remain with him as his Orderly until I might be permitted to go on with him. Mrs. Miller (the Majors wife) and myself boarded at a Mrs. Swartz. I met with the Ladies society and was cordially welcomed by them. When the dinner was given to the soldiers by the ladies of Washington, Mr. Spencer and my-

self assisted in Harewood hospital. As passes could not yet be obtained we busied ourselves in visiting the various hospitals. The wounded were now being brought in from Fredericksburgh. The upper floors of the Patent Office were converted into hospital rooms, and the wounded were occupying all the vacancies. Mr. Spencer and myself were volunteer nurses. Day after day my heart was wrung by the sufferings I witnessed. Rebels and Union men were lying side by side in their death throes. All distinctions were leveled, all enmity between each other at an end while they lay waiting the approach and preparing to meet the last struggle with their mutual enemy death, with a christian fortitude or sinners despair.

Our lamented President witnessed some of those death scenes and seemed to suffer with the dying. I sometimes think he had premonitions of his own tragic end at that time, when I recall to mind the look of agony that swept over his face as he stood gazing upon a dying soldier in that room one day, which like the cloud covering the face of the sun for a moments space and when drifting slowly away leaves a thin vapory veil behind for moments still, to soften its usual dazzling brightness, so did that agonizing look pass slowly from the face of our (then) chief ruler, leaving upon it a perceptible veil of sadness during the remainder of his stay in that Ward. Not so with Mrs. Lincoln, she seemed to sympathize with all and encourage with kind words, yet it was easy to see that the troubles of the nation were not weighing so heavily upon her heart. Some say she did not visit the hospitals. I say she did, because I saw her in more than one. The last time in one at City Point, in Virginia, after Richmond was taken, it was the last time we saw our President, but a few days before his assassination.

But to return to the wounded in Washington. The city seemed to me to be one general hospital, Carver was filled, Harewood was overflowing, Armory Square had all it could attend to. I could give name after name of hospitals filled and yet the wounded were coming. As Col. Warner was talking of going to his regiment now holding post near Falmouth and acting as Provost Guard, my husband was going with him and I con-

cluded to go to Oswego and gather a few necessary supplies to take to the regiment when my way should be opened.

I will continue in the next number.

A LIQUOR-SELLER CONQUERED BY RIDICULE.

In the year 1838, Dr. Jewett had a controversy, through the columns of a Providence (R. I.) paper, with a wholesale liquor-seller, as to whether the liquor trade ought to be regarded as a legitimate business, and generally as to its essential character as just, moral, respectable, etc. Those acquainted with the doctor can readily believe that the pen-pictures of the nefarious business which he held up before the Providence liquor-seller and the public were anything but flattering. In the doctor's closing article the following lines occurred. He had previously spoken of the essential vileness, and added.

"I'd sooner black my visage o'er
And put a shine on boots and shoes,
Than stand within a liquor store,
And rinse the glasses drunkards use."

We have no evidence that the perusal of the lines profited the venerable liquor-seller engaged in the controversy, but it effectually cured a young man who had but recently engaged in the business. He quit it at once, declaring that he never rinsed a glass for a poor slave of drink afterward but that last line would instantly sing its way through his brain—

"And rinse the glasses drunkards use."

It impressed him so strongly with the essential meanness of the business, that he could not follow it and look his fellow-men in the face, and he at once decided to abandon it. So much for the power of ridicule when the shaft is skillfully directed.—*The Christian at Work.*

HE who saves in little things can be liberal in larger ones.

AMIDST all disorders, God is ordering all wisely and justly, and to them that love Him, graciously; therefore we ought not to be dismayed.

A LITTLE girl, delighted at the singing of the bobolink, naively asked her mother: "What makes him sing so sweet, do he eat flowers?"

SOME NOTIONS ABOUT DOMESTIC BLISS.

As I am old bachelor, and generally esteemed a very crusty one, my ideas about domestic bliss are possibly entitled to no respect. Not that I think so for my own part; indeed, I am convinced that the opinions I entertain on this subject are sound, dispassionate, and such as to commend to all unprejudiced judges. I am aware, of course, that all old bachelors are supposed to see things with jaundiced eyes only; but the real truth is, they are unbiassed "lookers-on in Vienna," see what others cannot see, and penetrate through disguises by which others are deceived. And it has been so long the fashion to suppose that domestic bliss is something which bachelors neither understand nor appreciate—a sort of sacred felicity that their obdurate hearts have not the virtue to embrace—that I am the more ready to utter my notions on the subject, just to show that after all, the entrance to this charmed circle is not necessarily through the marriage-ring.

A captious and unhandsome critic might ask if there really is such a thing as domestic bliss, except in dreams. Are not the usual attempts to secure this social *ignis fatuus*, such a critic will ask, marred by perversity of temper, opposition of ideas, and that general selfishness which the seclusion and *abandon* of home bring often so conspicuously to the surface? No doubt this critic's question is pertinent in view of the kind of domestic bliss that commonly survives the arrangement known as matrimony; but he would be inspired with another feeling were he to turn his regards upon that neglected and depreciated class known as bachelors. As an illustration of the comparative felicities, in a domestic way, between the two conditions, let me draw a parallel, suggested by a recent experience of my own.

It was only three weeks ago that I accepted an invitation to spend two days with my friend Appleby. Appleby is married. He has a wife—most married men have, the reader will say; but Appleby's wife makes him, as it were, many times married. Her presence, her individuality, her temper, her ideas, her wishes, her inches, surround and multiply upon him on all sides. Appleby has no room in his own house, and a very

small corner in the outside world, so completely does Mrs. Appleby fill the boundaries of Mr. Appleby's sphere, and crush him into diminutiveness. But, after all, this is a digression. As I have no wife my parallel must confine itself to something possessed in common; this is not much, it is true, but just to point my moral, I ask the reader to look on this picture, selected by way of illustration out of a whole gallery of similar ones and then on the one that follows. My companion-pieces are of—

TWO BREAKFAST-ROOMS.

Appleby's breakfast room faces the north. This in itself is an evil. Appleby's breakfast-room is warmed economically by stray heat coaxed away from the kitchen range below and persuaded to diffuse itself within this circle of domestic bliss—which it no doubt attempts, but ordinarily fails to do. This is simply an abomination. A breakfast-room not cheered in winter by a bright blaze is unworthy a place amid the domestic virtues. What more enlivening experience is there than that of coming down in the morning to a bright cheery breakfast-room, in summer glad with the morning sun, in winter flushing and sparkling in the light of an open fire? But this deficiency is not all. Appleby's breakfast-room—it is a representative breakfast-room and for this reason I select it—is hung with varnished paper, and is furnished with oak chairs and an oaken buffet. Upon the walls are a few black, old-fashioned prints, gloomy in wooden frames. The floor is covered with an oak-colored carpet, that will not show crumbs. The window-curtains are—but there are no window-curtains. The room is only adorned in this particular with a buff-tinted shade. This is Appleby's breakfast-room, all garnished and beautiful in the fine spirit and under the perfect domination of "domestic bliss." And to this breakfast-room comes Mr. Appleby in slovenly dressing-gown and slovenly slippers, Mrs. Appleby in an old shawl and curl-papers, and several young Applebys all in tumult and snarling disorder. In this cheerless room, half lighted, dull for want of cheerful tints in the furniture, and for lack of a blaze on the hearth, arranged purposely for a hurried and comfortable matutinal meal, the "domestic bliss" of the

Applebys show itself in a hundred irritabilities. And yet Appleby is boasting about his matrimonial felicities. He never fails to introduce in our intercourse the subject of my bachelor loneliness and discomfort, and honestly wonders why I don't set up in my bachelor quarters a Mrs. B—— (in curl-papers and faded silk, I suppose), for the sake of companionship, and domestic comfort, and all that. And yet Appleby has actually seen those bachelor quarters of mine, has been entertained in them, and knows all about their supreme felicity. But this reminds me that I am keeping the reader from a visit to those same quarters, and so let me proceed to my second picture.

It was only three days after my breakfast with the Applebys, that genial John Bunker came to breakfast with me. John Bunker is a whole-souled fellow, who knows when a thing is *recherche*, and who has the wit to appreciate a bit of bachelor felicity. I always breakfast in my library—this being the name my man James gives to my book-room, where I have a few books, a few pictures, and gather all the little tasteful articles that I own—a vase or two, a statuette, a rare print, a bit of china, all of which I tone up with warm upholstery. I like to eat in my best apartment; to partake of my meals under the pleasantest and most enlivening conditions. Eating and drinking is with me a fine art. That “good digestion may wait on appetite and health on both,” I put my mind in its sweetest, its calmest, its most contented mood, by means of all the agreeable surroundings I can command.

You should have seen Jack Bunker when he came gayly tripping into my book-room on the morning referred to.

“Bless my soul, Tom, this is charming,” he exclaimed. And he looked around, *tasting* all the points. There was a glowing blaze from bituminous coal in the low grate. On a brass pendant stood the shining coffee-pot, from which issued low murmuring music and delicious odors. The fire-light was glancing up on the picture-frames, and the gilt backs of the books, and on the warm-tinted walls, and the ceiling and the upholstery that fell over the doorway, and partly shut out, partly let in

at the window the bright glances of light from the morning sun. Then the brilliant white cloth on the table, and the easy chair for host and guest, and a new picture only sent home the day before standing on an easel near, and the morning paper warming by the fire—well, it was a pleasant picture, even if I say it who shouldn't. Jack rubbed his hands, evidently enjoying the air of comfort, brightness and warmth that filled the whole space, and sat himself down in his cozy chair, and looked around at the books and the pictures, and repeated again, “Well, Jack, this *is* charming. You'll never get rid of me. I'll sip your mocha, munch your toast, and chat about things in general, for a week.” I confess this pleased me. I have a weakness for this sort of quiet elegance—I suppose it is a weakness, as a liking for all comfortable and pleasant things are weaknesses, according to a very common dogma—and I like to meet a man like Jack Bunker who thinks as I do.

I am not going to describe the breakfast farther. My sole purpose has been to draw two pictures, in order to show that domestic bliss isn't better understood or often realized by Benedicts than bachelors. But no doubt some one will ask why all these conditions of domestic happiness are not possible with “lovely woman.” to enhance the bliss of the scene. Think, the questioner probably says, of some beautiful creature sitting by the side of the urn, serving your coffee, applauding your pictures, listening to you as you read a bit of news from the morning journal; perhaps, with her hands in yours, or with her dainty foot on the fender, chatting with you softly but joyously over many pleasant themes. It must be admitted that this is a pretty picture. But what if the “lovely woman” comes down to breakfast frousy and fierce? What if she appears in dressing-gown and curl-papers? What if she has a chronic fondness for *dishabille*? In my bachelor-home, domestic bliss is mine, beyond doubt; if I open the door to a “lovely woman,” there is no telling what Pandora's box I shall uncover. Besides, it is a conviction of mine that refined and perfect domestic comfort is understood by men only. This is rank heresy, of course. I know that many ladies will

turn from my sentences in indignation; but my opinion is well grounded for all that. Woman are not personally selfish enough to be fastidious in these things. They are usually neat to circumspection; but it is a cheerless and aggressive neatness—moral and inflammatory rather than luxurious and artistic. They are neat because they constitutionally hate dust, not because neatness is important to their own selfish comfort. Women are rarely epicureans. They have no keen enjoyment in eating and drinking, in dreams and laziness; they do not understand intellectual repose. It is not the quiet, the serenity, the atmosphere of home that they at heart care about. Give a woman a new ribbon, and she will go without her dinner. Promise her a ball, and she will sit nightly for a month in a fireless room, muffled up in a shawl, and never murmur. She is fond of dress not of comfort; of decoration, not of peace; of excitement, not felicity. And then, moreover she is too willing to be ill-at-ease; too easily satisfied in all those things that pertain to personal comfort, and is far too much disposed to make the best of everything, to enter fully into the necessity of creating domestic comfort. She likes home because there she has authority, there she receives her friends and shows her furniture, there she can give grand balls, and thereby get invitations to other grand balls—but, when matrimony introduces a man to *recherche* breakfasts, to perfect little dinners, to delightful social evenings, to perfect appointed parlors, then I shall believe that true domestic bliss is feminine in conception. But there is much more that may be said on this subject, and while obdurate in my sins, at the same time deprecating the anger of my fair readers, whom I still devoutly admire, I await the editor's permission to speak again.—[Appleton's Journal.]

SELF-EDUCATION.

Young men who are desirous to educate themselves, should select elementary treatises at first; such as treat of their subject in a familiar manner. Having thus selected, they should set about reading them with the stern determination not to let a single page, a line, or word, pass uncomprehended. Geographical names should be pronounced properly and the places

they indicate carefully fixed in his mind. Allusions to men and events should be at once followed by research into the histories of men and the events themselves. The habit of fixed attention is also of the utmost importance. A wandering mind is essentially a weak mind. If anything is unworthy attention, renounce it altogether; do not acquire that bad habit of at once half listening, and half pondering, so common and so enervating to mental vigor. Remember always, that to act is not so important as the power to get. Strive to obtain strength of mind rather than many ill-digested facts. Do not swallow facts whole any more than you would your food. Chew and digest.

Overloading is as bad for the mind as for the stomach, therefore avoid cramming. Seek to learn the general principles of science rather than the bare details; the details will come, upon the application of the principles. Cultivate the habit of closely observing everything you see. Every natural thing is worth the closest inspection. Works of art and mechanical constructions are good studies, whether meritorious or otherwise. If good, seek to know the elements of their worth; if bad, criticise their faults. If your tastes incline to any particular field of study, let them run. Do not seek to stop them. You will succeed best in that field.

Love clings, clusters, and twines about its object, clothing it with beauty, and adorning it with a thousand pretty fancies: but hate blasts, blackens, and destroys all over which it casts its shadow; and then, like Acteon's dogs, turns and devours itself.

WHAT MAKES A MAN.

A truthful soul, a loving mind;
Full of affection for its kind;
A spirit firm, erect and free,
That never basely bends a knee;
That will not bend a feather's weight
Of slavery's chance for small or great;
That truly speaks from God within,
That never makes a league with sin;
That snaps the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships God, and him alone,
And bows no more than at His throne;
And trembles at no tyrants nod;
A soul that fears no one but God,
And thus can smile at curse or ban—
This is the soul that makes a man.

Original.

WEEK AFTER WEEK.

BY MRS. B. C. RUDE.

CHAPTER IX.

JACK HOYT.

Jackson Hoyt, or rather Jack Hoyt as he was termed, was the only brother of Abner Hoyt, the only remaining child of Deacon Gamaliel Hoyt of Plainfield.

Edith had never before met the trio that slowly wended their way up the long walk from the gate. It was a trying moment; a thousand fears haunted her in that one little space of time. Her frankness however made her equal to the emergency. In a few words, she explained the relation existing between herself and Abner, and the disappointed object of her visit.

Gamaliel Hoyt gave her a fathers hearty grasp, while his poor grief-stricken wife sobbed tears of motherly welcome upon her neck.

The boy, Jackson, coolly surveyed her with a feeling nearly akin to pity, strangely mixed with a feeling of envy, that even she, a stranger, could find a path to his fathers heart. This smothered fire flashed out in these words, "Ye make a terrible fuss, all of ye, it wouldn't be so if I was dead Ther'd be as big a hornin' scrape as there was to old Jess Aiken's fifth weddin."

A withering look from his father silenced but did not quell him. There was something in the tone of his voice, in the originality of his expression, that reminded Edith of Abner, and led her to feel a deep interest in him—How we always warm towards those who remind us of our loved ones gone.—She involuntarily moved her chair up to Jackson, and laid her hand quietly on his shoulder. He gave a fidgety glance the other way, as much as to say "none of your coaxing around me." Edith felt the repulse, and withdrew her hand. Jack retired from the room. Mr. Hoyt looked after him with a forlorn desolate look. Mrs. Hoyt motioned for Edith to follow her up

stairs.—There is something about the sympathy of two women mourning over their dead, that passeth all understanding.—They went to Abner's room, and there upon the old fashioned round center table lay the sword that flashed so in the sunlight when his own right arm wielded it, before the fatal shot. There, too, was the Colts Revolver that John gave him, the one which Edith and I so timidly "fired" in the back yard, the day before he went away. Yes, and there was the very Bible which Edith had given him with "Mispah" marked. As Edith took it up a letter dropped out; it was Edith's last, and on the envelope was this scrawl, "Edith I must die, Jackson is a wild boy, save him! Edith, in heavens name save him!"

Just then, Jack came stumbling up the stairs, opened the door and walked in with a swaggering air, and a defiant look, as if armed for combat with anything that had a smacking of purity or feeling about it.

No allusion was made to the letter. Edith remarked after a little, "if our country called for him to die, it called for us to give him up." "Yes, but tis hard; oh so hard for a mother." "Maybe it wouldn't go so hard if 'twas Jack" and he stamped down stairs, minding to give the door a heavy slam at his departure. O Edith that boy, Jackson, breaks my heart every day. His father is a man that will not bear beyond a certain point, and I greatly fear for the future. You understand boys, being a teacher so, and *can't* you help us, for Abner's sake? Jack was a sore trial to him, he wanted so much to make a man of him." "God helping me I'll try Mrs. Hoyt."

The home of Gamaliel Hoyt was of rough brown stone, two full stories high, with a long front, broad hall in the middle, a great farm kitchen and woodshed running back.

The poplars in front scarce cast a shadow, they were so thin, but towered up to an

enormous height. The tops had been lately sawed off and still they reached far above the chimney tops of this old stone house.

As Edith drew aside the muslin curtain on the next morning, to let the sunlight in, she saw, to her consternation, Jack Hoyt, climbing nimbly as a squirrel toward the top of the tallest tree; having reached which, he immediately reversed his position and stood upon his head with a Blondon like air of security.

Edith was pale with fear but said nothing. When he had reached the ground he very provokingly exclaimed, "Didn't I scare ye," "Yes." "Well I meant to."

Whenever Edith was in the room Jack sung rowdy songs under her window. In the sitting room he worried the cat because it made his mother nervous. On the farm he swore because his father was a Presbyterian Deacon and didn't believe in such a perversion of speech. At school he plagued the little girls just for the fun of hearing them tell each other how they hated Jack Hoyt. He whipped out all of the school teachers "in order" he said "to develop his muscular strength." He was "Captain" of the "club" that always disturbed "protracted meetings" broke window lights out of school houses, cut harnesses under meeting house sheds, stretched wires across side walks &c., &c. It was deeply to be regretted by the Plainfield minister—the one with the white neck kerchief and the blue swallow-tail coat, that a boy *so young* should be thus early "given over."

Pshaw! it makes me indignant to hear man—poor pigmy—stretch himself up in his self righteous dignity and fix the bounds of the Almighty's mercy, and say "there is nothing more for me to do." God alone knows when a human being is "given over."

Shall we dare to say that God has given a man—much less a boy—over, and *therefore* we must, as though our patience surpassed that of Omnipotence.

Let us be frank and say "I give up"—if we must give up, and it is wonderful with what resignation we do "give men over"—

In the kitchen Jack was docile, for Bridget of whom more will be said in the next chapter, was the only person in the world who appeared to have an influence over him.

CHAPTER X.

BRIDGET KAVENAUGH.

The incidents related in this chapter transpired two years before those of the preceding.

A well dressed, but loaferly boy stood on the wharf at New York, with a pack of boys, much harder than himself—the most gnarled and knotty specimens of country fruitage are choice beside those of city growth.

"The steamer! there she comes," cried one. "Where?" cried a second. "There, she's just hove in sight," cried a third. "Oh it'll be gay to watch the emigrants as they unload with their bread and dinner and dirty babies," cried a fourth.

Very coarse and low were the remarks they made as one after another of the poor tired foreigners were handed from the great steamer into the little boats and from thence landed on the long wished for shore. The last passenger that stepped out of the steamer was Bridget Kavanaugh. She wrung her hands, and silent tears rolled down her cheeks, as she claimed not only her own baggage, but that of Patrick McBride.

In answer to inquiry, she exclaimed, "Och! sure, its Patrick McBride that was me own 'swate-heart,' and twas he that died and was let into the sea, we's had niver a 'wake,' nor a 'dhróp' of anything over him sure. The Lord ha' mercy on his poor soul."

The loaferly boys laughed at this demonstration, all save one, and this one, to his credit be it said, was none other than Jack Hoyt. He looked very thoughtfully at the poor Irish emigrant, as she sat weeping in the midst of her baggage, which consisted of a tin case, a deep satchel, and her own and Patrick's iron bound trunks.

Jack stepped up, pulled her trembling hand down from her tear-swollen eyes looked under her bonnet and said, "What's your name?" "Bridget Kavanaugh, I came from Killarny yer honor sir sure. Me hear is near b-r-e-a-k-i-n'. Could yees be afther helping the likes of me to a "place" in this strange land? Yees looks like a fine lad and I think I s'uld like the mother of ye sure.

"Bridget Kavanaugh my mother wants a girl that aint got any Pat to be strollin' or

of nights with, and I reckon you'll suit. I'll take ye away up to Plainfield with me, where my father—a retired country gentleman, lives on the interest of his outgoes"—He said this last because he knew it would sound pleasant to the poor creature, who, anybody could see by her manner, was used to polite people.

Suddenly he added "if I take ye home with me Bridget will yestand by me?" "Och! faith, and I'll stand by the one that stands by me, sure." "But I shall bother the very life out of ye likely, I'm more trouble to home than my plaguy neck's worth any way. Will ye stand by me and take my part?"

"Try me yer honor sir, sure, that's the best way of findin' out.

Jack said "come along," and Bridget followed him.

"What in the world is that coming up the walk with Jack? said Mrs. Hoyt. "Somebody to wait on, I'll warrant, and I'm so tired, Gamaliel I must have a girl. That Jack has given us trouble enough, for the last three days, a thinking he had run away without picking up any such budget as that. Have you got any great aunt that would be likely to be coming with a deep satchel and in case? It's none of my kin any way."

"Well mother I've brought ye a girl, right rom Killarny ma'am sure" and Jack gave a quint at Bridget to see how she took it.

This is how Bridget Kavanaugh came to be an inmate of Mr. Hoyt's kitchen.

The last day of Edith's week was drawing to a close. On the morrow, she was to return home. We will not pretend to divine her thoughts, as she sat inherroom watching the sunset, and reviewing the experience of the past few weeks. A listener, however, might have heard her cry in the anguish of her soul. "Oh God, if it be thy will that I should do good to that boy, incline his heart unto me that I may teach him Thy way." She was not prepared for an intrusion, just then, and she started, as some one tapped at the door. She opened, it and there stood Jack Hoyt. She received him kindly, and motioned him to a seat. "You've been crying eh" said Jack. "We have need of tears sometimes" said Edith, "they ease the heart of its burdens." Yes and wash the

eyes out and make us see clearer," said Jack.

Even this was courteous for Jack and Edith mentally thanked God for the inch of ground gained.

"Well," he went on "Your goin' off tomorrow Miss Green, and Bridget says I've abused you—just as I do everybody—and she says I ought to be ashamed of it, and say I'm sorry, bo! ho! bo! ho!" and Jack commenced a make believe" cry that would have done credit to any stage actor, at the same time pulling gradually from his pocket a crumpled "sheet to wipe his eyes with.

This was a crisis and Edith met it just right. She did not lean back upon her insulted dignity, but simply laughed heartily and passed compliments with Jack about the size of his handkerchief.

Jack's eyes snapped with an animation that he had not manifested before. The next morning he picked her a dish of strawberries, and shook hands with her as she left for home. She did not squeeze his hand, and also a tear, accompanied by a "*be a good boy Jack now wont you*"—that would have been just the thing with some boys, but Jack was not to be handled in that way.—

She simply said as Gamaliel Hoyt drove off, Good by Jack I thank you for the strawberries. She knew it would make such a boy as Jack feel so good to know that somebody was thankful to him.

An eloquent temperance orator was recently interrupted in the midst of an earnest address by an interrogatory, "What shall we do with all the grain that is now required for distilling?" "Feed the drunkard's wife and children with it. They have gone hungry long enough," was the ready reply.

FORWARD.

Keep not standing fixed and rooted,
Briskly venture briskly roam,
Head and hand where'er thou foot it,
And stout heart are still at home.

In what land the sun does visit
Brisk are we what'er betide;
To give space for wandering is it,
That the world was made so wide.

GOSFILL.

ABOUT BABIES.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

We are much pleased to hear a woman who has so much experience that does not believe in the institution of cross babies; we like her condemnation of all the nostrums, teas, and stimulants with which the morning of life is often deluded. Her mode of proceeding, in all its parts, can be recommended for good, average healthy children.

But a great part of the children that are born nowadays are *not* good, average healthy children. They are children of deficient brain power, of diseased nervous system; children begotten of tobacco-smoke, late hours, tight lacing, and dispeptic stomachs. The father has put his son's brain into his meerschaum and smoked it out; the mother diddled and dribbled it away in balls and operas. Two young people come together, both of them in a state of half-nervous derangement. She cannot live without strong coffee; her hand trembles, and she has a sinking at her stomach when she first rises in the morning, till she has a cup of strong coffee, when she is primed for the day. He cannot study or read or perform any mental labor without tobacco. Both are burning life's candle at both ends; both are wakeful and nervous, with weak muscles and vibrating nerves.

Two such persons unite in giving existence to a poor helpless babe, who is born in a state of such nervous sensibility that all the forces of nature are a torture to it. The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. "What such children cry for is neither cold nor hunger, but irrepressible nervous agony—sometimes from fear, sometimes because every thing in life is too strong for them, and jars on their poor weakened nerves just as it does on those of an invalid in a low nervous fever.

Now, the direction about putting a child away alone to sleep, without rocking or soothing, is a good one only for robust and healthy children. For the delicate, nervous kind I have spoken of, it is cruel and it is dangerous. We know one authentic instance of a mother who was trained to believe it her duty to put her infant to bed in a lonely chamber and leave it. Not daring to trust herself in the ordeal, she put on her bonnet, and positively forbidding the servants to go near the child, went out for a walk. When she returned, the child was still, and had been so for some time. She went in to examine. The child had struggled violently, thrown itself over on its face, a pillow had

fallen over it, and it was dead from suffocation.

Nervous children suffer untold agonies from fear when put to bed alone. No tongue can tell the horrors of a lonely room to such children. A little, delicate boy, whom his parents were drilling to sleep alone, used to cry violently every night, and his father would come and whip him. He mistook the pertinacity of obstinancy, and thought it his duty to conquer the child's will. One night he said: "Why do you always scream so when you know you shall be punished?" "Oh father, father!" said the little fellow, "I don't mind your whipping me if you will only stay with me." The father's eyes were opened from that moment. He saw that a human being cannot be governed by despot rules, like a plant or an animal.

No, mother; before you make up a plan of operation for your baby, look at it, and see what it is, and use your own common sense as to what it needs.

Look at yourself; look at your husband; look at your own physical habits—at his, and at hers; what is your child likely to be.

The caution of your friend with regard to not suffering the child to sleep between the parents is important for many reasons. There is scarcely a man that does not use tobacco, and if a man uses tobacco, there is a constant emanation of it from his person. Now, however he may justify the use of it himself, he can hardly think that stale tobacco effluvia is a healthy agent to be carried into the lungs of a delicate infant. Children of smoking fathers often have their brains and nervous system entirely impregnated with the poison of nicotine in the helpless age of infancy. A couple came to a country place entirely for the health of their only son, a feeble infant. The child was pale and sickly, constipated in bowels, and threw up his milk constantly. The parents had but one room, in which they lived with him, and which was every evening blue with tobacco smoke. Every evening that helpless little creature took into his lungs as much tobacco as if he had smoked a cigarette. Still more than this—the mother that was nursing him did what was equivalent to smoking a cigar every evening she breathed her husband's bands smoke. Now, if your husband smokes cigars, you will find by and by, when he comes to need brains, that his brain-power will not be found. He will be starchy, fitful, morbid, full of nervous kinks and cranks, one of those wretched human beings who live a life like that described by Hawthorne in his story "Feathertop"—only one capable of existing a

iciency while he is smoking, but sinking in-
dimness and stupidity when he stops.

Such are some of the chances of poor babies!
od help the poor little things! They never
ked to be born, and their parents, if they
ill bring them into existence, owe them every
tention to make their existence a blessing.

[Reader this is a good theme for a sermon.
hy not ask your clergyman to prepare a dis-
urse on the necessity of bodily health as well
spiritual purity? If every clergyman in the
nd would open his mental batteries on the
urse of tobacco, he would hit many sinners
t every shot. "Original sin" is no doubt very
ad in itself, but acquired sin is not to be
inked at. If your race is to be improved,
levated, lifted up, and made every way ac-
ceptable to the Creator, we must put down the
vils of self-indulgence, and take on strong and
ealthy bodies and brains.]

CERES PA., March 8th, 1870.

Mrs. Dickinson:

Knowing that you are a friend of prohibition,
am confident that you will be glad to learn
that neither of the taverns at Ceres were licens-
ed at the February term of Court of Quarter
sessions, and that they cannot obtain licenses
before the June term—if then.

One of our citizens commenced suits for
violation of the license laws against both land-
lords, but withdrew the suit against one of them
on condition that he should not apply for li-
cense. The other was indicted by the Grand
Jury, but the trial was put over to the next
term of Court for lack of time to try it at this.

Ceres has not been a very quiet place for the
past few days, and it is doubtful whether or not
it will become so, for some days to come.

The landlords have boarded up their doors,
and turned their brandies out, to spite the com-
munity, though they will probably injure them-
selves worst by the transactions.

Citizens in and near the village, open their
houses for the accommodation of travellers.

Unpleasant as excitement is, it will undoubtedly
result in good, as it will show who has enough
moral stamina to stand up for the right, and
the intensely bitter spirit shown by the anti-pro-
hibitionists will open the eyes of the communi-
ty more fully than ever before, to the fearful
influence of the licensed sale of intoxicating
liquors.

PROHIBITIONIST.

AN ACT REGULATING THE SALE OF IN- TOXICATING LIQUORS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

SECTION 1. There shall be a board of Com-
missioner of excise in each of the cities, incor-
porated villages and towns of this state. Such
boards in cities shall be composed of three mem-
bers, who shall be appointed as hereinafter
provided. In incorporated villages they will
consist of three members of the board of
Trustees, one of whom shall be president, to be
annually designated by such board of trustees;
and in towns they shall consist of the Super-
visors and Justices of the Peace thereof, for the
time being respectively. Any three members
shall be competent to execute the powers vested
in any town board, and in case the office of
Supervisor be vacated or there be not two
justices in the town, then the town clerk shall
act in their places respectively.

§ 2. The mayor and board of aldermen of
each of the cities shall appoint the commission-
ers of excise in their respective cities as follows:
Within ten days after the passage of this act
the mayor shall nominate three good and re-
sponsible citizens to the board of aldermen of
such city, who shall confirm or reject such
nomination. In case of the rejection of nomi-
nees, or any of them, the mayor shall nominate
other persons as aforesaid, and shall continue
to nominate until the nominations shall be con-
firmed. The present commissioners of excise
for metropolitan district, and the commission-
ers for the counties, shall continue to exercise
the duties of the office until such appointments,
or some one of them, shall be appointed in such
cities respectively, as herein provided. Any
one or more of the commissioners so appointed
shall have the power to act as a board of excise
for the city in which he shall be appointed
until the other shall be duly appointed. Com-
missioners of excise in cities shall hold their
offices for three years, and until others shall be
appointed in their places, and shall receive a
salary not to exceed \$2,400 a year each, to be
fixed by the mayor and common council of
their respective cities, and shall be paid as other
city officers are paid. On the first Monday of
April in every third year hereafter, the mayor
and board of aldermen shall proceed to appoint
in the manner above described, persons qual-
ified as aforesaid to such commissioners of excise
in their respective cities for the next three
years, and shall from time to time, as often as
vacancies shall occur, appoint persons qualified
as aforesaid to fill the unexpired term of any
commissioners who shall die, resign, remove
from the city, or be removed from office. Such
commissioners of excise in cities shall be re-
moved for any neglect or malfeasance in office,
in the same manner as provided by law
for the removal of sheriffs.

§ 3. The commissioners of excise shall meet
in their respective cities, villages and towns on
the first Monday of May in each year, and on
such other days as a majority of the commis-
sioners shall appoint, not exceeding one each
month in any year in any town or village, for
the purpose of granting licenses as provided by
law. In cities they shall meet on the first

Monday of each month, and as often as they shall deem necessary. All such licenses shall expire at the end of one year from the time they shall be granted.

§ 4. The board of excise in cities, towns and villages shall have the power to grant licenses to any person or persons of good moral character, who shall be approved by them, permitting him and them to sell and dispose of, at any one named place within such city, town or village, strong and spirituous liquors, wines, ale and beer, in quantities less than five gallons at a time, upon receiving a license fee, to be fixed in their discretion, and which shall not be less than thirty nor more than one hundred and fifty dollars. Such licenses shall only be granted on written application to the said board, signed by the applicant or applicants, specifying the place for which license is asked, and the name or names of the applicant or applicants, and of every person interested or to be interested in the business to authorize which the license shall be used. Persons not licensed may keep, and in quantities not less than five gallons at a time sell and dispose of, strong and spirituous liquors, wines, ale and beer, provided that no part thereof shall be drunk or used in the building, garden or inclosure communicating with, or in any public street or place contiguous to, the building in which the same be so kept, disposed of or sold.

§ 5. Licenses granted, as in this act provided, shall not authorize any person or persons to expose for sale, give away or dispose of, any strong or spirituous liquors, wines, ale or beer on any day, between the hours of one and four o'clock in the morning, or on any day upon which a general or special election shall be held *within one quarter of a mile from the place where the same shall be held*, or on Sunday. And all places licensed as aforesaid, shall be closed, on Sunday and election days, and between the hours aforesaid on all other days. Nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent hotels from receiving and otherwise entertaining the traveling public upon Sundays, or from allowing free ingress or egress on that day from any place so licensed as aforesaid, or from preventing the sale of lager-beer within the limits of any city and in the counties of New York and Kings on that day in any public garden or other place, not in public view, licensed as aforesaid. Nothing in this act contained shall authorize the granting of licenses for the sale or giving away of intoxicating liquor upon any of the Indian reservations of this state.

§ 6. The act entitled "An act to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors within the metropolitan police district of the state of New York," passed April fourteenth, eighteen hundred and sixty-six is hereby repealed. The provisions of the said act, passed April sixteenth eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, except where the same are inconsistent or in conflict with the provisions of this act, shall be taken and construed as a part of this act, and be and remain in full force and effect throughout the whole state.

§ 7. In no town or village shall the com-

missioners of excise, created by this act, appoint a clerk of the board of excise. The pay of commissioners of excise in towns or villages shall be three dollars per diem. The moneys arising from the sale of licenses in any town or village shall be deposited with the county treasurer within thirty days after receiving the same, to be expended under the direction of the board of Supervisors at their next annual meeting for the support of poor of such town. Moneys arising from licenses in cities, shall be paid into the treasuries of such cities respectively. The book of minutes kept by the commissioners of excise in any town or village, shall be deposited in the clerk's office of such town or village. The expenses of procuring necessary books for minutes, and necessary blanks, in any town or village, when actually incurred, shall be audited and paid in like manner as other town or village charges.

§ 8. The provisions of this act as to the appointment of commissioners of excise, in each of the cities of this state, their tenure of office, the supplying of vacancies and their removal from office, shall not extend to the territory included in the Niagara frontier police district, until the first day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two. And, at all times hereafter up to the last mentioned day, the board of police commissioners of the said police district shall continue to be the board of commissioners of excise in and for said district, and the territory embraced therein as now provided by law, subject to the provisions of this act; and up to the time aforesaid all fees for licenses which shall be issued by the said board, and all fines and penalties herein provided for; shall be received by said board of police commissioners of said Niagara frontier police fund for the use and benefit thereof, as now provided by law.

§ 9. This act shall take effect immediately.

The Bill was passed in the Assembly by a vote of 67 for, to 54 against. Only one Republican, (Mr. Franklin,) voted for the bill, and three democrats (Mr. Martine, Mr. Pearsell, and Mr. Pease) voted against it. We are glad to note that both the Representatives of Cattaraugus, Messrs. Green and West, as also the member from Allegany county, Mr. Flenagin, are recorded against the abomination. The Bill passed the Senate before it came to the House, but having been amended by the House is returned to the Senate for concurrence, thence goes to the Governor for his approval, upon receiving which it immediately becomes the law.

The act of 1857 referred to in section 6, is the General Excise law already in force in the State. The Senate refused to concur in the Assembly amendments, and a conference committee was appointed by whom the Bill will be amended in some unimportant particulars and then doubtless duly enacted into law.

THE FUTURE OF THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

The elections of 1869 have proved generally adverse to the cause of Liquor Prohibition; or rather they have proved that the public sentiment is not so favorable to that cause as its more sanguine champions had supposed it. The attempt to run special Prohibition candidates in Maine, Ohio, and some other States, only served to express the weakness of Prohibition when pitted against everything else. In Massachusetts, the advocates of License claim a complete triumph, which are not much stronger in the next than they were at the last Legislature. In New Hampshire, a State Constabulary act has been voted down, at a special election; in New York, the champions of liquor traffic have at length achieved the power to sweep away our Metropolitan Excise and Sunday laws, which they will doubtless improve. I cannot recall a single decisive, cheering success to offset these many reverses.

"Then let us give up prohibition, as precluded by public sentiment, and strike for stringent license laws?" I hear suggested.

My friend you are too abrupt! You evidently presume that we shall disarm or soften hostility by the course you suggest; but where is the proof? In this State, we have had for years a license system which is by no means stringent; yet this is denounced as venomously as prohibition ever was, and has virtually been overthrown by the result of our late election. Show us when or where the liquor interest and his devotees ever acquiesced in any license system which was not a farce and a sham, before you ask us to try that alternative.

Let us view our course, and frankly own that mistakes have been made in the advocacy of prohibition. It was a mistake to suppose that such a law would exclude itself; to the end, resolution, vigilance, and popular sympathy, are indispensable. I hold that a license law would be evaded and defied much as our present law is; and that, badly as prohibition has stood the test of experience. License has been equally inefficient. Plainly, if any have fancied that merely enacting a statute, however excellent would do the business, they have sadly erred, and experience is busily engaged in setting them right.

"But what would you have us do?"

"Enlighten the people." That is the need-work which has been sadly neglected. We have undertaken to reap where we had not

(adequately) sown; and failure is now the natural result.

I am not blaming those who advocated Prohibition ten or fifteen years ago. They were faithful to their light, and did what then seemed best. In some cases it was best. But a terrible bloody war has intervened; and we must take new observations of the heavens, and see which way and how far we have drifted during the storm. If Prohibition was our proper demand in 1854-5, it does not follow that we shall renew the demand in 1860-70. Four years of bloody civil war wrought many and grievous demoralizations; it may be that we drifted so far to the leeward morally during those years that we must now lay our course differently than of old, if we would reach the desired haven.

I have great respect for the counsel which runs: "Lay your course by the eternal stars. Demand such laws as *should be* not only enacted, but enforced and obeyed; if they shall to-morrow be defied or evaded, still preserve them as a landmark, a beacon; let them stand as a testimony, even though they have ceased to be respected as statutes, and we shall in time be moved or shamed into conforming our lax and erring practice to their stern but just requirements." Perhaps that is right. Let us consider.

I do not say that prohibitionists should not, where and when they are in power, pass some kind of prohibition act, even though sure that it will be generally evaded or defied. I say, for the present, nothing on that head. What I do say, that this is manifestly our seed-time, not our harvest; and that we should comprehend and respect the fact. For the present, our voice will not be heard—at all events, will not be heeded—in legislation. We cannot guide the legislation of 1870, if we would; so let us devote our exertions to training those who ought to be the legislators of 1890 and 1900.

It is comparatively a light task to petition for the passage of a prohibitory statute it is not so easy to educate a community, a generation, to loathe and shun the intoxicating cup. If the passage of a prohibitory act is to be understood as absolving Temperance men (or any men) from their obligation to lift up the fallen and pity the tempted, then it were better that prohibition had never been suggested.

The war set us a long way back. That must be conceded. A much larger proportion of the adult males of this State drink more now than they did in 1840-44; and the duty of to-day is

to convince as many of them as we may of their error. Where this work shall be done most promptly and thoroughly we may reasonably look for the earliest and firmest adhesion to whatever measures of legislation shall ultimately seem wisest and best.

Let us strengthen and animate (ought I not to have said re-animate?) our Temperance organizations—Templars, Sons, Daughters, Cadets—no matter what is the name or class appealed to; so that its members be awake and at work. One hundred thousand Temperance Societies of all kinds are wanted in our country; there is more than work enough for all. When they shall have fully enlightened the masses as to what alcohol is, and what it does, these may be ready for a decided step in advance. But until the duty next to hand is done, it were absurd to differ as to those which are to follow.

The Temperance cause now stands in need of elementary works—something more than tracts and less than volumes—to be scattered broadcast over the land. A *brochure* of 32 to 48 pages, daily printed on good paper and fair type, setting forth tersely and forcibly the facts and considerations which should deter any rational being from using Alcoholic beverages, is urgently required and should be speedily but thoroughly prepared. I believe one million copies of such a pamphlet could, if properly published and advertised, be sold at cost before the close of 1870; and that thousands of the now careless, if not hostile, would be won over by reading them. I believe that the Christian churches would with some exceptions, be induced to buy and circulate this tract, buying it at cost and undertaking to place a copy in each household within its purview; and one enterprise vigorously pressed would suffice to reveal the need of others which could be undertaken at the first season.

Let us see if we cannot, while so many are enjoying a Centennial Celebration, make the year 1870 memorable as that of the first Temperance Jubilee—a Jubilee not devoted to exultation over bygone achievements, but achieving beneficial results which rival if they do not eclipse those of the past.

Happiness is not promised to the learned, but to the good,

So much power hath virtue that after death it triumpheth over the living.

Perhaps perseverance has been the radical principle of every truly great character.

A LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY.

A word to the Gentlemen.

Frequently my attention has been arrested by long articles in our leading religious and secular weeklies on the extravagance of the female sex, alleging this as a reason for the increase of celibate young men in our large cities.

Gentlemen, it probably has never occurred to you that *you* are in any degree responsible for the extravagance which you so eloquently deplore—that you are *abettors and instigators* of this seemingly irrepressible love of display which is said to be characteristic of the sex. I ask you to observe carefully and thoughtfully and then candidly give the result.

Frequent our social gatherings in city and country—who receive the majority of attentions from gentlemen, the modestly attired young ladies or those dressed *a la mode*? The butterflies of fashion, while their sisters in plainer garb, equally worthy and intelligent—oftener more—are left almost entirely in the back ground. Go into any of our large stores, you will see, without close scrutiny, the distinction made between the lady of fashion and her less richly attired sister. Proprietors and clerks draw the same line, with few exceptions, and this distinction is noticeable wherever one may go.

You may say, "Men of good sense and intelligence do not draw such lines of distinction, do not measure the lady by the outward adorning." I could give not only the result of my own observations, but that of others, to prove that men of intelligence and culture—who ought to discriminate between the true and the false—clergymen and laymen alike do homage there.

There are noble young men, exceptions to these, who appreciate and admire the true qualities of mind and heart more than all the superficial charms of fashionable votaries, and they know that one who has those internal attractions independent of rich apparel is "warranted not to fade."

One of your sex, a clergyman, too, says: "I believe that woman, with her keen perceptions and legitimate love of admiration, has about hit, on the broad average, what men would have her be." Too often she follows out her knowledge. Elegant apparel adds a tenfold charm to ladies attractiveness; this with her quick intuitions, she knows—sometimes to her permanent injury. She knows that too often she is measured by what she *wears*, not by what she *is*; and the desire to make her person more

attractive and win the admiration and attention so freely bestowed on others, not one whit more worthy than herself, is gratified, unless she has true independence of character and moral courage to be esteemed independent of her surroundings, waiting in patience for the time to come when her true worth will be recognized.

Our sex naturally desire your admiration. Marvel not that she seeks to win it, just so long as you are attracted by the "gold that glitters," just so long will woman seek it. *You make her what you would have her to be.*

I do not believe that the extravagance of our sex is the true cause of the "alarming increase of celibacy among our young men." I think the truth of the matter, and in your hearts you will acknowledge it, is the fear of being obliged to renounce your own expensive luxuries, should you enter the matrimonial list. You know if your lives were linked with the votaries of fashion and pleasure, whom you would undoubtedly select for wives, that the habits of one would conflict with those of the other; and you certainly, could not yield *one* of your accustomed luxuries, and you are equally sure that *they* would not yield an accustomed indulgence; so you prefer the careless freedom of selfish bachelorhood, giving as a reason that you would marry but we are so alarmingly extravagant in our habits that you dare not incur the risk!

We are not *all* expensive in our habits—this you know. Some of us do live for something higher, nobler, and truer than merely to adorn our person and spend our time in senseless, demoralizing amusements; notwithstanding insinuations to the contrary. Some of you also are not blind to worth and goodness and do prefer them to flippant display. Some of you reverence a true woman. Whether her position is among the lowly or among the high-born dames, she treads with regal step.

One would think, from the long doleful articles on our follies, which made the writers' heart ache to chronicle, that good sense, prudence and all the female virtues perished with our grandmothers. I am happy to know that they are not extinct. There are yet young ladies of sense, prudence, and moral worth in the flesh—young ladies who have never trod the wilderness of extravagance—those who cannot only fit out their own wardrobe, but deny themselves harmless embellishments of attire and innocent amusements, that they may have wherewith to aid the needy and suffering—

contented to bide the time when moral beauty and purity of character shall be recognized beneath the plainest garb.

You who prefer to choose from the frequenters of ball-rooms and theatres, complain not of extravagance. What more can you expect? neither complain that you cannot afford to marry—you don't deserve to.

Now, gentlemen for one year, keep a strict account of *all* your expenses:

The furnishing of your wardrobe.

Amusements that you could well do without.

Wine, late suppers, and the daily drain on your purse for the indispensable luxury of breath-poisoning and brain poisoning Tobacco.

At the end of a year compare notes with some of your lady friends who have kept an equally rigid account of expenses, and I venture to say that you will find the extravagance not quite so one sided as you once supposed, and that after all, you are not far behind. Again, show to your female friends that it is their noble qualities of mind and heart—"what they are, not what they wear"—that wins your respect and admiration; and if expensive habits have been contracted by those who are worthy of the affection of noble, true hearted men, they will conform to your circumstances and cheerfully, for your sake, forego the glitter and tinsel of fashionable life. Then, you can afford to marry.

I have only given a few hints to set the wheel of thought in motion, leaving you to elaborate. It is a broad subject and one on which I feel constrained to write more, but have already trespassed on your columns. If you allow more anon.

E. N. C.

—[Christian Union.]

Deputy U. S. Marshal Toles arrested one John Sue at Perrysburg, Cattaraugus Co., last week, for selling liquor to the Indians contrary to law.

Why are Indians better than white men, that the former should be protected against the liquor vender by law, and the "poor white trash" entirely given over to their tender mercies? Would not a "white man's Party," regarding this Liquor question be in order.—[Ed.]

Honesty is not only the best policy, but the highest wisdom. However difficult it may be for integrity to get on, it is a thousand times more difficult for knavery to get off.

RUMSELLING A CRIME.

The legislature of Vermont, at its late session, passed an act of which the following is the third section:

"Whenever any person in a state of intoxication shall willfully commit an injury upon the person or property of any other individual, any person who by himself, his clerk or servant, shall have unlawfully sold or furnished any part of the liquor causing such intoxication shall be liable to; and both such parties may be joined in the same action; and in case of the death or disability of any person, either from the injury received as herein specified, or consequence of intoxication from the use of liquors unlawfully furnished as aforesaid, any person who shall in any manner be dependent on such injured person for means of support, or any party on whom such injured person may be dependent, may recover from the person unlawfully selling or furnishing any such liquor as aforesaid; all damage or loss sustained in consequence of such injury, in any court having jurisdiction in such cases, and coverture or infancy shall be no bar to proceedings for recovery in any case arising under this act."

This law is based on the principle we have long advocated, viz: that the rumseller is responsible for all the crimes that flow from his act; that he is not only *particeps criminis*, but the instigator, the principal in the criminal deed. This is not a novel doctrine, a new position taken up by extreme men. It was the general opinion of the founders of the Temperance Reform. As early as 1823 the ground was taken that the rumseller "should be held directly responsible for the consequences of his acts, and that the time was coming when the gambler, the slave dealer and the rum dealer would be classed together." Says the Fourth Report of the American Temperance Society, written nearly forty years ago, "It is an established principle of law, for the violation of which men have been hanged, that the accessory and the principal in the commission of crime are both guilty." R. H. Walworth, Chancellor of the State of New York, declared, the year after, that "the vender of ardent spirits is morally responsible for all the crime and misery which his maddening potations naturally produce."

Says the Report of the American Temperance Society for 1832, "A man is as really guilty who is accessory to the death of his fellow-men by means of ardent spirits, as by means of opium,

a knife or a pistol. "Rev. Baxter Dickinson, says "Without a prophet's vision, I foresee the day when the manufacture of intoxicating drink for common distribution will be classed with the arts of counterfeiting and forgery." Says Hon. Chief Justice Daggett, (1834,) "When public opinion shall place those who furnish the means of this destructive vice on a level with thieves and counterfeitters, then, and not till then, may we expect to see our land purged from the abomination." Hon. John Cotton Smith, former Governor of Connecticut, affirms that, without any additional legislation, the common law of the land already contains within it principles precisely adapted to the case both of the distiller and the vender; and he adds, "let informing officers then, and courts and juries do their duty, and the day of redemption from the sorest curse of the civilized world cannot be distant."

Said Dr. Beecher, "Can it be denied that the commerce in ardent spirits makes a fearful havoc of property, morals and life?" Dr. Wayland speaks of it as "the known cause of nine-tenths of all the crime which are perpetrated against society." Hon. William Wirt described it as a "living poison." The latter adds, "I have been for more than forty years a close observer of life and manners in various parts of the United States, and I know not the evil that will bear a moments comparison with intemperance. It is no exaggeration to say that this single cause has produced more vice, crime, poverty and wretchedness in every form, domestic and social, than all the other ills that scourge us combined.

Does the law in Vermont go too far? Would to God that public sentiment was prepared to enact and enforce a law which would pursue and punish rumselling as one of the hugest crimes against society. But it will come to it. There is, however, much work to be done first. Let the friends of temperance gird themselves anew.

Learn in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone can do.

Virtue is the true nobility of a virtuous man, for as the glory and merit of ancestors is what distinguishes and illustrates families, so virtues ennoble souls and increase their splendor.

THE POET'S CORNER.

For the Golden Rule.

TWO SONS.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I had two sons ! two noble boys and brave,
And in the years of war they both went south,
To crush the foes of freedom, free the slave,
And serve their country at the cannon's mouth.

I stood within the door, and saw the twain
Go forth ! and bravely brushed away my tears,
Ay ! *two* went out, but *one* came back again
To meet my welcome after many years.

And then I said, that God was most unkind,
To let my darling die so far away,
And in my bitter sorrow I was blind
To His great wisdom; for *I would not see*.

But oh, to day I cry "would both had died
A death of honor in the bloody fight,
And I should now be better satisfied
To see this last one cold and white,

To know he never could rise up, or speak,
And never hear my voice, or touch my hand,
Than thus to see the wine-flush on his cheek,
And on his fair young brow the drunkards brand.

And now, oh mother, weeping o'er a grave
Where some dear son is lying—oh look up
And bless the kind God—who did wisely save
Thy darling from the soul-death of the cup.

Westport, Wis. 1870.

SMILE UPON THE FALLEN.

Oh ! smile upon the fallen !
It perhaps may heal a smart ;
It may cause a flow of gladness
To warm a frozen heart;
And cause a gloom to change unto
A smile of other years,
When every thing was happiness,
And all unknown were fears.

Oh ! smile upon the fallen !
Think not, because 'tis so,
That in their hearts no feelings live,
No sweet affection flow;
Think not because their deeds were dark,
Grim feelings haunt them still;
Remember thou repentance true
The darkest heart may feel.

Oh ! smile upon the fallen !
The heart that suffers scorn,
Though crush'd, has tender impulses;
Though trampled on, may own

Rare gems, as bright as ever lived
In hearts that ne'er have known
The pangs, the pains, the hopeless hours,
The fallen one may own.

Oh ! smile upon the fallen !
Look kindly in his face;
There are plenty who can frown on them,
But few the smiles they trace.
Why, then shouldst thou thy grim look add,
When thou a smile may'st use?
A smile which may into their hearts
A ray of hope infuse.

Oh ! smile upon the fallen !
Remember drooping flowers
Do raise their heads when *suns* do smile,
Are nourish'd by kind showers ;
Then smile upon the fallen one ;
It perhaps may heal a smart,
It may cause a flow of gladness
To warm a frozen heart.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Brother, tiller of the soil,
 Thou hast sown good seed to-day.
 But the hurricane can spoil,
 And the worm can work decay.
 Oh, there is a seed, whose end
 Is a harvest white as snow.
 You can sow both seeds, my friend,
 And the last will surely grow.

Brother, in the city heart,
 Thou art gaining much of gold.
 Thieves may come and wealth depart,
 Years will rust, and time will mold,
 But there is a place to lay

Treasures where they will not fly,
 If you use but one, I pray,
 Let it be the one on high.

Sisters, women, every one,
 Rich and poor, and high and low
 What the treasures we have won!
 What the seed we daily sow!
 Are they rich and precious seeds—
 Jewels for eternity?
 Or a crop of noxious weeds?
 And our treasures—vanity!

WESTPORT, WIS., 1870.

A LITTLE ELBOW ROOM.

Good friends, don't crowd so very tight:
 There's room enough for two,
 Keep in your mind that I've the right
 To live as well as you.
 You're rich and strong, I poor and weak,
 But think you I presume
 When only this poor boon I seek—
 A little elbow room?

'Tis such as you, the rich and strong,
 If you had but the will,
 Could give the weak a lift along,
 And help him up the hill;
 But no—you jostle, crowd and drive;
 You storm, you fret and fume;
 And you the only man alive
 In want of elbow room?

When e'er you see amid the throng,
 A fellow toiler slip,
 Just give him as you pass along,
 A brave and kindly grip,
 Let noble deeds, though poor you be,
 Your path in life illumine;
 And with true christian charity
 Give others elbow room.

I'm struggling on with might and main—
 An altered better man—
 Grown wise from many a bygone pain;
 And many a broken plan;
 Though bruised by many a luckless fall,
 And blinded by the gloom,
 I'll up and I'll redeem it all,
 But give me elbow room.

HELPING ALONG.

The world is so sad and so dreary,
 That if a man is to get through,
 He need have the courage of Nelson,
 And plenty of Job's patience, too!
 But he who is kind to another,
 And cheerfully helps him along,
 We claim as a man and a brother;
 So here's to his health in a song!

As clouds that in sunshine are opened,
 Are gilded by light passing through,
 So men who are gen'rous and kindly,
 Are bless'd by the good that they do.
 There's nothing like helping another,
 For getting one's own self along:
 Who does so is truly a brother;
 So here's to his health in a song!

The world is as cheerless as winter
 To him who is cold in the heart,
 But he who is warm in his nature,
 Bids winter forever depart.
 The path that he treads seems to blossom,
 And beauties around him to throng:
 We hail such a man as a brother;
 So here's to his health in a song!

There's something in other men's sorrows,
 That strengthens the man that is true—
 They soften at first, and then prompt him
 The manliest actions to do.
 There's no lack of sorrow and trouble,
 Our poor fellow-creatures among,
 But God makes his blessings all double
 For those who help others along!

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

RUMSELLING.

We publish in this number of the GOLDEN RULE a section of a law just passed in Vermont in relation to the liquor traffic. This law proposes to and does make the Rumseller responsible for any damages done by any person while under the influence of liquor sold by him. A wise, proper, and perfectly just law.

Of necessity this law only refers to pecuniary damages, as nothing earthly can compensate a man for the loss of his manhood, his health, his reputation, and restore to his wife and family the kind husband, the wise and judicious parent. Nevertheless, this law so far as it goes is eminently needed and will work a revolution in the Whiskey traffic.

In all other callings in life, every person is held responsible for the injury accruing from his business to the life, liberty, and happiness of his fellows. And while it is the special characteristic of the whiskey traffic to rob of life, liberty, and happiness, no one is held accountable. The vender continues to enrich himself on spoils wrung from the needy and starving children of his neighbor, continues to fill our poor houses with paupers, and our jails with criminals. And who is responsible? Who bears the burdens of damages arising from the prosecution of his business? Why! the peaceful law abiding citizens of the county quietly foot all the bills—pay enormous taxes, suffer the degradation which the business entails upon a place and its people, and enter no protest against it, utter no word of complaint.

Is it thus when the collector of school taxes calls upon these same citizens? Are they as submissive then? Oh no! they writhe and groan under the heavy burdens imposed upon them for the education of the young. Why is it that burdens imposed without any compensating benefits, should be borne so cheerfully, while needed good must beg on bended knees for a paltry substance?

Are our people descendants of the Yankees

so obtuse as not to see that the one tax is just and necessary, the other unjust and tyrannical, a shame and disgrace to a free and enlightened country? That one class of men who furnish community with nothing by way of remuneration should be allowed to increase the burden of public taxation *ad infinitum* in pursuing their private business, is a disgrace to any people. Let a law be placed upon our statute books requiring the Rumseller to pay all the pecuniary damages arising from his traffic, and let the proceeds of taxes, which are annually levied collected and appropriated for that purpose, be placed at the disposal of our School Directors in the several towns. What would be the result. This money would enable them to build large, well ventilated and convenient school-rooms, noted for beauty and adaptation for the purpose required, and to employ teachers therein at salaries which would secure the ablest talent, and the most thorough culture. The public also from this fund could be supplied with a library which would also serve to counteract the degrading effects of the liquor traffic and billiard saloons.

Could this be done in our State who can conceive of the vast amount of good that would accrue to our towns and cities in the way of social and moral improvement.

After all, the moral benefits to be derived from this system, are more to be desired than those of a pecuniary character. If we could divide the expenses of this traffic between the liquor seller and the Excise Commissioners, we think an advantage would be gained; fewer licenses would be granted, fewer applications for licenses would be received and the consciences of both Excise Commissioners and liquor sellers would be in less danger of becoming so seared and hardened, that they could not feel for the sufferings of those in distress, as the frequent drafts upon their own purses would lead them to sympathize with the sufferings of those they had wronged. Viewed from every stand point this law will work untold

good. More care would be exercised in granting licenses. Our Excise Commissioners would not send requests to the different towns inviting them to petition for licenses; they would examine petitions more closely and seek to follow out the letter of the law. They would then feel their INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY in this matter, as in no other way they could be made to feel.

Again the competition between liquor sellers would be destroyed and some discrimination would be observed in dealing out the poison.

Will New York fall behind her sister State in placing a law upon her Statute book for the protection of her citizens. No! No! let us have this law in this State. It requires no argument to prove its wisdom and necessity. The good of the State, of the county, of the community demands it, and most emphatically is it demanded for the protection of individual and family rights.

Friends and brothers, let us agitate the subject. Bring the question before our lodges, discuss its merits, and demerits if it has any, and never relax our energy or cease our efforts until New York in justice to her children places such a law on her Statute Book.

We publish this month the law entitled "An act regulating the sale of intoxicating drinks," which is now awaiting final action by the Legislature.

There are some redeeming qualities of the law, it does not require 20 men, freeholders, to perjure themselves, in order that another may sell the death-dealing poison. It only requires that a person of *good moral character* shall make a written application for such license. Of course those granting license have very exalted ideas of what constitutes a *good moral character*. I suppose they would define it after this wise, a person possesses a *good moral character*, who chooses to pay thirty to one hundred and fifty dollars for the privilege of selling the article that kills the soul, that destroys manhood and renders without a single exception, the person using it miserable and loathsome. Then again to have *good moral character*, the person must be willing to abide by the law, and not sell the

stuff only 21 hours out of the 24, he also must refrain from selling on two days in the year, i.e. at Town meetings and Elections. And of course they must keep the front doors closed on the sabbath, but all shall be allowed free ingress and egress, (wonder what for).

Further, the applicant must have that high standard of morality which shall enable him to sell lager-beer on Sunday in any public garden or place, provided it is not in public view. By that we suppose it means, out of sight of those having *less* morality, who usually attend church on the sabbath, and who have been taught to "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it Holy." But this high standard of moral character is only required in the counties of New York and Kings. Those farther back from New York city, the great hub of the universe, can not be expected to know quite as much, therefore of them is not required the high morality that is requisite in the city, they cannot be expected to be educated up to that point where they will sell beer on the sabbath, therefore they may only sell 21 hours out of the 24, keeping "Bars closed on Sunday &c. &c."

Was there ever as great an insult offered to an intelligent people. Some of our Protestant christians are made wretched by the insult offered the Bible by our Catholic brethren. But here, the wisest men of the State, place upon record a law which not covertly, but openly, insults every precept of the good Book, and openly and directly defies the law of God. This is not a stab from the enemy, it is a kiss of a worse than Judas Iscariot aimed at all law and morality. But we forbear, language fails us to express the indignation we feel at the daring and presumption of those who can suggest a law so at variance with justice and an educated public sentiment. Will the Legislature of 1870 render itself infamous for all time to come by passing this law? We shall see.

The best exercise of memory—remember the poor.

Virtue needs no outward pomp. Her very countenance is so full of majesty that the proudest pay her respect, and the profanest are awed by her presence.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

In accordance with the recommendation of the Congressional Temperance Society a meeting was called on the 5th of March by the business men of Olean, for the purpose of forming an open Temperance organization. The time of the meeting was unfavorable; notwithstanding which the Town Hall was well filled by an earnest audience. The meeting was called to order and Rev. N. M. Clute was chosen chairman. The objects of the meeting were discussed somewhat at length, and a Committee was appointed to report a Constitution for adoption at the next meeting which was appointed for the evening of March 14th.

At that meeting a Constitution was adopted and Officers were elected. This meeting was still more largely attended, not only by the responsible citizens of the town, but by many of those whom this organization is designed to benefit.

We noticed among these the Proprietor of the Beer Distillery, and several Proprietors of Drinking Saloons. These were doubtless alarmed for their business by this almost universal rally of the business men of the place in the cause of Temperance.

Some confusion existed during some portions of the meeting by the earnestness of the advocates of both extremes. One gentleman engaged in the liquor business made the assertion that his business was just as honorable as that of our Dry Goods Merchants. This of course to some may seem a startling and shocking announcement, and might almost shake our confidence in the sanity of the man who made so bold a statement. But when we consider for a moment, we say, why isn't it honorable? Any body may sell dry goods. But not everybody may sell intoxicating beverages. The liquor seller is *especially* authorized by law to prosecute this business, he is deputized by law and in a distinguished manner empowered to pursue that business to the exclusion of others who might wish to engage in the same. Then, why isn't it honorable?

If following out in your business relations a course which is peculiarly privileged by law, a law which specially commissions you to a certain work, is not honorable, what in the name of common sense is?

What is to decide honor and right if it is not the *law*. And viewed abstractly can that person specially authorized by law to sell intoxicating liquors be considered as following a dishonorable employment when only carrying out a course prescribed by the law dispensers?

We must confess that while we abhor the Rum traffic and deprecate the evils which, flow in its train, we *do* believe that the responsibility rests not alone upon those engaged directly in the business, but rests as heavily upon those who, fully aware of the evils which it imposes on humanity, still uphold and support a law which makes liquor selling an honorable avocation. But we have the law and its possession does not lighten our burdens, assuage the woes it countenances, or release us from responsibility. What shall we do then?

Seek to educate the minds, the hearts and consciences of our Brothers the liquor venders, and our Brothers the Legislators, and our Brothers, *you* Sir, and *you*, the lawful voters of the land who make and unmake Legislators at will, that *all* may see the wickedness and dishonor attached to a law which can allow such things and persuade them to procure and enforce a law which shall make wrong dishonorable by making it illegal. For this purpose are these temperance organizations formed.

It is not from hatred for those engaged in the traffic, *but hatred for the traffic itself* that we are engaged in this work. It is from the love and sympathy we feel for those who are made life long sufferers by it. For the love we bear our children, and our neighbors children, for the respect we have for religion and good morals, and lastly from a sense of duty that we owe to God and a suffering humanity that we labor for the destruction of King Alcohol and his minions.

We believe these meetings will have an influence for good upon the community which shall be felt for all time to come. The meeting adjourned for one week.

We do not want precepts so much as patterns.

Girls don't accept the hand of any man who tells you that he is going to marry and settle. Make him settle first and marry afterward.

SHOULD WINE BE USED FOR CULINARY PURPOSES.

This question is often asked by Good Templars, and it is as frequently the subject of discussion, some affirming that it may be used in this way without violating any moral or obligatory law, while others just as confidently assert that its use is a violation of the Good Templars obligation.

We always respect opinions honestly and sincerely entertained, however far from the right they may appear to us to be, from the stand point from which we view them, and we deem them worthy of careful and candid consideration. Our own answer to the question would be very positively in the negative. We think the use of wine adds nothing to the food, and in fact to our uncultivated taste in the use of the article, we think it positively disagreeable. Yet we must not stop with likes and dislikes, the question is one of right and principle, and we think we can show that the use of wine is a violation of our obligation as Good Templars. In view of the pledge taken can we consistently place temptation before any person. And do we not do this when we use wine in cake, pies or puddings? and farther, is not the temptation greater and more dangerous when offered in this way where least suspected and in an unguarded moment? Most assuredly.

A person once having been accustomed to the use of intoxicating beverage, yet now having pledged himself to abstain, takes wine in pastry, at the house of a friend perchance a Good Templar, the demon is aroused within him and he falls, when all the marshalled hosts of satan, besetting him in an open hand conflict would have failed to accomplish their purpose. A secret foe is much more to be dreaded than an open enemy. Perhaps the strongest inducement to fall arose from the loss of confidence experienced by the person, in those who professed better things, yet by their example gave the lie to their professions.

This only illustrates its power over those who have been addicted to drinking.

Now let us look at the possible injury done to those of our own household gathered around our family board. An appetite and love for wine is being formed which will be all the more powerful and irresistible because of

its gradual, yet constant fostering, while the example of the heads of the household in using the dangerous article will make an impression which a lifetime will fail to eradicate. The love for wine is engendered at the fireside by those most loved and respected and thus the door is opened wide into which walks the tempter without let or hindrance, and ere we know it the work is done, and a life is wrecked.

I do not paint in too high colors the mischievous effects of the use of this article, many a ruined son and brother can point back to a mother's or sister's hand as the one which gave the fatal blow, all the more fatal and dangerous because inflicted by the hand of a loved one, and in an hour least expected.

Wine and its brotherhood of intoxicating beverages is too dangerous and vile to be tampered with in the family circle. In total abstinence alone is their safety.

Let us then as Good Templars avoid every thing that may tend to increase the power of the tempter, remembering our obligation and all that it comprehends.

Let us avoid all evil, even the appearance of evil so that no brother can point to us or our example as the stumbling block over which he fell and wrecked the hopes and happiness of a lifetime.

We had the pleasure of assisting in the organization of a Lodge of Cold Water Templars at Allegany on Tuesday evening March 15th. Thirty-one bright hopeful countenances beaming with anticipation and trust greeted us at that time, and sacredly pledged themselves to total abstinence, several members of the order of Good Templars being present, they were pledged before the initiatory ceremonies commenced and assisted in the exercises. All seemed well pleased and the eagerness with which these young soldiers enlisted to do battle with King Alcohol was really soul inspiring.

The youth are the hope of our country. If we lay a good foundation and then build wisely, we may hope to see a grand and noble superstructure, if we neglect to implant the seeds of temperance, those opposed to us will not fail to sow the seeds of debauchery and the crop will be reaped by the sower.

Allegany contains many earnest and warm hearted temperance workers. Though the Order of Good Templars does not have all the assistance it deserves from all the business men and men of influence

We regret to say that here as in too many places, the ministers of the Gospel stand aloof *not all however* as Rev. Mr. Twitchell Pastor of their Presbyterian Church, is an active member and adds much interest by his faithfulness and zeal. He is at present W. C. T. of the Lodge.

Golden Rule.

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For the Golden Rule.

WEEK AFTER WEEK.

BY MRS. B. C. RUDE.

CHAP. XI.

"TANNERFIELD."

"It seems a year since your departure," said Mrs. Greene to Edith, as we four—for John had come—sat down to tea together on the evening of Edith's return. If there be a pitiable object on the face of the earth, it is a full grown man, left at home while his wife is away on a visiting tour. John ate his supper in silence, but looked as though he had been through a course of ague. I hadn't then read the story of that eminent divine who has wailed out his griefs so well in his "Miscellany," or I should have laughed outright.

The query with me has always been, why a man should miss his wife so little when *he* is away and so much when *she* is away. Man is a paradox, a composite number, made up of very odd factors. This is no home-thrust at John, but applies to the sex generally. That evening Edith told the incidents of her journey in her own simple earnest way. I saw that Jack Hoyt was a great burden on her mind. On the morrow she resumed her place in the school room, and John and I set out for home.

On our way home, John told me of his design to remove to the town of Tannerfield, Leek County, in an extreme county of the State.

It was hard at first to leave good widow Brown and all the pleasant associations which I had found, but when John had got his shingle painted, "John Smith Jr., Attorney and Counsellor," and had got it bent and battered to make it look "old" I thought it would count more in a new place, than right at home where everybody knew that John was just admitted, therefore we *moved*. That word did not signify much with us, as we had but little luggage. I will not dwell upon the incidents of our journey. Everybody does that now-a-days. "Tannerfield called out the Conductor, giving us a hearty shake than we had bargained for, "Have you got all your traps," said John with a sleepy yawn, as we stood holding on to the back of the seat and nodding for the train to stop. Yes, have you got your shingle John?" "Ask me if I've got my head," said John holding up the battered roll of tin indignantly. How far to the business portion of Tannersfield" said John to a sleepy looking man with a lantern.

"Wall I reckon ye haint heard the news or you wouldn't ask that" "What do you mean, sir," said John. "Wall"—and he set down his lantern—"just this I mean su-r-r, Tannerfield's gone up. Last week a fire bust out at the end, and tuk everything afore it on both sides till it cum to a little.

wooden milliner shop, then it held up out o' pity we tho't, but twas only to get breath, for the very next night it started in again, an tuk the hul thing." "But I'm a lawyer" said John "and have come here to settle." "Wall maybe ye kin find lumber 'nough to stick yer tin onto, tough match I guess though." Squinting carefully at the sign, he added. 'Tis plaguy queer how yees kept it up so many years widout any nail holes.' We turned away, and John decided not to flourish that shingle any more till he got some nail holes in it.

Pretense puts on a fair face now a days, but experience only, wears the nail holes.

It was a gloomy prospect as John and I trudged up and down the middle of Mainstreet the next day, looking for a place to 'locate'—and mud a foot deep.—The road on either side, was draped with a mourning edge of blackened timbers which gave the town of Tanersfield a doleful look indeed. Men with bowed heads and folded hands, stood looking into the blackened deposits of old cellars with a forlorn, desolate look, as though with those smouldering piles of whiskey barrels, printing presses, dry goods and hardware, went out the last spark of ambition in their manly breasts.

It was a gala day for the children however, little dirty ragamuffins pushed aside the well dressed and more mannerly urchins, and gathered up basketful after basketful of broken crockery, tin ware &c.

"Shall we settle here?" said John just as we stepped upon a soft spot and went in over shoe. We laughed at the coincidence and made the best of it.

Well we settled, and John put up his shingle at the side of a door-way that happened to surviye the fire.

It is sometime since then, and as I take a birds eye view of Main street from my chamber window this morning, my heart swells with all the dignified pride of an early settler. First a modest brick store looms up, then one of larger dimensions over-tops it, which, in its turn, is surpassed by a structure of twice its own dimensions, and so on to the last massive block, which bows submissively before the massive church edifice, that lifts its lofty spire toward heaven. So much for the enterprise of Tanersfield.

Now a word for its social qualities. It is the most social place in all the world. Women visit in "squads" every time the larder and flour bin are replenished. What can equal a Tannerfield visiting party, Again I say, what?

The hostess, if you see her at all in the parlor, only "comes to count noses" then hurries into the kitchen to "cut or contrive" how in the world she can seat *seventy-five* at the first table, and all ladies too. This furnishes a splendid chance (I use that word 'splendid' for its just the word I want) to gossip over her husbands business prospects, the thread-bare carpet, old-fashioned square center-table &c. &c. It is always easy enough to squeeze down at one of these Tanersfield tea-party tables, but it is no easy matter to get out, after you are wedged in with great slices of iced cake, and loaded down with pickles and preserves.

John soon found that he must meet with his share of competitors, in the shape of rising young lawyers, gray haired old veterans, and last though not least that, trying bothersome sort of pettifogging blackguard that saps your patience, as a mosquito does your blood. If they could be smoked out as mosquitoes can, John would have no trouble in ridding himself of them as he keeps up a steady fumigator. Were it not for this one accomplishment (?) which John has, he could never have worked himself into the good graces of old Aunty Millfred. She said to John once, 'its all bosh about tobacco hurting anybody, I've smoked goin' on forty years, and I'm likely to live to a good old age too.' 'How old are you?' said John. 'Wall, if I live, I shall be ninety come next November.' John said 'oh!' and they kept right on smoking, but I laughed heartily behind the scene.

Not long ago to our surprise and gratification, Edith Greene came spat upon us to pay us a visit. She told me a long story of the whereabouts of Jack Hoyt, which I shall reserve and give to you condensed in the last chapter.

'It hardly seems possible,' said Edith mischievously, the next day after her arrival, 'that you and John have been married ten years to-morrow.' 'Why Edith Greene' said I 'you've come to spend the tenth anniversary of our wedding day with us.' 'Of course

have she answered, 'Didn't I promise you I would ten years ago to-morrow?' 'O, but I never thought you'd keep it,' I said, 'I've kept my promise and shall insist that you keep yours,' she gravely said.—What girl ever got married that did not promise to tell some other girl whether or no she was happy, at the end of a series of years—?

On the next evening, as John and Edith and I were sitting in the twilight talking over old times, we heard a horn, a regular old fashioned tin horn. 'Hark,' said John, 'here's a whole regiment of people on the side-walk.' 'They're coming here' said I. Edith was in the secret, and, flourishing a beautiful silvered wire egg-holder, and nutmeg grater, she exclaimed 'Tin Wedding' and I concluded it was by the rattling of the tin.

AN OLD BACHELOR.

What a pitiful thing an old bachelor is,
With his cheerless house and his rueful phiz;
On a bitter cold night when the fierce winds
blow,

And when all the earth is covered with snow,
When his fire is out, and in shivering dread,
He slips 'neath the sheets of his lonely bed;

How he draws up his toes,
All encased in yarn hose,
And he buries his nose
'Neath the chilly bed-clothes;
That his nose and his toes
Still encased in yarn hose,
May not chance to get froze!

Then he puffs and he blows, and says that he
knows

No mortal on earth ever suffered such woes.

And with "Ah's" and with "Oh's,"
With his limbs to dispose,

So that neither his toes nor his nose may be
froze,

To his slumbers in silence the bachelor goes,
In the morn, when the cock crows, and the sun
is just rose,

From beneath the bed clothes
Pops the bachelor's nose.

And, as you may suppose, when he hears how
the wind blows,

Sees the windows all froze,

Why back 'neath the clothes pops the poor fel-
low's nose;

For full well he knows, if from that bed he rose
To put on his clothes, that he'd surely be froze.

Hood.

THE TOBACCO EVIL.

A Young lady friend writes very forcibly to us on this subject. She feels evidently that the practice should be handled without gloves:

I read upon your pages the essay of Mrs. Stowe, entitled 'More about Babies;' I think it very good and would have all who use tobacco read it, and consider what they are doing, and where the sin of hereditary habit lies. How can a child help learning to do what it is forced every day to *see* and *smell*, unless God has given it a marked hatred for such things. We form societies against the sale of liquor, and why should we not against the 'filthy mouth' practices, and shun them? Tobacco intoxicates as well as liquor, yet women seem scarcely to think of what they are doing when they marry men who may be said to be 'tobacco mad.'

"You commented on the piece by saying: "Reader, this is a good theme for a sermon. Why not ask your clergyman to prepare a discourse on the necessity of bodily health as well as of spiritual purity? If every clergyman in the land would open his mental battery on the curse of tobacco, he would hit many sinners at every shot;" I would add, and even himself; for nine-tenths of our ministers practice this 'acquired sin' after they have been called to preach against 'original sin.' I don't believe Paul ever used tobacco, for his epistles are full of denunciations of uncleanness. Our Savior said, 'Go preach the gospel,' not to the study and consume a paper of tobacco while writing one sermon, as I have known some ministers to do. What a discourse that must be which is filled with the spirit of tobacco! for if one did not have his tobacco he could hardly get any 'vim' into it; his agitated nerves would not let him think clearly and forcibly.

"I think if the clergy would forsake the practice, and preach against it, their people would hear and forsake. But let all who smoke or chew count the cost to them in health and pocket. The money expended by some individuals in this way would in the course of a few years buy a very nice library, and give them a better education than they now have. Clergy and laymen, what think ye?—[Phrenological Journal.

We see by the Weekly Review of California, that a bill has been passed by that State submitting the question of license or no license to the several counties. Why cannot New York do as well, shall the Empire State submit cheerfully to free whiskey and no sabbath, and enter no protest?

WOMAN'S LIFE.

For the Golden Rule.

Who shall estimate the value of virtuous woman, her price is above gold, aye, much fine gold. Even though her lot be cast in lowly places, and unceasing toil her portion, still she wields an influence, that men ought to be proud to acknowledge, and woman, gratefully thank the God of heaven for the precious gift, and prayerfully strive to use ever aright. But man thinking himself possessed of more intellect and a greater amount of general knowledge scorns to own even to himself that woman has the power or even right to counsel or advise. But look for once at the capabilities of woman, especially of the middle class of society and tell me if you can, what man is capable of filling her place. She is expected to be both nurse and governess to her children until proper age to attend school, and at the same time be kitchen maid, chambermaid, laundress, seamstress and also fine lady. She is expected to be always ready to receive callers and entertain them as ably as though she had done nothing all her life but prepare herself for the duties of society. She must be well read in all the news of the day, be acquainted with all poetical works, understand music, and to perform the thousand and one duties required to make a happy home. For man cannot make home though he can easily mar it. And if he does, she is expected to forgive nine hundred and ninety-nine times, and still love and cherish the prodigal, but let her once step aside from the path of true womanhood, and man, dignified and stern, casts her from him as though she were a leper, and cries for all the world to hear "unclean, unclean." The maxim of ancient times ought to be visited upon him. Woe to him that laughs at the trials of woman. God will scorn his prayers. Read history, and learn that where women are the most loved, revered, educated and honored, There you will find our noblest, and ablest men, who wield the highest power, and ascend fame's ladder to its topmost round. Though man spends all of his time to prepare himself for his chosen calling, woman with all her duties is expected to keep pace with him, to appreciate advancement, and to sympathise in all trials, and perplexities. She is expected to be man's good angel, to love and cherish in health, to watch over and administer to, and pray for in sickness, and whatever her trials or heart-aches she must always wear a cheerful countenance and with a smile upon her face watch over the happiness

of others as though sorrow and care were to her things unknown. Do you wonder that the stronger minded cry out for equal rights, or that the weak ones long for the time when they can quietly fold their weary hands across their aching breast to rest forever. But take courage! Remember that a duty is allotted to us all, and though we may not all be a Mary or a Martha Washington, still there are other duties just as noble and just as binding, and if by our loving counsels we can reclaim our fallen brothers or save our husbands and sons from falling, we shall not have lived in vain; and after we are called home to our Father's house above, and our earthly labors finished, our influence will still live and be felt for ages to come. Can you ask for more work or a broader field for action? If you perform all your duties as a true woman there will be no time for vain regrets or needless longings for a wider field for labor.

LOST WOMEN.

My friends, has it never occurred to you what a commentary upon our civilization are these women and the attitude of society toward them? A little child strays from the home inclosure and the whole community is on the alert to find the wanderer and restore it to its mother's arms. What rejoicings when it is found, what tearful sympathy, what heartiness of congratulations! There are no harsh comments upon the poor, tired feet, be they ever so miry, no reprimand for the soiled and torn garments, no lack of kisses for the tear stained face. But let the child be grown to womanhood, and let her be led from the inclosure of morality by the voice of affection, or driven from it by the scourge of want—what happens then? Do Christian men and women go in quest of her? or if she returns of her own motion, do they receive her with such kindness and delicacy as to secure her against wandering again? Far from it. At the first false step she is denounced as lost—lost! echo friends and relatives—'we disown you; don't ever come near us to disgrace us.' Lost says society indifferently. How bad these girls are! And lost irretrievably lost—is the prompt verdict of conventional morality, while one and all unite in bolting every door between her and respectability. Ah will not these lost ones be required at our hands in the great hereafter?

For the Golden Rule.

"LAZY BILL."

A Story for Parents.

BY MISS. L. MC'QUEEN.

Readers of the GOLDEN RULE for Oct. last will doubtless recollect the story of 'Our Willie,' the sad history of his return to his parents after an absence of four years, &c. &c.

We propose in this article to give simply the facts in the case, premising "as ye sow, so shall ye also reap." There were two fundamental causes that acted upon Willie Turner's character and doubtless led him to choose the course of life he afterward so persistently followed.

The first and one that deserves the attention of all parents, hereditary appetite. We have said John Turner was an indolent man, not positively vile or wicked, but fond of ease and utterly devoid of any ambitious designs.

Though Mary his wife was industrious and capable, Willie inherited his father's disposition and constitutional weakness.

In the second place, early training had much to do with fostering these traits of character and causing them to affect his whole after life. Children naturally indolent may become zealous workers by proper and judicious management. Example is a most excellent teacher, and as John Turner was constantly looking upon every kind of labor as extremely arduous and expressing his disgust in the presence of his son, it is not strange that he became an idler and justly deserved the soubriquet "Lazy Bill." It was nothing unusual for John Turner to sit by the fire half an hour after his wife had asked him to bring in a bucket of water, he would take up the pail, half rise from his chair drop it again and settle back with a groan, "Oh, Mary how I wish 'twas fetched."

Sometimes she would wait until her patience was exhausted or cooking demanded the water, then get it herself. One day when Willie was about twelve years old his mother requested him to bring in some wood, after hesitating a few moment he said "Yes mother I'll have to bring it in I suppose, but

I want to dread it awhile first, as father does."

Mrs. Turner often talked to her son in a true motherly way, but his natural love of ease and his father's constant example left no place in the boy's mind for wholesome doctrine or mild reproof. At the early age of thirteen Willie Turner had become so addicted to the use of tobacco that he persistently declared he "couldn't do without it." He grew sallow and sickly, and at the age of sixteen was little larger than a boy of twelve.

About this time as mentioned in a previous article he joined a troupe of negro minstrels that were traveling through that part of the country, and without mentioning the fact to his parents hired out to drive their team and ran away from home. His father had sometimes kept a span of old horses, which he had learned to harness and unharness, and now this small twig on a branch of education came finely in play. Perhaps there is a horse Heaven where H. W. Beecher's Charley has gone. If I knew there was I would pray to the God of horses to take to himself all the poor old blind and lame ones and turn them into good feed, where they might have no more heavy loads to draw, no more scrimpage of oats, no more cuts of the whip.

Lazy Bill was for a time comparatively happy. The work was not hard and whenever they stopped he was sure to find plenty of company and that of a congenial nature. He soon became familiar with bar room games, among which cards was his particular delight. He had already learned to love liquor and often drank to excess.

If he felt a twinge of conscience at thought of his poor patient mother and the sorrow he had caused her, it was soon quieted with an extra cigar or glass of beer. Thus was the boy becoming a man not true and honorable, but debased and degraded by the constant use of Alcoholic drinks and Tobacco. One

morning after he had imbibed more freely than usual, he slept late and when he awoke and hastened to look after his horses found they were gone. On inquiring he learned the minstrels had got into a quarrel which led to a fight and ended in a general rupture. They had totally disbanded and gone no one knew where. His first thought was of the state of his finances. His pocket book, containing about three dollars, all the money he had in the world was gone. He searched every pocket thoroughly and only found a few loose pennies. He ordered breakfast, but as he had previously mentioned the loss of his pocket book, was told he could have none. What was to be done. He was about two hundred miles from home, without money, and clothes out at the elbows and knees. He walked a little way out of the business part of the town and sat down to reflect. Lazy people are never great thinkers, they may love to study and read, but it is not an inherent element of their natures, not so much a desire for knowledge as to get rid of work. It has often been remarked of young men, "they are too lazy to work, let them go to school and learn music, law, medicine," &c. I sincerely hope this once popular fallacy has exploded, then music will have less bunglers, law less rogues, medicine, less quacks. I have had much experience in hiring teachers for all departments of schools, and I never yet found a truly successful one, that was not a thorough earnest worker.

Willie Turner was no exception to the general rule. He formed no plans for the future, he merely sat there and waited. An old woman came along with a large basket of clothes on her arm and said "what are you doing here boy, why don't you go about your work?" "I have nothing to do." "*Nothing to do,*" the words were said contemptuously. "You're a shiftless, good for nothing fellow, lazing around this fine morning. Why don't you find something to do?" With this wholesale compliment and a bit of advice she hurried by, leaving our hero master of the situation. He arose and taking the main road from town walked on a mile or more. He came upon large fields of wheat and corn, broad acres of meadow land and every evidence of thrift and well-to-do far-

mers. 'Twas the middle of June, the sun shone hot, and unaccustomed to actual labor he soon grew weary, besides he had had no breakfast which made him feel weak and exhausted. He sat down under the shade of a large tree that stood by the roadside and said half aloud, "I must work, there is no other way, I wish I could drive a team for some body, it would be easier, and I think I could stand it better." A little girl that was near the roadside picking strawberries, heard the boy's soliloquy, and raising a pair of full black eyes that flashed like diamonds, and putting a little curly head half through the fence said "my father wants a boy to drive the horses and mow, can you do that?" "Yes, I can drive team, where does your father live?"

"In the house just ahead there, but I will go with you, mama will want me to help about the dinner, do you think it is near noon?" Willie Turner judged from the state of his own feelings it was long past dinner time already. "Oh no, I should have heard the bell, don't you see that big bell by the house, we always ring that for the men to come." During this conversation the little girl had bounded over the fence and was hurriedly walking by the side of her companion towards the house.

They approached the gate, it flew open at the magic touch of those little fingers and the two passed up the neatly kept walk together.

The house was large and pleasantly situated, and as they turned around to enter at a side door, they came upon a pump with wash bowls arranged for the convenience of workmen. "You can wash your face here, if you like before going in to see mama, you have been walking in the dust and are sweaty too." "Nellie," sounded a pleasant voice from the kitchen.

"Yes mama, I'm coming," and she bounded away leaving the boy to perform his ablutions and reflect on the change his affairs were about taking. There was nothing disagreeable in the full round face and clear cut features of Willie Turner as he presented himself at the kitchen door to await the pleasure of his little friend. She soon made her appearance and having first inquired his name, presented him to her mother with an ease

and elegance few children possess. Mrs. Warner received him pleasantly, and giving him a seat by an open window, proceeded with her arrangements for dinner, while Nellie brought the morning paper that he might amuse himself until her father came in. But he was not interested in the paper, why should he be, he could read but indifferently. The sweet motherly ways of Mrs. Warner and Nellie's childish prattle invited his attention and now as his mind began to clear and roll away the mist of intemperate habits, he thought of his own mother, her patient careworn face was before him, her sad unhappy eyes were looking into his, he remembered her feeble uncertain step, her thin shadowy form. He recalled her many words of warning he had never heeded, her kind expressions of anxiety he had never before realized. His father too, had never ill-treated him, and now as he sat in Mrs. Warner's pleasant kitchen, and looked through the open window at the waving grain he sighed for what might have been. The bell rung for dinner and three men in shirt sleeves and straw hats passed the window and stopped at the pump just outside the door. Nellie no sooner discovered her father than she ran to him and catching both his hands in her's said "Oh, papa, I've found a boy to drive the horses for you, he's in the kitchen. When I was picking strawberries this morning he came along, and I heard him say he wished he could drive team. I thought right away of what you said to mama at breakfast about wanting a boy, so I brought him to the house. 'Aint you glad papa?" "Yes my daughter, I very much need some one to drive team to mow, so we will go in and see the boy you have brought."

Nellie had been taught the proper way of introducing people, and she presented Willie Turner to her papa, Mr. Warner, with a childish grace and sweet simplicity that was truly beautiful for a girl of ten. Mr. Warner was a large well developed man, with a broad forehead and dark curly hair, his eyes deep blue or gray, and by their peculiar speaking expression gave tone and force to the whole classic face. There was a general look about the firm mouth that made him a favorite with all classes of society. His strict integrity and uprightness of character ren-

dered him a popular man and an influential citizen. His interests were bound up with the interests of others and what was for the good of the people was for his personal good. He read much and with care, keeping himself posted in governmental affairs and always took a decided stand in regard to the popular evils of the day. Temperance in all its varied forms found in him a willing advocate. He often spoke with kindly regrets of the prevailing custom of using intoxicating drinks as a beverage. Though an extensive landholder and practical farmer, his business never interfered with his domestic enjoyments. His wife was fully his equal. Twelve years of married life had increased rather than diminished her girlhood's beauty. She was a thorough and energetic housekeeper, planning and executing her work with the utmost skill and neatness. Mrs. Warner was both amiable and sensible as was her husband, and the bickering disputes, petty jealousies and downright quarrels that poison so many homes, knew no place at their fireside. They were no less lovers than when they stood at the marriage altar. A deeper, broader atmosphere of love surrounded them and made them thoughtful of each other's interests, careful of their feelings. In Nellie was centered their richest store of affection and genuine happiness, and were it not that she inherited good sound sense from both might easily have been spoiled. Her father was her ideal of perfect manhood, her mother a true lady. Pure wholesome truths were inculcated by both parents, and the daughter though but ten years old, reasoned intelligently upon all subjects within her grasp. She was a delicate child and but for outdoor exercise and strict regard to hygienic habits would have been frail indeed. It was her custom to rise early and assist her mother about preparing breakfast, running out and in with perfect freedom taking full and deep breathings of pure morning air.

Mr. Warner was not long in reading the true character of "Lazy Bill." He hesitated about hiring him as he never wanted a man on his farm unless he could trust him in every particular. At the suggestion from his wife he decided to try him a few days, and if he proved honest and capable to pay him good wages for the season. Willie

Turner—we will drop Lazy Bill for a time—now saw the necessity of actual labor. He was without a dollar in money and almost destitute of clothes. He resolved to do his best, but he had never seen a mowing machine in his life and was totally ignorant of the process of haymaking. Mr. Warner explained the principles on which the various machines were constructed, showed him the best methods of working them and endeavored to impress upon his mind the importance of such information in whatever circumstances he might be placed.

A week had passed and Willie Turner was becoming quite familiar with the process of making hay as well as many other useful branches of farming. He had tasted no liquor and used tobacco but sparingly. He had learned to regard Mr. and Mrs. Warner as his friends and never tired of listening to Nellie's sweet voice as she read or sung of an evening.

Mr. Warner usually read the daily paper in the evening after the day's work was done and the family gathered in the sitting room. Nellie had her story books and papers from which she sometimes read aloud to her parents, and Willie was drawn instinctively to look upon her as his guardian angel. The silent teachings of this well ordered family were fast making a good impression upon the mind of our hero as it did upon all who chanced to fall within its sacred influence.

"Nellie, my dear," said Mrs. Warner, "go and tell your papa I am afraid he is forgetting the tea party this afternoon at Mrs. Holisters."

Although it was in the midst of the busy season Mr. Warner never failed in his duty to society and whenever pleasure excursions were coming off, or business meetings appointed he invariably attended and positively declared he never lost any time.

He had gone out from dinner without mentioning the party, but he soon returned followed by Nellie. "Would it suit you as well," he said to his wife, "if I let Willie hitch the team he is driving to the carriage and take you over and when he returns I will assist him about going round the north meadow a few times I will walk over, I shall be there by tea time, I wouldn't miss Mrs. Holister's elegant tea you know."

"Mrs. Holister always has nice tea parties, don't she papa?" chimed in Nellie, as she leaned upon her father's knees. "You are in such a hurry about the work, perhaps I had better walk." "Oh, no indeed, it will take but a few minutes to drive to town and riding will rest you from your hard forenoon's work while walking would fatigue you so much you would not enjoy the visit." "I don't think we lose anything by taking a little recreation."

"Mamma what will you wear?" "My new poplin." "Oh, yes do, you look so sweet in the rich colors, don't you think so papa?"

"Your mother looks sweet in any dress my darling, and I want our little daughter Nellie to be just like her."

"Yes, but I don't look like her, people say I most resemble you, then I ought to have been a boy, hadn't I papa?" They joined in the child's laugh and Mr. Warner said "No, daughter, I am glad you are our own little girl and as you grow older you will learn, it takes other than beauty of face or form to make up such virtues and excellencies as your mother possesses." "But papa, if mama did strike me and send me to bed without my supper as Lina Grave's does, I should love her sweet face all the same." Mrs. Warner's cheeks flushed and glad tears filled her brown eyes as she met her husband's look of love and tenderness. Mr. Warner's heart swelled with happiness, and he mentally thanked God for such heaven born affection.

"Nellie," said Mrs. Warner, and she moved her chair nearer her husband's and took her daughter's hand, "sweetness of disposition, amiability of temper and kindness of heart make a sweet face, while fretting about what cannot be helped and complaining of our circumstances, make the face distorted and covers it with premature wrinkles." "Oh, mama, is that what make Grandma Nelson's face all scowled up? Once she called me a little simpleton because I kissed papa three times, she never kissed anybody she said, don't you think if somebody loved her very much her face would grow smooth again?" Mr. and Mrs. Warner laughed at the child's earnestness, and as they started to prepare for the drive each

felt they could recall many times in their own life, when a kind word or a kiss had smoothed a rough path and prevented a frown or wrinkle from gathering in their foreheads.

The carriage was soon at the door and Mrs. W. tastefully dressed came down to the parlor. She gave Nellie some further instruction about preparing supper for the men and stepped to the door just in time to hear her husband say "drive careful Turner, and come back as soon as you can, for we have hay out, and there are indications of rain."

Willie had never been to town since he left it in dirt and disgust, now he was clean, his clothes neatly mended and he was going there again. Besides he had five dollars in his pocket that Mr. Warner had given him the previous evening in part payment for his week's work. The road was smooth and well graded, the horses spirited and they soon saw the church spires looming up in the distance.

They passed the spot where he had been accosted by the washerwoman, on to the Hotel where he had asked for breakfast and been refused, and oh! fatal thought where too, he had got his liquor. They turned from the principal street into a beautiful avenue where was the residence of Mrs. Hollister. A gentleman came out to assist Mrs. Warner from the carriage and he turned his horses heads towards home. As he again came in sight of the Hotel the horses slackened their pace, the driver did not urge them on—he would just call a moment, he wanted to show that disagreeable landlord that other people had confidence in him if he had not. Then he looked at the elegant horses, the silver mounted harness, the carriage too was superb cushioned throughout with the softest velvet, wouldn't they look surprised to see him driving so much property around. He drove to the front entrance and threw the lines to an hostler with as much composure as ignorance usually exhibits and with a familiar nod to a young man passing, stepped inside the door. As the clerk did not appear to notice him particularly he walked deliberately to the bar and called for a glass of brandy. It was set before him another, he was not yet satisfied, and when the barkeeper refused to give him more he swore a terrible oath and demanded liquor.

A crowd soon collected, and before an hour had passed Willie Turner was thoroughly intoxicated and penniless. Afterwards, when he became boisterous and showed signs of fight, he was conducted by two stout men into a dark room in the rear of the building and left to himself. He made violent efforts to regain his liberty, threatening and cursing alternately, but as no notice was taken of his demonstrations, he finally slunk into a corner and throwing himself upon a rude lounge soon forgot his agitation in a deep drunken sleep. In the mean time Mr. Warner was anxiously awaiting his return.

The rain clouds began to thicken and all hands were needed to get in the hay, that was now perfectly cured and ready for the barn. He began to show signs of uneasiness. "The horses could walk there and back before this time, something has happened," he said to one of the men. "It may be they got frightened at something, oh! my wife," and Mr. Warner, strong man as he was, turned ghastly white. "More likely that boy's stopped at the tavern," suggested Mr. Gardner, his principle man of all work, "for if I'm not mistaken he loves liquor as well as I ever did, and you know how well I liked it Mr. Warner." "That's my opinion exactly," said another workman, "for a young man that uses tobacco the way he does can't let whiskey alone." Mr. Warner evidently thought the same, but only said, "get in what hay you can, boys, and not work too hard, and I will go and look up the youngster." Nellie had caught the infection and was standing on the extreme end of the porch looking eagerly in the direction of the village. The moment she heard her father's step she ran to him tears filling her dark eyes. "I am afraid papa, that boy didn't know how to drive horses in the street, do you think they could run away or do anything to injure mama?" and the big sobs came choking her voice. "No, my daughter," for Mr. Warner like the others surmised the cause of the delay, "I think your mother is safe, but the boy has probably met some of his old companions and forgotten the instructions I gave him to return immediately."

Mrs. Gardner, wife of the laborer, dropped in with her knitting, and after Mr. Warner had explained the cause of his anxiety and

Nellie's tears requested her to remain until his wife's return. She readily consented and began to talk of preparing supper. Mr. Warner hurriedly exchanged his working clothes for more suitable attire, and telling Nellie, he should leave the carriage until after tea, then bring her mother home himself, passed quickly through the gate and walked rapidly to town. Just before he reached the business part of the village, he met a gentleman of his acquaintance who rallied him on having his fine horses and carriage standing so long before Nick Snelling's liquor shop, "I am afraid Warner," laughed he, "you don't teach your horses the strict temperance rules you follow yourself." He soon explained how it had all happened and walked on to the Hotel where he learned what he had before so rightly conjectured.

Looking at his watch, he saw it lacked but half an hour of Mrs. Hollister's tea time. He could not disappoint his wife, besides she would know something unusual had happened if he was not there in time, and might feel anxious. He ordered the horses taken to the stables, to remain until he called for them, which would probably be before evening. "Suppose the boy call's for them," said the clerk, who had heard Mr. Warner's orders to the hostler. "Tell him he cannot have them, thats all," and he went on to Mrs. H. where he met a gay party of ladies and gentlemen. It was not until they were on their way home that Mr. Warner mentioned to his wife the circumstance of Willie Turner's neglect of duty, and that he was then lying in Nick Snelling's "drunk room" as they called the little room where Willie Turner was confined. "I was afraid of it from the first," he continued, when after a pause his wife had remained silent, "leaving home the way he did as well as the reckless life he has since led, made me fear he was not a young man to be trusted, and you know Julia we want no others to work for us."

"Did you say he had spent all the money you gave him last evening?"

"So they told me at the Hotel. I did not see the boy."

"Do you think, husband, he cannot reform, that he is lost to all sense of honor and right. Would not our influence over

him bring him back to virtue, he has a mother, and oh! Henry, if he was our boy."

"True, and were it not that he is naturally indolent, fond of ease, with no firmness or stability of character, I could overlook this offence and would bring him back and try and do him good, but he is of that temperament that he cannot or will not rise above himself and his natural appetite."

"I have sometimes thought, Henry, you would make a good man out of the very worst specimen. Look at John Gardner, you took him from the ditch almost, and now he is an excellent hand."

"Don't give me the credit of that, Julia, you did much more for him than I in caring for his wife and children, making her see how sadly she neglected her household affairs, and that I believe was the cause of his spending his time at the saloons and forming a taste for liquor, but he was never lazy. Two years ago he was a confirmed drunkard, his wife a slattern at home, a mischief maker abroad, now they are a worthy couple, and their children are being educated at the best schools."

"But this boy, Henry, we must do something for him, I cannot think of his being left to himself and his bad habits and he so young." "Yes, he is young in years, but far advanced in wickedness I fear, as all reports of him are unfavorable. His bad habits might be overcome were it not for a constitutional weakness of character that deters him from making an effort. I tell you wife, there are few persons fit to be parents, I sometimes tremble for our own darling, lest harm come to her." Mrs. Warner's heart was too full to reply and her husband continued. "Parents are vastly to blame for the natural discrepancies of their children as well as the false teachings they so often receive. Let us Julia guard faithfully and guide judiciously the one precious treasure committed to our care, constantly praying that she may grow up a useful and sensible woman." Mrs. Warner's eyes sought her husband's and in that exchange of loving glances, shone out the pure parental affection, the mental inspirations of soul breathings, that filled their hearts with love and thankfulness and shed a halo of happiness round their future pathway. Twilight was

deepening into night when they reached home and caught a glimpse of Nellie's white dress on the verandah. The moment she heard the carriage wheels she flew to open the gate. Mr. Warner caught her up in the carriage and kissed her tenderly. She threw her arms around her mother's neck, and with a childish vehemence exclaimed, "Oh, mama, I was so alarmed about you, why did not that boy come back with the horses as papa told him. The men have been at work just as hard as they could and oh! papa, aint you glad it didn't rain."

The following morning Mr. Warner called early at the Hotel, but "Lazy Bill" had already gone. He left a kind message for Mr. Warner's family, but said nothing of his own future movements.

PLEA FOR LEGAL PROTECTION.

To Hon. S. B. Chase, of Susquehanna County, and James Black, Esq., of Lancaster, the acknowledged leaders in the Abstinence and Prohibition cause in Pennsylvania:

The government of our State professes to be Republican and to secure equal rights to all. This is true in theory, but in practice it is the reverse (so far as the license system is concerned,) as I shall attempt to show. The Bill of Rights says, "Governments are constituted by the people for their peace, safety and happiness," and the preamble to the Federal Constitution—government is formed to establish justice, ensure domestic tranquility, and promote the general welfare." Now, the direct effect of the Drink system is to subvert the legitimate aim of government as defined in both formulas, and fasten upon us a tyranny that destroys all franchises thus secured. It in fact erects a privileged class a thousand times more oppressive than the British aristocracy which our fathers rebelled against.

The ablest writers on political science, define the fundamental idea of government to be, *protection* on the part of rulers and obedience on the side of the governed. The grand rule has been inverted, as will be shown as I proceed.

Now, it is conceded that at least three-fourths of the people of the State (including the women and children) never, or but rarely use intoxicating liquors; that the present system is not kept in operation for their accommodation; and that all these are law-abiding persons, and entitled to protection from the law. The revised code does actually protect them, in common

with others, from almost every source of danger but this. Nuisances against health, or public morals of any other sort, are easily abated by complaint and criminal process. Poverty ignorance, insanity, disease, are all provided for, and the citizens shielded to the extent of the public demand. But against the multiplied horrors of the drinking system there is no protection whatever; for I shall show hereafter that the *pretense* of restraint by the system of license is worse than a cheat and a snare. The license law, on the contrary, is all that saves the drinking houses from being declared nuisances at common law. If a citizen uncovers a well or sink, and another falls into it, he has an action for damages, and the reckless person can be punished for the crime; but if the same citizen sells a man's son or workman liquor, whereby he suffers ten-fold greater hurt, he has no remedy whatever. The law protects one farmer against the recklessness of his neighbor, who suffers noxious weeds to grow and seed to his injury; it protects the birds even in the remote interests of agriculture; it will not allow a dumb beast to be cruelly used, yet allows the most hellish cruelties, (through rum) to be perpetrated all over the State, under the sanction of the Broad Seal. It protects us against stealing and murder, (that is, punishes perpetrators after the acts are committed,) and yet keeps a system in operation that everybody knows instigates and insures three-fourths of all the robberies and murder that occur from year to year. This is so notoriously true that no one pretends to deny it. At the last criminal Session in Philadelphia, Judge Pearce, in dismissing the jury, said; "Out of eight homicides just tried, seven of them sprung directly from the use of intoxicating liquors." From reliable data, there are at least thirty thousand wives in Pennsylvania that are not only suffering the most fearful apprehensions of the future, but actually enduring excruciating sorrow and brutalities nearly every day, because they are not protected; and it is not an over estimate to assume, that there are a hundred thousand children without the protection that every government ought to afford such helpless persons. Then there are thirty thousand drunkards, more or less diseased by strong drink, who ought to be protected against the dealers, and against themselves—for if a man lose his reason, even temporarily from other causes, the law at once protects him against *himself* as well as others—but if addicted to the alcohol disease, *through*

government patronage and incitement, he is left to torment himself, his family and society, at will! The law, instead of protecting him, assumes that he is fully master of his own action, when it knows that he is a bound slave, as really as if he had never been born free. The drunkard therefore, has no protection. So far as he is concerned, the supreme power has abdicated government; it declares the poor victim "out of its protection;" the very thing our fathers charged the British King with doing. Nay, it has not merely refused to protect the poor bond slave of appetite, but it licenses and protects the very men who are taking his money, and crazing his brain, and getting him ready for crime, poverty and death: And this is not all; after having set on foot a system that ruins the moral and physical nature, by fastening upon him an appetite as inexorable as death when he has committed some crime which his sober heart and head would revolt at, it hangs or incarcerates him! This, in the light of stern logic, is but sure diabolism. And this the law does in the name of every citizen, whether he drinks or not!

But the law owes the obedient citizens protection in his pecuniary interests. How is this obligation fulfilled? The government usually patronize every economic scheme and proposes to develop wealth or save money to its citizens. It incorporates companies to facilitate and lessen the expenses of traveling and transportation. It encourages learning, industry and morals as among the material interests of the people. It protects the people from nearly every source of loss but that which results from appetite for narcotic stimulants. Here it confesses itself unable to throw around us any safeguards for our protection, except the mockery of "liquor-license law." Nobody pretends that those who voluntarily abstain from these drinks and drugs are suffering thereby, or would be benefited by drink and drug habits not so prevalent with about a third of our population. If then the majority are not injured but benefited, is it fair to infer that it would really injure the minority to abstain also. But they prefer to drink; and according to the estimate of Commissioner Wells, (from facts in possession of the government,) they drank in 1867 of liquors at retail in our State to the value of one hundred and fifty-two millions six hundred and sixty-three thousand four hundred and ninety-five dollars. At least ten thousand able-bodied men die prematurely in Pennsylvania annually, from the effects of alcoholic drinks.

The lives of these men if only as valuable to the State as the late slaves of the South were to their master, say \$1,000 each, it would constitute a loss of ten millions of productive capital; for laborers are capital in a social and industrial point of view the world over; and this loss of capital is constructively doubled, when we consider that each of these ten thousand were capable of multiplying themselves and their labors for all the years they might live. Then the losses to the people of the State from railroad, steamboat and other industrial disasters, caused by drunken or half crazed employees, cannot be less than ten millions more. The damaged products of labor and conflagrations traceable to the same cause, may safely be set down at a like sum. To these pecuniary losses may be added a very large sum for the sickness caused by drinking, for ascertainment of which, we have statistics on hand. Thus we have in this hasty estimate the enormous sum total of money losses amounting to one hundred and eighty-two millions, six hundred and sixty-three thousand, four hundred and ninety-five dollars for each man, woman and child in the State! Thus leaving the moral aspects of the question out of sight, and looking at these losses as a mere matter of money, is not our State government recreant to every obligation imposed, in allowing us to waste our money just for want of the needful protection which the law might afford us?

MEN WANTED.

The great want of this age is men. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest, sound from center to circumference, true to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others. Men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth, and look to the world and the devil right in the eye. Men neither brag or run. Men that neither flag nor flinch. Men in whom the courage of everlasting life runs still, deep, and strong. Men who do not cry nor cause their voices to be heard on the streets, but who will not fail nor be discouraged till judgment be set in the earth. Men who know their message, and tell it. Men who know their places, and fill them. Men who know their own business. Men who will not lie. Men who are not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor. Men who are willing to eat what they have earned, and wear what they have paid for. Those are the men to move the world!

WHAT GOOD TEMPLARS ARE DOING.

We occasionally come across people who profess to love the cause of temperance, and express a desire to see it prosper, but who say they are conscientiously opposed to secret societies, and therefore cannot countenance the Good Templars! "By their fruits ye shall know them." As a general thing these individuals are not found in any kind of temperance societies, and seldom mention the subject on any occasion; so by their fruit ye shall know them to be insincere. We commend to these thin-soiled minds in particular, and to all our readers, the following excellent article from the *NORTHERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*. Surely, such work as this shows the Good Templars to be engaged in, must cause joy among the angels in heaven, and must receive the approbation of our heavenly Father. :

"What are you doing, brother, sister for humanity? The enemies of God are busy doing. The black cohorts of infidelity and intemperance are gathering all around you, and what are you doing to stay their onward march, to hurl back the foe? 'It is true the hosts of rum are busy, and leagued together, falling all around us, but what can I do? Nobody is stirring in this manner but the Good Templars, and the Sons and Daughters of temperance, and I am conscientiously opposed to them, as secret societies.

"And pray, what is this terrible ogre—a secret society? Are you not very like one yourself? Do you not hold secret councils in your own heart, and Will, and Conscience, and all your mental powers are called to aid, and then when you carry out their decisions, 'by your works you shall be justified or condemned.' Apply this same rule to the secret societies. Go to the Church record and find the names of those you love and honor, and remember, a little while ago, you can count the years easily their faces were not seen in the house of prayer. You trembled when you saw their careless feet straying among the snares and pitfalls of intemperance, so thickly spread, to lure to degradation and ruin. You were glad when they joined the ranks of the Good Templars, exceeding glad when they took the next step, and enlisted under the banner of your Prince and King. How your heart throbbod with joy when you

first grasped their hands and called them brothers. Every day, your prayer goes up to God that He will be faithful unto death.

Go with me to the happy home of one who, for two years, has been an earnest, true and loyal Good Templar. Look back three years, and this same true, good man was lying on his bed raving amid the horrors of *delirium tremens*. His wife and children shrank in terror at his approach. All is changed now. He is clothed and in his right mind. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Above all, let us be careful, until we have found a better way, how we hedge up the path of those who are doing God service by picking up, from the mire of intemperance, men created in His image. These societies are doing a blessed work. The young are kept from entering the downward path, the fallen are restored; and from my heart of hearts let me pray, God speed them in their holy work."

The Dove, recollect, did not return to Noah with the olive branch till the second time of her going forth; why, then, should you despond at the failure of the first attempt?

NO DRUNKARDS THERE.

There is a beautiful land, we are told,
With rivers of silver and streets of gold;
Bright are the beings whose shining feet
Wander along each quiet street;
Sweet is the music that fills the air—
No drunkards there.

No garrets are there, where the weary wait
Where the room is cold and the hours are late
No pale-faced wife, with locks of fear,
Listens for steps she dreads to hear.
The hearts are free from pain and care—
No drink is sold there,

All the long day, in that beautiful land,
The clear waters ripple o'er beds of sand;
And, down on the edge of the waters brink,
Those white-robed beings wander, nor shrink,
Nor fear the power of the tempter's snare,
For no wine is there.

All is peace and content, in that pure land;
Sweet songs of praise swell from that holy band;
And the sins, and wrongs, and mis'ries of yore,
Are witnessd in that happy world no more,
Over all shines the great Father's care—
No sin has place there.

A PLEA FOR "BRIDGET."

So much is being said and written against that large, and, I think most grossly misunderstood and unappreciated class of domestics that we contemptuously designate as "Biddies," that it seems but fair that some pen should be invoked for their vindication.

They are charged with incompetency, dishonesty, faithlessness, ingratitude, uncleanness, intoxication, and a host of minor sins; though one would suppose that the enormities already mentioned were enough to condemn the whole breed to ignominious extermination.

And so they would, if these charges could be sustained; but except in isolated cases, such as occur in any class—they can not; indeed, it seems a fair estimate to claim that, in seven cases out of ten, the shortcomings of "Biddy" are as directly traceable to the mistress as to the maid.

These poor creatures come to us with their imaginations—always fervid—fired with visions of a land of freedom, and beauty, and wealth, but with their hearts aching with "the home sickness," their naturally sturdy bodies weakened with the hardships and privations of a sea-voyage,—utterly unfitted by nature, habit, and ignorant of its peculiarities—to the frequent, sudden and extreme changes of our climate, and wholly ignorant of the economy and routine of our households.

This is their condition when we "hire" them; and "hire" them is literally what we do, "only that, and nothing more." We make them feel by our every word and look that we consider them as belonging to an entirely different and distinct race from ourselves.

Now, while it is but just that the distinction between mistress and maid be clearly marked, and while it is manifestly the duty of the mistress to guard with jealous care her dignity as head of the household, and to none more directly than to the poor, lonely, helpless inmate of her kitchen, who is as her "hand-maiden," and "the stranger who is within her gates."

And how is that duty discharged? Either by hasty injudicious chiding or by cold neglect—often a sudden dismissal for some offense, growing most probable out of igno-

rance, when the mistress feels that *her* duty is done if she pays the out-going "Biddy" her wages and give her a "recommend," embraced in a half dozen hastily written lines; or, "Biddy" over-tasked, and suffering from the effects of repeated and neglected colds, falls ill; the mistress is "very sorry for the poor girl," but, "you see, in a large family like mine it is absolutely necessary that the work should go on regularly," and so the poor, lonely creature is hurried off to some hospital or squalid "boardin' place" where a few weeks' illness consumes the hard-earned and carefully hoarded savings of years. Is it to be wondered at that a "Biddy" so treated should resent against an entire community the coldness and cruelty from which she has so keenly suffered?

But, on the contrary, if the authority with which "Biddy" is treated be tempered with kindness—if she is taught to feel that in her mistress she has also a *friend*, one who will "write a bit of a letter to the mother in the ould dart," who will advise with her as to the most judicious manner of expending her wages, who will open the drawing-room door when the young mistress is singing some sweet old Irish ballad, that the poor exile's heart may be saddened and gladdened by the "sounds from home"—if the children of the household be taught that in treating their inferiors with respect they are honoring themselves—if in short; "Biddy" is made to feel that though her place in the home be lowly, yet it is distinctly defined, and that while she discharges her duty faithfully, she will be treated with affection and consideration, then, my word for it, she will be found faithful, grateful, and fond, and efficient so far as her knowledge—or the lack of it—will permit her.

Many housekeepers will shrug their shoulders, smile, and say, "This scribbling woman knows nothing of the matter,—*she* is no-housekeepers!" The scribbling woman begs their pardon,—*she* is a housekeeper, and has been for more years than she cares to name—and these things are spoken, and these things are true!" Many incidents from the store house of her memory might be cited to prove them.

When the writer of these lines was little more than a baby, she had a nurse, a blithe

young Irish girl, to whom she was tenderly attached even in those early days. One morning the baby's mamma was roused by some unusual sound, and discovered the servant escaping clandestinely from the house. On being questioned, after many tears, the poor, pitiful waif told her story, the old, old story of guilt and coming shame; and sooner than face the cruelty of the world, this weak, guilty creature was about to rush—unsent for—into the presence of her outraged God. This girl's mistress, though she was a christian woman, a wife a mother, did not thrust the fallen woman from her—but sheltered, watched over, and protected her. And when the writer of these lines had grown to womanhood, and was fatherless and motherless,—she was not friendless; she still had her faithful "nurse," who was to the end staunch and true;" paying the child in faithful, loving service ten-fold the debt of gratitude she owed her mother.

And so I could go on citing many instances—not merely gratitude, but of disinterested kindness, self-sacrificing devotion; but I fear to prolong my screed to undue length and weary my fair readers—or, what is much more terrifying danger to me, my publisher! If my poor appeal shall awaken in a single heart a feeling of duty and protective kindness toward a class that needs and can appreciate both, I shall be more than rewarded; and if we mistresses will but steer our housekeeping barks more carefully, avoiding equally the Scylla of "Sally Brass" and the Charybdis of "Dora" in our domestic economy, we will find, not thoughtless, nor efficient, perhaps—but who of us is without fault?—but we *will* find truth and honesty and good-will in "Biddy.—[Phrenological Journal.

OLEAN, March 25, 1870.

MRS. ANNA T. RANDALL;

DEAR FRIEND, Will you please gratify the readers of the GOLDEN RULE by allowing me to republish your letter to President Lincoln.

Yours very truly,
M. B. DICKINSON.

OSWEGO, March 30.

MY DEAR MRS. DICKINSON:

The letter was written hurriedly with no

expectation that it would ever be brought into notice, but the President, himself, took it to the back-pay department and ordered the settlement of my claim forthwith and Sidney Andrews a well known Magazine and newspaper writer brought it before the public.

Yours, as ever,

ANNA T. RANDALL

A WIDOW'S WORD TO THE PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4, 1864.

How the following letter came into my possession does not matter. Read it as I have read it on this day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, with the assurance that it is a copy of a real letter sent to the President. Read it, bearing in mind that it is a woman's letter, in this time of war and weeping, to a President who never forgets that the hope of the country is in the hands of the people rather than in the hands of the diplomatists.

FULTON, April 18, 1864.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN,

HONORED SIR:—Can you not in your office of Chief Executive of this nation expedite the payment of the dues of deceased soldiers?

Shall those suffer want, who, having given their all to their country, have thus become widowed and impoverished? Could bounties be paid as soon as application was made and proof furnished, the sufferings of thousands might be alleviated. There are many, whom self-respect prevents from calling on relief societies, as well as from accepting aid when tendered; because if their lawful dues in the way of back-pay, bounty and pension could be paid they would be above want. My husband was a young man of energy and talent, just completing his professional education and just about entering upon what we hoped an honorable career in life, when his country called him; and with a patriotism as true as it was earnest he buckled on the sword. He left home bearing the commission of First Lieutenant of Company A in the 110th Regiment of New York State Volunteers. Having acted as Captain for five months in the absence of that officer, he was on the 14th of June 1863, detailed to command a party who were to go with hand-grenades in advance of the main assaulting force and open the attack upon Port Hud-

son. The evening before the engagement he thus wrote to me:

"I am going into battle trusting in God. I shall use my best endeavor to beat the foe. Do not even in your secret heart, ever chide me for having left you; but teach our darling babe to honor my memory—tell her I only meant to do my duty, you must hope on, as I have always done, even in the face of sorrow, and God will take care of you."

I think he was heroic. With the morrow his bravery was tested, and it is sweet to me to know that it failed not. A terrific fire from the enemy greeted the assailants, yet the intrepid men marched up to the very mouth of the rebel cannon, throwing their missiles of destruction into the midst of their foe. But the commanding General fell and confusion followed. The grenadiers threw themselves upon the ground for safety, but their leader did not flinch. Duty and patriotism nerved him on as he walked backward and forward before his prostrate men, waving his sword and shouting to them to rally. That one man standing alone became a sure mark for the enemy; and while yet the cheering word was being uttered, in a moment, like Enoch, he was not, for God took him."

I had no fortune no means of support, and was immediately obliged to leave my infant girl in stranger's hands and begin the career of a teacher of a public school.

I do not imagine that an exception could be made in my favor in reference to the payment of my dues in advance of others; but why should justice move with such laggard footsteps? Knowing that your heart beats in sympathy with all who suffer in this war, I have dared to write. Pardon the intrusion.

That God may endue you with grace in these perilous times is the earnest prayer of

Respectfully Yours,

ANNA T. RANDALL.

To His Excellency, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

So tender, so touching, so frank, so womanly, so respectful, so delicate, the letter makes apology for me in giving its every word to print. Yet I have a definite purpose in doing so, I would publish the letter to save the name of another hero—Lieutenant RANDALL, Co. A. 110th New York.

"I am going into battle trusting in God. "I shall use my best endeavors to beat

"the foe. If I fall it will be in a just cause. "Do not even in your secret heart, ever "chide me for having left you, but teach "our darling babe to cherish my memory—"tell her I meant only to do my duty. "Hope on as I have always done and God will take care of you."

Men of such thought and speech never die. Time and change may hunt them down, may wrestle with them, may overthrow them, may lay them away in nameless graves; but they never die. The great world may seem to forget them, but it does not. Always and forever it keeps them in green and tender memory, and always and forever it exalts them as jewels in its crown. The wife could not speak for herself, and so she only says, I think he was heroic! Other women and all men know he was. Of course he did not flinch when the emergency came, for he had said, "I shall use my best endeavor to beat the foe." Before the peril had gone the word; before the word had gone the spirit of his daily life in camp; and now, before all who knew him, forever goes, as a leader, the man himself. Walking backward and forward before his prostrate men waving his sword and shouting to them to rally." Through the long and bloody year since that day, over the thousands of miles to the field where he stood, and the lithe figure of this true soldier leading the forlorn hope rises with the calm and heroic word not alone to his child—"teach her to honor my memory"—but to us all who love the cause for which he fell; not alone to his wife—"hope on even in the face of sorrow"—but to us all whose hearts are heavy with burdens of pain and longing and loss.

SIDNEY.

As the rivers, farthest flowing,
In the highest hills have birth;
As the benyan, broadest growing,
Oftenest bows its head to earth,—
So the noblest minds press onward,
Channels far of good to trace;
So the largest hearts bend downward,
Circling all the human race.

[Mrs. Hale.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them by the soul with hooks of steel.

[Shaks.

For the Golden Rule.

Life Sketches of Mrs. R. H. Spencer,

STATE AGENT AND NURSE FOR FIELD AND HOSPITAL IN THE LATE CIVIL WAR.

The Christmas dinner given by the Ladies of Washington to the soldiers in the Hospitals of that city proved a success, leaving upon the minds of the recipients the pleasant impression that they were appreciated and cared for by the resident as well as the transient ladies of the community. The old year of 1862 had nearly passed its term of existence and was about to be relieved to give place to its more vigorous successor 1863—Thus two years we had witnessed this civil bloody strife of our nation, and as the third year approached the struggle seemed to wax stronger and more deadly, without making much apparent change for either North or South.

As passes were not issued at present for women to go to the front, I decided while waiting to go home and gather supplies. I reached Oswego on the first of January and remained collecting packages and supplies for the soldiers at the front and hospitals for several days. My husband wrote me that he left Washington on the 7th with his Col., to join the Regiments then acting as Provost Guard at or near Falmouth station, and that I was to remain in Oswego until hearing from him.

On the 11th he wrote me again that after remaining in and around the hospital for two days and nights, with no place to sleep and with nothing to do but look on and see men die with no permission or power to aid them, he was told by the Lieut. Col., to report himself to his captain for duty.

Surgeon Coe was appointed at Brigade Head Quarters and Dr. Stillman was in charge at the Regiment. The hospital was dirty and unwholesome, vermin were creeping over the ground. The hospital Steward, Charles Paddock was young and not overburdened with a naturally generous spirit, and to speak more plain and to the point had every sign and symptom of a narrow, crabbed dis-

position—made more selfish and ignoble by association with those of the same calibre, and with the natural tendency of army life to harden all the finer feelings, should there be any such in his organization to harden. He told me he thought it all nonsense, and entirely unnecessary to make so much ado over the sick soldiers, said they would never become innured to army life or hard fare if I continued to feed them upon fruits and delicacies. He thought beef-soup was good enough for them.

“But” said I “when you were sick and Mr. Spencer and I took you the same delicacies that we are now giving to others, you seemed to appreciate being cared for, and at the time appeared grateful for something palatable. Suppose we had fed you on greasy beef-soup—you did not talk or feel so then because your own sufferings made your heart softer”—“I know” he answered “that I have grown hard in my feelings since I came out, I sometimes think all the men who come to hospital are dead-beats. But I returned in answer “we have no right to allow ourselves to harden and grow unfeeling to those around us, they are our neighbors, volunteers to sustain the laws of our country—not hirelings, we have no more business to think even, that such men are dead-beats, than they have to think that you or I are such.” Such conversation once or twice we had, and I thought time would change his feelings.

But to return to my husband's letter. According to the report, the beef-soup with its swimming fat, and the filth within the hospital with the lack of medical care was doing the work of destruction fast.

In three days four men had died and two more were supposed to be dying. Dr. Place was present doing what he could, but not being in charge his efforts were necessarily crippled. My husband writes, “the Col., is shocked, he is in and around the hospi-

tal half the time but owing to the expectation of moving every day has not assumed the command. Dr. Coe, was sent for yesterday—He came last night and has returned this morning. He says you and I *must return to the hospital, that you must be sent for*, so says the Col., and chaplain, but as long Dr. Stillman is in charge it is useless, we can do nothing for he thinks “no woman has any business in camp.” After receiving the letter from Mr. Spencer I concluded that no unfeeling Assistant Surgeon or indifferent hospital Steward, although they were in charge, would prevent me from performing the promise I made to stay by, and care for the soldiers while the war continued, or life should last. I considered my vow registered in heaven, and was determined that no emissary of Satan, though he appeared in the form of a Surgeon, hospital Steward, citizen, or higher dignitaries, should deter me from trying to perform my duty and keep my pledge. I collected my bundles and boxes and notified all those who wished to contribute their mite for the soldiers to send their donations immediately.

The Hon. Cheney Ames brought large packages of tobacco and other articles, and with all these gave me twenty-five dollars in money to purchase more. Lieu. Parkhurst had been home on leave of absence and was about returning to the Regiment. I saw him and requested the privilege of his company and assistance in caring for the supplies I should take with me.

He readily assented, and on the 12th of January we started for Washington, and the 13th about eleven o'clock we arrived in that city, when I immediately repaired to the Provost Marshal's Office for a pass to go to the front and was referred to Gen. Martindale, who said he could not give me one, but advised me to go to the War Department, and that he would precede me to Secretary Stanton and recommend me for a pass, and that I would probably receive a permit to go forward—I acted upon the advice and after answering a few questions promptly and truthfully, I received the desired permission to leave by the transport at eight o'clock next morning. I stayed with Mrs. Robert Farnham that night and next morning when leaving took another bundle of supplies from

her, for the destitute ones.—In the afternoon of the same day I reached the Regiment at Bell-Plain just as my husband was finishing a letter to me in which he was enclosing one from the Col., requesting me to “*come on to the Regiment at once*”—The Regiment had left Falmouth station opposite Fredericksburg on Monday the 12th, and had encamped at Bell Plain, some ten miles nearly east.

They were situated on a high bluff, on the south bank of Potomac creek or bay, at the mouth of the creek from one to two miles from the Potomac river. The land appeared very broken and hilly, and in that vicinity not more than one fourth had the appearance of having been cultivated, much of that was now covered with a growth of slender pines. The soil seemed to have been worn out with tobacco culture at the foot of the bluff on which the Regiment was encamped. The government had built piers and a steamboat landing, for the transports to unload the government stores sent from Washington for the use of the army in this location.

My readers would have been interested I imagine, could they have seen the long trains of Government wagons winding their way over the hills south of us. Those wagons were usually drawn by four (sometimes more) mules, one of which was called the leader, upon whose back was placed the saddle used by the driver. The wagons were covered with canvas to protect the stores they contained. The movement of the wagons was slow rocking from side to side, as the different wheels sank into the deep ruts or soft clay, and often as far as the eye could reach, the long train remained unbroken. I have not the power to do justice by a description of the romantic appearance of the different encampments within the circle of our vision, and you may draw upon your own imagination to assist while I describe them situated as Hamlets of little white cots clustered together, and each Hamlet in close proximity to the other upon the hill side, in the gullies, on the plains, and in the valleys—one vast encampment of cavalry, infantry, and artillery.

But to return, we arrived near dark and after exchanging greetings with many of our

men I looked around for a place of rest—My husband remarked, "I do not know where you will sleep to-night unless in the hospital." At this moment Frank Eaton the Surgeons clerk and one of my former pupils approached me and with a warm grasp of the hand bade me welcome back again, saying, "Mrs. Spencer I have a stretcher upon which I make my bed in the Dispensary, I will give it for your use to night and find some other place for myself.

We went in and took survey of the tent, in one portion I discovered the two large boxes that I had packed at Tenallytown with supplies, and in those boxes my own pillows and bedding. The boxes were placed side by side and I saw that I could make myself a passable bed upon them while Frank could retain his own. I opened one of them and found enough there to make a kind of mattress, but my pillows were gone. Upon inquiring if they were in hospital, the answer was no, Charles the hospital Steward has them, Oh! thought I to myself, how will he ever become "innured to a soldiers life if he treats himself thus softly." "Never mind" said I "my satchel will do for me" and in a short time I had prepared a place for my husband and myself to rest until morning

In the morning Mr. Spencer said. "you will be sorry to hear that young Dollaway lies again very low in the hospital with fever, and I think it is very doubtful if he recovers this time

I said "we will go in and see the patients." We did so and to my dying day I think I'll never forget the sight that met my eyes. The hospital was formed as usual with two large or hospital tents joined together. Upon my left as I went in were ranged bedsteads made of poles, and on the poles were placed the ticks with straw, and upon those beds lay the patients. At my right near the entrance of the hospital in the corner upon straw placed upon the ground lay young Dollaway raving in his fever, a short distance from him on the same side of the tent was the hospital Steward's desk or place for medicines, at which he stood when we entered the ward, beyond him still, and at the joinings of the tents stood the stove. The farther tent had bed-

steads placed on each side, all occupied with patients with the exception of one, and that had lately been vacated by the death of its occupant.

As I looked around and saw the sickening filth of the place, and the faces of the sick, begrimed by dust and perspiration, their clothes disgusting to the sight, my heart gave one great throb of pity and indignation, pity for the poor dying ones who had no kind hand to cleanse and make them comfortable, to bathe their fevered brows, or arrange their heads to ease the painful beating. Indignation towards those who claim to be men yet from some silly prejudice or wicked selfishness or cruelty had deprived those suffering men of the alleviation they might have received from others more humane.

I found in the farther tent a young man named Moshizier lying very low with the typhoid fever, most of the time in a sort of stupor. He had friends in Oswego city and county. Dear sisters were thinking of and anxious for him. I saw that he must die, and was truly thankful that I had arrived in time to relieve his sufferings in a measure, and make his last hours seem brighter; he knew me and called me by name, smiling in a satisfied way.

Young Dollaway recognized me instantly and said, "I am so glad you have come Mrs. Spencer, I will take my medicine now from your hands. 'Hi' is the only one I have to befriend me since Mr. Spencer and you were away, now you have come back I shall get well. He was sensible only at intervals. I had him taken from the ground and placed upon the only vacant bed. Hiram Palmer, the only friend beside us that he claimed, stood over and by him administering to him almost constantly. Another young man by the name of Coon was also very bad with this fever, his friends had come and were attending him.

Regardless of scowling looks, and all the petty annoyances thrown in our way, Mr. Spencer and I by order of Dr. Coe commenced our labors again in hospital.

In the first place we washed the hands, face, and feet, of the patients making them look more human, and feel better, and for every frown we received from our opponents,

a smile was given us by the patients. We were without a tent, and no accommodation offered us by hospital Steward or Assistant Surgeon, whose business it was to see that we had quarters as attendants in the hospital. Some of the men had commenced a stockade tent, but had not finished it, three sides were up and no roof. I took possession of the boxes of hospital supplies which Mr. Spencer and I had begged and collected for the hospital while we lay at Tennallytown, Washington. In those boxes were a supply of sheets not needed for present use. I doubled some of them and with pins and pegs made a roof and the fourth side of the stockade, and with straw gathered here and there by those aiding us, we made a very comfortable bed, while all those assisting us predicted a suffering, freezing time as the weather was now quite cold, but necessity knows no law, this was better than to remain without shelter at all.

January 17th, the Division to which our Regiment belonged was ordered to prepare ten days rations for a march, and to send all their sick and disabled men to General hospital. My husband and I saw Capt. Harney and begged that Haynes, Hart and Walter Van Alstine be sent there as they were neither of them fit for duty. Young Moshizier and Coon had given their lives to the cause and were buried. Young Dollaway yet lived and we were watching anxiously for some change not having much hope as every symptom was bad.

January 18th Dr. Shippen the Medical Inspector of the first army corps came to order the removal of all the sick to the General Hospital at Windmill Point, and other Hospitals. I felt the crisis had come for Dollaway, a removal in his present state was sure death. He was liable to die, yet he might possibly live if allowed to remain a little time longer. I thought of his mother and sisters, I felt that I must act for them. I went up to the Inspector as he sat upon his horse and asked him if he would grant me the favor of allowing this sick one to remain a little while longer, that my husband, Palmer and I would care for him. He look at me earnestly and sorrowfully and said "Madam I am sorry to refuse but it is impossible to grant your request, because

after to-morrow there will be no transportation for the sick from this point." "Oh!" I said "hear me, he is one of my townsmen, his mother is a widow and she is not here to plead for him, I beg of you grant my prayer as you hope for mercy for yourself hereafter." The tears were streaming down my face. His eyes filled and saying "I will look at him again," he dismounted and entered the hospital and was gone but a few moments when he returned to me and said, "I will allow the man to remain, he cannot live until morning, and you can give him burial before you leave." Henry Adriance came over from his Regiment, stayed a short time with him and then returned. The evening approached and passed into the night and yet he lived. Palmer said to me "Mrs. Spencer go to your tent and get some rest and if there is any change I will notify you. I had lain down but a short time when Palmer called me saying, "he is going fast come quick he has his senses. I hastened to his bedside he reached me his hand with a smile then raised his eyes towards heaven and uttered the words, "Mother! Mary!" and was gone to his final rest. The next day we buried him there.

Through the kind recommendation of Dr. Coe, the Col., and others, my husband and I were ordered to report to Dr. Ward, Surgeon of 1st Division, 1st Army corps. Mr. Spencer to act as assistant hospital Steward and Surgeons clerk, and I as Matron of the 1st Division in the hospital at Windmill Point, Dr. Ward being the Surgeon placed in charge.

We went aboard the steamer, and a little before dark landed upon the pier at the Point. The air was cold and the prospect gloomy.

In going from the landing to the hospital grounds I passed several lifeless bodies, stark and stiff in death.—No more suffering now, they had made their last moan while on their passage from their Regiment to this place.

Upon reaching the grounds assigned us we found rough wood buildings erected for hospital cook rooms, and but few tents raised. Men were lying in a dying state, or stretchers, in the cold grey of the evening without shelter or protection of any kind

from the damp dew settling over them. Our Surgeons had procured a hospital tent for their own accommodation. Mr. Spencer found an iron bedstead with permission from the Surgeon to place it in the tent for our use. Before going to rest we found a man lying in the cold outside upon a stretcher, raving in the delirium of fever, we asked a place for him inside the tent for the night, and our request was readily granted by the Dr., although there seemed barely room for the present occupants. We could not sleep for the groans of the sick and dying were incessant and the ravings of the delirious were enough to make us all wild together if we had allowed our minds to concentrate upon their sufferings entirely. Rest we might obtain to a certain amount. The night seemed long and when the day at last appeared, I felt that one more night of suffering and unrest had passed with many of the tortured ones, and to some of the weary warworn souls the everlasting day of eternity had opened to their liberated spirits. No more pain nor suffering, no more starving, no more cold, but heavens eternal joy for them, *ever more, ever more.*

The government was establishing the vast hospital at Windmill Point for the sick and disabled of this grand division of the army. It was situated on the Virginia shore of the Potomac, two miles below Aquia Creek, which was the intended base of supplies and was to be made an important Military Post. In two days there were nearly four thousand inmates in this vast hospital, sent from the different corps in his department of the army, and with tents already up for six hundred more. They intended to establish a hospital for eight thousand. It was not quite a week since the grounds were laid out and the first stakes were driven. Everything was new and disorganized and the patients were rushed on before the hospital was ready for their reception.

The next morning after our arrival there was a general ransacking of haversacks to find something to eat, the commissioners had not arrived with the government supplies of provisions. The men were hungry and nothing but crumbs of hard bread to satisfy that hunger. All that day we fasted, at

night a supply of fresh beef was brought us, the cook-stoves were set up in the rooms,—you should have seen us *all at work* frying the meat by the stoves and upon little fires built over the ground as busy as ever were a swarm of bees when making their honey. The meat had come but no bread.

Dr. Ward became uneasy, this did not suit his ideas of caring for the sick, he was in a quandary what to do. Mr. Spencer proposed that he should send me to Washington to expedite the arrival of supplies. The Dr. was pleased with the proposition and decided that I should go. Therefore the next morning I was furnished a pass and sent for hospital stores, he also gave me a letter of introduction to his wife—who was staying in Washington at the time—with a request from him that she would accompany me to the Christian Commission and get from them transportation, also for a stove for his own use.

On reaching the city I found Mrs. Ward and gave her the letter—after reading which she immediately made herself ready and we called at the Christian Commission rooms and found Mr. Shearer the gentleman in charge present. On making a request for supplies and transportation for the Dr's stove, he replied that it was impossible to get transportation for even a small box that a person might take in their hand, saying "I have thirteen large boxes and fifteen barrels of stores of soft bread and all kinds of food needed, packed already for your hospital, but on making requisition for transportation was positively refused for the present." When hearing this I became excited and said, "I will go to Col. Rucker, I will get the order from him if you will have the supplies ready. A slight sneer was visible on his countenance and a good deal of sarcasm in his tone as he answered, "I hardly think *you* will be able to get such an order when the *Sanitary and Christian Commissions have both failed.*"

"Well" I said now thoroughly aroused, "I will get it, and return soon"—I had made up my mind if Col. Rucker did not give it me, to go to the Secretary of war and if he did not give it, then to the President and if he refused to publish the whole thing to the people.

We left the room, got in the ambulance and repaired to Col. Rucker's Head Quarters. Mrs. Ward felt timid and said she would remain seated in the ambulance while I tried for the order. I mounted the steps and with each step my courage increased, for I thought of our starving men. I opened the door of the office, Col., Rucker sat inside the railing.—The desks were all enclosed by a railing. He looked up, gave me a short, sharp nod and again applied himself to the writing with which he seemed engaged when I entered the room. I dropped into a seat near the door and remained silent and immovable. For some minutes nothing could be heard but the scratching of the pen and crackling of the paper at the different desks.—All at once the Col., closed the large book (with which he had been occupied) with a loud slam—got up and came outside the railing and taking a position in front of where I was seated, said, "Well madam what do you wish?" I arose and looking him firmly in the eye said, "I wish for an order for transportation from you sir to take the supplies of food that the Christian Commission have already prepared for our hospital at Windmill Point. We have nearly five thousand men now lying there sick and in a starving condition." He replied you "cannot have transportation, our orders are peremptory"—I rejoined, "*I must have it.*" He looked at me as if amazed at my audacity, and resumed "*you must have it, what are you in that Hospital?*" I answered, "I am Matron sir of the 1st Division, and I repeat *I must have transportation*, for soft bread and food of other kinds, or our men will die, and I will hold you responsible if you refuse me an order to transport food for our dying men sir." He looked at me a moment before replying, and then said, "they have had bread, three thousand loaves, I sent two thousand day before yesterday and one thousand yesterday, so you see they cannot suffer much for bread." "Not one loaf of bread have they received," I replied, "your Commissaries brought beef last night but no bread." He said "I tell you they have." "And I tell you sir they have not, if they had I should not have come here to you sir."

"*Bless me!* BLESS ME!" he replied, "who

are you any way?" I have told you once before sir, that I am only the Matron or nurse of the 1st Division in that hospital. "Bless me! yes" he said, "what is our army coming to, nearly five thousand disabled men. Madam I think you are the right woman in the right place, only you should be Matron over the whole hospital. Bless me, come to think I sent that bread to the troops instead of the hospital at Windmill Point. Have you got a pass?" I replied in the affirmative, when he said hastily, "give it to me." Thinks I to myself here goes my pass, now what shall I do if he takes it away from me. As I reached him the pass I displayed my ragged glove that hardly held together and scarcely hid the bony sunbrowned hand. My hand looked so comical, outlandish and poverty stricken, and my nerves having been strung to their utmost tension for some time, I had become almost hysterical, although not subject to anything of the kind usually,—I could not control my risable powers and burst into a hearty laugh as he was taking the pass, saying, "please excuse the gloves" His face relaxed from its grimness and a smile spread over it as he said, "never mind the gloves, we will take care of them, how much transportation do you wish an order for?" I answered, "thirteen large boxes and fifteen—" "*Hold on!*" said he tossing the pass to one of his clerk's saying "write on that for Cap. Robinson to give Mrs. Spencer, Matron of Windmill Point hospital, *any and all transportation that she wishes for said hospital.*"

After receiving my pass again and thanking him in behalf of humanity I hastened from the office to the ambulance, telling the driver to take us to the Christian Commission rooms immediately.—I must acknowledge feeling a good deal of triumph when I showed the order to Mr. Shearer, but that triumph was in a measure subdued when told by him "that my permission was to late for the present transportation. He explained by saying that "his faith in my getting the order had not been sufficient to cause him to obtain the team, that the steamer did not take on supplies after five o'clock, it will be past five before we can go to quarter master's department and get the teams to take our freight to the boat"

"Well" said I "the difficulty can be obviated can it not by getting the time of taking on freight lengthened indefinitely? Oh! yes said he but how is that to be done, their rules are established and I do not know how you can change them," "I will tell you" I said "I will go to the proper officer and beg for an extension of time." There was no sarcasm in his voice now or perceptible sneer on his countenance as he said "very well if you choose to try we will do our part and I will send this brother with you to the wharf as company and to assist you." I have never thought I had any pretensions to more than ordinary good looks but I always from childhood believed that I was endowed with a common share of intellect, and shrewdness enough to succeed in whatever I undertook. Mr. Shearer's motive was good no doubt, in offering the services of the brother, and as I turned to look at the man who was to accompany me, I was surprised that he should have shown so little tact in choosing him as an assistant to procure a favor, to be sure no one is to blame for their looks, but looks and manners have their influence, everywhere, especially where you are seeking special favor. This man was lank and lean, of sandy complexion or rather fiery red hair, but the face was his greatest detriment, it was covered with freckles his eyes were reddish brown without a particle of intellect betrayed in them when he glanced at you, but rather a sleepy look that seemed to spread all over the face leaving it entirely expressionless. When looking at him on our way to the dock, I felt a fear in my mind that he would be an obstacle in the way instead of a help.

On arriving at the office we found only the clerk in, Capt. Robinson having gone to the boat. I was about to speak to the clerk when my companion rushed up to make the application, I was desperate, I feared that he might undo with one opening of his broad mouth all I had succeeded in that day. He wore what some call a swallow tail coat, as he rushed by me I caught the skirt of his coat and with all the strength of my arm gave it a jerk backward, at the same time I passed him, saying "let me attend to this business if you please, sir." I did not feel like laughing then, but many

times afterward when alone I have been almost convulsed with laughter when bringing to mind the expression of his phiz, as he turned his head over his shoulder to discover what had got hold of his coat skirts. When he went backward I quietly passed forward to the counter of the office, and as I handed the clerk the pass I had obtained from Col. Rucker I discovered by the look on his face and the merry twinkle of his eye that he had observed the little incident and had as much as he could do to retain a proper gravity of countenance.

He looked at the pass and then at me and said, "when did you receive this?" I answered, "within the hour sir—and all I wish now is to have an extension of time." He replied I would prefer that you should see the Capt. about it he is now at the office on the Pier." After waiting a little time Capt. Robinson came in. He recognized me, as he had given me transportation for the boxes and bundles that I had taken to the Regiment a short time previous. He inquired if I got them on safely. I replied in the affirmative thanking him for the past and asking for a still farther continuance of his kindness, briefly stating the situation of our men, then lying in need. He asked if it would do if he extended the time to half-past five. I told him it would not, as we had so much to get on board. "Well then he said I will extend the time until you get all on board, but be as expeditious as you can."

After thanking him, I took the ambulance, with my now very silent commission man, and returned to Mr. Shearer with the good news. One of the ministers present said, "Mrs. Spencer we shall be as bad off in a week's time may be for means to get supplies to you as we have been, suppose you write to Col. Rucker asking him to continue this kindness to us hereafter." I wrote the letter as requested and left it with the Christian Commission.

Next morning I was on the Boat with all the stores, rich in the feeling that thousands would be made happy that day in having wherewith to satisfy their hunger and besides food I had a quantity of clothing to cover and warm the destitute shivering body. I could not have been more happy to have been proclaimed Queen of all the

earth, unless as such I might have the power to clothe and feed everybody.

On my arrival which was looked for anxiously I was welcomed most cordially by the Surgeon and from that time he was ever a strong friend of my husband and myself and from my inmost soul I respected him; from the first night at the hospital, when he admitted the sick man on the stretcher, where there was barely room to sit it down, and knowing as he must that no one in the tent could sleep on account of the groans and screams that issued from his lips constantly. But mercy seemed one of the main ingredients composing the noble mind of Dr. Ward, and his wife. I see her now in mind, as I saw her there daily—mild, quiet, and even lady-like in her deportment; tender and sensitive, her very look enough to soothe the sufferer in his excruciating pain—her very presence sufficient to bring that peace to our hospital which we might imagine springing from an angels presence. Oh! how often I have wished that I might have been like her, and yet I mused, there should be a variety to make life move on in its true course regularly, as the carpenter requires not only the timber and boards for his structure, but also the spikes, nails, glass, lathe, plaster, brick, stone, mortar, paint and paper to finish his dwelling—So in this life must each one be fitted and endowed according to the position and mission we are destined or called upon to fill—Perhaps Mrs. Ward is the Mary to sit at the Saviors feet and learn of him to soothe and quiet the distressed and sorrowing. May be I am like Martha troubled about many things and better qualified to hew a path through all obstacles. With this reasoning I became better reconciled with my own uncouth ways and manners, and worked on for the cause of liberty.

In about a week from the time I went to Washington the Dr. came to my tent smiling and said "there are several large boxes landed, marked for Mrs. Spencer, Matron of Windmill Point Hospital, by order of Col. Rucker." Thus we were remembered, and never after while remaining there did we lack supplies of soft bread, meat, sugar, tea, or coffee. At the request of our Surgeon one of the Tugs was placed at my disposal

whenever I wished for supplies from Aquia creek.

POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.

Don't fidget with the hands and feet. Let alone the watch chain and necktie. Quiet ease, without stiffness, indicates gentle breeding.

Don't speak of persons, with whom you are only slightly acquainted, by their first name.

Irritability is a breach of good morals as well as good manners. Gentle courtesy we owe to all.

Be punctual. It is always annoying to be kept waiting and often a serious detriment to one's business.

THE TERRIBLE DRINK.

Oh, the drink, the terrible drink,
Making each city and town a sink
Of Misery dire, and fearful to tell
Of the numberless victims sent to hell,

Swearing,

Killing.

Crime no lack,

The terrible drink makes night so black;
The curse of youth and decrepid age,
Adding to thirst instead of assuage!
Continual drink, the drunkard's crave,
Till it drags him down to an early grave.

Oh, the drink, the terrible drink!
See the child from its father shrink
As he staggers home from a night's debauch
His soul on fire from the demon's torch,

Blindly,

Wildly,

Stumbling along,

Crazed with drink, intent on wrong;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Growl at the man as he gropes around;
This is the picture, deny it who can,
Of the downward steps of a fallen man.

Once he was free from the vice but he fell—
Fell, like the angels, from heaven to hell—
Fell, to be mocked at, scoffed at, and beat,
Mingling with filth in the horrible street,

Pleading,

Cursing,

Dreading the worst,
Drinking still deeper, yet greater his thirst,
Till he sickens and falls, degraded and low,
And death is preferred to his abyss of woe!
Merciful God! in thy goodness save
Thine own image from a drunkard's grave.

RELIGION.

True religion

Is always mild, propitious, and humble.
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood;
Nor bears destruction on her chariot-wheels;
But stoops to polish, succor, and redress,
And builds her grandeur on the public good.

GOD IS LOVE.

BY MISS FRANCES L. KEELER.

God is love ! ye nations hear Him;
God is love ! adore, revere Him;
God is love ! ye need not fear Him;
His is tenderest love.
God is love ! and He is holy;
Never false, He loveth truly;
Loveth *all*,—the high and lowly—
With his yearning love.

God is love ! the breezes bring it;
God is love ! the bell-tones ring it;
God is love ! the song-birds sing it;—
God is perfect love !
And the ocean as it foameth,
And the wild wind as it moaneth,
And each season as it cometh,
Tell us God is love.

Every passing breath of even,
Every object under heaven,
All the glory He hath given,
Whispers "God is love !"
Though the aching heart is sighing,
Though life's dearest hopes are dying,
There's an undertone, replying—
God is *lasting* love."

Yes, the clouds that float through ether,
And the stars that shine forever,
E'en the frost-chains and the fever,
Tell us God is love.
Can we, then, crush each desire
Bathed in holy, heavenly fire,
Ever reaching higher, higher,
To that God of love?

Oh, ye angels of salvation,
Strike your lyres through all creation;
Chant this chorus to each nation—
God is holy love;—
Sound it till the earth shall startle !
Let it shine through deaths dark portal !
Breathe it till it grows immortal,
"God is love,—all love."

—•••••
For the Golden Rule.

"GO AND SIN NO MORE."

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

Were all to adopt the language of our Great Teacher, when a brother or sister departs from the path of rectitude, many of the erring ones

of earth, might be saved from sins eternal night and walk again the sunny way of virtue and peace. It is our duty to exerceise charity towards every human being, even though they have fallen low in the fearful depths of sin, and this is a duty that we owe to God and ourselves. It is an utter impossibility to work successfully for their eternal redemption, unless we can in a degree overlook their frailties and forget their imperfections. It may require an effort upon our part to attain to that position, where we can throw a mantle of charity around the fallen ones of earth, yet we are in duty bound to labor on until we gain this grand eminence of nobleness. We know that it is far easier to wrap a garment of self righteousness about ourselves and then say to the erring one. "I am more holy than thou." We know that it is an easy matter to *condemn* others, yet if we do this, we are false to God and humanity.

Condemnation never yet lifted an erring one up to virtue and nobleness. Sneering words and proud looks never caused a child of sin to depart from his evil ways—but they ever tend to bar up the entrance of the soul with evil determinations to persist in a course of folly.

It is the sunbeam that awakens the buds and flowers to new life and not the cold icy winds and driving sleet; and it is kind words that reaches the frozen fibers of the soul, and makes them thrill again with hope and life.

Many a human being like a frail oarless bark has drifted away upon the ocean of sin, because no friendly word was whispered in the ear, or no hand reached out to save the benighted traveller. Perhaps in some unguarded moment he yielded to temptation and departed from the path of right, and then the very friend that should have said "go and sin no more," turned coldly aside and in this way cast the first stone. Ah in the great day of final accounts, it will be known who was responsible for the downfall of that deathless soul.

The human heart at best is a frail thing, and unless the avenues are well guarded that lead into the inner chamber, the tempter will enter, and lead the weak one into sin. Some indeed may withstand the advances of the enemy, yet it illy becomes them to condemn the less fortunate of earth.

"We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak" is proclaimed in the sacred scriptures, and so it is assuredly the duty of those who possess the moral strength to resist temptation to lend a helping hand to the

brother or sister that falters in the conflict. It does not degrade the man who wears the stamp of nobility upon his brow, to reach down a hand toward that sinking brother. It does not lessen the influence of the high minded woman to speak a low word of encouragement to that sister who has taken a step in the wrong direction, for this is the very work that God would have her do.

"Go and sin no more," Oh what a grand meaning in those simple words, where pity, love and tenderness are all combined. What a multitude of sins they cover, and how much light and peace they bring to the hopeless wretched one. Why do we, who profess to walk in our Savior's footsteps, not speak them oftener to the forsaken ones around us? and why do we *ever* leave them unsaid, when souls are perishing to hear their music. Would we be like our lowly Master? Would we go forth upon errands of mercy and love as *He* went forth? Would we put in practice the great lesson of pity and charity that He taught us? If so then let us ever whisper in the ear of the erring "Go and sin no more."

CHRIST'S IMAGE.

BY MRS. E. C. RUDE.

In our parlors we hang our choicest pictures. When the last nook is filled we exclaim, despairingly, "Well! the next must be consigned to the sitting room;" whereupon we close the folding-doors, only to be reopened, when it becomes necessary to rearrange and dust for a visiting occasion.

A modern well furnished parlor is a pretty sight; with its rich furniture, choice statuary, morocco-bound books, tastefully arranged pictures, and showy what-nots with tapering shelves, filled with china vases, bead cushions, shell boxes and the like. It is pleasant to step on the velvet roses and sit on the velvet cushions; but this bears no comparison with the plain family sitting-room, where, evening after evening, the members of the household gather.

The crib in the corner yonder, with the chubby baby in it; the round stand under the looking glass with the lamp and family Bible on it; the dear husband on the couch, with little "three year old" riding on his foot; the young wife at the *escriitoir* writing home to mother; form a pleasing picture indeed; a real live picture of true home comfort; but oh they need the added charm of pictures on the walls.

When I brought my fathers picture home in

its neat oval case of walnut, I hung it in my sitting room. A friend remarked, that I showed but little appreciation of my only parent, by hanging his picture in so common a place. To my mind this is just the place where I want it. Not a day passes but I look up from my work or my book, at his dear face, and call him by all those endearing names with which I so often greeted him in childhood.

It would be cruel to shut his dear form up in a dreary parlor all the winter, until the dust of solitude had gathered on the window pane through which his beaming eyes look on me. Anything but dusty pictures! Yet not only our homes, but our hearts are filled with them.

The picture faces of our dear ones, as well as those other pictures which tend to refine and elevate the heart should not be hung in obscure places, but out in the light where, daily, we may enjoy them.

When Christ is formed within, the hope of glory, His divine impress is stamped upon our hearts. In order to show our appreciation of this heavenly guest we place Him in the "best room" in our hearts, where, on the Sabbath, and in times of special interest, we go with reverential awe, and gaze—simply gaze—then turn again to our every day living room, which is a perfect gallery of worldly scenes, and worldly amusements; which so charm us by their brilliant tints, that we forget for a time the dear face of our Lord.

Every man bears about within the secret chambers of his heart, a picture of his early home. No matter how mean its dimensions, or how rude its surroundings. Time may dim its outlines; but there it hangs, only to be brushed into renewed brightness, every time that the slightest allusion is made to any incident of his boyhood.

Just so it is with Christ's image in the Christian heart. The "light of his countenance" is often dimmed by the dust of neglect; but, with every allusion to that day on which He set us free; with every affliction which tends to make us realize our dependence on Him, comes a refreshing view of His dear image.

FORTY YEARS.—Forty years once seemed a long and weary pilgrimage to tread. It is now a step. And yet along the way are broken shrines where a thousand hopes have wasted into ashes; foot-prints sacred under their drifting dust; green mounds, the grass of which is fresh with the watering of tears; shadows even, which we shall not forget.

THE POET'S CORNER.

For the Golden Rule.

STAND BY THE ORDER.

Stand by the order, all you that are members,
For just is the cause, and you're nobly employed,
To comfort the sorrowing, uplift the down trod-
den

And bind all the broken links, wine has de-
stroyed.

It sure must be time that some measure was
taken,

To arrest the foul fiend, that so long has held
sway,

Polluting our fireside, degrading our loved ones,
And wasting the strength of the nation away.

Stand by the order, Our children will bless us,
Along their bright pathway in ages to come,

That so nobly we fought and justly we conquer-
ed,

And sealed by our efforts the rumseller's doom.

Then stand by the cause with their future to
cheer you,

Though the voice of temptation, sings ever so
sweet,

But take faith for thy mantle and hope for thy
motto,

And with boldness, overcome all the trials
you meet.

Stand by the order, though foes should assail it,
From the cold world without or traitors within,
We'er surely rewarded for all our labors,

If one poor inebriate is saved from his sin,

You that stand silent with arms idly folded,

Awaiting the reaping what others have sown,

Stand idle no longer, you surely will murmur,

If small is your portion of the fruit when its
grown.

Stand by the order though friends should for-
sake you.

Our Savior the cross of his enemies bore

Then should we despair though temptations
surround us

Or pressed on our brow is the rude crown he
wore.

Then let us strive forward each duty fulfilling
Though the good deeds allotted our portion be
small

And push onward and upward the goal we are
seeking

Till Faith, Hope and Charity are accepted by all.

For the Golden Rule.

WHAT IS LIFE.

What is life? tis like a blossom
Borne about upon the winds;
Ere we grasp the fragile flower,
We are swiftly left behind.

What is life? a ceaseless longing,
For the goal we seldom gain,
Ere we reach the longed for harbor,
We are drifting on the main.

What is life? go ask the millions,
Sporting on from morn till night,
But of all that goodly number,
Scarcely one will see aright.

Some will say that life is sunshine
Others but a vale of tears,
Whether shadow or the sunlight
Onward glide the fleeting years.

What is life? go ask the scholar
As he burns the midnight oil,

'If I only reach my haven,
Evermore I'll gladly toil.'

What is life? go ask the mother,
Weeping o'er her first born child,
She will tell you though an infant,
All her sorrow he beguiled.

What is life? go ask the soldier,
On the tented battle plain,
A loud report and all is over,
Thousands numbered with the slain.

Ask the christian, he will tell you
That our life's not made in vain,
If we follow in God's footsteps
We shall some day meet again.

Let us listen to his teachings,
Tread the path that leads aright,
Love, and cheer, our erring brother,
Weary mortal, this is life.

For the Golden Rule.

BE NOT WEARY IN WELL DOING.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Sometimes when I am toil worn and a'weary,
 All tired out with working long and well,
 And earth is dark, and skies above are dreary,
 And heart, and soul, are all too sick to tell,
 These words have come to me, like angel fingers,
 Pressing the spirit's eyelids down to sleep.
 "Oh let us not be weary in well doing,
 For in due season, we shall surely reap."

Oh blessed promise! when I seem to hear it,
 Whispered by heavenly voices on the air,
 It breathes new life, and courage to my spirit,
 And gives me strength to suffer, and forbear,
 And I can wait, most patiently for harvest,

And cast my seeds, nor ever faint nor weep,
 If I know surely, that my work availeth,
 And in God's season, I at last shall reap.

When mind, and body, were borne down completely,

And I have thought my efforts were all vain,
 These words have come to me, so softly, sweetly,
 And whispered hope, and urged me on again.
 And though my labor seems all unavailing,
 And all my strivings fruitless, yet the Lord
 Doth treasure up each little seed I scatter,
 And sometimes, I shall reap reward.

WESTPORT, Wis., March 1870.

For the Golden Rule.

FALSE AMBITION.

BY JOS. PLACKETT.

A tortoise once,
 Poor silly dunce;
 Of ocean sands grew tired,
 And in the sky
 Was fain to fly,
 So highly he aspired.
 He yearned to near
 Some brighter sphere,
 Where life was gayer spent;
 And cried so loud,
 That from a cloud
 An eagle thither went,
 Like some poor wight
 In humble plight,
 The earth was mud to him.
 His native sphere
 Was too severe,
 'Twas paddle, plod or swim.
 Adown the vast
 The eagle passed,
 And bore the tortoise where,
 He soon was left
 To try his deft
 In balancing mid air.
 The giddy light
 Bedimmed his sight,
 With awe his strength gave way,
 When to his ears,
 The eagle's cheers
 Broke forth in rich display,
 Now, look you out,
 I'm just about
 To trust you to your skill,"

The eagle said,
 "And if your head
 Grows dizzy fall up hill."
 For all your bones,
 Against the stones,
 Will crumble into dust,
 If you should fall
 Against some wall.
 Hence, shun them all you must.
 The tortoise sped
 With force of lead,
 Down through the silvery sky.
 His strong made shell
 Ground when he fell;
 Thus did the tortoise die.
 The kingly bird
 His death cry heard,
 And swooped to give relief,
 But only read
 Ambition had
 Come suddenly to grief,
 The fable's old,
 The moral's gold,
 And plain to one and all,
 Ambition's pride
 The weak may guide
 Unto its deadly fall.
 Had he content
 Been to have spent
 His life where it became,
 His tragic end
 Would never lend
 A moral for his shame

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

PROHIBITION.

It is as surprising, as it is lamentable that many professing to be temperance persons, some even who have taken the sacred obligation of the "Good Templar" oppose a prohibitory law. The arguments they use (apparently in good faith) against prohibition, seem very puerile and flimsy. They point to the failure of the Maine Law with an air of triumph and assert that it was worse than no law against the vile traffic. They assure us, that in those localities where prohibition has held temporary sway more drunkenness has prevailed, and that a prohibitory law will only increase instead of remove or mitigate the evils which we deplore. They argue with an earnestness worthy a better cause, that the only effectual way whereby we may hope to decrease the terrible evils of intemperance, is by and through the influence of moral suasion. We have a great deal of faith in moral suasion but not sufficient however, to dispense with those more *weighty arguments* the law and its penalties. Entreaty and example, *may* reach some who would not regard the law or the gospel; can we therefore dispense with these?

Another argument used by the opposers of prohibition, and urged by them as their most important reason for opposing this measure, is, that such a law would be violated. The same argument would apply with equal force to all laws both human and divine; all are sometimes violated, should we therefore repeal all laws established for restraining crime? If there was no sin in the world, no law would be required. The law is for the express purpose of being a terror to, and a restraint upon the evil doer.

They further argue, that we must obey the present vile and unholy law just forced upon us by our legislature. Just here let us cite for the benefit of these very conservative temperance men, the example of those who were opposed to the Maine Law. Did they sit humbly down and say that, "the law

was a hard one, wish there was no such law, but then we can do nothing?" No indeed! though obliged for a time to submit in a measure to the requirements of that law, they at the same time employed all the machinery the evil one was capable of inventing to render the law obnoxious, and thus create so strong a sentiment against it, that they might be able to destroy all faith in it, and in due time work its destruction; and they succeeded. Now, against the wishes of *all* temperance people, and many of those who are far from professing temperance, we have a law forced upon us whose direct tendency is to flood the country with the accursed beverage, destroy the sanctity of the Sabbath, and in every manner, promote debauchery and crime of all kinds. From these cautious temperance men what do we hear? Why, the old old story "we can't do anything but meekly submit to the law." Brothers and Sisters shall we do this? No! no! a thousand times no! Shall we who have right on our side, we who are sustained by the prayers of all sincere followers of Christ, we who have the religion of the meek and lowly One, together with the God of battles arrayed against this evil—shall we who are thus defended show less courage, battle less manfully, than those who fight for an emissary of satan?

The legislature of our State for 1870 has rendered itself for all coming time infamous, shall we also tamper with the unclean thing and become alike guilty? God forbid! Though we are in a measure powerless, we will not submit meekly to these degrading chains, we will cry aloud against the great sin of the age, and especially its rule in high places, we will seek prayerfully and earnestly to know our duty in this matter, and knowing will *dare* to do it. We will labor to the end, that the people of N. Y., shall teach her legislature that they will not quietly submit to unjust and unchristian laws. This we cannot do by crying "peace,

peace, when there is no peace." No half way measure, no compromise with the evil thing will avail us; we must work for prohibition, we must preach, pray, and vote for Prohibition; when we do this we may consistently urge the poor inebriate to leave his cups and follow in the paths of sobriety; then we may be able to convince the sorely tempted, that we have not learned the Lord's prayer in vain, and when we repeat "Lead us not into temptation" our sincerity will not be questioned.

We may deplore the evils of intemperance while time shall last, unless we take some decided stand, aim at some certain point, and then stretch every nerve to gain that point. If men and woman professing temperance were only one-half as much in earnest, one-half as persistent in their efforts to destroy the Hydra headed monster, as the enemies of temperance are in carrying forward their nefarious traffic, not two years would elapse ere the success of a prohibitory law would be assured.

It is in vain to preach against the sin of intemperance while we license and legalize the sale of intoxicating liquors. If the law makes it right for a man to sell, how in the name of all that is reasonable can it be shown to be crime for a man to drink.

It is no longer possible to shirk individual or national responsibility in this matter, the question from very necessity must be consigned to the ballot, and who is willing to assume the responsibility of casting a vote for license and ruin?

We cannot ignore this question longer, the responsibility of deciding this matter is upon us, and men, christian men are to make a record at the ballot box for which the Great Judge will hold them to a strict accountability. Will they vote as an enlightened, educated humanity shall dictate, or while preaching temperance will they by their ballot open wide the flood gates of sin and iniquity. The question is fairly before them and may the decision be one of which they shall not be ashamed.

In many places temperance prayer meetings are being held in connection with Lodges of Good Templars, and are doing a good and much needed work.

A man, 28 years of age came home about 12½ o'clock very much intoxicated, and entered a sleeping room in which were his wife and little son, the latter asleep in the bed, flourishing a large horse-pistol in his hand, broke the furniture, and extinguished the lights. His wife alarmed ran out. The discharge of a pistol attracted the attention of the police, who, entering the house, found the man prostrate on the floor with the pistol in his hand and the little boy dead.

This man it is said was never known before to be intoxicated, but in a moment of temptation he drinks, and under its influence he takes the life of an only child, an idolized boy. He has done that which robs his life of all earthly happiness, and casts a pall of woe on a loving heart which only the reunion in the spirit land shall be able to raise. Reader let us investigate this crime; Let us candidly and impartially seek to understand who or what committed this murder? If it was the man and father who could thus coolly plot against the life of his child, then society demands that he be restrained, confined, where he shall be unable to commit farther crime. But *was it the father?* was it not rather a demon which had entered the place of the father? What was that demon? where his habitation? Are not our loved ones in danger? What guaranty have we that the demon may not enter *our* homes and with bullet, or knife, rob us of our loved and cherished. Ah! that demon was alcohol, 'twas he that killed the child. His throne is everywhere, his victims are innumerable. Our loved ones are constantly exposed to his pestilential breath. The very air we breathe is made loathsome by the oaths and blasphemy of those possessed with this fiend: What shall we do? What *can* we do to remove the curse, to save the innocent? Will we be more forbearing with this beast so ravenous, than we were with our human brother who for the taking of one life, we stretched between the heavens and earth? No, in the name of justice and a suffering humanity! Alcohol is the acknowledged destroyer of its thousands and its tens of thousands of human lives and hopes, and it deserves no mercy, should be shown none. Plead no longer ye "half persuaded" temperance men for license for the murderer alcohol, urge not solely the beautiful doctrine of moral suasion. Bring th

strong arm of the law to the rescue. When you go to the ballot as you must soon, with this great question, take the pleading face of the murdered child with you, and the darkened, agonized heart of a bereaved mother. Think of the fond father in a lone felons cell, his heart the darkest, blackest, most bereft of all, and in the light of these witnesses show by your honest straightforward *Godly* vote, that you wash your hands clean of this foul thing.

COUNTY LODGE AT CUBA.

The Co., Lodge for Allegany County, Convened at Cuba, at two o'clock P. M. April 12th. Some ten Lodges were represented by delegates duly credentialed, who invariably reported the increased and still increasing prosperity of their lodges.

The machinery of a Co. Lodge is not at all complicated, yet it nevertheless requires some little time to get it in thorough, systematic, and efficient working order. The danger is, that those engaged in the work having perhaps but little faith when they commence, and the prospects a little discouraging at first, yield too readily to obstacles and abandon the project.

Perseverance is requisite with the largest Faith and Hope and the broadest Charity, to carry forward to a successful termination any great moral reform. County Lodges we believe to be a very important medium for accomplishing the great temperance work.

If all the subordinate Lodges were to take the interest in the County Lodge, that its importance demands, each Lodge being represented by faithful, earnest delegates, what a power for good would they become. We do wish that subordinate Lodges would appreciate the importance of this agency for work.

This was the second meeting of the Allegany County Lodge, and we could not fail to notice on the part of its officers and members a zeal and earnestness in the prosecution of the temperance work, which augurs eventually a triumph of the principles of prohibition in that Co., at least.

Bro. Sherer from Andover, reported that in that place they had elected a temperance ticket, and that for the past year they had had

no license in that town, also, that business had never been better than at present, a practical refutation of the argument that no license in a town surrounded by places where license is furnished will ruin the business prospects of such towns. Andover's business thrives while the 'demon alcohol is not licensed to hold high carnival in her boundaries.

Bro. C. M. Bruce made an earnest and hopeful plea for prohibition. Sister E. S. Bruce said that "Cuba was progressing, she had elected a temperance Justice for the first time." Sister Bruce eloquently urged the duty of Good Templars and Christians to take hold of this matter with decision, and earnestness.

Resolutions were adopted, urging the institution of Cold Water Temples every where, and commending the GOLDEN RULE to the patronage of all Good Templars and temperance people.

A public meeting was held in the evening at the Presbyterian Church, at which brief addresses were given by Co. Templar, Dr. Cutler; G. D. D. J. E. Chapin and Rev. S. B. Dickinson. The choir furnished soul inspiring music. The remarks of Bro. Cutler when alluding feelingly to his own bitter experience with the hydra headed demon alcohol, and expressing his thankfulness for a release from a thralldom more terrible than that of a southern slave, were of touching interest. Bro. Cutler is no milk-and-water Good Templar, but a thorough, earnest hearted and determined temperance man, who knows whereof he affirms, who believes not only in preaching and praying temperance, but in living, working and *voting* temperance.

Bro. Chapin and Dickinson as well as Bro. Cutler all plead earnestly for prohibition. The Co., Lodge adjourned to meet at Rushford the 2d Tuesday in July.

"I will tell you," said a gentleman not long since, when conversing with a friend on temperance, "how much it cost me to open my eyes on this subject. I commenced house-keeping with a beautiful supply of liquors; I continued in this way until my son became a drunkard. Then my eyes were opened."

The 15th Amendment is hailed with rapturous delight by the friends of human progress the world over; while the noble heroes who through so many long weary years, suffered obloquy and received only the taunts of their countrymen for their efforts in emancipating a long down trodden, much abused race, must feel a measure of thankfulness and "peace that passeth all understanding."

All honor to those noble pioneers in the cause of human liberty. Did ever crowned head receive the homage that the lives of such men as Win. Lloyd Garrison, Fred Douglas, John Brown, Parker Pillsbury, Lucretia Mott, Charles Sumner and the many other brave leaders in this cause command? Let the unbounded success which has crowned their efforts encourage those working in the temperance reform to renewed and untiring devotion. When God and justice is on the side of reform, let its advocates never be disheartened for "Ever the right comes uppermost and ever is justice done."

The Tax payers and citizens of school District No. 4 in Gaines, Orleans Co. N. Y., discussed and unanimously adopted, the following preamble and resolution.

"Whereas, The use of tobacco and all intoxicating liquors as a beverage has come to be regarded as not only unnecessary but highly pernicious; therefore.

"Resolved 1st, That no lady or gentleman who indulges in their use is duly qualified to teach in any district school.

"Resolved 2d, That the employment of any teacher who is addicted to the use of either is most injudicious, and will not be tolerated."

This is timely and exceedingly appropriate. Such resolutions should be passed by every school district in the County and State, and carried out to the very letter. Then let individuals discuss, and each resolve, that as they value life and health, they will not entrust either to the Physician who indulges in stimulants. Then still farther as a person cherishes property and law let no one who takes "a little wine for the stomach's sake," administer, law and justice for you and yours. Could resolutions like these be carried into all the relations of life such a public sentiment would soon be created that fashionable drinking or drunkenness in high life would be unknown.

The order of Good Templars was never more flourishing, or doing a better work than at the present time.

TAKE NOTICE.

For five subscribers to the GOLDEN RULE at \$1.50 each, we will give a copy of the GOLDEN RULE extra, and the book *Elm Magoon*, written by Mrs. F. D. Gage, and universally acknowledged to be the best temperance story ever written. Bro's and sisters, a little energy on your part will introduce the only Good Templars Magazine published into all our Lodges. An agent wanted in every Lodge in the land to whom the above inducement or special commission will be given. One agent sent us a list of 50 new subscribers in one letter. Specimen numbers only ten cents.

We have received the second No., of the GOOD TEMPLAR, the official organ of the 1st Grand District of New York. It is a worthy undertaking, and ably conducted as it is, will do much to promote the good of the Order in that locality. We hope it may be well sustained. The reports it gives of the prosperity of the order in that section are encouraging, showing that there is a deep seated and earnest awakening of interest upon the vital question of temperance. We believe this increased interest is wide spread and almost universal and God grant that it may continue to enlarge its borders until the great sin of intemperance shall not find a resting place in our fair land.

We welcome the GOOD TEMPLAR to our table.

Open Temperance organizations are being founded throughout the country, and in conjunction with the Good Templars are educating public sentiment which shall yet drive intemperance from its strong hold. The signs of the times indicate that a temperance party will be organized, and that the question will be submitted to the ballot.

The Sixteenth Annual Session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge meets at St. Louis, Mo., commencing the 4th Tuesday in May next. The following are representatives from this State. Mrs. A. T. Randall, Mrs. R. H. Spencer, of Oswego; Joseph H. Petty of N. Y.; Rev. M. E. Dunham, of Utica alternates as follows, J. N. Stearns, of N. Y.; W. M. Ireland, of Utica; J. H. Sanderson, of Rochester; S. K. Pratt of Adams

Mrs. A. T. Randall is spending some time before the meeting of the R. W. G. L., in the west attending institutes and giving readings.

Golden Rule.

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MAY, 1870.

No. 5.

HAVE A GLASS, GUARD.

BY M. A. PAULL.

"Isn't it a cold morning, Harry?"

And as she spoke, a bright, pretty looking girl advanced to the open door of the cottage kitchen, by which there entered at that moment a handsome young guard, dressed for his journey, with a rug on his right arm and his cap in his hand; he laid them on the first chair, and caught the girl in his arms.

"You dear, good little pet, to get up so soon and have everything so nice and ready for me," he said as he kissed her; "come along, pour out your coffee, Patty, I am quite as late as I ought to be, too late for the chat I should like to have with you before I go."

Patty poured the steaming coffee into the large breakfast cup, sugared it to his taste, served up a large rasher of bacon, brown and frizzled, on a clean white plate, and sat down beside her lover. It was a very merry breakfast that, with a good many loving interruptions, and Harry made Patty drink the fragrant coffee from his cup, and flattered her pretty looks the while. Harry Vernon, guard on the —— railway, had about a year before taken up his abode as a lodger in the neat cottage of Mrs. Leslie, a widow residing with her only daughter at a short distance from the station which was the provincial terminus of that line. Patty Leslie, a sunny tempered girl of about twenty-two summers, as good as she was pretty, had soon won his heart; and now after some happy months, for the young couple the wedding day was fixed, and only

two weeks more were to elapse before their joy was to be consummated.

"I *must* go, Patty," said Harry Vernon, looking at his watch, "It is nearly a quarter past six, I wish I could take you with me, dear;" he smoothed her tumbled hair and kissed her again as they arose from the table; then he caught up his rug and cap, set the latter jauntily on his glossy black curls, and still lingered. Patty stood at the open door; it was a bright frosty morning in March, the silvery rime decked every bough of the leafless trees, and glittered in the early sunlight.

"I shall be back in thirty-six hours, it isn't so very long in reality, is it Patty?"

"No, dear;" but there were tears in her eyes as she looked lovingly at him, though she spoke so cheerfully.

"Nonsense, darling," he said, why, what sort of a guard's wife will you make, if you can't part without crying?"

"Won't the rails be dreadfully slippery?" she asked.

"Nothing to hurt Patty. Why, what makes you so nervous, dear?"

"Be sure and take care of yourself, Harry."

"Of course I shall, I don't mean to be cheated out of my dear little Mrs. Vernon, and shan't I be proud of her?" and he drew her arm within his, and bent over her till he reached her lips again.

"For shame, Harry," said Patty the bright color flushing brow and cheeks and neck.

I *must* go now; good-by, Patty, mind and

have the kettle boiling at seven to-morrow night, and yourself in your sweetest smiles."

"Good-by, dear Harry, of course, I will."

There was another embrace, and Patty, cold as it was, stood and watched the tall, handsome figure of the young guard till it was lost to view; he turned many times before then, though, and gallantly waived his cap at the last moment before the curve in the road shut her out from his sight. He had a very fair picture to look at, her short natural curls of rich brown hue formed a beautiful ornament to a well shaped head, her fair complexion deepened into a rosy tint on either cheek, her hazel eyes were full of womanly tenderness and sweetness; and as she stood in her dark print gown with a snowy collar around her pretty throat, Harry thought there could not be a lovelier little woman in the world; and Patty said to herself, "Dear fellow, how handsome he does look," and turned indoors again, half envious of the ladies and gentlemen who would see him before her eyes again met his; half an hour later, she heard his whistle as the train started from the station, and then she arranged the table for her mother's breakfast and set to work at some ironing.

Three hours later, after a quick run through the country, which sparkled as gloriously with the sunlit frost as if the earth were crusted with gems, the engine came panting into E—— station, with the long train of carriages behind it; two young men got out from a second class compartment and met the guard as he emerged from his van.

"How long do we stop, guard?"

"Fifteen minutes, sir."

"Long enough to stretch our legs; it's a cold day; just see to our traps, will you?"

"With pleasure sir."

Harry was in very gay spirits that morning; a healthy body, the love in his heart, the fine air, the beautiful country, all made him light hearted and merry. The young men walked away arm in arm; they returned after ten minutes' absence, and found Harry walking up and down the platform.

"Our seats kept?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right," said one.

"Have a glass, guard?" said the other.

"Thank you, sir, I've no objection, Harry answered, and the three entered the refreshment room together.

"What will you take, guard?"

"Oh! nothing like brandy said the other answering before Harry Vernon could speak "nothing like brandy such a morning as this; it keeps the cold out. Three glasses of brandy!" The waitress served them there was a few meaningless jokes to be exchanged with her, and two flasks were presented by the travelers to be refilled.

"Don't you carry a flask, guard?"

"No, sir, I don't."

"Then you ought to, you must have another glass before you start."

"Oh, thank you, sir, I mustn't trespass on your kindness."

"Nonsense! Here Miss, refill this glass will you?"

"How is Miss Leslie, Mr. Vernon?" asked the waitress, simpering. She knew Harry very well and had once or twice seen Patty.

"Hallo! there's a Miss Somebody, is there? Well, you're a jolly looking fellow. I don't wonder at a girls falling in love with you."

"Train's due," said Harry with a merry smile, and he left the refreshment room to hurry people into their carriages, and then jumped in himself, and was soon whirling away toward London.

Another stoppage, and again Harry was treated to a glass of spirits by an old lam gentleman whom he helped across to the waiting room; between this and the next station he felt giddy and stupid, and feared he had taken a chill through exposure to the cold air, so he took a glass of grog 'medicinally,' expending for it a sixpence that a lady had given him for some little service rendered to her.

On again, and now Harry felt drowsy and listless, and sank into an uneasy slumber starting every now and then, and saying to himself, "Wake up man this will never do."

But he relapsed into silence and sleep for there was a long run now without stoppages, and he felt less uneasy as he remembered this. Half an hour passed, and then as they dashed past a station the red signal warned the engine driver of danger.

He immediately slackened speed, but there was no answering curb on their swift progress from the break-van of the guard, Harry Vernon.

"Bill, how's this?" cried the engine driver in much surprise and alarm to the stoker, "what's become of Vernon, that he does not attend to his breaks, surely he must have seen; look out, mercy on us, there's no escape!"

At that moment, as they turned a curve in the line, a goods train was seen but a short distance in advance of them, and in barely a minute there was a dreadful collision as the engine of the advancing train rushed upon it.

"We're lost!" cried the poor driver, and in a few more moments his mangled form lay bleeding on the ground. Five passengers were killed, the rest only escaped with severe bruises; and the guard's van and its handsome young occupant were dashed into pieces. Poor Harry Vernon paid with his life for the intoxicating drink he had that morning swallowed. The condition of the breaks proved that he had not been attending to his duty at the time of the sad catastrophe, and his quiet face with its closed eyes showed no trace of fear or alarm at the accident: he had slept a drunken sleep, and in that sleep had been called away from earth: only the stoker was left to explain the dreadful accident.

That evening Patty Leslie went on an errand into the town from which her lover had that morning started; she came back with a hurried step, a white face, and trembling lips; "Mother," she said, as she entered the cottage, "there's been an accident on the railway; my Harry is—killed," and she fell senseless to the ground.

Nearly a week passed before the shattered remains of Harry Vernon; inclosed in a neat coffin, were brought to the widow's cottage for burial, and it was a mournful little funeral that issued from it. Patty rose from a sick bed to follow her lover to his last resting place; but the poor girl tottered from the carriage to the grave side leaning on her aged mother's arm, and looking a mere wreck of her former beauty. Many an honest heart ached for her whose young life, just at its brightest period, had been so sudden-

ly, so terribly clouded. At the inquest over the dead bodies, Harry's conduct had naturally been severely censured by the coroner and jurymen, and this added one more pang to the widowed heart of poor Patty. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, "if no one had treated him he never would have taken to drink; he has told me over and over that it was the gentlemen's kindness in offering it that made it so hard for him to refuse; and then when he was once set off he felt as if he wanted more. Oh! they shouldn't blame my Harry for what wasn't his fault."

This, perhaps, was a loving woman's logic, and not very sound; but we long to be able to induce all travelers to pause ere they tempt a fellow being to an indulgence that may prove so fatal both to him and to themselves, if the poison should operate to such a degree as to cause an absence of that promptitude and vigilance which sober guards have often so nobly manifested, and which has so often been the means of saving precious lives and valuable property. It will surprise many a thoughtless passenger to be told the number of railway accidents that have arisen from treating guards and engine drivers to the accursed drink.

THE INVASION OF RIGHTS.—Says the TEMPERANCE ERA: "There are suffering women in all our cities and large towns, who have rights, that we, as a liberty loving people should guard and protect. These rights are sacred, and it is a libel upon our christianity and humanity that a single one of these should be left worse than widowed upon God's fair footstool. There are children growing up in ignorance and squalor, who are left to all the pestilential influences of vice, and the temptations surrounding abject poverty, all owing to the fact that selfishness and indifference permits, nay countenances, the whiskey saloon and the beer grocery in their daily work of corruption and destruction. When we build orphan asylums, and nobly give to the aid of those whose parents have been removed by death, shall we not pause and think for a moment of those worse than orphans, whose parents are long dying upon the earth, the victims of ungodly and gain-seeking wretches."

A TEMPERANCE REVIVAL.

How can it be Effected.

BY HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

If a pestilence were raging in the land spreading from city to city, from hamlet to hamlet, filling our cemeteries with graves and our houses with mourning, every lover of humanity would feel it a duty to use his utmost influence to arrest its deathly progress. Every preventive to its spread would be tested. Every habit of life that contributed to its progress would be abandoned. Boards of health would appeal to the people. The press would vigorously second these appeals. And organizations of those who appreciated the danger would labor personally with those less informed to induce them to aid in arresting the march of the destroyer.

But a more fatal epidemic than the cholera from the jungles of India, or the yellow fever from the malaria of the tropics, is in our midst. Not as an occasional visitor. Not to yield to the health reviving frosts of the autumn. But, year after year, in winter as well as in summer, acclimated and nationalized, it goes on with its work—sweeping on, almost unchecked, in its career of horrid triumph.

More numerous than ever before are the devotees of this self destroying habit of intemperance. Sadder than ever before is the record of its woes. Gloomier than ever before the prospect before us, unless the public mind can be appealed to more successfully than during the past ten years. I scarcely dare quote statistics, they appear so appalling in the aggregate. But when I state that those who have given the closest attention to the subject estimate that the amount paid for liquor by retail throughout the land annually equals one-third of our entire national debt; that there are four hundred thousand more persons in the United States engaged in manufacturing and selling intoxicating beverages than there are pastors of all our churches—Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile—and teachers in our schools and colleges; that fully one-half of all the murders, felonies, breaches of the peace, and pauperism, can be traced directly to intemperance; and that every year fifty thousand of our citizens: an army in number, go down to drunkards' graves—you may make as large a discount as you choose from these estimates, and what is left is enough to make any unhardened heart sad indeed. During the last year an increased interest has been manifested in this subject, and meetings

in many localities have been more frequent. But before last year, it might be safe to say that during the past ten years there has not been an average of more than one or two public temperance meetings per year in every township and ward of the United States, taking the whole country together.

I do not intend to discuss in this article the question whether the attempts to check or suppress intemperance by "legal suasion" namely, by positively prohibiting the sale of intoxicating beverages, or by the organization of a temperance party, have or have not advanced the result all philanthropists have much at heart—the redemption of our deluded fellow-men from the thralldom of this evil. I know how many of the purest and truest men and women believe that *that* is the way which is wisest and best. I realize the logic of the theory. But in all reforms we should rather labor for beneficent results than for the triumph of any theory.

Without criticising any other plan of labor, therefore, or arguing against any other theory, I asked to be permitted to suggest what I regard as the most effective way to awaken the much needed Revival of Temperance in our land. It involves personal effort and unremitting labor. It elevates the idea of individual responsibility. It does not content itself with one, or two, or half a dozen public temperance meetings per year. It remembers that, to promote religion, faithful, constant, persistent, continuous work is needed—that an edifice of constant preaching of the Word, the oft and oft reiterated appeal to the sinner, the Sabbath and week-day meetings from year to year, and those other indications of a healthy, effective, active, and growing church. What I propose, is similar labor, animated by a similar spirit, and imbued with a similar individual responsibility, which looks on every inebriate as a brother, fallen though he may be, and holds out a helping hand to save him from the destruction to which he is hastening, and to restore him, clothed in his right mind, to family and friends. It is so persistently and unrelentingly present facts and arguments before the minds of all, that the rising generation may be thoroughly fortified against its temptations; preserved from them, and that those who drink moderately may realize their danger, and, not for their own sake, yet for the example upon others, voluntarily surrender such habits.

The intelligent reader will see that what I allude to is the revival, as far as practicable

that kind of labor known thirty years ago as the Washingtonian Reform, whose ruling principle was "to persuade rather than compel." Its wonderful history has not faded away from the public mind. Never was there such a work accomplished in any nation. Never were there more beneficent results from any earthly effort. Never was there more labor cheerfully performed. Never did the labor bring forth such good fruit in joy, in the hearts of all the laborers.

Its inauguration was so extraordinary that it may be deemed providential."

It was on the 5th of April, 1840, that six men, sitting in a bar-room at Baltimore, resolved, by a happy impulse, to abandon their drinking habits, and to pledge to each other total abstinence for life. Their names were W. K. Mitchell, J. N. Hoss, D. Anderson, G. Stears, A. Campbell, and J. N. Curley. On adopting this resolution they determined to organize a society, to name it the Washington Temperance Society, and to endeavor to induce other drinking men to join them in it. By November, 1840, they had increased to nearly one hundred, all won by personal effort; and they then held their first public meeting at Masonic Hall, and to a crowded audience explained their organization and its plans.

The points thus presented by them were:

1. "A pledge of total abstinence the only requisite of membership." The pledge to be circulated at *all* meetings, and every one individually asked to sign it.
2. "Moral Suasion" to be the means used to induce others to adopt their principles.
3. "Every man to come himself to the meeting, and to bring a man with him."
4. "Personal experience" to have precedence over all other addresses.
5. "No creed in religion nor party in politics" to be recognized; and no political or religious action to be introduced into their operations.

The last point was carried at first further even than this, some objecting to prayer at the opening of their meetings; but this prejudice rapidly disappeared, and the distinction was made thereafter between sectarianism and reverential acknowledgment of the Divine.

From such a small and apparently unpromising beginning of drinking men over their cups in a bar-room, this movement rapidly grew developing a power which attested how it had struck the public heart. Of its triumphs during that Golden Era of Temperance I need not speak at length. Hundreds of thousands of

drinking men were reclaimed, and hundreds of thousands of miserable families lifted into supreme happiness. Wherever drinking men were induced by the appeals of friends or former boon companions to attend these meetings, nine-tenths of them yielded to their new and happy surroundings, signed the pledge, and entered upon lives of total abstinence. Saloon-keepers were themselves converted, and abandoned their business. Others yielded to the beseeching appeals of committees of wives and daughters of those who had wasted their substance and stupified their brains at their bars. Others sold their stock, and it was poured out into the streets in presence of enthusiastic assemblages. Others were starved out from the loss of customers. Like the prairie fire, the good cause swept rapidly over the land. Week after week the meetings went on, the labor cheerfully given, because the results were so happy. Song and oratory were added to the original programme of personal experience. But THE PLEDGE, and the individual responsibility of all, was kept uppermost. "Come yourself and bring a man" was the constant injunction. There was no inebriate who was not appealed to over and over again, with the kindest but most persistent solicitations. There was no moderate drinker who was not personally warned that every drunkard began his fatal and downward career by being a very moderate drinker; and that the only safety the only sure wall of defense was total abstinence. And God's approval of the work was seen in the many religious revivals that followed these temperance revivals, and the conversion of thousands who had not entered a church building for years till persuaded to attend a temperance meeting within its walls.

In this great work lawyers and doctors, ministers and exhorters, teachers and statesmen, joined with the reformed on the common platform of the Pledge. And, before it spent its force, it had gathered millions, including nearly all the youth of both sexes, into its organization; for statistics show that over two hundred and fifty thousand were pledged in the state of Ohio alone. All that it effected for our land no one can calculate. Its results, eternity only can reveal.

Some may insist that it was too narrow in its sphere. To this the answer is, that it was blessed as no other movement of the kind has been. Whether its persuasive character, its earnest sympathy with the inebriate, its doctrine of individual responsibility, its incul-

cations of willing, hearty labor on all, gave it this strength, I do not attempt to argue. But the country longs for another revival of the same character and power for good. And I believe it is ripe for it. In it, Church and Sabbath school, men and women, the learned and unlearned, of all denominations and of none, must join. THE PLEDGE must be the banner of the cause. Sympathy for the fallen must be its inspiration. And with that inspiration I sincerely believe the whole country could be stirred, as in that era of the past, when the heart of every lover of humanity rejoiced at the triumphs of a cause which elevated and blessed and honored all who yielded to its influence.—[From the Independent.

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 "SOMETIMES—It is a sweet, sweet song, warbled to and fro among the topmost boughs of the heart, and filling the whole air with such joy and gladness as the songs of birds do when the summer morning comes out of darkness, and day is born on the mountains. We have all our possessions in the future which we call *sometimes*. Beautiful flowers and singing birds are there, only our hands seldom grasp the one, or our ears hear the other. But, oh, reader, be of good cheer, for all the good there is a golden "*sometimes*;" when the hills and valleys of time are all passed; when the wear and fever, the disappointment and sorrow of life are over, then there is the place and the rest appointed of God. Oh, homestead, over whose roof fall not shadows or even clouds; and over whose threshold the voice of sorrow is never heard; built upon the eternal hills, and standing with thy spires and pinnacles of celestial beauty among the palm trees of the city on high, those who love God shall rest under thy shadows, where there is no more sorrow nor pain, nor the sound of weeping, "*sometimes*."—[Prentice.

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 A pleasant story comes from Washington county. Two young men took two young ladies out riding, and stopped at a hotel, went in to drink, leaving the ladies out in the cold; whereupon one lady got in the other's cutter, and the two indignantly drove home, as they should have done, leaving their ungallant attendants to follow at their leisure.

PLANS FOR SUMMER.

It is now really the opening of spring, and planning for the summer is in order. Upon this subject we have a suggestion or two to offer. You who plan for a season's *work*, so shape your plans as to include also a little *play*. From April to December inclusive—about the range of farming season—is too long a time for interrupted labor. Somewhere in mid-summer, when the heat is scorching and work is more than ever a burden, there should come a few days of rest and recreation, enjoyed in travel and sight-seeing.

Americans, as a people, are great travelers, but those travel, chiefly, who do not earn their right to recreation by diligent toil, while those who most richly deserve it stay patiently at home. If a week's tour be included in the season's outlook,—off to the sea-shore or the mountains, or up the lakes,—it will prove an excellent incentive. Looking ahead to a change of scene, husband and wife will labor all the more earnestly through the months that precede it, and will come back to renewed work with renewed vigor. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and operates on housewives and their worthy husbands in the same way precisely.

The summer jaunt should not be considered a possibility, merely, with a whole train of ideas before it. It should be regularly included in the calculation as to yearly outgo, and may be charged to Hygenic in the account, if you feel a trifle delicate about expending fifty or a hundred dollars for pleasure solely. Better is it to quicken the sluggish system by a lively recreation than to call in the doctor's services to the same end. Travel is a wholesome invigorator physically; As a mental tonic it is invaluable. The man or woman who practices taking a yearly tour for very love of it, will never become a miserable hypochondriac. Men and women,—women especially,—need mental tonics. Shut in from much that refreshes the mind, and with few agencies, comparatively, stimulate thought, the latter require just such mental stimulus as the summer jaunt will give. They should not be deprived of it. Therefore good, careful husbands, plan for a brief rest.

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 A Temperance lecture in five lines:

"Charles Snyder, of Middletown, cut the throat of his wife with a razor, Thursday, and afterward attempted to commit suicide by cutting his own throat. *He was a drinking man.*"

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

BY JAMES HARRIS.

These subjects relate to two parties; First, That one who speaks truth or falsehood; Second, That one to whom it is spoken. I propose to consider this matter only in relation to the first party, and as to that in two views. First, whether there be any, and what law, which requires that the truth should be spoken: and 2nd what good or evil one may do to himself by lying. 1st, one reason why truth should be spoken is, that the knowledge which any one person can have from the use of his own senses, in many things which it most materially concerns him to know is very limited, he must therefore often depend for his knowledge on what others say to him; and when the thing spoken of is exclusively known to the party speaking, the other must rely entirely on what he says, if, therefore it be considered how great a part of the most serious concerns in life proceed on declarations made by one person to another, we may readily conceive, that if these could not be relied on, the affairs of mankind would be greatly embarrassed, and confidence in each other would be destroyed. As this matter of speaking the truth is one that concerns all persons, so all persons agree in holding all liars in contempt, even the very lowest persons consider themselves to be disgraced when charged with the guilt of lying. They can endure charges which would subject them to public punishment, with more composure than they can endure this. A lie is always understood to be resorted to, to secure some advantage or prevent some evil to the person who resorts to it; or to occasion some disadvantage or injury to the person to whom or of whom, the lie is told; Sometimes both these purposes concur. The object in view is always an immoral one, and the means used are always regarded as disgraceful. It is at once obvious that wilful falsehood is forbidden by natural law, which is intended to regulate our social relations, and is expressly forbidden by Divine Law, which condemns all acts of fraud and deceit, and commands us to "do to others as we would that others should do unto us."

2nd, It is a rare occurrence that any one who descends to falsehood succeeds in the object which he may have in view. He is commonly detected and if not is suspected, which may operate quite as much to his disadvantage. If he should be able to escape detection and suspicion, he lives in constant fear of both. He has a very troublesome secret to keep. If he

should be able to do this, still he cannot hide it from himself that he is a liar; and such a person, by natural justice, is compelled to pass that sentence upon himself, which he knows that others would pass upon him, if they were as well informed as himself. A liar is therefore obliged to feel like a guilty person, and a habitual liar very soon comes to look like one. If there were no higher motive than one's own interest and welfare in speaking the truth and avoiding falsehood, this is a very sufficient one. If a man is known to be a person unworthy of confidence when he speaks, he has not the benefit of being credited even when he speaks the truth; he voluntarily deprives himself of the advantages of social life; his assertions secure to him no credit; his promises are condemned; he makes himself to be alone in the very bosom of society, for every one shuns him. In the administration of justice in Courts a person is not regarded as a witness, whose common reputation is that he is not believed when he speaks. The objection to him is not that he might not tell the truth in the matter which is on trial, but that such a person ought not to be received as a witness because he cannot be credited in anything that he says. When such a person has been examined as a witness, it is usual to examine witnesses to prove his character; and if it be proved that he is unworthy of credit, what he has sworn to is discharged, though he may have declared the truth. This is the common fate of all such unfortunate persons in society; as well as in courts. Independently of the criminality, lying is poor policy. If the object be to obtain a supposed good, it rarely is obtained by such means; and if it be, the price so paid must always be greater than the good is worth. If the object be to conceal a wrong done, it is rarely successful; and if not it leaves the offender without excuse for his error, and adds another wrong. In short it is very difficult to violate any law of nature, justice or divine prohibition without encountering an adequate punishment; and it may be assumed that the punishment which follows lying is as certain and just as in any instance of criminality. If every tenant of every prison, and if every person who is in the custody of a goading conscience, were asked this question, What was your first step from innocence and purity? he would probably answer, "telling a lie."

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The words that bear a mission high,
If music-hallow'd, never die!

THE WASTE OF DRAM DRINKING.

John Adams, the second President of the United States, in 1761 wrote:

"The plentiful use of spiritous liquors begins with producing a strange confusion of mind, appetite and passions too violent for the government of reason; proceeds to involve men in debts, and of consequence in lying, cheating, stealing and sometimes in greater crimes; and ends in total and incurable dissolution of manners.

We can notice the effects of spirituous liquors upon the mind and passions at this day—from the reports of assaults with intent to kill; from the accounts of shootings and murders by persons when in a state of intoxication; from the pauperism and taxes caused by the use of strong drink; from the misery and wretchedness produced in families and in social life—without believing that they are "plentiful reason," and that the much better and safer way is, not to use, as a beverage spirituous liquors.

There is no questions that at least nine-tenths of all the pauperism in this country is caused directly by intemperance. Investigation clearly shows this to be a fact. Our poor houses reveal this truth, and from them we learn that but for intemperance they would be almost tenantless. If men would give up the use of intoxicating liquors, there is hardly a poor house or pauper establishment in the country over whose door might not soon be written the words: "To Let."

A laboring man coming out of one of the gin shops of London a few years ago, saw a carriage and pair of horses standing near the door, and two women richly dressed came out of the building, the lower story of which was occupied as a dram shop, and were handed into the carriage by the proprietor of this "gin palace." The laborer stepped back into the bar-room and asked the owner, "Whose is that establishment?" The man of gin replied, "It is mine, and my wife and daughter have gone out to ride." The laboring man bowed for a moment, and then looked up and said, with an energy that made the man of gin think his customer had a sudden attack of delirium, "I see it! I see it! 'See what?' 'See where my wages for

years have gone. I helped pay for that carriage, and for those horses, and for the silks and laces and jewelry for your family; the money that I have earned, that I should have used to furnish my wife and children with a good home and with good food and clothing, I have paid to you, and with my wages and the wages of other laboring men, you have supported your family in elegance and luxury. Hereafter my wife and children shall have the benefit of my labor, and I shall endeavor to persuade my fellow workmen to do as I intend, with the help of Heaven, to do hereafter, give up entirely the use of intoxicating liquors, and care for my own; remove them into a comfortable home as soon as possible, save my wages; and you, man of gin, must work then or starve. 'I see it! The curse, and the remedy—the poison, and the antidote.'

Here was a man who saw the evil—and resolved that he would instantly apply the remedy.

The new year is the time to make good resolutions for our conduct in life, and abide by them; and then will he who does this prove the truth of the proverb, "that he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." Look for one moment at the result, if no intoxicating liquors were used in this city—not only as to the health of our whole community, but as to the increase of every blessing, Heaven in its kindness gives to man. If out of our population it costs 125,000 persons fifty cents a day for liquor, this is \$182.50 a year for each one of the 125,000, and it makes in a year the sum of \$22,812,500—an amount equal to all the taxes—state, county and city—paid in 1868 by the people of this city. Truly, men impose the heaviest burdens voluntary upon themselves!

No man who has been consistently true and sincere has failed to win the confidence and favor of other men. No man in whom truth and sincerity have been wanting has ever long possessed their confidence and favor.

A man had better be poisoned in his blood than in his principles.

A WOMAN'S APPEAL.

The first person I ever remember to have seen under the influence of liquor, was a woman. I was ten years old. It was one beautiful summer afternoon in the year 1738. I was living in the neighborhood of Woonsocket, R. I. I shall never forget what horror filled my childish heart, nor how my companions and myself gathered around the prostrate form. In one hand she had a bottle of rum. In those days rum was not sold on the sly. People sold it then as openly as they now sell vinegar or molasses. In the other hand, or on her arm, she carried a basket of ripe currants. She had been eating freely of currants and drinking of the rum till her stomach had refused to bear it all.

I was a happy child, and this was the first scene that came to my eyes of the deep depravity of humanity. I wish it had been the last. Since then what have my eyes not seen; what have my ears not heard? Oh! how my heart has been wrung with anguish. Many a night have I waited till the mid night hour for the return of one who was made in the image of God, but might come to me in my lonely home in all the frenzy of a wild and infuriated beast.

O, think of the drunkard's wife; pity but do not blame her; pray God she may not give up in hopeless despair and fall with him. Friends of Temperance, rouse up; be in earnest; thousands of tempering wives, thousands of homeless children, cry to you in God's name, save our husbands—give us back our fathers—don't let the vile stuff be made—don't let it be sold and then it can't be swallowed. I don't dare to go to a Temperance meeting. Why not? you ask; because I could not sit still. I have no patience with the tardy movements of luke-worm advocates of temperance who are neither on one side or the other, but like the drowning Irishman who had prayed first to God in the hour of danger, and then to the devil; and when asked why he did so, said he wanted to keep in with both; he did not know which would get him. Whatever your politics, Democrat or Republican, go in for total abstinence, a clear head and steady nerves.

WHO PAYS.

Lawyers have a maxim to this effect—that for every wrong, there must be an orderly redress—a remedy for any and every grievance.

That drunken man Sailor or Sailer (the news-

papers disagree) who smashed Mr. Gardener's shop windows and broke things generally until tamed by officer Hill, destroyed value amounting to more than one hundred dollars. Mr. Gardiner is a peaceable and industrious citizen and taxpayer, and therefore entitled to protection. Where and what is his remedy?

If a mob of mad men had gutted his house, Mr. Gardiner could^d collect damages from the city. But when he suffers by one drunken man who shall pay?

Unquestionably, the city still. Mr. Sailer bought his liquor at one or more of these 'inns' 'taverns' which, ten in a row, are so plainly needed for the accommodation of travelers.

He was party to a trade specially authorized and protected by statute. He is a poor man, He cannot even pay his ten dollar fine. He lies in a jail earning nothing. Let the city, therefore, pay up all damages promptly, and charge them over to the Excise commissioners; and at their next annual meeting let the commissioners assess these and similar amounts upon those citizens who, because of their superior worth, moral character and ability to keep hotel are authorized to sell liquor and make profit therefrom.

In this way, the liquor traffic should be made to pay for damages caused by liquor.

Mr. Carpenter will sue the city—his paid protector. The city will sue the Excise Board. The Board will tax the liquor trade.

If this remedy be not possible, will some kind reader declare what remedy can be had for damage such as Mr. Carpenter has suffered. He is an injured man, and ought to have redress. If the law affords him none, who shall blame him if he takes his pay out of Sailor's skin, and kills him as he would an unknown snapping dog.—T. K. BEECHER.

When the Emperor of China was asked to license the opium traffic, he replied: "It is true, I cannot prevent the introduction of the poison. Gain seeking, corrupt men will for profit and sensation, defeat my wishes, *but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people!*" We, erroneously look upon the Chinese as barbarians, but such a sentiment as this should elevate them, and their Emperor, to a better station in our estimation. Have our rulers ever said anything as noble as this? What do our license people think of this sentiment?

DISTINGUISHED MEN FOR WHOM THE MAINE LAW CAME TOO LATE.

"Shut up the *low* grogeries," say many; "prevent the sale of *bad* rum, preserve the poor and ignorant from intemperance, and we are with you, but the educated class need no law; regard for their own character is sufficient protection for them." Strange delusion. Inexplicable blindness to the facts of history and the occurrences of every day. Without referring to books, memory, unassisted, supplies us with a catalogue of well-known names, the bare mention of which refutes the plea we have here quoted.

Alexander the Great, one of the brightest of antiquity, one of the greatest generals in the world whose tutor was Aristotle, who slept with the poems of Homer under his pillow, conquered the world, and died of a drunkards debauch, in the thirty-third year of his age.

The fall of the Roman Empire was precipitated by the drunkenness of its emperors; and human nature was eternally dishonored by the enormities committed by them in drunken fury.

Of the ten sovereigns who have reigned in Russia since the accession of Peter the Great, all but four were beastly drunkards. Of the Empress Elizabeth it is written, she was completely brutified by strong liquors;—from day to day she was almost always in a state bacchic ecstasy; she could not bear to be dressed; in the morning her woman loosely attached to her some robes, which a few cuts of the scissors disengaged in the evening." And this passage gives an idea of the general condition of the Russian court for more than seventy years.

The present king of Prussia, whom Neibuhr instructed and praised, thanking God on his knees for giving Prussia so wise and noble a prince, is a notorious drunkard, the contempt of his subjects, the scoff of Europe.

The late king of the Sandwich Islands, upon whom a corps of missionaries exhausted their eloquence and skill, was a drunken caricature of the kingly office to the last.

The city of Washington, where the *elite* of the nation is supposed to congregate, is the most drunken town in the Union. Cham-

pagne is one of the great powers of the country, a thing relied upon to corrupt the very men who are sent to Washington under the impression that they are the wisest and best.

Hannegan, a senator of the United States, was an abandoned drunkard, and when sent abroad as plenipotentiary, disgraced the country by most continuous and outrageous drunken debauchery.

Some of the most important enactments ever passed by Congress, enactments involving the welfare of future empires, have been passed while the floor of the House was strewed with honorable and intoxicated members.

The Tea-room, New York, established for the convenience, not of the city vagabonds, but of the city's "fathers" and head men, was, for many a year, a scene of disgraceful drunkenness.

It was when maddened by drink that Dr. Graham committed murder.

Hartely Coleridge, a man abounding in amiable qualities, who inherited much of his father's genius, with all of his father's infirmity of purpose, could never master his propensity to drink. He was a scholar, a gentleman, a poet, and—a drunkard.

Edgar A. Poe—but why speak of him? The story of his miserable end is more familiar to the people, even than the melancholy refrain of the "Raven."

Charles Lamb, the gentle Charles, the kind, the tender, the beloved, could sacrifice so much for his sister, but could not help being carried home and put to bed in insensible drunkenness.

Douglass Jerrold is a devotee to gin. For many years, it is said, he has been impairing his fine powers by habitual excess in drink.

And who knows for how much of Byron's reckless verse the world should curse the gin bottle?

In our colleges is not the secret demijohn one of the perpetual anxieties of the presiding professor and parent? At our fashionable parties is not champagne—one of the vilest of drinks—moderately consumed? Do not our grand banquets generally degenerate into occasions of disgusting excess? Are the sons of leading citizens the most temperate of our youth? Is it poor women who buy

brandy drops by the pound.

Talk no more of shutting up only *low* grogeries. All grogeries are low, and all grog is pernicious, whether sipped by gentlemen, sucked by ladies, or swilled by the dregs of the people.

A BANK FOR LOSINGS.

On the the chief thoroughfare of this city I often pass a stately Saving Bank, built of freestone, and I see groups of working people going in to deposit their hard-earned money. Some are mechanics; some are Irish domestics; some are poor widows laying by a few dollars for their fatherless children.

But on the same street the Tempter has opened more than one Bank for Losings. In some parts of the city there is one on every corner. In almost every rural hamlet, too, there is a similar institution. New York city contains 6,000 of them.

In each of these Banks of Losings is a counter, on which old men and young, and even some wretched women, lay down their deposits in either paper or coin. The only interest that is paid on the deposit is in redness of eyes and foulness of breath, and remorse of conscience. Every one who makes a deposit gains a loss. One man goes into the Bank with a full pocket, comes out empty. Another goes in with a good character, and comes out with the word drunk written on his bloated countenance. I have seen a mechanic enter with a brand new coat, and come away again as if the mice had been nibbling at the elbows.

I have known a young clerk to leave his "situation" behind him in one of the Devil's Bank of Losings. Several prosperous tradesmen have lost all their business there. Church members have been known to reel out from these seductive haunts—trying to walk straight, "backsliding at every step. What is worst of all, thousands of people go in there and lose their immortal souls!

If the cashiers of these institutions were honest, they would post on the door some such notice as this:

"Bank of Losings. Open at all hours. Nothing taken in but good money. Nothing paid out but disgrace and disease, and de-

gradation and death. An extra dividend of delirium tremens will be given to old depositors. A free pass to perdition given to those who pay well at the counter; also tickets to Greenwood and other cemeteries, entitling the holder to a drunkard's grave! All the children of depositors sent without charge to the orphan asylum or the almshouse."

Young men! beware of the Banks of Losings. Some bait their depositors with champagne; some with ale or Bourbon; some with a pack of cards; and others with a billiard table. If you wish to keep your character—keep out.

Young ladies! never touch the hand that touches the wine-glass. Never wear the name of a man who is enrolled in the deposite list of the devil's bank. Never lean on the arm that leans on the bar room counter. It will be rotten support.

The best savings bank for a young man's money is a total abstinence pledge. The best savings bank for his time is honest industry and a good book. The best savings bank for his affections is a true woman's heart. The best savings bank for his soul is faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

But if you do not want your green-backs turned into black eyes and red noses; if you don't want your pockets emptied and your character wormeaten, and your soul drugged with the poisons of the pit—then keep outside of the "National Brandy Bank of Losings."

Show me the young man who can quit the brilliant society of the young, to listen to the kindly voice of age and hold cheerful converse with one whose years have deprived them of charms—who is willing to help the deformed who need help—who shuns a blasphemer—who scorns as he would a coward, the ridiculer of woman's reputation, and never forgets for an instant, the delicacy, the respect due to her in any condition or class, and you show me a gentleman—nay, better—you show me a wise-man and a Christian.

Virtues are lost in self-interest as rivers are lost in the sea.

A JUST VERDICT.

A Michigan woman has recovered by law all the money that her husband had spent in a liquor saloon for the last six years. The prohibitory law of that State does not regard liquor as "property," and the woman recovered the money on the ground that it had been paid to the liquor-vender without consideration. This is certainly a just provision in the liquor law of that state, and if this case is repeated in different sections of Michigan, it will effectually stop the retail traffic in intoxicating liquors. Men who cannot be effected by any moral argument will be slow to place themselves in a situation to be obliged to pay up to the wives all the money that their husbands have spent for the vile poisons dealt out to them. Why may not the same verdict be secured in similar cases under our own prohibitory law? We advise the unfortunate wives of rum-drinkers in this State to bring action against the destroyers of their husbands and the robbers of themselves, for we believe they can recover the money that has been thus taken from them, though this is but a drop in the bucket of what they have been robbed. We go for bringing every gun into action that can be brought to bear effectually upon the enemy.

It has been thought that the rendering of this verdict in Michigan will encourage topers to spend their money for liquor, with the design of getting it back by process of law, by the connivance of their wives; but the rumsellers could not stand such a game long.

TERRIBLE TESTIMONY.

"I wish all the liquor was out of the world," said Jack Reynolds, the other day, just before his execution. He was another witness against the demon of intoxicating drink. Brutalized by that, he took another's life, and therefor gave up his own. His wish was but natural, and all who realize to what liquor brought him will echo it earnestly. His gallows was another impeachment of rum and the rum-seller,—another added to the thousands that were already recorded, and that must some time be answered.

Almost every murderer is personified testimony against intemperance. He is evi-

dence terribly emphatic that strong drink is a curse. He wishes, with Reynolds, as every one else should, that "all the liquor was out of the world." The testimony is fearfully increasing. Murders are reported daily. Trace any one of them up, and ten to one you find the rum seller a *particeps criminis*. Our jails and prisons everywhere hold witnesses without number to the truth of this. Drink brought them there, in a majority of cases. Ah! there is no more terrible testimony against any evil than that which, standing in view of the scaffold, vocalizes itself in that sad expression,—"I wish all the liquor was out of the world!"

Hon. Henry Wilson gives "The Next Step" in the Temperance action recommended by the Congressional Temperance Society, which expressed the confidence that "there are millions of members of Christian churches, millions of children in the Sabbath and public schools, and millions of others," who would take the pledge of total abstinence, and also that, "if vigorous, concerted, and persistent effort were made, one-fourth, if not one-third, of the nation would in a few months be thus pledged and enrolled." In answer to the question how this can be done, he says:—

"In my judgment, there is but one way in which this great result can be reached. *The church must take up the matter.* It must become one of the living issues of the moral welfare in which it is engaged. * * * Let every pastor in the land be a preacher of temperance, every pulpit a temperance platform, and every church a temperance society in itself, or a living auxiliary to some other, and the confidence expressed in the recommendation will not have been misplaced, and more than 'one-fourth' or 'one-third' will be secured. But not otherwise.

* * * Is not the moment opportune? Political reconstruction is substantially complete; the moral must now occupy our hearts and hands; and what more legitimate portion of that work can be taken in hand than the temperance reform? Is not the whiskey question' the next in order? For three denominations the time is specially opportune. It is the year of special rejoicing and special giving for the Presbyterians over their reunited church, of the Jubilee Convention of the Congregationalists as they celebrate their two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, and the Centenary of the Universalists. Let them surely remember the Temperance cause.

ONLY HALF SAVED.

There exists among Temperance Reformers a very large class who seem by their conduct to inquire, "Am I my brothers keeper?" Who seem somehow to conceive that their whole duty is done when they have simply started a person toward a moral and virtuous life. Let us suppose a case by way of illustration. A pleasure seeking youth, on a bright summer's day gets into a boat above Niagara, to have a row: he sails out upon the placid stream, and becoming warm and weary with rowing, he allows the boat to float leisurely along with the rippling tide until he is unconsciously borne into the swifter current, and is rapidly approaching the falls. On the shore a man spies his peril, and calling out at the same time, hurls with his strong arm a line within his reach. Terrified by the nearness of danger, the boatman seizes it with a death-like grasp, and the shoreman drops the line, and says, "My good fellow, I have helped you so far, now help yourself." Nothing daunted, the almost rescued youth plies the oar, but weakened by fright and exertion, his physical energies relax. Every muscle in his body quivers, the oar moves heavily, the strokes are halting and spasmodic, the boat ceases to move forward, it begins to go backward more and more, until the shooting current strikes the stern, twirls it into the speeding rapid, and darting on swifter, swifter, despair stares from the youth's countenance, and with a wild shriek, he and his boat is swept over the falls into the gulf below. Whose is the fault? A wretch! a murderer! is the verdict from ten thousand hearts upon this shoreman. But how many in our organizations for the reform of inebriates are as neglectful of those they undertake to save as was this shoreman? Many will persuade the drunkard to sign the pledge, and then leave him to drift wherever influences and circumstances may carry him. Now, the pledge is that line which you throw to an imperiled man. There inheres no property of redemption in it only as it is made the medium through which redemptive influence is exerted. And if, after a drunkard is induced to sign the pledge, we neglect and ignore him, and he becomes a cast-away, it is no less our remissness than his weakness that destroys him. If we have a proper solicitude in the reformation of the drunken and besotted, we shall not neglect them, much less abandon them.

Coming into new social relations, and striving to regain their manhood and to become

virtuous and respectable men, these inebriates expect aid and sympathy from those who profess to be their friends. And it is often when they are ignored, when sympathies and encouragements are withdrawn, that these drunkards, yearning for reform, become despondent, and lurch back into sottish dissipation and dissolute life. It has happened to me to see the rum-shattered victim, trembling in every limb and joint, stand before a body of professed philanthropists, and with a suffused eye and tremulous voice plead in earnest want for aid and sympathy. And I have seen the very men who promised to answer those appeals turn the cold shoulder to him the next day in the street. It is this pretentious and detestable deceitfulness that is driving the weak and timid by scores back into the haunts of sin and the ways of perdition. In that great day of revelation we shall marvel at the multitudes who have been lost on account of the negligence and the petty pride of those who promised to aid and sustain them. To help the weak, to assist the morally frail in their steppings towards reform, and virtuous strength, ought to be the care and labor of every worker for the redemption of men.

K. C. K.

PRESENT ASPECT AND NEEDS OF THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

The excitements and convulsions of our great Civil War were especially damaging to the Cause of Total Abstinence. "Why shouldn't a soldier love drink?" is a question easily answered; but those who ask it do not want and will not listen to a reply. The soldier is often required to overtax his strength. Alcoholic stimulants are provided and dealt out to sustain him under excessive fatigue and hardship. If he knows that their use to-day impairs his strength for the morrow, he does not know that he shall be alive to-morrow; so he drinks; and all the camp followers drink; the folks at home too often drink in honor of reported victories, or to drown the sorrow evoked by sore defeats, or to deaden their senses of "the heart-sickness of hope deferred." And the result is an enormously increased addition to Alcoholic stimulants. I judge that the Temperance Cause throughout our country lost more ground during our four years of Civil War than it has gained during the preceding twenty years of peace, throwing out of the calculation our two years and over of Mexican War.

The return of Peace has been followed by renewed and increased interest in all moral reforms,

especially in Temperance. I think I am within the truth when I estimate that twice as many of our people are this day pledged to total abstinence as were so pledged five years ago. And at least half the progress has been made since the close of 1868. And the hopeful zeal which animates our own ranks, the ready ear lent us by tens of thousands not yet of us, should impel us to redoubled efforts to improve our great opportunity.

—What shall we demand as to legislation? What can legislation do for us?

It has done us good and evil. Wherever it is sustained and enforced by a decided public sentiment it has helped us. It never did and never can absolutely prevent the sale and use of Liquor, any more than profanity, gambling, and lewdness are utterly suppressed by the laws which subject them to penalties. Yet it by no means follows from the fact that those popular vices still exist that the statutes which forbid them are of no effect. Lottery tickets are still sold in our city, but not to a tithe of the extent of such sales while our laws authorized and protected the traffic. So liquor can probably be bought by its votaries in almost any village of Maine. Yet I was assured last December that in the twin cities, Lewiston Falls and Auburn, with 15,000 inhabitants, there was no liquor exposed to view and no open sale; whereas just such a community in this state would be afflicted with not less than one hundred flourishing grog-shops. Can any doubt that their monthly sales would far exceed those of the stealthy, furtive, hiding, dodging saloon-keepers of Lewiston Falls?

The peril of Prohibition is that too many regard and treat it as though it were intended to supplant, not supplement, voluntary efforts. Having resolved for and carried a Prohibitory law, too many regard that as rendering further effort on their part superfluous. So, laying their heads contentedly on the statute, they fall asleep; and awake after a while, to find the act a nullity and the liquor traffic more prevalent and more destructive than ever before.

Hence, I am impelled to regard with favor the principle which would enable each locality to license or prohibit the liquor traffic as a majority of its legal voters shall decide. I would prefer to take the question by counties, and I would not object to its decision by each city and township for itself. I would prefer to have the question resubmitted annually—say, at the State Election—the decision to be operative throughout the year ensuing. This would bring the matter home to thousands who

now drink—often to excess—without having once earnestly considered the right or wrong of so doing. I would like often to commend the question of Indulgence or Abstinence to the consideration and decision of every voter. I would like to make every one who tacitly upholds the Liquor Traffic fully conscious that he does so. There are thousands who are pillars of the temple of Bacchus who would shrink from admitting the fact, even to themselves.

I could wish also to make the advocates of Total Abstinence realize that their duty is but half discharged by their personal abstinence from strong drink. I would have them vote as they feel, and then act as they will have voted. If two-thirds of the voters in a township shall vote to have no more grog-shops therein, they will proceed to enforce the laws which they have pronounced righteous, the penalties they have declared just and beneficent. The vote against license will be public notice to rumsellers to quit, and to Temperance men that, should the traffic be persisted in, it is their duty to enforce the laws which forbid it.

Solon being asked if his code was the best possible, responded that it was the best that his people would bear. Jesus clearly implies that Moses respected a kindred limitation. I purpose to be admonished and instructed by his transcendent wisdom.—[Independent.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

"Now I lay me down to sleep;"
And the blue eyes, dark and deep,
Let the snowy curtain down,
Edged with fringes golden brown.

"All day long the angels fair
I've been watching over there.
Heaven's not far, tis just in sight;
Now they're calling me; good night!"

And the dews of evening weep
Where we laid her down to sleep.
Tangled ringlets all smooth now,
Looped back from the waxen brow:

Little hands so dimpled white,
Clasped together, cold to-night,
Where the mossy, daisied sod
Brought sweet messages from God.

Two pale lips with kisses prest,
There we left her to her rest;
And the dews of evening weep
Where we laid her down to sleep.

ANTI-TOBACCO.

BY REV. JOHN WILLIAMSON, M. D.

But few men begin the use of alcohol without a long preparatory tuition in the school of tobacco. The accustomed liability of the decisions of natural taste are destroyed, leaving the appetite utterly destitute of instinctive protection. The way is then clear for invasion by alcohol. If an insurance company were to insure against the possible contracting of drunkenness, the man using tobacco would be ineligible to membership. If the use of tobacco for simple indulgence is not a sin, then there can be no sin. If it be consistent with purity, then is any other defilement consistent. An apology for tobacco using will answer just as well to palliate moderate dram drinking; substitute "whiskey" for tobacco, and the defense can be interchangeably used.

Many men say they would quit this sinful habit if they could. Some ministers say this, and then insist upon members of their congregation quitting their darling sins to which they are as much attached as the minister is to his. The consistency is hard to see.

We tell our people not to try to conquer sin in their own strength, but seek Divine aid. If grace cannot be secured to help a man to quit tobacco, I should despair of its availability at all.

The fact is, any man can quit whatever is not vitally related to animal nutrition. If, henceforth every ounce of tobacco should cost the user five dollars, every man would be reformed within an hour.

No christian man has any right to use that upon which he does not ask the Divine blessing. A christian invoking God's blessing upon his "plugs" of tobacco, as he would upon his daily bread, would be a picture replete with irreverent satire.

Allow me to epitomize my indictment against tobacco by these propositions:

1st. The use of tobacco is unnatural and needless. The taste for it is always acquired and those who never touch it lose nothing.

2d. It is unphysiological, as it makes the act of living progressively appreciable.

2d. It vitiates natural physical taste, and thus removes nature's safeguard against drunkenness.

4th. It commits the system, by physiological habits, unchangeable, to a specific indulgence.

5th. It substitutes delayed, for normal nutrition.

6th. It offends social delicacy by obtruding itself, unsolicited, in every society.

7th. It establishes a demand inconsistent with rational economy.

8th. Its use is inconsistent with a high degree of spirituality.

9th. It is an indulgence upon which the Divine blessing cannot be invoked.

10th. The best spiritual and mental developments pronounce it an abomination.

IT WON'T LET US ALONE.

Rev. E. P. Thwing recently delivered a temperance address in Quincy, in the course of which he used the following illustration. Said he: "It is sometime said, Rum never hurts those who let it alone." Go stand to-night beneath this waning moon, on the south-western slope of Mount Auburn, and you will see a little new made grave. Over it bend the branches of a walnut tree, through which the struggling moon-beams reveal the resting place of our latest born and earliest taken.—It is sweet with flowers and tears, and consecrated by prayer and psalm. Autumn showers have steeped the sod, yet one sees that it is the grave of a child. When I go to the grave I cannot help feeling a new consecration to this noble reform. Do you ask why? Startle not when I speak from my heart. *Rum helped to dig my boy's grave.* Indirectly perhaps, but really. Yes intoxicating drink stole away the sense of one who was in charge of these two little brothers when their parents were absent at the death-bed of a mother. Deserting her charge, she wandered about incoherently talking of unfulfilled duties, and left them without food or drink, companionship or care. Half starved and chilled, the little convalescent soon relapsed, and passed away ere long, to the safe custody of Christ above. I have no curse to pour on any human being, however deeply he may have sinned; but upon the traffic which not only stultifies men, but besots women—which puts property in peril and renders life insecure—upon that I heap

my hottest hate! By all the love I bore to that child, by all I bore the others just as precious, by all that is high and holy, I vow against this trade eternal war.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

There is nothing that smoothes the rugged pathway more effectually than thorough self-dependance. The woman who in early life resolves so to familiarize herself with the duties of her household, that, in the event of a reverse of fortune, she knows and feels, that she is able to do that which under prosperous circumstances would be performed by others, is the possessor of a consciousness of self-power that will bear her bravely up, when others who are ignorant of these duties sink in almost hopeless despair. Were it possible to arrive at a correct estimate upon the subject, it would be proven that a very large portion of the worriments perplexities, and discords of wedded life, are traceable to want of familiarity on the part of wives with household duties. Unable themselves to direct, they are necessarily compelled to depend upon others, and mainly upon those who have least interest in doing things well, or seeing that they are done as they should be.

A woman thus circumstanced, is an object of pity. However honest her intentions, and however earnest her desire to please and gratify her husband, she finds in many cases that this is impossible; her best efforts, are generally failures, and sinking beneath her own weakness she gives up in despair. Every girl has it in her power to arrest this calamity—for a calamity it must be regarded. All that is necessary is the determined resolve that whatever her position in life, she will acquaint herself with household duties. Having thus resolved, let her set apart certain hours of each day for the knowledge, and prove that she is in earnest by her supervision of matters) or by her personal assistance in the kitchen, the sewing room, the bed chamber, in fact everywhere in the house where her presence or services can be profitably engaged. There is nothing dishonorable or degrading in this; on the contrary, it is ennobling and dignifying. One of the proudest ornaments of society, in our estimation, is the woman that looks well to the ways of her household."

When you receive a kindness, remember it; when you do one, forget it.

THE FAMILY TABLE.

The family board should be honored of all, with joy, peace and love. It is a shrine where churlishness, coldness, silence and frowns should have no place. It may be made thrice a day a scene of a festival richer and rarer than picnics in wooded groves, or sumptuous feasts in gilded saloons. Its offerings may be frugal and humble—but no matter; better is its dinner of herbs, flavored with love and spiced with cheerful vivacity, than the rich courses of a grand hotel, where strange hundreds swallow and gulp amid a clatter of dishes, regardless of each others presence—or the weary and monotonous meals of the boarding house where the people know each other too well to be entirely reserved, and to little too be familiar. Each assemblage around the family table has its peculiar charm and each may be made a feast

The table is no place for stift dignity, or austerity. Biting bread and butter, and taking soup from a spoon may be done pleasantly and gracefully; but to infuse dignity and stiffness into the operation is inexcusably ridiculous. Hunger is a leveler, and eating and drinking one of the most delightful pleasures. No one has a right to disguise the innocent satisfaction of it at the family board, by the affectation of an example from so human a weakness as an appetite, or disdain of the viands set before him. The pleasantest family pictures are those cheerful dining-room assemblages where father mother, brothers, and sisters eat and drink cheerily, as though it did them good, and cloth, urn, dishes and spoons seem to look happy in the general joy.

A celebrated writer says, "No woman can be a lady who can wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, or how cultivated, she is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous and polite treatment of all persons is one mark of a true woman."

Press onward through every varying hour
 Let no weak fears thy course delay;
 Immortal being! feel thy power,
 Pursue thy bright and endless way.

WEEK AFTER WEEK.

BY MRS. B. C. RUDE.

CHAPTER XII.

It was a genuine Tin Wedding, graced with a feast such as Tannerfield ladies know well how to supply.

In the center of the table was erected a monument of tin, in honor of the occasion. The base consisted of a tin pail of huge dimensions, presented by a fat cheerful man that it does one good to look at. Upon this, the spice box was a perfect fit, presented by one who would not have been there but for the noble order of Good Templars, a man of wealth both in intellect and dollars, who, a year ago was wasting both on drink, but who now stands up in his manhood, a glorious trophy of which our order may justly be proud. It commonly takes a generous man to be a drunkard, and when we have secured one such man we have opened up a new channel through which his generosity may flow. Is there no God-service in this? Scoff will you church members? Don't do it. We are a God appointed band helping on toward the worlds reformation and final salvation. But to the monumental pile of tin; It was finished off with exquisite taste, consisting of tin dishes, flour-sifters, teapots and the like, besides, on every ear and spout was hung a dangling ornament in the shape of a tin-cup or rattle-box. It was bright; and glistened in the lamp light, sending through our hearts a genuine thrill of pleasure at being thus kindly and unexpectedly remembered by a people whose friendship is a gem well worth treasuring.

Those friends who celebrate our anniversaries with us; those who moisten our parched lips as we lie powerless under the prostrating hand of disease; those who tread softly about our desolated homes and gently bear our dead away from our sight, looking back to mingle a tear of sympathy with us; are they not endeared to us by a lasting tie? All these ties now bind us to Tannerfield.

Our Tin Wedding was an important era to

Edith Greene as well as to John and me, as the sequel will show.

After tea a cozy little party of us was gathered in our plain little parlors, connected by folding doors which were low to be sure, but wide enough to make us feel that we were all together, and that was all that any one appeared to think of. That's enough when true friends meet, some people however are always squinting at the worn places in your carpet while asking after your health. That's enough to make you feel sick, sick of 'put on' friendship. That evening was over all too soon I thought, a few hearty shakes and all were gone.

Why, no—not all either, Captain Burton whom everybody called a nice man,—he sat in the corner visiting with Edith. He had the honor of carrying an empty sleeve,—for it is an honor, what can a man give for the defense of his country that he will miss more than his own right arm—I knew this alone would predispose Edith in his favor. After everything was quiet we all chatted awhile, on common-place subjects, suddenly Captain Burton said, "I've seen you Edith Greene before, I was impressed with the idea of having met you before the moment I saw you."

"I certainly have never met you sir," she said kindly.

"Did you ever read anything which shocked you from a morning paper in New York, on stepping off from the ferry-boat?" he said inquisitively.

"Is it possible that I am to know to whom I am indebted for all the kindness I then and there received? When I came to myself they told me it was a soldier. Are you the one?" she said with feeling. "It was my own right arm that caught you, it was gone in less than a month. You wore that very brooch I noted the face in it." Edith bowed her head and thanked him. "I mured 'strange coincidence Capt. Burton saw the"

picture to us all, and with the true politeness of a gentleman bade us "three good night."

CHAPTER XIII.

About a year after Edith's visit at Plainfield she learned with pain, of Jack Hoyt's disgraceful departure from his father's house. It appears that Jack in a drunken spree had disposed of a valuable team belonging to his father and used up the proceeds. This was the finishing stroke and Mr. Hoyt drove him from his home. Jack was scarcely more than a boy, and when once sent adrift, began for the first time to appreciate the blessings of a home.

Bridget was undone completely, for to use her own words "she always meant to be the makin' o' that boy. indade."

Every night after Jack was gone, Bridget would wander about the premises in hope of "setting eyes on the poor darlint." One bright night she set out with her long pocket full of nice bits of eatables that she knew Jack liked determined to hunt him up. To her unspeakable surprise she found him at last, down in the pasture lot under a tree moaning and sobbing as though his heart would break.

"Och, child and didn't I say I'd stan' by ye, when ye tuk me home wid ye from off the wharf at New York? Come now me boy what might I be after doin fur ye?"

Jack simply groaned "Bridget I'm an awful boy and I've no friends but you." "Och, faith and there's Edith Greene, she's as good as all the world besides, and she said tell ye if ye ever wanted a friend to go to her" "Did she say so Bridget?" he said brightening up. Faith and didn't she draw me away into the woodshed and tell me that same? Go, and she'll put ye in a way to be somebody yet, Jack."

"But I havn't a cent in the world Bridget."

"Won't ye drink it up if I'll give ye my last months wages in my pocket here."

"I wont take it Bridget."

"Faith an ye will an' go straight to Edith Greene." "Come here Jack this day night an' I'll meet ye with a bundle o' cloths all fresh ironed an' ye'll go to Edith Greene, that's what ye will, and didn't yer smart brother

write her a dying letter an' tell her to look arter ye?" "Did he Bridget?" "Faith indade."

Bridget go to the house now, and me here to-morrow night, mind ye don't let me out, and in four years I'll come back man, that is if Edith Greene uses me decent. The next night at ten o'clock might have been seen Bridget Kavanaugh stealing in the back door. She had been to see Jack off.

"Edith, there's a pale sick looking boy in the kitchen inquiring for you" said Mr. Greene a few days later. It was Jack Hoyt subdued and sick. He told his story, confessed that he had done wrong and on asked that Edith would recommend him where he could get work, and let him come of a sabbath to sit by the side of her and see if it wouldn't make him better.

Edith greeted him with all the warmth of a sister, and promised to do all for him that lay in her power. Before morning was evident that fever was fast settling upon him. She procured medical aid,—this followed weeks of slow burning fever, which called for patient watch-care from Edith and her mother. I cannot tell the successive step, by which Jack was led upto the "way of life" suffice it to say that he arose from that sick bed with the love of God in his heart. Everybody was predisposed in favor of the sad looking young man whom Edith Greene introduced as her friend. He took to books with a hearty zeal.

"Edith" he said one night "I've read stories that they often make ministers out of just such timber as I am, but I never thought it was anything more than a yarn. But really I have felt sometimes in the still hours of night, as though God was calling after me to come up and help Him. I should know just how to deal with such boys as I was, I should never give them over as our Plainfield minister did me. Edith that went right to my heart, when he said that God had given me up, and I only sixteen, and really if hadn't been for Bridget Kavanaugh, I should have considered myself utterly friendless."

Edith looked grave and said nothing, she spent a sleepless night, however, and, when the morning dawned, Abner's last words were ringing in her ear "Jack's a wild b

ve him Edith." A year after, at Edith's earnest request, Jack Hoyt entered Theological Seminary. Even Jack did not know, that with her mother's hearty consent, he mortgaged the snug little village home which she had paid for with her own hard earnings, to furnish means for his education. Jack was proud and it was sometime before he could write the following note to his mother.

— SEMINARY, 18—

DEAR FATHER:—

Forgive me, I shall yet be a son that you will not be ashamed to own. God has done wonderful things for me. Edith Greene is helping me through a Theological course. God bless her. Tell mother, (in the language of Abner, when dying on the battle field,) that "her prayers are answered, her prayer is saved." Your Erring Jack."

Accompanying this was a long letter to Bridget, acknowledging her kindnesses to him, which she carried for years in her long pocket.

Immediately on the receipt of the above letter, Mr. Gamaliel Hoyt repaid Edith for the expense that Jack had been to her, and for reasons of his own, remitted, through her, the amount necessary for the completion of Jack's education.

A year ago, Jack graduated; and is now pastor of the Plainfield Presbyterian church, and everybody is *satisfied*, Deacon Gamaliel Hoyt wears his shirt collars stiffer than ever, while Mrs. Hoyt meekly thanks God, that she has lived to see "Jack in the pulpit." Bridget has stopped counting her beads, and is a devoted Protestant. Jack has already made a large payment to Edith out of his last year's salary. Next year he expects to extinguish the debt. Bridget is knitting a bead purse, and when the last payment is made, Jack is to be surprised with a return of the entire sum with a request that he will invest it in procuring a library for his own private use. Bridget is to present it with the bead purse, in her own odd way. It will probably be an affecting little scene.

Just after it is over; Jack is to be still further surprised by a request to officiate at the marriage of Edith Greene and Captain Burton, which event is to come off at the house of Deacon Gamaliel Hoyt, at his own most earnest request. John and I

expect to be there.

Old Nancy Milfred still sits in her dirty kitchen reading her Bible and Bunyan. She makes no show of "profession," but when I go back to the old home of my childhood I seek her side, hold her palsied hands, and look into her tender old face, I can see stamped in shining characters just over the eye brows "Redeemed."

THE END.

EVIL COMPANY.

The following beautiful allegory is translated from the German:—Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda—"dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter.

"It will not burn you, my child; take it."

Eulalia did so, and behold her beautiful white hands were soiled and blakened and as it chanced, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in holding coals," said Eulalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said the father. "You see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken; so it is with the company of the vicious."

BLACK BUT BRAVE.—A master-cooper called upon a black man in Ohio, and wished to purchase some stave timber. The black asked for what purpose he wanted the timber, and received for answer, "I have a contract for a thousand whiskey barrels."

"Well, sir," was the prompt reply, "I have the timber for sale, and I want the money; but no man shall buy a stave from me for that purpose."

The cooper was indignant to meet with such stern reproach from a black, and called him a "nigger."

"That is very true," mildly replied the negro; "I can't help that; but I can help selling my timber to make whiskey barrels, and I mean to do it!"

A Visit to the Home of Victor Hugo.

BY AN AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICER.

In the latter part of September, 1865, our steamer was cruising among the islands of the English Channel, and, on reaching Guernsey, I made one of a party of "toilers of the sea" from our ward room, who landed at St-Pierre Port, for the purpose of hunting up novelties near the scene of the loves and trials of the gentle Deruchette and the sturdy Gilliatt, whose wooing is so beautifully told by Victor Hugo.

Thinking that the eminent author might be at home, and, perchance, might extend a welcome to us, whose homes were so far away, we ventured a visit to Hauteville House, his residence, but found that he was at that time absent from the island.

Our disappointment was great indeed, but was somewhat diminished by the courtesy of M. de Kessler, one of Hugo's most intimate friends—his next neighbor and fellow-exile—who kindly volunteered to show us the interior of his friend's home.

The exterior of the mansion is not at all pretentious in appearance, and, we found on entering, not at all in keeping with the interior.—where one is struck by the air of comfort, nay, even of luxury, that every thing presents; and it is easily to be seen that the proprietor appreciates his *home*.

The walls of the hall through which we passed were covered from the ceiling to the floor with Chinese matting, fancifully woven, covering and hiding whitewash and paint work. The dining-room, into which we were first shown, drew from us exclamations of admiration. Its four walls are covered with porcelain, adorned with quaint and curious devices, and the chimney-places are so designed as to form a large double H, the one upon the other, presenting the initials of the name of the house and of its proprietor.

The furniture was plain and substantial, such as may be found in the dining room of any person in easy circumstances, but our attention was particularly directed to a large, high-back, curiously carved arm-chair which was against the wall, near the head of the table; and, upon inquiry, we learned that it was reserved for the sole use and occupation of the spirits of the deceased ancestors of Hugo, which were supposed—or I should say, believed—by the present head of the house, to indulge in the pleasant pastime of watching the material good things disappear at meal times, before the

appetites of their healthy descendants; and locked chain, which extended from arm to arm is intended to, and quite effectually does, keep all material bodies from profaning the venerable seat of the spirits.

From this we were shown into the smoking-room. The walls here were covered with heavy Brussels tapestry, and around the room ran a broad transom, cushioned with the same for the convenience of such of the guests as indulge in the weed, while, for those who do not, there was entertainment to be found looking through the large albums on the cent table, which contain photographs of the origin of the admirably painted characters who figure in "Les Miserables," and "Les Travailleurs la Mer."

Leaving this, we ascended a winding staircase, the wall on one side of which was hung with tapestry, as in the smoking-room and entered the parlor, which was full of relics of inestimable value.

Four gilded statues in wood—obtained from Hugo's father from the palace of the doges of Venice, when he was a peer of France—under a rich canopy over the *cheminee*, in which is an elaborately-embroidered screen, the handiwork of Madam de Pompadour and her attendants. The walls and the ceiling of this, the blue room, are covered with heavy tapestry-work, in beds of jet, and silver, and gold, thus making a material as impenetrable as a coat of mail. These valuable pieces were the property formerly of Queen Christian of Sweden, and a dramatic history is attached to them, in perfect keeping with the character given by history to that eccentric personage.

In the adjoining room (separate from this by folding doors), the hangings of which are red, is a mantel-piece made from the bedposts and ornaments belonging to the royal couch of Francis I. of France. On the table, in the center of the room, is a desk to which were secured the inkstands and pens of Lamartine, George Sand, Alexandre Dumas, and of Hugo himself, and in a little drawer under each inkstand is a letter from each of these celebrated authors sent with the articles at the request of Madam Hugo, attesting that they were formerly used by them. This reliquary—as the desk may be not inappropriately called—was designed by madam Hugo, and raffled by her for the benefit of the poor, ragged children of the island. A large sum of money was realized and the fortunate winner, appreciating the benevolent intention of the lady, very courteously and properly gave it back to her

most deserving of it, and we were informed that she values it as much as any of the relics she possesses.

Opening out from this was a glass door leading to a pretty little graperie, built over the dining-room, a place for a quiet smoke, commanding a fine view over the island.

In the third story is the bed-chamber, arranged by Hugo in anticipation of a promised visit from Garibaldi. The ornamentation of the room was very rich, and the carving and painting were all designed by Hugo himself, and, of course, carried out under his superintendence, and they show an undoubted taste in the fine arts. The Italian hero, however, never paid his promised visit, much to the author's regret, and the chamber still stands unoccupied, awaiting his pleasure and convenience.

All these rooms were in the rear portion of the building, that in the front portion being adapted up in accordance with the latest modern style and used by the family of the author. We had imagined that we had been shown every thing worth noting, and were thus far perfectly well satisfied with our visit, when we were asked if it would give us pleasure to look at the study of the author. We, of course, replied in the affirmative, and pictured to our mind's eye a luxurious library, with cases of rare and valuable works lining the walls, capacious arm-chair at hand, and every comfort imaginable. But nothing of the sort met our astonished gaze, as we were shown into the study. Cinderella's corner of the hearth could not have appeared more bare and cheerless to us, on her return from the court ball, than this study did to us in contrast with what we had imagined.

Up in this attic was the library, the study and even the bedroom of Hugo, each as small and as comfortless as the cell of any anchorite, and our guide gave us a description of the habits and mode of living adopted by the hard-working author, from which it was evident that he cared little for personal luxury.

On all sides in the study and bedroom are the conveniences for writing. In the latter room was a hard leather covered couch, raised about a foot and a half from the carpetless floor, which, we could scarcely believe, was the most comfortable used by Hugo. Such a bed was enough to give one the nightmare, and we were not astonished when M. de Kessler explained to us how, for the delectation of his readers, even what was beautiful or grotesque

or strange in Hugo's dreams was saved—such for instance, as we see in the descriptions given of the characters and the persons, the speeches and the actions of Gwynplaine and the Duchess Josiane, in that latest production of his pen, "L'Homme Qui Rit"—the conceptions of a heavily-taxed brain, shaped and clothed in dreams whose horrors have been caused by the tortures of indigestion and the hardness of his couch. When he retires, after hours spent in earnest brain-work, should anything worthy of note occur to his mind, or should he awake from a dream which has been particularly horrible, before the impression fades, he by reaching out his hand, can bring into place a desk which is hinged to the wall at the foot of the couch, with pens, ink, and paper, ready at hand, and which works with an ease showing plainly that there has been frequent occasion for its use. Doubtless, we are indebted to some nightmare for that description of the struggle between Gilliatt and the devil-fish which is so vividly given in the "Toils of the Sea."

Opening the glass door through which alone light entered this room, we walked out upon a balcony which leads around the eaves of the house, and from this mounted a ladder to a lookout tower, some ten or twelve feet higher, whence a beautiful view was had of the whole of Guernsey, together with the islets of Herm and Shark, opposite the harbor of St Pierre.

We were told that often at night the indefatigable author could be seen rapt in thought, passing the round of the balcony, or standing in silent study on the tower above, evidently unraveling the thread of the strange narratives which has flowed from his pen. In such moments no one dreams of approaching him, to break in upon the current of his thoughts, and he studies on in utter oblivion of everything but the work that engages his attention. I concluded, from what I had seen of the home and heard of the life of this distinguished author, that his devotion to the world of letters must, indeed, be greater than that of any living writer; for I have never heard of one whose self denial and industry were so great and untiring, even when surrounded by the comforts, the luxury, and the magnificence, which are found everywhere throughout the Hauteville mansion, save and except that portion devoted to the use of the proprietor.

Flowers are the alphabet of angels, scattered over hill and dales, and speaking what the tongue cannot express.

THE FIRST GLASS OF WINE.

"One glass," said a sweet voice; "take *just one glass* with me," said the speaker, a dark eyed girl, looking bewitchingly at her companion and gracefully proffering him a goblet, flushed with the rosy wine.

They were sitting at a richly-laden dinner table, and choice liquors, which for years had mellowed in the host's cellar were circulating freely. Ladies and gentlemen, the young and the old, even little children, were drinking at the grand Christmas feast. Of all the merry company gathered there *only one* abstained from the intoxicating bowl, and that was he to whom these winning words of persuasion were so musically addressed.

He glanced around at the guests who were watching him, and replied firmly, but gently:

"No, thank you; I never drink wine."

This was noble language from him, and proved that he was not destitute of that moral courage which leads its possessor to brave anything rather than make a sacrifice of pure and lofty principles. But nobody appreciated the deed.—Many gazed at him in astonishment, and the lady's lips curled with the expression that told plainly enough how seldom the slightest wish was thwarted.

"You surely will not refuse me so small a favor," she continued in a manner half proud and haughty.

"Ask anything but this," was the reply in a low tone, which was only audible to her for whom the answer was intended. "My father died a drunkard, and over his grave I made a solemn promise that I would never taste the poison that ruined him."

"But you are too particular," rejoined the light hearted girl; "you can drink moderately without any danger. For *my sake*, now, take this," and she again held up the sparkling Madeira.

For a moment there was a terrible conflict in the young man's soul; duty, long established habits, and a desire to win the regard of the temptress waged a stern warfare. At length the latter conquered, and he drank the *first glass of wine*.

Do you say it was a harmless act, reader? It was the first step in a path which ended in

woes that no pen of ours can describe; the germ of a harvest of misery, which he reaped ere time had silvered his hair or measured out half the span allotted to mortals.

A year after that hour of trial he stood at the altar with the fair girl who had thrown around him the spell of inebriation. She was pronounced his bride; and when friend crowded around them to offer congratulations, his cheek wore the flush, his eye the brilliancy which the red wine had kindled. But his hopes were bright; he was gifted and wealthy, and none prophesied that his star would soon set, or be obscured in fast gathering clouds.

Time went on, and he drank daily with his brother lawyers in splendid saloons, and at his own festal board. Fortune yet smiled, business increased, honors and wealth poured in upon him; but there were those who marked in the meteoric brightness of his intellect and the expression of his countenance that pernicious practice which was yet to prove the curse of his life. Years again rolled away, and his affairs began to assume a changed aspect. He had grown neglectful of his profession, and his own clients had lost their confidence in his ability. Half of his estate had been sold, his library was mortgaged, and even the old homestead, which he had resolved to keep as long as he lived had passed into the hands of strangers.

His wife had grown pale and care worn, all her vitality had fled, and you would scarcely have believed her the same gay girl who urged him to drink his *first glass of wine*.

Five years were passed, and he was a confirmed sot. His property had been wasted, his intellect deadened, his lofty aims crushed. A mere hovel sheltered him and his destitute family. There was no fire there; no food; none of the comforts which he had bantered for strong drink.

In his bloated visage and trembling frame there was little to remind the beholder of the elegant and intellectual looking young man who once so noble refused to partake of the intoxicating draught, and then yielded and sank into the snare.

That fair temptress now lies in the churchyard in a paupers grave, and sometimes a group of ragged children gather there to weep over their mother, while their father

idles away his time in the lowest haunts of the vile and degraded.

At that moment, when the crisis in his destiny came, had he possessed power to turn a deaf ear to the syren and adhere to his principles, how much better it would have been for him here and hereafter. Oh, reader, wherever you are, let us beg of you to beware of the first glass of wine.

FIRES AND TOBACCO!

The Mischief done by Pipes and Cigars in shape of Fires.

BY REV. GEO. TRASK, FITCHBURG, MASS.

At the close of a lecture I recently gave on the "Evils of Tobacco," a worthy clergyman rose and said: "I think that the numerous fires which originate from the carelessness or mistakes of smokers should be classed among the evils of tobacco-using." An insurance agent assures me that he has investigated the matter in a large region where his insurance business leads him to travel, and he is of the opinion that one-third of all the fires are traceable to this source." This may be an exaggerated estimate of the mischief, of course; but our own observation for twenty years rather goes to confirm it.

Smokers, it should be said, are privileged gentlemen. We never handle them with severity; hence many depreciations of this sort, perhaps, pass without rebuke or notice.

FACTS.

A group of boys on the Sabbath struck up their matches for a "smoke" in the midst of shavings, between two unfinished buildings. A fire started up, and before it was checked it carried down a fine square of buildings, at an immense loss to the owners. What was done about it? Nothing! Why should there be? Respectable men, pious men smoke. Fires are common, and great sinners must be handled before we meddle with little ones.

I saw a man standing at the corner of a four acre wood lot, burned as black as your hat. "Sir," said I, "how came this a smouldering ruin?" "Sabbath-breakers were here yesterday, amidst these dry leaves, with cigars and pipes! That tells the story, sir." "Prosecute them," I remarked. With an air of derision, he exclaimed Prosecute the whirlwind! Smoke-ers are tall characters! They do as they choose: smoke everywhere, smoke everything; burn wood-lands, burn stables, blocks of buildings, should they burn the globe down, we must be

num, or charge it to some scape-gallows."

The same game is going on in England. Says an English paper: "A most destructive fire occurred upon one Duke of Northumberland's farms, near Alnwick. Thirteen corn-stacks and a hay and straw stack were destroyed, as well as the barn, stables, and other buildings. *The fire was occasioned by a laborer dropping some tobacco from his pipe among the straw.*"

"The magazine in the barracks at Buenos Ayres took fire and exploded on the 29th of December last, killing many of the soldiers of two companies of a regiment of the line, who were lodging at that time in the barracks. One of the men was carelessly smoking in a room where there were several cases of powder. A spark caught the powder and caused an explosion, which spread to the store of ammunition, consisting of 560 cartridges for 6-pounders. Within two hours of the catastrophe seven carts, with 26 mutilated corpses, were sent to the cemetery. But the loss of life was far greater than this; and when the muster roll was called 126 gave no answer to their names, and fragments of the bodies of women and children, as well as of the soldiers, were picked up."

The cry of "Fire! Fire! Fire!" in a burning ship at sea, with 250 souls on board, must cause an amount of excitement of which only those who heard the cry and saw the flames and smoke can form any conception. Imagine the peril of the 250 persons on board the steamer "Glasgow," on the 30th of July last, her guns firing and signals of distress displaying, passengers running about in the wildest confusion from ten in the morning until noon! Providentially the "Rosamond," Cap. Wallis, bound for New York, was sighted about eight miles off, and the passengers were safely transferred; and the "Glasgow" and her cargo, as a matter of course, were soon consumed. The fire originated in consequence of one of the steerage passengers throwing a fusee, after lighting his pipe, into one of the foreholds, where the cottee was stowed."

We have no anathemas to hurl upon smokers. They are sufficiently cursed by being abject slaves to a noxious, noxious, poisonous abomination.

But how a smoker can thus imperil his neighbor's property, and persistently insult his finer sensibilities, and still be a Christian gentleman, we cannot divine.

Our fire insurance companies, it seems to us,

are not based on equal justice. What right have they to insure a man's buildings who has a dozen smokers on his premises, with Lucifer matches here, there, and everywhere, at the *same rate* they insure others? Should non-smokers continue to pay such a heavy bill for smokers? Where is the justice?

HE WAS SO GOOD TO HIS MOTHER.

BY LILLIAN.

Lou Hamilton was the handsomest girl in Medbury. An only child, her parents, though not rich, gave her every advantage. She was not only well educated, but highly accomplished. Many fortunes were laid at her feet; but Lou, with all her beauty and gayety, was not a bit of a flirt, and said "no" so gently and sweetly that her lovers were converted into firm friends.

"Lou, you will never find *perfection*. Why are you so hard to please? Remember the man who went clear through the woods in search of a straight stick," I said to her one day, almost angrily. For I had just heard that she had refused Judge La Maurice's son—handsome, rich and gentlemanly.

"We shall see," gayly responded the little beauty, as she tripped out of the room.

And we did see.

My surprise and I might add, indignation, were unlimited when the first news I heard upon arriving at my native village from a protracted foreign tour, was that Lou had married the very homeliest, awkwardest, and most ungraceful person in the whole town. And such a name! John Jones! when she might have been Mrs. Herbert La Maurice! Outrageous! Neither was John Jones rich; and he had an old mother who had never been able to walk since I could remember—rheumatism, they said. What perverse spirit had possessed Lou Hamilton? She must have lost her senses. And I allowed myself to become quite angry over the thought of what she was and what she might have been. So absorbed was I that I did not notice that she of whom I was thinking had entered my room. Presently two soft arms were around my neck, and a bright, beautiful face was raised to mine—

"You dear old Mentor, I am so glad to see you. I hurried over as soon as I learned you had arrived."

I answered her coldly, for I was provoked, and I didn't care to hide my feelings.

At first the little woman seemed grieved;

then she said, with a cheery smile:

"Oh, you are just angry because I married John. You think I went *through* the forest and took up with a crooked stick at last, but you are for once mistaken. I found the very straightest tree in the whole grove. Sit down and I will tell you how it happened. It was all because he was so good to his mother. He is kind to everything and everybody. Little children love him, and even the timid birds are not afraid of him. But his devotion to his mother is wonderful. When I saw it I said, so good a son will make a good husband; and so when the glorious fellow, with tears in his voice (for you see he thought I would say 'no'), asked me to be his wife, I just put my hand in his and said, 'yes' for I tell you I loved him. And I have never regretted it. He is the best husband ever wayward woman had. Though we are poor, and I have to do my own work, wait on mother Jones (who is cross *enough* sometimes), and wear shilling calico, yet I'd rather be the wife of homely awkward, good, honest John Jones, than of haughty, selfish Herbert La Maurice, rich and handsome though he be."

That was the secret; "he was so good to his mother." Girls, remember! a good son will make a wife happy. What though he be awkward and poor; he is rich in that goodness that keeps the heart pure and morals untainted. Better a thousand times be the wife of a good, poor man, than a bad rich one. Before casting a line into the *matrimonial sea*, bait your hook with this motto: "Is he good to his mother?" and may He who "looketh into the heart" grant you success, is the prayer of LILLIAN."

A RECORD OF RUIN—An exchange says that four years ago a gentleman bought a "Wayside Inn" at a cost of several thousand dollars and changed it into a dwelling house in order to save a young man from ruin. But soon a deacon near by died. His house was purchased and turned into a hotel, grog-shop. In that grog-shop the young man was tempted to his ruin, stabbed the keeper of the hotel, and is now in the States Prison. Two other keepers of that hotel have been killed and one has died of delirium tremens. The record of four years now stands: "Three keepers murdered, and one taken off by delirium, and two men sent to the States Prison. The grog-shop is the capitol of crime and ruin." How long will Christian States suffer them to exist?

RELIGION.

True religion

Is always mild, propitious, and humble.
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood;
Nor bears destruction on her chariot-wheels;
But stoops to polish, succor, and redress,
And builds her garndeur on the public good.

COMING TO JESUS.

BY M. C. E.

Jesus, I come to Thee; no one beside
Cares for the sorrow I'm striving to hide;
Helpless and desolate, tired with my sin,
Oh, in my helplessness,—Lord take me in !

Upon Thy love, like a bird to its nest,
Sadly out-wearied I come back for rest;
Nothing I bring to Thee, Christ, but my sin,
Open Thy arms to me—Lord, take me in !

On these dark mountains my weary feet slip,
Icy the waters I press to my lips;
No gentle hand will my guilty soul win,
Stretch Thine to shelter me—Lord, take me in !

Far from the narrow way long have I strayed—
Cold winds have gathered the prayers I have
prayed;

Now to Thy mercy I come with my sin,
Pity and comfort me—Lord, take me in !

Voices most tender have floated along,
Faces most genial have passed in the throng;
None turn to rescue me out of my sin.
Thou art not like to them—Lord take me in !

Back to Thy dear love for shelter and rest
Flee I, O Lord, like a bird to its nest;
Nothing I bring Thee but sorrow and sin;
Open Thine arms for me—Lord take me in.

For the Golden Rule.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

"Every cloud has a silver lining," is the old saying and we think that there is much truth in it. Sometimes the "lining" is obscured by the dark folds of the gloomy cloud, yet if we watch patiently we generally discover it at last. The sun shines all the day, although its soft beams are often hidden from our view. Clouds may shut out for awhile its light, yet as they are transitory and the sun enduring, its cheerful radiance soon again lights up the earth.

Life although tinged with darkness has many

bright places where beauty and glory rests—places where the verdure springs up, and where the minstrels of happiness linger. The hot simoom breath may sometimes meet us, as our feet tread the sandy wastes of the barren desert, yet often again the cool soft breezes fan our brow and gushing fountains spring up at our feet.

Perhaps we cannot *escape* the ills of life yet we may ever look at the bright side, and thus, continually dwell beneath serene skies. With a submissive heart and contented mind we may meet the storm cloud with a smile, which robs it of half its gloom; and the one that *fully* trusts our Heavenly Father can discover in the dark affliction a blessing in disguise, and so he rejoices that he is *permitted* to suffer for a season.

It is the discontented murmuring soul that never sees the bright side to the dark picture. He never hears the birds sing about him, for his own murmurings drown all sounds of melody. He beholds *not* the flowers blooming at his feet for the cloud of darkness *only* engages his attention. All that is lovely and beautiful, is beyond his vision, because he loves to dwell in darkness, and to murmur at the ways of God. Ah how soon does such a soul become the abode of gloom and desolation.

There is beauty and sunlight ever resting around our pathway although we may not discover it. If we are wretched and unhappy, it is because we do not seek to "grasp the sunbeams" or walk in their radiance, and if we fret the golden moments of life away, and dwell in the haunts of misery it is our own fault. If we close our eyes to the visions of glory that flit across our life path we cannot blame the infinite Father who is willing to bestow good gifts upon us.

The birds that soar up in the fresh blue sky do not mind the dark tempests that sweep in gloom along, and when the storm cloud has passed away, they sing as sweetly and merrily as though the fierce hurricane had not raged in fury over the earth.

Perfect happiness may never be found in this life, but the grief and afflictions that here meet us may be shorn of their terrible power, if we seek to look at the bright side, and receive all the trials of the world with a cheerful uncomplaining spirit. Then if we would walk in the peaceful realms of tranquility and happiness let us look at the bright side of these gloomy life events that casts their shadows over us.

Let us acknowledge the love and goodness of

God in all things, and murmur not at the chastenings that He bestows. Life will soon be ended, and then if we have been faithful in the services of our Master, we shall go unto that land where one eternal noontide of brightness shall ever linger

"Where no shadow shall bewilder
Where life's vain parade is o'er."

HOSPITALITY IN THE HOUSE OF GOD—

Every Church that would prosper, must show proper attention to strangers. It should be seen that they are promptly and courteously provided with seats, and made to feel that they have a cordial welcome there. Kind looks should greet them as they come, and follow them as they go. Should they come again, let them meet with the same reception. And should they become constant worshippers there, let them be sought and visited not mererly by the pastor, but by members of the Church and society. Whether rich or poor, they should not be overlooked or neglected. They have claims as strangers, irrespective of all outward distinction. Let us see that they have prompt attention.

DEAR FRIENDS, teach your children early to love the religion of Jesus Christ. Bring them into vital communion with some progressive, truly living church; teach them to love to work in it, support it by their money and stand by it in after life. If you neglect this your house will be full of young pagans, as many a prosperous man's house is to-day filled with children who are further from any religious character than the Chinese or the North American Indians. It will be a dismal day for this Republic when your little ones are turned over to the wild and heartless materialism and atheism that raves through our great cities for their support in life. The poorest church is better than that godless and inhuman creed. Organized religion is the corner stone of human society, and every fabric of it reposes on childhood as its living foundation, everlastingly renewed by the creative love of Almighty God.

Love never fails; though knowledge cease,
Though prophecies decay,
Love—Christian love, shall still increase,
Shall still extend her sway.

THE ADVANCE OF REAL RELIGION.—There be many who think religion is going backward. I am not one of them. I believe religion is advancing. I believe it was never so deep, never so spiritual. I believe its claims were never so comprehensive in the recognition of men. I believe it was never so widely diffused. I believe it is taking other channels than the church. I believe there are other than ecclesiastical influences at work for its dissemination. If I believe that the Lord owned only Palestine, as the Jews did—or, in the modern version of it, that he owned only the church; if, like our modern Christian Jews, I believed that all there was of Christ was inside of the church, I should mourn, with those who are assembled to-day to take counsel as to how they can withstand the incursions of free thought and liberty. *Irreligion* they are pleased to call it; but I think it is no such thing. If we can discover what is the true order of Nature in the unfolding and development of man, we shall then have a test by which to decide not only whether the world is advancing, but whether the later developments are superior in power to the lower ones.—[H. W. Beecher.

Could not that wisdom which first broached the
wine,
Have thicken'd it with definition?
And jagg'd his seamless coat, had that been
fine,
With curious questions and divisions?
But all the doctrine which he taught and
gave
Was clear as heaven from whence it came:
At least those beams of truth, which only save,
Surpass in brightness any flame,
Love God, and love your neighbor; watch and
pray:
Do as you would be done unto:
O dark instructions, ev'n dark as day!
Who can these gordian knots undo?

Without a star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God, shall find him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven:
Love finds admission, where proud science
fails

THE POET'S CORNER.

NOBILITY.

BY ALICE CARRY.

True worth is in BEING not SEEMING—

In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—

We cannot do wrong and feel right,—
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren.
But always the path that is narrow
And straight, for the children of men.

Tis not in the pages of story

The heart of its ills to beguile,
Though he who makes courtship to glory
Gives all that he hath for her smile.

For when from her heights he has won her,

Alas ! it is only to prove
That nothing's so sacred as honor,
And nothing so loyal as love !

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses,
Helps more than the things that it gets.

For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great, nor of small,
But just in the doing, and doing.
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through
hating,

Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

A CLOVER BLOSSOM.

BY A. C. P.

Why did I cull you from your bed?

You bloomed in beauty there—
I sought to cheer a lonely hour
With your sweet face so fair.
But ah, you too a thorn conceal,
You mock me with the past,
You whisper of those happy hours
Of youth, too bright to last.

When skipping lightly o'er the lawn
I culled the flowers which grew
Around my path, but, lovely queen
I *crowned* my friends with *you*.
You speak of hopes that once were dear,
And bright with morning dew,
Ere I had learned deceptions power,
Or found the world untrue.

The stone from memory's door you've rolled
And youths loved friends are near,
Who long since traversed streets of gold
And left the wanderer here—
So *lonely* that to-night I yearn
For one bright gleam of bliss
From their bright home, to strengthen me
To bear the ills of this.

I look into thy sunny face
A *gleam of hope* is *there*,
"The morning star" you say "will rise,
The shadows disappear,
The glorious dawn will usher in
A day forever blest,
And mid the eternal flowers of Heaven
Thou'lt find thy long sought rest."

For the Golden Rule.

WATCHMAN ON THE TOWER.

MRS. GEO. D. HYDE.—HYDE PARK.

What dost thou see? lone watcher on the tower,
Is the day breaking?—comes the wished for
hour?

Tell us the signs; Stretch abroad thy hand
If the morn of temperance breaks upon the
land.

You see not well—you say—tis cloudy still.
Surely, tis growing light on the distant hills?
The people wait, and languish for the hour,
Look forth again, "Oh! watchman on the
tower."

A mist envelopes it, but you can trace
The outline; the day comes on apace.
The clouds shall soon roll up in gold and amber
flakes,
The stars are growing dim, the morning surely
breaks.

We thank thee; lonely watcher on the tower;
But look again and tell us hour by hour
All thou behold'st, for many die
Ere the day comes, Oh! give to *them* reply.

Do we weary thee? lone watcher on the tower,
We thirst for daylight, but will bide the hour
Patient but longing, tell us, shall it be
A glad a glorious daylight, for the free.?

What, sayest thou you hear a song?
Vivid as daylight, and clear, and strong?
As of a lark—young prophet of the noon,

Pouring out in rapture, his seraphic tune?

We thank thee "watcher on the lonely tower,
For all thou tellest us—but sings he of an hour
When the "curse" shall cease; and "truth" be
strong

When temperance shall reign, and *right* shall
vanquish wrong?

Sing's he of brotherhood, of joy, and peace?
Of days when "alcohol's reign" shall cease?
When—the tyrant staid—man's progressive
mind

May soar again, unfettered as its "God" de-
signed?

Yes, his heart is full of prophecies; his lay
Tells of the brightness of the "coming day,"
A day—not cloudless, or devoid of storm;
But sunny for the most, and clear, and warm.

"Well done! thou faithful watcher on the
tower,
Thou sayest the day is breaking.—the happy
hour

We pine to see it—tell us once again,
Does the broad day-light break upon the plain.

It breaks! it comes! the misty shadows fly,
A rosy radiance breaks athwart the sky,
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear,
The *vale* is yet in shade, but, the day will sure
appear.

For the Golden Rule.

WINE AND VICE, WATER AND VIRTUE.

BY J. PLACKETT.

Wine has its virtues willing and glad,
Rum has its barnacles brutal and mad;
Mirth has its followers thoughtless and gay,
Vice has its devotees withered and gray.
Ah! what a harvest is always in store,
For demons to gloat, and saints to deplore!
Fate still admonishes, victims unheed,
Seizing the poison up ready with greed;
Yielding to wine's ruddy glow they become
Helpless and hopeless the victims of rum.
Mirth of the vilest, fit only for night,
Mingles with Vice in her bacchanal flight.
Death ends the orgies dread dismal and fell,
Satan revising says "all this is well."
Great is the harvest Vice daily draws in,
Hell is the heritage only of sin.

Life may be happy or sinful and sad,
Virtue's the essence that maketh it glad;
Joy, such as virtue affords to the heart,
Revels and orgies can never impart;
Water in dew-drops in rain-drops and springs
Purity purified unto man brings;
Cleansing the spirit, quenching the thirst,
Cooling the passions all ready to burst.
Dive in its bosom and taste of its sweet,
Life will be better and angels will greet
Souls of such purity at the great gate
Open direct to the long promised state;
God lends a smile and a hand to the pure,
Great are the joys that to virtues inure.
Scant is the harvest that angels obtain,
Heaven's the heritage saints only gain.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

OUR LITERATURE.

It is a fact apparent to all, that the sensational style of literature is that required at the present day. It is hardly possible for any truth, however great, however important, however much adapted to the needs and requirements of the public, to be received unless dressed in the garb of fiction. Our religious journals, with hardly an exception pandering to this artificial hankering have found it necessary to admit to their columns the visionary and the novel in order to obtain a fair hearing and standing before the public. We deprecate these evidences of a love for the sensational, which amounts to an almost absolute requirement for that alone. A sound story, calculated to illustrate a principle and impress a moral upon the mind, is both judicious and wholesome, but when the mind becomes so accustomed to light reading that it has no taste for and cannot receive truth unless clothed in this form, we become suspicious that there is a wrong somewhere; either in education or example or both. The tendency of Americanism seems to be to extremes as well in principles as measures.

As far back in our childhood as we can remember, a rural district was set apart, a school house erected, and a new "school marm" was placed in authority; every thing was bright and new to our youthful vision, and the urchins of this rural district with new blue calico frocks and pink aprons felt peculiarly blessed in this special arrangement for their mental progress. Of course old things were all passed away, and with other necessaries of the school, a new library must be obtained. Our trustees were good men, men who scouted at the idea of novel and light reading of any kind. They were church going, pious, really upright christians, and thinking to do their duty by the children—whose guardians they were in a measure—they planned that the books should be of that kind that should impress

upon the youthful mind the truths of christianity. The books that greeted our vision when we first made a selection from this library for children, were "Baxters call to the unconverted" "Pilgrims Progress" and other works of like nature. We tried hard to read all the long words, still harder to understand the mysteries concealed in the words, all was in vain, we found more pleasure and edification in reading the advertisements in the county news paper. Our experience was only one among many of a similar kind until the clamor was so great the library was exchanged for a set of books that the trustees "hoped would please the depraved natures of the children." Eagerly the new books were sought and eagerly their contents devoured. The same difficulty existed in regard to the long words, but the meaning was sufficiently explicit, to fill our brain with the wildest fancies, and conjure up ghosts and hobgoblins to drive away all healthful and refreshing slumber. From one extreme they had only gone to the farthest in the opposite direction. Works of fiction that contained not the shadow of a moral, but worse than this were filled with scenes horrid and unnatural, were placed before children, just at that age when the imagination was so easily fired, and when impressions and tastes formed are more lasting than at any other period of life. To this day the impressions received from reading those tales remain. The balmy air, the shimmering of the leaves in the lovely moonlight, and all the sweet, tender, weird-like influences of a summer's eve, were peopled with wild ghost like messengers which fancy pictured as hiding in the shadows ready to spring forth and devour. Yet were these trustees good men, but certainly not men of discrimination. Were they exceptions to many who to-day place literature in the hands of children? If we do not purposely place such reading for our children do we not allow it to be given them, allow

them to acquire a taste for that reading which must inevitably corrupt their minds and morals. Into how many Christian families the 'Ledger' enters with a bold and assured air, where perhaps may be found, no county paper, no temperance paper. Of course the children attend sabbath school and listen to the preached word and that suffices, they do not care for religious reading, that is dull compared with the 'Ledger,' and mark how eagerly they watch it and devour the cold blooded, the harrowing tales with which it is filled; to be sure, Beecher and Greeley write for it, yet do the children read either of their writings? not often. Those names are used as decoy ducks, and answer about the same purpose in gaining admission into christian families for this paper, where, were it not for these names as writers the 'Ledger' would never succeed in obtaining entrance. If we sow to the wind we must expect to reap the whirlwind. If we wish our boys and girls to grow up useful men and women, uncontaminated in morals, in mind and body we must be as careful, as considerate of the moral aliment which we give them for spiritual and mental nourishment, as we are of the food with which we foster the growth of a sound physical being.

We as parents and guardians, cannot be too careful of the moral nature which is entrusted to us for guidance and development. Small events are mighty often in their influences on a nature so impressible either for good or evil as is the child's. If no care is taken that sound, healthful, moral reading be placed before our children, that which is unsound must eventually creep in, to corrupt and defile what otherwise would have been a high and noble nature! If from our abundance we refuse to bring temperance and religious literature to our tables, the neglect preaches volumes against all that is good, and the child naturally infers that temperance and religion are not necessary to the happiness and welfare of the family. Our children especially in the more rural districts receive a large share of their education from the reading of periodicals and books, and it should be our aim to carefully understand the nature and character of that which we place in their hands. This is a duty which we may not neglect

with impunity. An immortal mind destined to endure when worlds have ceased to be, capable of such grand, such lofty, such magnificent attainments, is it not worthy of our careful, our earnest, our prayerful endeavor? lest we mar the handiwork of the Almighty by our thoughtlessness and inconsideration

TEMPERANCE PARTY.

The Bill recently passed by our Legislature relating to the sale of intoxicating liquors, precipitated the Temperance Party movement. Whether the people would or no, the election of village officers turned on that issue. Now, with those primary elections the matter cannot rest. The large body politic must be acted upon as large bodies of water, like the small ripple widening and still widening until the whole surface is in commotion. It is evident that deep down in the hearts of the people this subject of Temperance has a firm abiding place, and the issue as it has been brought to our primary election, cannot stop there but must and will crowd itself into *all* our elections until the vile root, even, of intemperance shall be exterminated.

Whether (as politicians urge) the right, the expedient hour, has arrived for political action or not, this is the question now before the people, and it cannot be evaded or avoided until some direct some positive position is taken in the matter.

At the recent charter election in our village, the question of license or no license was submitted to the people. The ticket for license prevailed. But let it be borne in mind that our village population includes many foreigners, beside a beer distillery with its numerous employees, and some 12 or 15 licensed places within the village corporation. Notwithstanding all these adverse circumstances and influences, the license party had only a majority of 32, showing that the temperance element in our midst is by no means feeble. Yet with so strong a temperance sentiment, prevailing to so great an extent in our town, we have been for the year past obliged to submit to eighteen licensed, drunkard making and sin breathing establishments; sufficient to cause more crime, create more misery, and destroy more

souls, than the combined prayers and preaching of the six churches could counteract in the labor of years were the services held daily. Weary of such a state of things, sad for the prayers and tears offered in secret that were still unanswered, fearing for the boys, the young boys of tender age who were going, surely going down to ruin, sympathising with the much abused wife, the lonely and stricken mothers, pitying deeply, the poor unfortunate, the confirmed inebriate, trembling for our brother man, who is engaged in the vile traffic, and anxious to remove from his soul the terrible evils, which inevitably follow in the path of the evil doer, and feeling that longer "forbearance ceased to be a virtue"—that strong effort was demanded, about thirty of the most respectable ladies of the town appeared before the Boards of Excise, which held their meetings on the first Monday in May, and most earnestly and solemnly protested against the granting of licenses.

In what manner their entreaties will be heeded remains to be seen. Let their decisions be as they may, the people of Olean will not longer submit to the overwhelming demands that this traffic is making on her citizens, in the bartering of the mind and morals, the souls and bodies of her sons. The temperance party must be organized now; the people demand action in this matter, eventually it *must* come and we gladly hail the signs of its approach. It is a hopeful omen of the times when moral questions are brought to the people to be decided by ballot, though defeat may follow from the first action, still earnest faithful labor for the right *always* prevails.

Madison Co. Lodge, holds its second annual Session at New Woodstock on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 31st and June 1st. A cordial invitation has been extended to Good Templars everywhere to meet with them. A very interesting programme has been prepared. Madison Co. Lodge is a live working Lodge, all must admit that read the earnest, cordial, generous invitation to Bro's. and Sister to come up to their gathering. Success to them in their labor of Love.

The Duties of Good Templars.

So much has been said and written of the duties Good Templars owe to themselves and to the world, that one would think there was but little left to say upon this subject. Yet "line upon line and precept upon precept" is sometimes needed to keep us in the straight and narrow path of duty. In any relation that we may sustain in life, our duty, and our work cannot be too well understood, or our responsibility in that relation be too deeply impressed upon our minds.

It is to be feared that among those who take the obligation of the Good Templar, as well as among those who assume other high and holy obligations, there are found some who understand but partially the duties and responsibilities assumed. To consent with the lips is one thing, to carry out in life and practice is quite another and different affair. The one is very easy to accomplish; the other requires persevering, sometimes heroic self denial. To the man who has been accustomed to indulgence in drinking habits, the warfare is altogether with the appetite. His is a conflict between his higher moral nature, and a selfish inherited or acquired appetite; minor requirements of his obligation are forgotten or lost sight of in a battle with the strong, the almost irresistible power of previously acquired habits. His is a noble, a glorious work. How we look on with pleasure eye with gratitude as we see him advance step by step in the battle of self conquest. How our hearts are thrilled anew with energy and love for our order, as we see it assist in the mastery of one of the greatest foes to human progress. But even while thus gratified at the success in one instance, our hearts are pained when we see another equally worthy, equally loved and talented brother fall, faint and weary by the roadside, overcome instead of overcoming. A sight more painful to the true and earnest Good Templar can not be imagined.

Now what is the duty of the Good Templar to those brothers? the one a conqueror, the other conquered? To both, we have a duty which we are at no time at liberty to evade. To our more fortunate Brother we are bound by fraternal ties—ties of more than ordinary strength; to the erring one, our

bonds are none the less sacred. Not for a single moment must we relax our duty to the first, while we make all haste to reach after and bring back with us the weaker one, to place his foot-steps it may be on the mount of Hope and Charity, where our Faith shall encircle him in such strong and unflickering light that he shall be strengthened and renewed to continue in the fight with temptations, within and without. Not then must we leave him; we know little of the power of this habit, nor understand much of the strength of association in keeping the bars closed against the entrance of the evil one. No effort must be spared, no sacrifice considered too great, to assist the man in his conquest of self; and then if he continues to go down, down while brothers and sisters continue to seek his reclamation, what then is our duty? Shall we lose our good name and influence, by keeping a brother with us who is only such in name? One who, giving loose reign to appetite, seeks and cares not longer for brotherly or sisterly devotion? Our duty here is plain—a duty that we owe our reclaimed brother, our hope of present and of future usefulness lies in the purity and consistency of our members; all due charity and long suffering is to be exercised, every means made use of to reclaim a fallen brother, failing then to accomplish his salvation, duty to ourselves and others, require that he be not counted as one of us. There can be a duty no more painful to the true Good Templar than this. Yet it is imperitively required if we would not lose our good name and with it our efficiency.

We have now so far considered our duty in our relation to the members of the Lodge. To those outside we owe a duty quite as binding. The obligation taken is for life, we feel that the restraints it has imposed upon us are necessary and beneficent, we believe that it is good for us to be a member of this band. We know that this organization has reclaimed many to virtue and manhood who otherwise would have filled drunkards graves. Now it is our duty to go out and seek for the lost and fallen, and gather them around our sacred altar to partake with us of the blessings of fraternal ties, and with us to make common cause against the invader of happiness and homes. This is not the

duty of one alone, it is the duty all w have taken upon themselves the sacred obligation of the G. T. A life of ease, and quiet repose, is unworthy an immortal being whatever relation one sustains he is unworthy of it, if he is simply a drone, a do-nothing. How much more are we required to work this field when the dire effects of intemperance are so plainly visible, the results cruel and disastrous. He must either heartless or thoughtless indeed, who can remain an idler with so many motives for exertion urging him to action.

Oh! that Good Templars might be more deeply, more thoroughly impressed with their personal, their individual responsibility in this great temperance work. Would they while consenting verbally to the letter of the obligation, they would drink deeply its spirit, and ever thereafter become untiring, living workers in our noble order.



Our noble and talented G. W. V. T., Mr. A. T. Randall has been spending some weeks in Iowa Falls, Iowa, she writes "You do not know how much I am enjoying six weeks of Prairie air, I walk two or three miles every day and am as happy as the bobolinks." While there her voice has not forgotten to make itself known and felt in advocating the cause of temperance. While our worthy reform commands such talent in its behalf we may never fear but that you shall reap abundant harvest if we "work and faint not" Read what the Iowa Falls SENTINEL, says of Mrs. Randall's lecture.

Mrs. Randall's lecture upon the temperance question last Friday evening, was marked success in every view. The large Baptist Church was completely filled by one of the most intelligent audiences ever convened in Iowa Falls, who listened with rapt attention to the distinguished lady orator while she painted with a master hand the horrors of intoxication, and pointed the moral of her impassioned utterances with instances which could not fail to touch the hearts of the most stolid, and lend strength and courage to the great army of temperance reform. Some idea of the impression made by the fair lectress may be inferred from the remark of Mr. Eldred, as he moved a vote of obligation to the speaker: "I have heard no such lecture in thirty years!" said he, and the large audience responded and in a unanimous vote "aye."



WHITE LILLIES.

BY A. C. P.

CHAP. I.

It was a scene for an artist's inspiration.—The pond lay embedded in a circle of trees, like a pearl in a casket of emeralds. Its gleamy, glassy surface dotted with reedy, swaying lillies, which modestly bowed their lovely heads in recognition of their reflected charms.

In a small boat were two young ladies floating listlessly among the flowers, culling the sweet emblems of purity with unsparing hands, until their tiny boat resembled a floral offering to some fairy queen.

The girls were a fair and fitting accompaniment of the scene they unconsciously adorned, this bright summer morning.

The commotions, rivalry, fashions and follies of the world, had no allurements for them. Here they ever found a quiet retreat, and companions from whom they derived their higher and holier aspirations. These water lillies were their instructors, teachers sent by the good Father to instil the sweet lesson of purity of heart, and incite them to live unspotted from the world.

"Carrie, I fancy I am gathering lillies from the Pearl for the last time. Next summer you will gather them alone. Will you promise that each time you visit our old haunt, you will cull a few for me."

"There is no need for a promise. I shall ever associate you with our favorite flower; when obtainable will ever keep a vase of them sacred to you. But why do you portend ill of this visit which you can terminate

at pleasure? You will take the nectar of life from a golden chalice, and will only require caution that no poison mingles with the draught."

"That is just the cause of my anxiety, I have no desire to participate in the gay festivities courtesies will require, and fear if I can, and retain the same indifference as now. Carrie, I will keep these lillies as a talisman against the encroachments of the world, and as a token of my brightest, happiest hours."

That afternoon Mary Belknap and Carrie Walker received the highest prizes Mount Holyoke Institute can confer upon her graduating daughters. Mary was valedictorian and as she concluded the exercises, a floral shower from the audience, attested their approval of her effort. Among the flowers was a single white lily encircled in a coronel of green.

Casting a furtive glance over the crowded hall to see from whom it came, she acknowledged the compliments, with the dignity of a queen, and placing the lily in her sash, retired from the stage and with Carrie hurried to their own room.

"Did you notice who threw this, the sweetest offering of the hour?"

"No but I saw Phillip Everton have that, or a similar one, when he entered the hall."

"Think you he would offer me such a gift? Why he is the affianced of Miss Milford's half million. No, impossible! But I will honor the unknown by wearing a duplicate of his gift this evening."

That was a sad reunion, for the morning

would bring the disbanding of that happy circle—the severing of those magic ties.

The rooms were nearly full when Mary and Carrie entered, dressed in white muslin and no ornaments save a single lily and green sprays on their bosoms and twining their brows. Their eyes bore traces of recent weeping, and there were many others whose brightness were dimmed by the same cause.

Mary traversed the rooms to-night with the air of a conqueror. And full as they were, she stood a distinct personality, —a lady whom you would observe among ten thousand. Life, thus far, had been little less than a hedge of thorns, with few buds of promise, as heralds of a brighter day. She had bravely struggled with poverty for the education nothing but her indomitable courage and perseverance would obtain.

“Miss Belknap is the best graduate our Institution ever claimed; and the noblest, purest-hearted girl I ever saw” was the remark of the principal to Philip Everton. “Her’s is no easy-chair kind of morality—good for the want of temptation to be otherwise. She has encountered the world’s wildest, rudest storms, and been victorious in every conflict. She leaves in the morning for a home with an uncle, lately from the Indies, who wishes her to preside over and display his plate, equipage, household fixings &c. I fancy the life will prove uncongenial to Mary, who is very averse to display. She is more like a lily than tulip, and she wears lilies to-night,” he observed more to himself than companion.”

“And so does her friend, Miss Walker,” replied Everton, “A surer evidence of her delicacy and refinement. No, wealth cannot soil so pure a flower, he thought as his friend crossed the room to join the group of which Mary was the central attraction. They were soon wandering in the conservatory and Everton plucking a white rose begged the favor of adding another gem to her coronet.

“No, thank you, lillies and roses must never mingle interests. Each must remain sole occupant of a throne, Neither have I courage or desire to dethrone my lily, much as I prize the rose. Both are my

favorites, and each sufficient adornment for a queen. But Miss Milford is awaiting you,” and she turned to meet her teacher Prof. Snow.

“Miss Belknap I think you wear your honors well, of all the class, you and Miss Walker are the only exceptions to the graduating costume and honorary badges this evening.”

“Not thus have I striven, to desecrate my laurels in vanity and senseless parade. Whatever I have achieved has been for its own intrinsic worth. Life has never been to me the toy others fancy it, but a stern rugged reality which perhaps will account for the prosaic view I take of it. A butterfly life has no charms for me.”

“Were we in class I would require your reason for such an assertion.”

“And truth would impel me to reply that having ever been in a chrysalis state, I am incompetent to render an explicit one.”

“Shall I infer from present indications that you will soon emerge from us, and your past experience, a full fledged butterfly with all modern improvement.”

“No! rather let the chrysalis slumber on in innocent unconsciousness and spotless robes until the awakening shall be the prelude to Heaven’s song. The future is too real, time too short, and the interests which culminate in life too momentous, to allow of an immortal, fitting its moments in follies and fashions. I have encountered temptations in various forms and the sequel hath proven each an additional cause for thankfulness. But I shrink from the step I am about taking. Can I withstand its manifold temptations and hydra-headed snares? Can I live in splendor and keep the dust of gold from soiling my robes?”

Various and conflicting were the emotions which thrilled the brain of Mr. Snow. He had long loved the gentle girl at his side. Should he confess it, and save her the trial from which her sensitive nature shrank? No he would wait. Let her taste the cup of life in its varied forms—prove by experience the unsatisfying nature of earth’s chief allurements. Then and not till then would he offer her the all absorbing largess of his unquenchable love. “Mary you have no brother. Will you allow me the privilege of

one, permit me to correspond regularly with you, keep me informed of your welfare and daily experience, with a sisters proverbial faithfulness?"

"Would it please you? If so I shall be very happy to comply. I am very grateful for the interest you manifest in my future. I had fancied Carrie my only correspondent." While speaking he had placed a white rose by the side of the lily in her hair, and, strange to say there were no objections either from the flowers or the wearer. Having heard her remarks to Everton, he considered this a favorable omen of the future.

CHAP. II.

Upon returning to his native land, Mr. Norman selected New Haven as his future home, some invisible bond yet clasping the present with the past. From the classic halls of Yale he had graduated a scholar and a gentleman. Here he had chosen his bride—the fair, frail girl, who now sleeps beneath the indian palm. And here he would educate their only child, a son of fifteen years, a frank, generous youth with the noblest impulses. Mr. Norman being cognizant of the pranks and snares of college life, would not relinquish his own vigilance, and therefore chose his residence near the school. He was a pleasant genial gentleman of forty, with expansive brow unfurrowed by time, and heart still young and throbbing with generous impulses. Mary's reception was most cordial, and she found her new home palatial in its dimensions and appointments. Rare pictures graced the walls, costly statuary, and fountains adorned the grounds. Nearly every clime had contributed its choicest offerings to beautify the conservatory, while a miniature pond bore her favorite flower, the lily—pure and unsullied as their humble sisters she had just left. But the spacious library was her special delight. It was a concentration of the wisest, noblest minds of the present and past ages. Here she could commune with her favorites, and draw fresh courage and aspiration from their varied experiences and councils. And the music room, with ceiled walls and vaulted roof, its rich and various instruments was a marvel of beauty. "This is your home, and here are your father and mother. No thanks, it is for our own sakes,

perhaps even more than yours; that I have adopted my dear sisters child. Albert requires a sisters influence and I a daughters tender ministrations. You have borne adversity too well to be dazzled by the glimmer of prosperity I trust."

Mary very soon discovered her work and bravely did she nerve herself for its accomplishment. Lurking within those stately walls—waiting to grasp its unsuspecting victims, was a dire and deadly evil. She knew the wine cellar to be filled with rare old wines—tempting elixirs of death and woe. Her uncle never tasted them, only furnished it for guests, and she soon observed unwittingly for his son also. She spoke to his father, relating the cause of her fears, but he only smiled at them and "thought the danger imaginary."

"He returns to the table on every occasion and helps himself unsparingly, I tell you there is danger. Please give me the keys of the wine cellar and I will save him from a life of misery, and your declining years from remorse and sorrow. And I will stand responsible to our guests for any lack of civility or refreshments. O, he is too noble a youth to be sacrificed to a foolish, wicked custom. Ah, here was *vigilance indeed* watchman on the tower and an *enemy* in the cellar.

Time passed on only tightening the coils of the enemy around the youthful victim. To Mary's earnest entreaty he would reply "I wish I could please you but it is vain to promise, for when I see it upon the table I cannot let it alone. Talk to father." Thus her influence over father and son had proved alike futile. Ah, those were sad weary hours, she could unflinchingly grapple with opposition for herself, but to infuse courage and strength into the nature and actions of others was impossible.

Mr. Norman being very fond of society, and his adopted daughter an ornament to any sphere, their home soon became the favorite resort of the most refined and literary. Mary mingled much in society, that were unavoidable, but she retained the same independent, unostentatious style of dress and ornaments as formerly—the conservatory furnishing the latter oftener than the costly jewels bestowed by her uncle.

Wealth, to her, was but another name for usefulness. Nor would she lavish upon self the treasures of which she was but a steward. Neither were her alms bestowed by proxy that convenient resort of so many of the wealthy. She visited the afflicted and indigent, and into many a sorrowing heart poured the soothing balm of religious healing power. Gently she guided the erring, wayward prodigal back to the fold of the good Shepherd. Tenderly she pointed the humble penitent to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the the world."

Her pastor ever found her a faithful friend and ally—a supporter of his noblest efforts and appeals. She had feared the evil influences of the world upon her heart—the soiling of her robes. But surely she had found the only preventive, and in active christian benevolence, the dust of earth found no time to accumulate. To her uncle she was a never failing source of enjoyment—ever ready to walk or ride with him, or ensconced in some gigantic chair in the library, read to him from some ponderous tome, or, in the music room, awakened the echoes with some of the old masters sublimest inspirations. Nor was she less essential to the happiness of Albert, who fancied her goodness and beauty only equaled by her patience and knowledge of Greek and Latin verbs.

"Why father, she isn't a bit like Sam Wilmer and Phil Carson's sisters, who will never even ride out with them, because they are nothing but *boys*, Mary has never refused to go with me, and treats me with the same politeness she does all gentlemen. I am glad she is a real lady."

The only unsevered ties connecting her present with the past, were her two correspondents, Carrie Walker and Mr. Snow, and a small casket containing two withered white flowers, a lily and a rose.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Drunkness has become fearfully prevalent among the wine growing districts of California. even young girls are sometimes seen reeling in the streets under the influence of the "pure California."

IS IT SAFE FOR WOMAN TO APPEAR ALONE IN PUBLIC?

Some time since I had my indignation aroused by an article in the *ROUND TABLE* which contained a long and elaborate argument to prove that it was improper and unsafe for woman to visit, alone, public places of amusement, to travel "unprotected," to ride in our city cars, or even walk the streets in broad daylight.

I have long been fully convinced that but one of two ways can be the right one concerning women, and that one must ultimately be adopted: either the Turkish social system is correct, and women should be entirely excluded from public places, or else there should be allowed unquestioned personal freedom as human beings. Now, being myself a woman, and having a natural antipathy to the imprisonment of the harem, I claim my right, as a human being, with an independent will of my own, to come and go when I choose and where I choose.

The editor of the late *Round Table* may have a right to speak from his own instinct and tell the world how he himself treats women when he finds them alone and unprotected; but we believe the vast majority of men will challenge his right to speak for them.

However, one woman's actual experience is worth more than the speculations of a score of men; and this is mine for the last fifteen years. For many years my business interests frequently compelled me to be out late of an evening, and I became accustomed to walk the streets of a populous city, "unprotected," yet without thought of fear, and always unmolested. I have walked square in Philadelphia at midnight, through streets where one might look for insult, if anywhere, just as safely as in broad daylight. I am frequent rider in the city cars, and find them as safe as the pavement. I have travelled many times alone on the railroad through different portions of the country, and have yet the first unpleasant occurrence to meet me. In the course of my travels I have four many gentlemen, and if there were others on board who were not, they did not seem in the least attracted by me. I have been in places where I was the only woman, not only during the day, but late into the night, and

must still add my testimony that I have met uniform courtesy, added to a manifested avoidance of anything that might annoy or offend. In days gone by it was no rare occurrence for me to go to the theatre alone at night, but instead of ushers displaying special kindness, as the *Round Table* editor assures women they are certain to do on such an opportunity, I have to thank them for their kindness to me, and have no doubt I often fared better in the way of a seat than I would have done if my husband had accompanied me to look after my interests.

But, reviewing my experience in my own mind, I thought to myself, "You are a plain, unattractive body, and for that very reason exempt from the annoyances that may befall others." So I called a friend in consultation, a lady of pleasing personal appearance and most engaging manners, one who at once presses every stranger in her favor. I knew that she had exercised a freedom equal to mine, while her experience was even more extended. She has traveled alone thousands of miles, by car and steamboat, both in the North and South, and never hesitates to go anywhere, or do anything she really desires, without a rough fear of Mrs. Grundy.

So we two met in conclave and gave the subject a thorough discussion, with one of the offending sex for an audience. Said she: "My father taught me, when I was young, to go quietly along the street, never to indulge in loud talk or laughter, never to stare at passers or by-standers, nor to be constant-straining eyes and ears to catch an impermanent look or comment. I have followed his advice, and if people stare at me, I do not see them; if they make insulting or unpleasant remarks, I do not hear them. So, whether they do or not, I think and know nothing about it, and am not hurt. I believe," she added, "that it is this fear, or extended fear of insult, that most often insults it. If a woman expects to be insulted, her manner shows it, and here are men generous enough not to wish to see her disappointed. It is in a perfect self-forgetfulness and a total absence of fear a woman finds her best safeguard."

She remarked that the writer of the *Round Table* article lived in New York, and possibly in Sodom among cities might be essentially

different from our own quiet Quaker town.

"I have," she said, "been in New York alone and a perfect stranger. I have had dealings with ferry-men, hack-men, baggage-men, hotel clerks. I have travelled up and down the principal streets, visited art galleries and other places of interest, explored Central Park, and found always the same courtesy, always the same freedom from insult."

So, New York was acquitted of any especial wickedness.

"But how about attending public places of amusement?" I asked.

I am alone in this city, with only my mother and sister with me. I have no brother here, no cousin. There is no man upon whom I have the slightest claim to pay my expenses, and see me safely to and from such places.— So when I wish to go to theater, concert, or opera, and feel that I can afford it, I shall not and do not hesitate to take my mother or sister, and go as independently as if I were a man. And I never yet have met any annoyance, and never expect to."

It is my belief that a real lady carries that in her demeanor, in her very presence, which turns every man who comes in contact with her, unless he be a brute, into a gentleman for the time being. I think all Americans, whether of high or low degree, have an instinctive chivalry that not only prevents them from annoying a woman, but leads them to become her *impromptu* protector when they see her annoyed. And the woman who dispenses with the one conventional protector is paying the highest compliment to the sex, saying as plainly as actions can say: "I do not fear you, for I know that I can trust you; and I know that if I am in danger I will find a hundred protectors who will see me suffer no harm."

While we see men bear so patiently the arrogance and assumption of many women who take the courtesies that the stronger sex pay to the weaker as their right, without a word or look of gratitude, we feel sure they can endure the modest independence of a true woman who never asks for aid except she needs it, and then always gracefully receives it and gratefully acknowledges it.

Any woman whose experience is largely the reverse of mine and my friend's, I can-

not help setting down as possessing a strongly purient imagination, in being constantly on the watch for annoyances, and fancying insults where perhaps none were intended; or else that there be something peculiar in her mien and behavior to attract the evil-disposed. She, at least, must be lacking the essentials of ladyhood.

And here permit me to say that the experiences which some literary ladies have taken such great care to spread before the world, touching the conduct of certain individuals who control editorial positions, must be exceptional. I can never believe that any responsible editor in this country would so far forget his manhood, to say nothing of his mother, as to insult an unprotected female, or to place himself at such a sure disadvantage as to make disgraceful overtures, knowing that they would be indignantly repelled. Our editors are neither demons nor fools, whatever else they may be; and any editor in any civilized American city who would so disgrace his profession as to insult a virtuous and modest woman, would not be permitted to hold his position for a day.

I do not expect to find all men saints, but I am certain that they are not all satyrs.—There are brutes to be met with occasionally in the world who have no reverence for either God or humanity, and if a woman is unfortunate enough to meet one occasionally, let her console herself with the thought that it is only once in awhile; and if his mother, sisters, or wife must endure his daily brutality, which, of course, in the "sanctity" of domestic life he is privileged to make far more outrageous than he dare do in public, it will not seriously injure her for once.

There are, in these cases, a convenient blindness and deafness that become a most impenetrable shield. It must be a persistent man indeed who will continue annoyances and insults which only rebound to him, without making any impression on his intended victims.

I believe if women really want their freedom in these matters, there is scarcely any obstacle in their way to prevent their taking it. Only let them, on all occasions, bear in mind that they are ladies, and behave as such. Let there be no assuming of masculine manners along with masculine liberty;

and, though of course I cannot speak of foreign countries from actual experience, I believe they may travel alone from one end of civilization to the other with perfect impunity.—MRS. E. B. DUFFY,—[Frenolical Journal.

[For the Golden Rule.]

BLIGHTED HOPES.

BY MRS. M. A. MOLT.

A sweet child dreaming—dreaming in—prose his visions of happiness undisturbed by the shadows of earth—dreaming the holy dream that ever fill the soul of purity and innocence. No trace of sin and shame rested upon the white tranquil brow—no stain of passion's breath was visible upon the face of the sleeping boy. Happy parents moved softly around the couch of their sleeping idol; love and tenderness beamed in the eyes of the young mother and the low words, "my beautiful boy," fell unconsciously from her lips. "Oh, God, keep him pure," she prayed, as she pressed him lovingly to her bosom.

The soft eyes gently unclosed, and then the merry laugh of happiness rang gaily out upon the summer air. The warm, pure kisses of true love were showered upon those guiltless lips, and the well spring's of affection gushed up, oh how freely, in that mother's soul. Those little roving feet for many a day made music in the happy home. Oh, if these years of glory could have never departed!

* * * * * The scene changes.—

A few years have gone by, and that beautiful child is now an impulsive generous hearted youth. He is endowed with many noble traits of character, and he seems destined to fill some important position in life. His parents look proudly upon their manly son and everything that wealth can purchase is bestowed upon him. They dream bright dreams of the high position that they hope their boy will some day fill. He is just beginning to learn of the great world as to take lessons in its false teachings. Ah, parents! your gifted talented son is standing where terrible danger surrounds him; for he has been tempted to partake of the deadly wine and sad to know, he yielded to the siren voice and drank of the "dark beverage of hell."

Five years more have passed away, and the once noble son is now a poor besotted wretch with the trace of eternal infamy stamped upon his brow. Go with me kind reader into a l

rothel, where the very air is polluted with
 vil—where vice, sin and iniquity stalk abroad
 like a pestilence. Do you behold that wreck
 of manhood sitting in the darkened den of infamy?
 Do you see his red glaring eyes, and the
 terrible gleam of hatred in them? Do you hear
 those fearful curses—those awful blasphemies,
 that breath of revenge and murder? Do you
 see a strange gleam of frenzy flash from those
 listening eyes? Do you observe a long shining
 knife clasped in the hand of that maddened hu-
 man being? And see! he makes a spring, and
 that knife is buried in the heart of a brother
 man. The cry of *murder!* rings out upon the
 air of midnight—there is the tramp of police-
 men, and the poor wretch is borne out beneath
 the pure beautiful stars, with the stamp of
crime's sin upon his brow. Reader, the mur-
 derer is that same sweet infant that we once
 saw; and the NOBLE youth of five years ago.

There is a sunken, neglected spot in a lonely
 grove where no ray of sunlight ever falls—No
 hands remove the tall rank weeds, or plant
 sweet flowers there. No tears of affection ever
 fall upon that rude grave—No father, no moth-
 er, sister or brother ever linger around in the
 mystic gleams of twilight, to muse upon the
 memory of him who sleeps in the shady dell.
 Alas, reader! the MURDERER is resting here.

Away in a darkened lonely home, a broken
 deserted father and mother dwell. The morn-
 ing, the noontide, the evening is alike to them,
 they muse in silence and sorrow. They never
 speak of the innocent child that once they
 watched so tenderly over. They never visit the
 grave of their lost boy. They are waiting and
 watching for the pale death angel, that shall
 come ere-long, to bear them away from the
 realm of earth.

Reader, it was *rum* that destroyed the hap-
 piness of the once noble boy. It was rum that
 dashed the hopes of those tender parents to the
 earth, and crowned their old age with sorrow.
 One heartless fiend wearing the human form,
 held the sparkling wine-glass to the lips of pu-
 gny, and then the poor victim of temptation
 went to ruin. Oh, who, we ask, in all the uni-
 verse of God, that possesses one spark of hu-
 manity, will not raise an arm against this de-
 stroyer of human life and happiness.

LITTLE ORPHANS.

I was very lonely: a great and desolate
 void had suddenly been made in my heart
 and home, and day and night I listened for
 a sweet baby voice that never would thrill
 my soul again, or waken the echoes of the
 great rooms that once had been made merry
 by that dear presence.

Every mother that has lost her darling
 will know how I missed my little four-year-
 old pet, how at every sound I started up as
 if to welcome her to my arms again, only
 to return to a more solitary vigil.

One night I retired to rest feeling a great-
 er depression of spirits than ever; selfishly
 brooding over my sorrow, I closed my eyes
 to a troubled slumber, and in a dream my
 angel-child seemed to appear before me. I
 reached forth my arms, calling her by name,
 but her voiced checked me, and in a tone of
 ineffable sadness she said, "O, mamma,
 there are poor little orphan children!" That
 was all and the vision faded. In the morn-
 ing, as I threw open the window and the
 sunlight streamed through the room, I
 thought how I had been shutting out the
 light from my soul, and there seemed to
 come again the words. "There are poor
 little orphan children."

I am not naturally superstitious, but some-
 how the thought would come that my
 dream was sent as a warning and reproof.
 Poor little orphan children in the world and
 I, widowed, childless, and alone, dwelling
 in the midst of every luxury.

My determination was soon formed, and
 that morning I visited the orphan asylum,
 telling the matron that I wished to adopt
 one of the children.

Passing around and looking into each
 little face, I prayed silently that God would
 aid me in my selection.

"You have seen all the children but one,"
 at last said the matron, "but that one, I
 know, madam, you will never select for
 adoption; we have great trouble with her;
 she will not obey, no matter how sternly we
 speak and even after severe punishment her
 will seems more unsubdued than ever. Her
 history is rather an obscure one; she was
 brought here by an Irish woman, who said
 that in a small room in the house where she

The people of Geneva have a thoroughly Tem-
 perance Board, who refuse all license for liquor-
 selling, in that beautiful village.

lived a lady (she called her lady) had died a few nights before, and that this child was the only one with her, they tore the poor exhausted little creature from the cold form, but she screamed so pitifully, 'Mother, mother, let me die too; O mamma, speak to me,' that the woman's kind heart was touched, and she took a tender care of her until she could bring her here.

"I can not tell why it is, but the child seems to regard us as enemies; she has a violent temper, and at one time was actually found striking a girl larger than herself, but she would give no explanation of her conduct; the children said the girl had been tormenting her little sister, but we never believed it, for she was one of the best-behaved girls in the house."

"I should like to see this child," said I, breaking in on the matron's narrative; for as she proceeded I felt that the little orphan was misunderstood, and that unless a different course of education was pursued, her disposition would be ruined.

They led her in—a small delicate looking child with a pale, sad face, large, mournful, beseeching eyes, as if in wondering bewilderment that the world should have brought her so much sorrow; the hands were small and beautifully formed, and in every movement an indescribable grace was visible.

I observed that her apron was much soiled, and as the eye of the matron fell upon it, she said, not unkindly, but with a frigid indifference, 'I am sorry to see you have been careless again.'

The child's eyes changed from their mournfulness to defiance, and a fierce and bitter look crept over her features.

"What is your name, dear?" I inquired.

She looked up quickly, reading my face with a quick glance, and seeing only kindness there, the bitter look went out of her face, and her answer came in such a clear bird-like voice that my heart was won instantly.

"So your name is Alice," I returned, drawing her toward me; "would you like to go and take a ride with me this morning, Alice?"

Her face flushed with pleasure, and she answered eagerly, "O, yes, ma'am, if you please."

When we were seated in the carriage, she said,

"I hope you will excuse me for coming into the parlor with that soiled apron on this morning; a little girl fell down, and I was trying to stop her from crying, and forgot that her hands were all muddy."

"How did you try, dear?" I said.

"Well," was the artless rejoinder, "I hugged her up close to me, and I couldn't help crying too; and then they came for me, I didn't look at my apron,—but I'm real sorry."

I told her I was glad she comforted the little girl, and that we must always do all the good we can in this world; and from that moment I felt that I would love to train this young life with God's help in a path of usefulness and strength.

As we returned towards the asylum she said sadly, "O, you make me think of my mother." I drew the little form to my arms and told her I would be a mother to her and she should be my little girl.

"And may I always live with you? and will you love me and teach me?" she said. I told her yes, and Heaven knows I have never been sorry.

Once again my stately home echoed to the child's laughter; the long mirrors gave back the reflection of a tiny form daily becoming more graceful, and so I watched her growing up into a beautiful womanhood.

No mother ever loved her own daughter any more than I loved her, and no daughter ever was more faithful and affectionate than this dear child of adoption.

When pain has racked my body, she has watched by me night and day; and when adversity came sweeping away my long enjoyed wealth, with a fortitude and energy I never dreamed her to possess, she became my chief support, laboring with a cheerful determination, and keeping away every care and trouble from my anxious heart.

I am growing old now; silver threads are coming thick and fast, weaving their store of a checkered life.

But the frosts can not touch my heart; there are so many loving hands to keep away; my daughter's affection never diminishes, and her noble husband is one of the best of sons, while our hearts are all knit

together by the children.

And so in my serene old age I clasp my reakening hands and thank God that he led me to care for one of the "poor little orphan children."—[Sara Keabler.

SPEECH OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

"Mr. Gough said : I came to New York almost under a requisition from my physician that I would speak only ten minutes, but on such an occasion as this we forget minutes altogether.— One of the most pleasant associations connected with such a meeting as this is the gathering together of old friends." I have shaken hands, to-night, with some old and faithful friends on this platform who knew me twenty-five years ago, kneeled with me, worked with and helped me. On the 9th of May, 1844, twenty-six years ago yesterday, I was invited to deliver an address before the American Temperance Union, in the Broadway Tabernacle. Mr. Bacon made the first speech. I sat there and wondered how a man could make such a speech, and I rose to speak, the audience went out—oh ! how they went out, but I continued, and it is the same old story to-day, total abstinence from intoxicating beverages, (Applause,) As I look back over those twenty-six years, standing to-day under the arch of the bow, one base of which rests on the dark days, and the other, I trust, on the sunny slopes of paradise, I am so full that I cannot speak, The gentlemen who have already addressed you do not know what the temperance cause is as I know it, I remember one night in Bristol, R. I., standing outside the church and hearing the people applaud, I asked what was going on, and was told that Dr. Jewett was talking on temperance, That old war-worn veteran in the temperance movement is on the platform to-night, When I think of what I owe to the temperance movement, my sympathies go out to the poor victims of vice, No man or woman in this assembly, perhaps, knows what it is to be a drunkard, Can you realize what it is to feel every nerve and fibre of the frame crying out for stimulus? 'Ah!' said a man to me, "I must have it till I die ; and I am as essentially damned to-day as if the sentence had been pronounced against me," When I look back upon the past, and remember my own history, it seems to me as if my whole heart's sympathies went out to the victims of this vice, What shall we do for the poor, debased, degraded, and almost hopeless drunkard?

We look upon them as reckless and willfully wicked, Society throws them out of her superabundant lap as things unworthy of pity or sympathy ; and yet, those are men and women with hearts as warm and with sensibilities as keen as yours, I have in my house a small handkerchief, not worth three cents to you, but you could not buy it from me, A woman brought it, and said to my wife, "I am very poor ; I would give him a thousand pounds if I had it, but I brought this, I married with the fairest and brightest prospects before me : but my husband took to drinking and everything went,— The piano-forte my mother gave me and everything was sold, until, at last, I found myself in a miserable room, My husband lay drunk in the corner, and my child that was lying on my knee was restless I sung, "The light of other days has faded," and wet my handkerchief through with tears, My husband," said she to my wife, "met yours, He spoke a few words and gave a grasp of the hand, and now, for six years, my husband has been to me all that a husband can be to a wife, and we are getting our household goods together again, I have brought your husband the very handkerchief I wet through with my tears, and I want him, when he is speaking, to remember that he has wiped away those tears from me, I trust in God, forever," These are the trophies that make men glad. Some say that the intemperate man is recklessly bent on destroying himself, I know better and so do you, Did ever a man take a glass of intoxicating liquor in his hand and apostrophize it thus, "Here I stand in vigorous health and fine physical development ; I have a mother who loves me, and sisters who cling to me ; I am respected, my ambition is high, and I look into the future with hope, With this I will blast my reputation, ruin my prospects and my health, break the heart of my mother, and bring disgrace upon my sisters, Men shall speak of me in after years with bated breath ; "for the memory of the wicked shall rot," I will take the first step to such a consummation by taking the first glass," Is there any man such a consummate fool as to deliberately say that ? And yet, men are doing just that thing in this city, doing it from the first commencement down the fatal sliding-scale to ruin, a ruin more awful than the imagination of man can describe, If you ask a man to stop drinking, he will say, "I can if I please." So you can, but you won't.— There is a man who can give it up, but he won't ; there is another man who would give it up with all his soul, but he can not, I believe there are

some men who can not ; I believe there are some men who have stepped across the line, and that line is utter ruin. Some of you knew poor Uniac. George H. Stuart knew and helped him, as one Christian brother would help another. I knelt with Uniac, and heard him with his hands clasped say, "O God ! help me. O Christ ! help me." The last words I heard him say were, "I believe the Bible and in a future state of retribution, and I will not live a drunkard. If I fall again, I am a dead man." He did fall and he was a dead man before morning. A glass of ale is a "little thing" a "small affair;" but I care not what it is holds a man, so long as he is held by it. Some men play with this "little thing" until they are in the position of the poor fellow outside the lines when he called out, "I've got a prisoner." Bring him in." "He won't come." "Well, but you had better come in without him." "He won't let me." (Great laughter.) In case there may be one young man in this assembly who drinks, I would ask, "Do you not drink more now than you did five years ago?" Every man who is in the habit of drinking will say that he takes it oftener, and has a stranger craving for it. Some will say, "Oh ! yes, this temperance is all right enough ; but a man must not be weak-minded." What are your ideas of weak-mindedness? I spoke in the city of New York, in the pulpit of one of the most eloquent ministers of the Gospel in this city, and he was so drunk that Dr. Skinner, of the Mercer street Presbyterian church at that time, asked me, in Broadway, if I would testify before a committee that was to be called for the deposition of that minister. I said, "No." He was deposed, and was seen two years afterward with a wretched, ragged shirt over his clothes, preaching sermons to loafers in a dram-shop for rum. A minister of the Gospel told me, in 1847, one of the most thrilling incidents I ever heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home for the first time in his life intoxicated, and his boy met him at the doorstep, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "Papa has come home." He seized that boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered, and fell in the hall. The minister said to me, (I could give you his name if necessary,) "I spent that night in that house. I went out and bared my brow that the night air might fall upon it ; I walked up and down the hall. There was his child dead ; there was his wife in strong convulsions, and he asleep. A man thirty-five years of age asleep with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark in the temple where the corner of the marble steps had

come in contact with the head as he swung him round, and a wife upon the very brink of the grave. Mr. Gough," said my friend, "I cursed the drink."

"He told me I must remain till he awoke, and I did. When he awoke, he passed his hand over his face and exclaimed, "What is the matter? where am I? where is my boy?" "You cannot see him." "Where is my boy?" he inquired. "You can not see him." "Stand out of my way: I will see my boy!" To prevent confusion I took him to that child's bedside, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse, he uttered a shriek, "Ah ! my child !" That minister said further to me, "One year after that, he was brought from a lunatic asylum to lie side by side with his wife in one grave, and I attended his funeral." The minister of the Gospel who told me that fact is, today, a drunken hostler in a stable in Boston ! Now tell me what drink will do. It will debase, degrade, imbrute, and damn everything that is noble, bright, glorious, and godlike in a human being. There is nothing drink will not do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly, sneaking or hellish. We are united, brethren, are we not, to fight it till the day of our death? Oh ! may God give me an increasing capacity to hate it as long as I live. You know as well as I do that it depends a great deal more on the temperament of a man than upon the strength of his mind, whether he becomes intemperate if he drinks. Some men can drink moderately, those who possess a cold, phlegmatic temperament. You have seen such men, persons who could not understand a joke. A gentleman in St. Louis, an eminent joker, told me that a friend of his was never able to understand a joke, and whenever he perpetrated one upon him, he informed him that he would wink, so as to let him know he had been joking. The friend was very low with rheumatism, laid out stiff and straight, and could not move. The joker came in, and said, "Jim, you are in the stationary line," and winked. The old fellow lay there pondering over the matter, saying, "How; in the name of common sense, could that thing apply to me?" A friend came in, to whom he said, "Bill has been here, and he's got a joke on me. I know he has, because he winked. He said, when I was laid out with the rheumatism and could not move a single step, that I was keeping a bookstore." (Great laughter.) A man with this temperament may be a good husband, a good father, a good son, a good neighbor, and a good Christian, for aught I know ; but if you give

him a glass of drink, he only feels "comfortable;" give him another, and he feels "comfortabler;" fill him up, and you can't get him beyond the point of feeling "comfortable." Call upon him to transact business, and he will do it in a certain sort of a way, and feel comfortable. He will drop his chin on his chest, and his lower lip will lie over his chin; he will go to sleep "comfortable," and he will get up in the morning feeling "comfortable." (Laughter.) Now, the influence of drink upon such a man may be very disastrous to his vital organs, and may produce disease. When such a person drinks, he does not stand with one foot upon the chair, and the other upon the table, with a glass in his hand, calling upon the boys to give three cheers. He never hurrahs; he drinks "comfortably." Take a man with a nervous, susceptible temperament, who is easily excited, fond of society, full of music, with a very active brain, and give him a glass of liquor. He feels it in every nerve of his system, in every fibre of his frame; for it touches his brain instantly. What is the effect of drink upon the brain? It weakens the power of will, warps the judgement, and stimulates the perception, while it destroys the accuracy. A man is not what he was before; he is sensibly changed. There are men so nervously susceptible to the influence of stimulants that only one glass is to them not moderation, but excess.— Say to a young man, 'Come with me into that house,' and he will respond, 'No; go into that house? never!' Coax him, argue with him, drive him, and he will rejoin, No, by the love I bear my mother, by sister's pure kiss upon my cheek, go across the threshold of that house, never! Here I stand firm as a rock.' But give him one glass of whiskey or brandy, wait ten minutes, and then say, 'Will you come with me now?' 'Yes, go with you anywhere; and he will step across the threshold of her whose steps take hold on hell, when you could not have urged, forced or ridiculed him into it without the influence of drink touching his brain. There are men as sensitive as that, and this is the class who are becoming intemperate. And they are not what many call weak-minded.

'But a man will tell me, 'When I find out that it is injuring me, then I will give it up.' When will a man find out it is injuring him, and what is it to be injured by drink? There are young men in the city of whom it would be libelous to say that they are drunkards; but are they not drinking enough to injure them? It is natural for a young man to love his mother, isn't it? When I hear a young man speak con-

temptuously of his mother, I make up my mind to one of two things, either he is a bad man or his mother is a bad woman. The love for a good mother is the last principle that will die out of a man. How many young men are there in the city of New York that, if I should say a word that would touch the feelings of a mother, would beat me like a dog? And yet these men are deliberately, willfully, and steadily breaking their mothers' hearts, and they know it. There are young men in this city who will press their lips upon their mothers' in the evening, and, as they go out, she will say, 'Don't be late, my boy;' and, as that boy leaves he *knows* that if he comes home at midnight with the smell of liquor upon his breath, as he kisses his mother good-night again, she will go to bed and weep till morning, and wet the pillow with her tears. Do you tell me that he does not know that every step he takes he is planting a thorn in her pillow. And yet, when I ask him to quit drinking, he will tell me that he does not drink enough to hurt him. I know a great many of our fashionable business men say, 'The fact is, you teetotalers are an ascetic set.' No, we are not. We are the jolliest set of people that ever lived; but when we laugh, we have something to laugh at. You take a lot of men half fuddled with wine, and any thing will make them laugh. Temperance men like fun and frolic. Man is the only animal that can laugh, and we teetotalers have a right to enjoy our privilege. We are seeking happiness just as much as the intemperate; but I want to say one thing, that happiness is not worth the name unless you can thank God for it. I was asked by a lady, in Cincinnati, to go and hear Werner play in his rooms. I accepted the invitation, and listened while the weird, melancholy, minor discords resolved themselves into perfect harmonies. I sat there thrilled, and like Oliver Twist, I said, 'More.' I had more for two hours, and, by and by, I turned to the lady and said, 'I thank God for such a capacity for enjoyment.' But no man ever dared to go down on his knees and thank God for the gratification produced by intoxication. We have sources of enjoyment around us, above us, beneath us, everywhere. Mr. Gough then depicted in his characteristic, and 'unreportable' style, the thrilling sensations he experienced several years ago when he visited Mount Blanc. He thanked God that although but a speck amid those magnificent mountains he was a man. 'The great God who created the universe formed me, and made me what lie

made no material thing—a living soul. There is a destiny before me high as heaven and vast as eternity; for I am a man; and the universe grand and glorious as it is, is but the nursery of my infant soul. The child is worth more than the nursery, and therefore I, as a man, worth more than all God's material universe. Years have passed since I witnessed that spectacle; but I can at any time lie upon the sofa, cover my face in my hands, and dream it all back again, and thank God for the capacity for such enjoyment."

"A short time ago, a man came to me and said, 'I knew you twenty years ago in Massachusetts, when you gave a concert at Haverhill. After the concert, we went to Brown's hotel and continued to drink till four o'clock in the morning. I thought you were the happiest fellow that I ever set my eyes on, and I said to my friends, "If you want to see a happy fellow, there is one; it bubbles all over him."' Is the flush and excitement that drink produces, and which leaves a stain, real happiness? I am now fifty-three years old, and as I look back upon the past, as I mingle with the wise, the good, the pure, and the true; as I shake hands with such men as have grasped my hand to-night, I feel intense disgust and abhorrence of the days that man spoke of as being happy. I would give my right hand to-night, (and I do not say this in the excitement of a speech) so help me God, if I could forget them; if I could tear out from my memory the remembrance of the dark, black, damning days of degradation. But some say, 'You have recovered.' No; we can never recover from the effects of such a life. What a man sows that shall he reap. Little things show whether such men recover or not.' One little thing I may say personally, if you please. I have tried to bring up some children—not my own—and two of them are on the platform to-night. One of the hinderance to my speech is that they are there and hear what I say. Last summer I heard one of those girls say to my wife, 'Aunt Mary, is it not strange that Uncle John should have got drunk?' I felt ashamed of myself; and is not that some penalty for a man to pay all the days of his life? I do feel ashamed; I feel as if I could hide myself in the earth; I felt to-night, when I took hold of hands that never had been stained with the intoxicating cup, as if I could lie down and let them set their feet upon me. There is not a man so well known to the public so utterly lonesome and isolated as I am, Did you ever hear of me

being at a party? Never. I have not been to two for twenty-five years. Did you ever hear of me calling upon great men? No. And when I ask them, I do it with so much timidity that I do not much expect them to accept the invitation. I have asked some of the gentlemen here to-night to come and see me; but I do not believe they ever will. If a man invites me to a dinner-party, I find an excuse. I never go to see people, because I staid the pages of my life's book. Though I may turn over ten thousand stainless pages, the stains on the other pages will remain. Yet I have one comfort: 'I, even I, am He that blotteth out thine iniquities.' There is to be a blotting out, thank God! But there will never be a blotting out in this life of wrong doing; 'what a man sows that shall he reap.' I did not intend to give you so long a lecture on temperance. It has been what my dear friend Cuyler [Dr. Cuyler occupying a seat on the platform] would call 'a heart's out spilling.' While I look over the past and look into the future, I trust with some confidence, and thank God for all he has enabled me to do, though I have done it in a stumbling, blundering way.

'Friends, we are seeking to advance the interests of the temperance movement, to save men, to save the next generation from utter ruin; and we want help, aid, influence, and co-operation. When I first spoke in 1834, in the Broadway Tabernacle, where were we? I was in Norfolk, Va., in 1846 and heard a man say, as a colored woman stood on a hogshad, 'Going, going—\$136, who will bid \$140?—going, going, gone;' and the woman, whose tears rolled down her dusky cheek, was transferred to another owner for a hundred and forty dollars. Dr you remember that? The world moves; we live in an age of moral progress (Applause.) I was in the city of New York when the colored people celebrated the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution. I saw colored men walking through the streets; and what else did I see? A man driving a truck undertook to break the ranks; the colored man said, 'Stop;' the driver responded that he would be d——d if he would; but a policeman approached, and 'stop' he did. The very men who hung the negro but a few years ago to a lamp-post, and hurried him through the streets determined on his blood, were obliged to be respectful to him in the city of New York (Renewed applause.) When I spoke in New York in 1844, I could not stand up and, say 'We are a free people;' and when we went to England and

Scotland, how our heads would hang down and cheeks would burn as men would point to the stain on our escutcheon. But to-day we stand with unblushing front before the whole world and tell them we are free. (Applause.) We live in an age of progress. When I first began in the temperance movement, the Washingtonians had full sway. Had it not been for such men as are on the platform, Dr. Jewett and others, the Washingtonians would have driven the temperance movement, to use a common expression, right under ground. They aimed simply at the rescue of the intemperate, with no respect to the means that made him intemperate; yet they did a noble and wonderful work. But we should combine the principle of Washingtonianism with legal enactments and prohibition, and work as they did, with 'Bands of Hope' and cold-water armies.' Oh! for the good old days when the cold water armies used to come up with their banners and mottoes to hear what we had to say on the subject of temperance! A gentleman said to me the other day, 'The temperance cause is dead.' It is not dead, for it was born in the church of Christ, and that which is born there can never die. Right is to triumph in the end. You and I will not live to see it; but it will come. Nero sat on the throne clothed in purple, and at his nod men trembled. In the Memertine dungeon a man was writing a letter to Timothy to send him his cloak, for he was shivering in one of the dungeons of the Roman capital. Years rolled on, and right and wrong contended with each other. The former died a miserable suicide, but the prisoner wrote on and finished his letter, 'I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith'—words which have comforted millions for generations. And the world could better afford to lose all the words of eloquence that ever fell from the lips of Roman orators than to lose one word of what the chained prisoner wrote in his dungeon. My experience has led me to this conclusion, that we trust too much even to our organizations and to our efforts. We are in too much of a hurry; we want results immediately. We do a thing and want results to come at once, forgetting that with the Lord one day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day. It is God's work and not ours; we are workers. If a man stands as a machine, and if he is connected by a band of living faith with God Almighty, he is doing his work as he will, where he will, and when he will, and occupies the highest position a man can occupy in this world. God is the motive power, and our work

is simply nothing in comparison with him. Then as we put forth our efforts, let us make our appeal to him.

"I remember, (and I do not know whether it was a legend or not,) that a missionary party were passing over the prairie when one of them exclaimed, "See, see, that red glare; what is it? They looked and watched, and one old trapper, shading his eyes with his hand, cried out, "The prairie is on fire, and it is spreading at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It will destroy us, and nothing will be left but a few charred bodies to tell of the party passing over the prairie."—"What shall be done?" The trapper cried, "We must fight fire with fire, Work, work! pull up the grass; make the circle larger, larger, larger! Quick, quick! I feel the heat upon my brow! Quick, for your lives! pull up the grass, pull up the grass! Now for the matches!

"They searched and found two. Hastily they struck one and it failed, utterly failed.—One match, and the fire coming in the distance, leaping with its forked tongues through the dry grass at twenty miles an hour! Only one match! The missionary baring his brow said, "God help us; for thy great name's sake, help us in our extremity." Every heart prompted the word, and the lips uttered, "Amen." They struck the match; it caught fire, and the grass was ignited; and as the fire fenced them in a circle they marched on triumphant, exultant, victorious.

"Our instrumentalities, National Temperance Societies, Bands of Hope, Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, whatever they may be, are as feeble as that one match. Before we put forth our efforts, then, let us reverently ask God to help us for his great name's sake, and we with those we have worked for shall stand in the circle unharmed while the flames play away in the distance, and we stand saved, not by our own efforts alone, but by our own efforts blessed and acknowledged by him in whose hand are the destinies of all men.

It is of no use to waste time mourning for what might have been. Things that might have been, and are not, are entirely hopeless. Don't look at them, don't think of them. Turn your back to them, and look straight in the face of the present and its realities. See what needs to be done, and do it. So shall the "might have beens" of the future be less than the past, if indeed they do not vanish from your life and thoughts.

For the Golden Rule.

AN EVENING WALK—AND TALK.

BY J. A. C.

Bessie and her friend sat side by side, looking at a lovely May sunset, in silence; while a few merry-songsters were fluttering about sending up a brief song of praise, and the gentle breeze softly stirred the fresh foliage of the trees,

"Come Libbie, our little world within, is closing our eyes and ears to the beauty of a delicious May sunset," remarked Bessie, looking at the delicate tints of the western sky. "Come let us take a walk, it is not good to be so much absorbed in either the past or the future, as to lose what the present has to offer; there is much one ought to feel in an hour like this,—nature has no phases that does not reflect itself upon the heart, if the heart only turn toward it an undimmed surface, Spring, Summer Autumn and Winter, are full of instruction, not given didactically but in pictures, which the eyes of all who can look upon, and love nature, may perceive and enjoy, at the same time that their deeper meaning is whispered in the spirits ear."

Bessie arose as she spoke, and drawing the arm of her companion within her own, they passed into the open air.

"True Bessie! And ah how lovely! But can a real lover of nature be a skeptic? All cannot feel as you do; I wish all could, like you, see a truth concealed beneath every object of nature beneath every change of her varying countenance. A sweet verse occurs to me I will repeat it though I cannot recall the author's name."

"Give me a May day, that amid the fields,
Treading on flowers and in the odorous air,
I may roam on o'er mountains, and through
woods,
And as the tender memories of the dead,
Stream o'er me from the things they loved so
once,
And from the flowers that decked their early
biers.

I—feeling saddest love within my soul—
May feel my soul and know I am immortal.

"Yes Libbie it is beautiful. Who could doubt the immortality of the soul with the hand writing upon the wall, in such unmistakable characters?" Nature has all earth for its garden, in which the trees are white with blossoms and the ground carpeted with myriads of flowers. She has repainted, refurnished regilded; the soft breezes diffuse most delicate odors, the sun spreading from mountain to mountain, looks down into the narrowest vales, the densest cliffs

of the hills, and thickets of the forest; int rushing rivers, serene lakes, and bids the lowliest creature come forth and enjoy. Our friends of the feathery tribes come again from the shores and gardens of China, on whose secliffs they have had their nests, of the pure sea-foam, or hung them beneath the flapping ornaments of the tall pagoda eaves, amid the scent of the tea trees. They come again among their songs of gratitude but breathe not a syllable of the mysteries of their lives, of the lands they visit, or the signs that guide their stated pilgrimage. Oh, who does not love to wander where children in their beautiful holiday of Nature, has from age, to age, gathered pinafores of perishable beauty, and fragrance. Where poets have mused on songs in her honor where lovers have dreamed that life was a long May month followed by no autumn of care, or winter of death, and best of all Libbie on such an evening as this, to gaze on the clear sky where spite of care, and death, the word Immortality is written in the crystal dome of "Our Father in heaven," and enjoy that beauty which comes from an eternal source of beauty listen to the joy of birds, and insects, joy that from an internal source of joy must come; and let the heart be strengthened in the assurance that all this scene of enjoyment, is *made to be enjoyed* and not in vain. Oh who dare say God is not in all his work."

"None surely, Bessie, birds, beast and men at the head of all, revel in the glorious season of freshness and beauty; while the real lover of beauty in Nature sets humbly at the maker's feet in silent admiration, and grateful worship. And it is meet that the creatures should hear see and enjoy, all that any infinite Creator has made for their enjoyment, but here we are at the gate.—Good night and pleasant dream Bessie!"

"Thank you! May the beautiful Angels of love guard your slumber Libbie."

Whitestown May, 1870.

A good conscience is better than two witnesses—it will consume your grief as the sun dissolves ice. It is a spring when you are thirsty—a staff when you are weary—a screen when the sun burns—a pillow in death.

How many spend their whole lives drifting. It is so much easier floating with the tide than rowing against it—to go down the stream of popular opinion than in opposition to it!

[For the Golden Rule.]

THE BALLOT.

Why should it be given to Woman.

In considering this subject, the following questions seems pertinent, viz. First, *Is woman a human being?* Second, *Has she any rights to be protected?* Third, *Has she intelligence to comprehend those rights and wisdom to exercise them properly?* Fourth, *Has she moral integrity to save her from reaching results by unjust means?* and Fifthly *Is she loyal?*

In reply to the first, it must be admitted by all who believe in the humanity of man, that woman is at least half human, and undoubtedly most people will admit her entire humanity. This granted, and it is evident that, in the distinctive characteristics of humanity, she is like other of her species in similar circumstances.

To the second query there may be more difficulty in replying. The Declaration of Independence very clearly states that men have rights, and that they are created equal. Now if it could be proven that men in this connection refers to a species, as it does in many cases, and not to a sex, then it would be very plain that woman has rights in common with man, and that she is equally entitled with him to protection in those rights. Positive proof on this point, however, must ever be wanting, as the honored heads which originated that document and the hand which penned it, have long since gone down to their rest and up to their reward; yet the evidence is in favor of such a construction. It is most certainly it cannot be claimed that man has any ground upon which to base his right

"life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," which does not equally inhere in woman. Conceding, then, that woman has at least these rights in common with man, her claim to protection in them, must be not only reasonable, but entirely legitimate. The third question, which regards her intelligence, and power to direct it to proper ends, can be readily and clearly answered by any candid and observing teacher, for it is well known that the intellectual capacity of girls in our public schools, is not, in any particular, inferior to that of boys. What her results may be developed in maturer

years, it is evident that the sexes commence life upon equal footing, as regards intellect, and the conclusion cannot be avoided, that like circumstances, in latter life, would produce like results in the character of each.

Fourth, in regard to morality, no one will, probably, undertake to prove that women, as a class, are more corruptible than men. Certainly they are not inferior to licentious inebriates, and everybody says they should vote. Let woman feel that she has within her the elements of power, for the proper exercise of which she is responsible, and there need be no fear but that she will soon learn to exercise it with caution. Until then there is no reason to wonder at any extreme into which she may run. If she has nothing for which to live but to play the part of a toy or a slave, and feels that she must ever occupy a position inferior to that of man, there need be no surprise if her satin skirts become street brooms; if her hat becomes reduced to a bunch of artificial flowers; if her person, distorted and its original beauty deformed, is loaded with glittering trinkets and gewgaws; if her waist is compressed to a span so that her life goes out before it is fairly commenced; if she becomes careless of man's interest or his happiness in the pursuit of her follies. There is no cause of surprise if she becomes deceptive, sullen or morose, till his home become robbed of its sunshine, and his own life seems almost a burden, on account of her infidelity. Can gentleman reasonably expect to gather grapes where they have only planted thorns, or figs from the thistles they have sown? That which they have sown shall they reap. The law of cause and effect operates as surely here as elsewhere. Refuse to recognize woman's identity, and she will soon cease to have any. Give her to feel that every man's hand is against her, and her hand will soon be against every man; and this result will not obtain because she is, by nature, more perverse than man; but because she is in all that affects her humanity, just like him. These are the legitimate effects of a given cause, and that cause is the withholding from her of rights which are her's by virtue of her humanity—withholding them because of her sex, a circumstance for which she is

no more accountable than the negro for his color. It is only an accident of birth that any are *white* men instead of *negroes*, and not less so that they are *men* instead of *women*. From what premises then do men reach the conclusion that it is right to exclude women from participation in civil affairs. Let me not be understood to take up the strain of that class who believe women are angels and men devils, or something akin to them. I have no sympathy with such sentiments. I simply believe that a just God has created the sexes equal in *rights*, and designed them to work together for the suppression of evil, and for the promotion of all that can benefit the race.

Fifth—Is woman Loyal? The events of the last few years have forever settled the question that woman is as truly and thoroughly loyal as it is possible for man to be. We have but to remember the few, who, despite official vigilance, entered the service, enduring all the hardships of camp and battle field; the *army* of those who served in hospitals; and last but not least, the thousands of frail, but brave ones who gave to their country the strong arms on which they had leaned for support, and undertook to provide for themselves and little ones, frequently suffering, in addition, all the indignities and insults which disloyal *men* could heap upon them, and, if her right to represent herself were to rest upon her loyalty, *who shall say she may not vote?*

But there is another reason, more important, perhaps, than any yet given, why woman should be enfranchised. Whenever, from the mere pittance paid her for her labor, she has been able to save enough with which to purchase a few rods of land; or if by virtue of gift or heirship, she came into possession of real estate, it is ascertained, at once, that the influence of sex ceases to operate, and she is taxed in the same proportion as men, for the support of a government whose laws she is held to obey, though she is allowed no voice in their construction. The colonists thought taxation without representation a sufficient cause for breaking allegiance with their king, and declaring themselves independent; and Heaven recognized the justice of their cause by giving them success under the most ad-

verse circumstances. We believe ourselves entitled to all the rights of citizenship, and maintain that, so long as we remain unrepresented in legislative halls, justice forbids that one farthing of tax be paid upon our property. But some very wise men presume to tell us that we are already represented by our husbands. So were the slaves, for near a hundred years, represented by their avaricious and cruel masters, while the free blacks who had no masters, like the unfortunate women who have no husbands were utterly *unrepresented*. For years, the clamors of women for the right of suffrage have been met with expressions of horror, the idea of being "polluted by dabbling in the *dirty pool of politics*." Long and painfully conscious has she been, of the malarious stench arising from that pool. Filled to the brim with injustice, perjured honor, intrigue, falshood, hatred, strife, ruined character and bad whiskey, it is no marvel that its exhalations are so offensive. Let good men and good women *unite* in draining and cleansing it of its filth, and then keep guard over it until its brim shall overflow with pure, sweet water from the fountain of Liberty, and it shall ever invigorate, purify and enoble those who drink from it.

WOMAN.

MOTHER.—Lamartine tells a story that exquisitely illustrates a mother's love:—some spring freshet, a river widely washed its shores and rent away a bough whereon a bird had built a cottage for her summer home. Down the white, and whirling stream drifted the green branch, its wicker cup unfledged song, and fluttering beside it it went, the mother bird. Unheeding the roaring river, on she went, her cries of agony and fear piercing the pauses in the storm. How like the love of the old-fashioned mother, who follows the dove she has plucked from her heart all over the world. Swept away by passion that child might it mattered not, though he was bearing away with him the fragrance of the shattuck roof-tree, yet that mother was with him a Ruth through all his life, and a Rachel his death.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

BY MRS. B. C. RUDE.

CHAPTER. I.

"Won't you wash the dishes this morning and let me wipe them, my cut finger hurts so when I put it into hot water?"

"Me wash the dishes and put my hands into that dirty hot dishwater. No, I won't! Mama don't want me to wash."

Luana Graves the first speaker dipped the dishwater into her pan, cooled it, and winning a little put the right hand into the water, then proceeded to wash the dishes.

Cornelia Graves, wiped them, packed them on the table and left them for Luana to put away after she had done with the table and kettles &c.

It was not because Luana was the elder of the two that she always bore the brunt of everything for they were twin sisters. It was not because she was the stronger of the two. On the contrary Cornelia was the picture of health, while Luana had a pale sickly look. Luana was always ready and willing to obey her mothers's slightest wish, Cornelia was often obstinate and disobedient.

Mrs. Graves was an irresolute woman, one who always prided herself in getting on in the world with the least possible care, and it naturally came about that Luana gradually became a fixture in the kitchen, while Cornelia became almost stationary in the parlor.

They were in their fourteenth year on this particular morning. Cornelia had already taken music lessons for two years, and it was a settled thing, that she was to be educated at Mrs. L——s Seminary, because, as Mrs. Graves said, she was worth nothing at home, and she could spare her as well as not to be educated, while Luana she couldn't possibly do without.

"There goes the clock? my hateful old practice hour. Well I won't practice for Mrs. Dean's away." Cornelia jerked up her hat and darted off. She came running back in half an hour with three other little girls, rushed into her mothers room saying

"mama, mama, its so fine to day, and we are going to the woods." Mrs. Graves laid aside her work looked at the clock, and said, "Your practice hour is not up." Well but Mrs. Deane wasn't there and Nettie and Lelia and Katy came along with their baskets and I looked out of the window and asked where they were going and they were bound I should go to the woods with them and it'll be such fun. I want a basket of dinner and we are going to have a pic-nic, and then fill our basket with mosses."

"Well! well! go on, Luana put up a lunch for Cornelia."

"Can I go too mama" said Luana.

"You know I can't spare you both. There's dinner to get for all the hungry men."

"Oh I wish you could go said Kate, you never go, Did you make this pretty wax rose?"

"Yes, this morning, don't you think it's a beauty" said Luana with a quiet pride. "Yes lovely," cried three little voices.

"Come, come Luana put up my lunch, you're always fussing with wax or nasty paints. When she gets that wax rose all done she'll up and pencil it then paint it and the land knows what not. She's a regular old fuss, but then she's a darling sister after all. Good by Lu" and she put up her pretty lips for a kiss.

"Don't get lost girls" said Luana as she put her head out of the door to watch them out of sight. She uttered no word of complaint to her mother because she could not go. She simply sighed a deep heavy sigh for one so young, and shut the door. Luana was one of those who "pick up" knowledge. If she saw anything pretty she always made something like it. She made the nice dresses for all the dolls in the neighborhood before she was six. She crocheted all of the tidies and hoods in the neighborhood and with the money she received for it she furnished herself with materials for penciling, painting and wax flowers.

Luana prepared the vegetables for dinner that day, set the table, washed the dishes and combed her mother's hair besides doing many other little odd jobs that naturally fall upon a little girl about the house. Cornelia came home tired and cross. "Oh don't ask me to stir when my feet ache so," she said pettishly as Luana asked her to bring in the night wood and kindlings. This is given as a fair specimen of the daily lives of Luana and Cornelia Graves.

Everybody knew that Luana had the most sterling worth yet everybody flattered Cornelia for she had a saucy air about her which every body enjoyed. At sixteen Cornelia was to be sent away to school. The time arrived at last. Luana was busy for months "packing her off" as she said laughingly. Nobody knew how much it cost her though, for oh how she longed and thirsted for knowledge. How she longed to enter upon the study of the starry heavens as a science. It is true she took solid comfort watching the little twinkling stars overhead and imagining some particular star to be an angel smiling right at her, but then she wanted to know something of that vast system of worlds beyond. She picked up the pretty pebbles along the creek and longed to study the science of minerals. She collected a cabinet of curiosities in which she greatly delighted. She loved flowers and was already quite a botanist, thanks to a maiden aunt across the way, aunt Betsy as they called her.

"It is almost a relief after all to have Cornelia gone" said aunt Betsy "for now you'll have much more time to yourself Luana dear."

"But it was hard to pack the pink silk and the green crape dresses and all those nice things, when we are twins and ought to be dressed just alike. Oh dear aunt Betsy I *must* let it out to some one, and if I couldn't come over here and lay my head on your arm and talk I don't know what I should do" and the tired child burst into a fit of weeping.

Aunt Betsy wept too for it called up the bitter past when Luana's mother, her own sister—had taken as it were her own "birth-right" from her. She had always been eclipsed by her fair sister and that was why

she was simply aunt Betsy without any surname. I won't enter into particulars about that however, it would make quite a story if I should. She stroked Luana's hair, wiped away the tears with her silk handkerchief, called her poor dear Lu., and then like until the child felt it almost a comfort to have trouble for the sake of being petted by aunt Betsy.

I forgot to mention that at the time when Cornelia commenced music, aunt Betsy had purchased books for Luana and set her practicing on her old fashioned piano. It was out of tune and she could not teach her, but Luana had such a way of picking out things, that aunt Betsy said she knew she might go ahead of Cornelia if she only tried. Nobody thought anything of the little practice she got over there. In fact she went regularly an hour a day. But scarcely anybody knew it. Luana herself had no idea of what aunt Betsy was up to.

After Cornelia's departure Luana read and studied with zeal. She had laid a thorough foundation at the District School and was termed "the best scholar" in school, but she had got to the limit, and could get no more help there. Encouraged by aunt Betsy however, she pursued a regular course of practical studies besides adding almost weekly some little picture or ornament to the wall of her little room until it became a real little picture gallery. Every birth-day Mr. and Mrs. Graves were presented with a case of wax flowers or hair work or a fine picture. Meanwhile Cornelia was being supported in good style at Mrs. L——s school. She writes home thus.

DEAR LU.—I get along very well with everything but *compositions*. They're hateful things any way and I won't write them. I won't bother my head with them. My sick head-aches come on that day for awhile, but they mistrust me now and its no go. I want you to send me a pile. Now if you don't you'll be sorry do you hear? Everybody thinks I'm splendid. Well I am I suppose. Now Lu., don't forget, write on "Industry" and "Night" and anything you choose. Oh dear! Miss. L., has just come in and says I *must* have one next week on "Childhood." Now Lu dear Lu., do write just that for me and I'll never ask you again until I ask you to write my graduating piece.

CORNELIA.

CHAP. II.

It was composition day a week later at Mrs. L——s Seminary, and Mr. L—— sat at her desk as the young ladies came into her room.

"Good morning Miss Cornelia, I am glad to see you at your post at last with your composition. Did you take the subject which I gave you?"

"Yes ma'am and it was so easy" said Cornelia

Twelve girls ranged themselves about the room, Mrs. L—— Tapped a silver bell. The first girl arose and read in a clear full voice. The twelfth time the bell struck it was for Cornelia. She arose, read her essay with a readiness and ease that left no room for doubt as to her authorship of the piece. Spat! spat! spat! went twelve pairs of hands as she got through. Well done! said Mrs. L—— I knew you could write. An essay from you two weeks from to day without fail."

"What on earth shall I do" cried Cornelia as she sat in her room that night. "I've put my foot in now, I know Luana won't furnish me with any essays, but she must. I'll go through now, it will never do for me to confess that I did not write it. Pshaw! Lu., would have made a scholar. It's only labor lost to bestow so much expense on me, but then it'll be the means of marrying me off perhaps. Lu., can take care of herself if need be but I never could to save me."

"Good afternoon" said Hetty Cole three days later, as she came tripping into Cornelia's room allow me to congratulate you. you deserve it any way dear Corny."

"Deserve what" exclaimed Cornelia hurriedly.

Why to have your essay with your name in full and these precious comments by Mrs. L——"

Cornelia's head swam around for a moment. "Give me the paper" she gasped. Yes! there it was "Childhood" by Miss Cornelia Graves, accompanied by the following note from dear Mrs. L——.

"MR. EDITOR.—Believing that it will be a source of encouragement to the writer as well as pleasure to your readers, I offer the following for publication. In this article you will find unmistakable signs of talent."

Was it well or ill that Hettie Cole was in a hurry to do some shopping? If she had staid five minutes, Cornelia, under the powerful impulse of her surprise and mortification would have confessed the fraud. She did not *do it* however, and by the time Mrs. L—— called she was so far composed as to accept her congratulations with an easy grace. Cornelia did not mean to be dishonest, yet she was. She had been guilty of forgery just as much as if she had written a note for \$100 signed my name to it and put it in circulation. It always takes a lie to screen a lie and it was only a week, before Cornelia feigned sickness that she might be excused to go home for a while. The secret of it all was, she remembered a bundle of compositions which Luana had carefully tied with a blue ribbon and packed in the bottom of an old green chest up stairs. She wanted to get hold of them and not have anybody know it.

It was a rainy night when Cornelia rattled the gate before her fathers door in the vain hope that some one would come out. The house was dark, and no response came to her rap. There was a bright light across the way however at Aunt Betsy's, Cornelia felt quite guilty as she went dripping wet into her aunts house and told her she was sick. Aunt Betsy was used to her tricks and looked searchingly into her face as she said, "We'll give you a sweat." It was in vain that Cornelia remonstrated. An hour later she was transferred from a warm bath into aunt Betsy's bed with half a bushel of steaming ears of corn, which aunt Betsy had boiled for the occasion, laid about the edges of the upper sheet and covered with five comfortables and a bed quilt. She bore it like a martyr. She gave only one audible groan and that was when aunt Betsy said it would be necessary to repeat the process every night for a week. She was well in the morning however. "It's wonderful" she said "aunt Betsy how quick your treatment will cure a body."

Her people were to be gone for a week, and the very next day Cornelia got the key to her fathers house, went in, crept up stairs to the old chest, secured the prize, carefully hid it, and was ready the day after to return to school. "These productions have cost me

great drops of sweat," she said laughing to herself, as she stowed the precious bundle away in a sly corner in her own little room in the Seminary. "Now catch me unprepared if you can Mrs. L——."

CHAP. III,

Two years after this event in the bustling city of C—— a pale girl stopped before a modest little house on H—— street, ran up the short flight of stone steps, entered the cozy sitting room, hung up her hat and shawl, laid her armful of books upon the table and called, 'aunt Betsy?' In a moment a hasty step was heard on the stairs and the anxious face of aunt Betsy looked in as much as to say 'is it all right?'

Luana Graves answered the look by saying, 'It's all right aunt Betsy, I'm admitted to the graduating class, and was told in the presence of five hundred audience, that I stood the best examination.'

"God be thanked!" said aunt Betsy, as she drew the poor tired girl down into her lap and played with her loose curls as though she were a child.

"How did it ever come about aunt Betsy? How did Papa and mama ever let me come with you? It's too good to believe. I'm afraid it's only a pleasant dream, but oh if it will only last a year."

"Well Luana I had a plain talk with your father and mother, I told them of all they had done and were doing for Cornelia, and I pressed your rightful claims. Besides I told them I could not come here alone and I must have you." She did not tell Luana that she had promised to pay the weekly wages of a Bridget to keep their kitchen if they would spare Luana. It was better not to tell her that, it would have pained her so to see how much aunt Betsy was willing to sacrifice for her, as well as to see how little sacrifice she could look for from any other quarter.

The city of C—— abounded in the choicest of musical talent, and Luana's advantages in that direction during the year, were of a superior order and were diligently improved. The foundation she laid in the science and practice of music like that laid in her other studies proved to be of substantial value.

Three months before Commencement Day

the following letter came from Cornelia.

DEAR LU.—You are out there with aunt Betsy and don't have anything to do except to wash dishes and comb her hair and now I want you to write my graduating piece, I'm hurried to death preparing for examination &c., and you must do it. I have just received my graduating dress from the firm of H—— & Co., in your city, a piece of it you will find enclosed. I'm to wear white roses in my hair. My "class" will go home with me the day after Commencement, and mama is to give us a large party. Papa has already selected a rich gilt frame for my diploma which cost one hundred dollars. Now Luana you have always refused to write a composition for me since the one of "Childhood" and if you don't accommodate me this time I'll have Papa bring you right home. In haste." CORNELIA.

Aunt Betsy I cannot write Cornelia's graduating piece, it would be wrong and besides I have no time. How little she dreams of the work I have on hand."

"You will not *must not* write it. You remember you missed that bundle of compositions that was in the old green chest. I never doubted but Cornelia got them when she came home and feigned sickness. I told your mother so, and she was very angry. That was a delicious sweat I gave her though" and aunt Betsy laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh aunt Betsy it can't be Cornelia too those compositions, don't let us believe of her at any rate, and if she did, it was through thoughtlessness. It is what many a school girl is in the habit of doing but none the less wrong for that."

"That's right Lu., dear, taking her part again. Well it's sisterly of course and just as you should do."

"Why aunt Betsy I love Cornelia all the more on account of the anxiety I feel over her weaknesses.

"Give me that sample of her dress dear and I'll put it away among the silk pieces earnestly.

The very next day while Luana was going to recitations, aunt Betsy entered the store of H—— & Co., matched the piece of silk, ordered a pattern for Luana, returned home, locked it up in the lower drawer of her old fashioned bureau with a satisfied "well there, it's time they had one dress all I think, being twins so. Luana won't thin

of looking there for she calls this my drawer of treasures, and well she may for the dearest mementos I have on earth lie snugly packed in here, and she sighed and went away.

"Commencement Day in two weeks from to-day. I suppose I must have a white muslin dress, aunt Betsy, as it is the request of the teacher that we all dress in white."

"Oh yes I've looked out for that," and aunt Betsy brought forward the costly pattern and meekly said "won't this do?"

"Oh Aunt Betsy it's just like Cornelia's just like what all the girls are to wear, but I never thought to have one. You're too good to me dear aunt Betsy, I don't deserve it" and she wept for joy. Aunt Betsy simply patted her head and said "there's no time to waste, the dress-maker must be consulted this very afternoon."

On the 23d of June 186— two twin sisters graduated. One at Mrs. L—3 Seminary, the other in an honored institution in the city of C—. The one with cheeks flushed with the excitement of the hour read a forged certificate for which she was loudly applauded. The other with cheeks paled before the importance of the occasion delivered an eloquent address which vibrated and trembled towards its close into the soft cadence of a dictionary, which had been awarded to her with the hearty consent of her class mates, although she had been with them but a few days. Applause was unbounded as she gratefully bowed her thanks for the rich presents that were showered about her. Aunt Betsy sat weeping in the farther corner of the hall where she had concealed her face for fear, as she said she "couldn't hold out under it."

"To-morrow Cornelia has her party," said she to aunt Betsy that evening.

"Yes, and (God willing) we'll be there myself."

"What do you mean dear aunt Betsy?"

"I mean that every thing is packed and ready for you to retire early and get all the rest you can, for at four o'clock to-morrow we are to take the train which will land us safely at your father's door at five o'clock. Your father owns that he has spent four thousand dollars on Cornelias education, I have spent six hundred on

yours and I am quite willing to compare specimens."

TO BE CONTINUED.

LICENSING FOR GOLD.

Go where night is the blackest, and poor, weary hearts are slowly breaking under their weight of woe—tell them you have joyous news. Tell them that for all this bitter desolation, your palm is filled with gold. Tell the smitten victims of the household that out of their mouths, off their backs, and from their blighted fields, you and your chosen instruments have gathered a harvest of gold. Tell the pale wasting wife and mother, that you have a paltry percentage of all that was noble in the husband or kind in the father, in yellow gold. Tell the drunkard as he dreams perchance, that he can yet beat back the red billows that toss and consume him, that for his body's death and soul's damnation you have gold. Stand at the threshold of the poor-house, and mockingly taunt the squalid, the deformed and the idiotic with the news that out of all their ruin you gathered gold. Stand by the prison door, and as the remorseless hinges shrieks after the victims it entombs, peer through the grating and cheer the living dead with the news that you sold them to crime and to infamy for gold. Hail shelterless orphanage in the street, and tell them that you sold them to be crucified, and robbed them of bread, education, parents and home for gold. Stand by the new graves of the last twelve months, and whisper to the fifty thousand sleepers—victims of your "regulated" traffic—that you slew them for gold. Enter the vestibule of perdition, and with Bible in hand, read that no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God, and as the flitting ghosts of uncounted thousands charge you with their great damnation, comfort them with the assurance that you did it for gold. Follow your slaughtered hosts to the judgment, and when He who called the first fratricide to account shall call for *your* brother, answer that you slew him for gold. "for gold!" the angels shall echo, and weep. "For gold!" shall mocking devils catch up the cry and taunt earth that "In all hell there is nothing so unrighteous" as this system of financing on earth and in a Christian land. For gold, a few men are driving this villanous trade by your firesides; by the schools where your children are taught, and the churches where you worship. As you have sown so are you reaping.—*Thurlow W. Brown,*

For the Golden Rule.
OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

C. H. K.

[He was not born to shame;
 Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
 For tis a throne where honor may be crowned
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.—SHAKE.—]

I am thinking now of a young man who is crossing the "Bridge of Sighs." He is tottering upon the last plank and sees the loathsome dungeon to which they lead. He shrinks and with an agonizing cry, asks for aid from his companions, but scoffs and jeers meet him on every side. He turns to retrace his steps back to the palace of his boyhood. He hears again a father's warning a mother's prayer, and feels a sister's loving kiss. Will this vision of the past be welcome and save him or will he cling to his chains as did the native of Bourg when released from a hundred years imprisonment! The Frenchman's heart did not delight in freedom because his family and connections were dead and he recognized nothing except the church of Brou. So are the early companions of that young man dead to him although they may be alive to the world. Will he choose the companions of his captivity, though he recognizes the kindly admonitions of his youth?

I see another youth who has reached the middle pier. He did not intend to go so far. He thought there would be no harm in one glass but oh! the terrible chain that has linked itself to that one glass and is dragging him to a drunkard's grave. He understands now how firmly habit binds mankind under its iron coils; how, when reason struggles for the right, habit attacks every point with its subtle power. He understands now why millions are slaves to poisonous narcotics; why millions are slaves to sensualism; why our asylums are filled with drunkards, lunatics and paupers. Is there no help for him? Yes, there is a power in the mind that can work a revolution. The chains may be transferred and the master become the servant.

I see another youth who has stepped upon the first plank, *Only* a glass of rum. Do you not see hell mirrored in its poisonous depths? *Only* a falsehood, God hateth liars, *Only* an oath. "Let your communication be yea, yea, and nay, nay," glitters on the sword of an exacting God. *Only* a kiss, Her ways are death, disease, and hell.

Would that virtue might wreath a guardian chain round every son and daughter in the land. But that cannot be. The temptations are God's purifiers—the fires which separate the alloy from the gold. Whatever vocation a

young man chooses he will meet with wickedness. He will be obliged to hear oaths, obscene jests and boasts. He will be urged to visit gambling tables and free (?) saloons. Let absolute *No* be the corner-stone of a fabric that will endure through the cycles of time and eternity.

Many young ladies are responsible for much of the crime in young men, and in young women too. They encourage the attentions and and marry liars, gamblers, swearers, and libertines. Though they are in many cases ignorant, more vigilance would enlighten them. Their plea that they can reform them after marriage is refuted by one thousand failures to one success. They dine and dance with the libertine, yet would they with the courtesan? They loath the fallen sister though the villian's mean was a stupefying drug. Dear girl, every hateful look plunges that abused one into a low depth unless she has a God-giving grace to sustain her. You are ignorant of facts because fear of publicity holds the bullet from the villians brain. Why curse her more than the would be destroyer? Beware! Avoid the errors where others stumble. Rise young man and young woman from out the depths of sin and wrong doing to a purer manhood and womanhood.

BINGHAMTON, May 20th.

LADY LECTURERS.

As I have always declined all requests to lecture or speak in public. I may be allowed to make a few remarks on the treatment of the who do.

To begin with, Can any body tell me w reporters, in making mention of lady speakers always consider it necessary to report, first, and *firstly*, the dresses worn by them? W. John Jones or Senator Rouser frees his mind public, we are left in painful ignorance of color and fit of his pants, coat neck-tie and —and worse still the shape of his boots. seems to me a great omission. How can possibly judge of his oratorical powers, of strength or weakness of his logic, or of his ness in any way to mount the platform, v these important points are unsolved to our feminine imaginations? For one I respectfully request reporters to ease my mind on t subjects—to tell me decidedly whether a c or a frock-coat or a bob-tailed jacket was by these masculine orators; whether their had a stripe down the side, and whether breast lappels of their coats were lined.

silk, or disappointed the anxious and inquiring eye of the public by presenting only a broad-cloth surface. I have looked in vain for any satisfaction on these points.

I propose that the present staff of male reporters should be remodelled, and that some enterprising journal should send to Paris for the man milliner Worth, in order that this necessary branch of reportorial business be more minutely and correctly attended to.

Speaking of reporters, I was present the other night at a female suffrage meeting, where many distinguished men made eloquent speeches in favor thereof. At the reporter's table sat two young lady reporters side by side with the brethren of the same craft. Truly, remarked I to my companion, it is very well to plead for woman's rights, but more delicious to me is the sight of those two girls taking them! But, rejoined my cautious male friend, you see, Fanny, a woman couldn't go to report a rat-fight, or a prize-fight or a dog-fight. But, replied I just let the woman go "marching on" as they have begun, and ere will soon be no rat-fights, dog-fights, or prize-fights to report. It will appear from this that I believe in the woman *that is to be*. I do, though she has not yet had to struggle with both hands tied, and then had her ears boxed and not doing more execution. Cut the string, gentlemen, and see what you shall see! "Pooh! you are afraid" to knock that chip off our shoulder!

How strange it seems to me, the more I ponder it, that men can't or don't or won't see that man's enlightenment is man's millennium. My wife don't understand so and so, and its no talking to her." "My wife will have just as many dresses, and don't care for anything else. My wife won't look after my children, but hires them to nurses, she is so fond of assurance." So it would seem that these Adams find their respective and flowery Edens full of horns, even without that serpent, female rage, whose slimy trail is so deprecated.

Put this in the crown of your hats, gentlemen! *A fool of either sex is the hardest animal to drive that ever required a bit. Better one who has a fence now and then, than your sulky, stud-donkey, whose rhinoceros back feels neither spur nor goad.*—Fanny Fern.

RIGHT WORTHY GRAND LODGE SESSION.

The Right Worthy Grand Lodge of North America, Independent Order of Good Templars, held its sixteenth annual session at the Temple-Building, St. Louis, Missouri, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., of the 24th ultimo, and closing at 11 o'clock P. M. of the 26th.

The officers of last year were all present at the opening of the session:

The reports of the Grand Officers, R. W. G. Templar, R. W. G. Secretary, and R. W. G. Treasurer, were all able documents, but quite too lengthy to be reported in full in our columns.

Several new Grand Lodges have been organized during the past year; that of Georgia, November 22d, 1869; Texas, Jan. 19th, 1870; Alabama, some time in the month of April, 1870; and on the 7th of May, 1870, a Grand Lodge of the Order was also organized in Scotland, with about forty subordinate Lodges and a membership of four thousand. A charter has also been granted, and doubtless before this a Grand Lodge has been organized in England. Some progress has been made by way of instituting subordinate Lodges of the Order in Utah, Australia and one of the Sandwich Islands.

It affords us great pleasure to say, that our near neighbor and sister Grand Lodge of Canada, was not only reported to be in a prosperous condition, as usual, but was very ably represented in R. W. G. Lodge session. We are unable to see how the sentiments of union and fraternal regard could be increased, even by uniting the two countries under one form of government. May it ever be so.

From the report of the Grand Worthy Secretary, it appears there are now under the jurisdiction of the R. W. G. L. of N. A., 5,908 subordinate Lodges, representing a reported membership of 359,027; but as several of the Grand Lodges had failed to make their annual report in time for the present session, the present aggregate membership is doubtless much larger than is indicated by the above figures.

The popular vote on the question of retaining or rejecting the Degrees of the order was light, but resulted in a majority of 17,390 in favor of retaining them. A resolution was, however, adopted, with great unanimity, allowing each Grand Lodge the privilege of Dispensing with the Degrees as a condition of eligibility to office in Subordinate Lodges; or in case a Grand Lodge shall fail to take action upon the subject, the Grand Worthy Chief Templar may grant a dispensation to the same effect.

ENGLAND.—There are now in England forty Lodges of Good Templars, and spreading great rapidity.

The R. W. G. T., R. W. G. S., R. W. G. C., and R. W. G. Treas. of last year were each retained for the ensuing year; and we may add, that with equal propriety all the other officers might as well have been, for the new ones cannot be more faithful or efficient.

REPORT OF THE G. W. TREASURER.

John Campbell, R. W. G. Treasurer, reported the operations of the Treasury and its condition to be as follows:

RECEIPTS.

Cash balance on hand, as per last report.....	\$ 4,387 67
Receipts during the year.....	11,825 80
Aggregate.....	\$16,213 47

DISBURSEMENTS.

For mileage and expenses of Oswego Session.....	\$ 3,166 72
Appropriation to F. E. Bramhall.....	2,000 00
Paid Orders drawn in previous fiscal year.....	158 00
Paid orders drawn in current year..	11,282 51
Balance in Treasury.....	1,406 24
.....	\$17,213 47

POLITICAL ACTION.

The reports of the presiding officer and of the R. W. G. Secretary, both contain pointed paragraphs on this subject, Mr. Orne declaring himself personally in favor of an independent third party. Mr. Spencer concluded his report by a reference to the subject, "The Future of the Reform." He says:

"The National Prohibition Party has sprung into life, and is rallying voters under its standard, not rapidly, but nevertheless quite as rapidly as a reform party can reasonably hope to call men from their prejudices, their indifference, and their apparently selfish interests. Many earnest Good Templars are laboring faithfully in this new party, and have taken up the gauntlet thrown down by the drunkard makers. Some there are, in the ranks of temperance organizations, who do not as yet see their way clearly to act with this movement, who nevertheless acknowledge it a forerunner, and know that the great battle of Prohibition must be fought out at the ballot-box, must come up to victory through the powerful educating influence of making it a living, vital issue, as can only be done when it comes before the people through political agencies. Some others, again, halt entirely at this point, and incline to the use of "moral suasion" alone, as though that method of labor was about to be abandoned. I do not share their feelings or misgivings. We shall, in my judgement, quicken moral suasion by the

agitation of prohibition and political action, and at once inaugurate fully a bold and determined attack upon the dramshop system, the education of public sentiment will be rapid and satisfactory."

A special committee was appointed on this subject, and presented both a majority and a minority report. The majority report, which was adopted by a very decided vote, is as follows:

WHEREAS, This Right Worthy Grand Lodge did, at its session in 1868, and again in 1869, by argument and resolution, recommend the formation of a separate political party committed to the suppression of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, and

WHEREAS, The National Prohibition Party was organized, by a Convention held in the city of Chicago, Ill., on the 1st and 2d of September last; therefore

Resolved, That we cordially approve of the principles set forth in the platform adopted by the aforesaid convention; and hereby express the hope that the party so formed, may be both speedily and successfully established in every political division of the country.

This was signed by J. Russell, Wm. Scott and D. R. Pershing.

The city of Baltimore, Md., was agreed upon as the place of the next session, unless satisfactory arrangements can be made for the transportation of members to and from the Pacific coast, in which case, the Grand Council has power to call the next meeting in California.

We are assured that very liberal proposals have been made by Railroad Companies, a many esteem it a foregone conclusion, the long ride awaits those who attend a year hence.

But, be that as it may; all who were in attendance, will have reason to remember it and gratefully the meeting at St. Louis. The public reception meeting on Tuesday evening with its words of welcome; the splendid carriage ride to Shaw's Garden on Wednesday morn, the complimentary collation at Phonic Hall in the evening, and the glorious boat ride on the "Father of waters" on Thursday morning, were such attentions as only generous people can bestow even upon whom they delight to honor.

We are happy, also, to say, that we doubt a more sincere spirit of devotion to the cause of temperance has marked any former session of the body, and we have good hope that the benevolent labors of the Order throughout the broad extent, may be essentially promoted by the legislation of the session just closed.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

BY LILLIAN.

She is fair, faithful, fearless and one altogether lovely, this friend of mine. Not young, but one of the sort who "grow old gracefully." Suffering and trials she has had, such as the careless and fickle world wot not of. But she has come from the fire of affliction only the purer and stronger, and with the sweet conviction that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." She is grandly temperate. Not one who say^s "I believe in temperance," simply and nothing more. But she leaves no opportunity for saying a word for the good cause. Sometimes a mere sentence, so fraught with truth and power, as to strike conviction to the hardest heart.

Once she was about leaving a friend's house, where she had been calling, when her friend's son, a handsome, graceful fellow, says, "Why, Mrs. P——, you invite my mother and sisters to return your call, and not one word for me. Really I am jealous—almost."

With a smile that always disarmed anger with its surpassing sweetness, she replied, "Young man, if you can conscientiously say that no intoxicating fluid ever passed your lips I shall be happy to see you any time. But a drunkard I will not make welcome! I teach my daughters to shun a young man, who loves the ruby god, as they would the poisonous reptile. And they obey me. So, friend, if you can come to my parlor with a pure record, you shall be heartily welcomed, and my daughters and myself will appreciate your "Life Book."

At first a frown settled upon the handsome face which soon gave way to a look of admiration, and when she had finished he grasped her hand and in a tremulous voice said:

"May God forever bless you dear friend! You have shown me the broad road. Would that all were as decided as you. Woman does not have any conception of her vast influence. Kind lady, from this day I touch not, tastenot, the nectar. My record shall be unstained by that which places man below the brutes. If all women would take your stand, this great social monster would soon be exterminated and we would stand upright—freed! But I have heard young ladies say that they could not love a man who never tasted wine and they rather liked the better a young man who "had a spice of satan in his composition." With such an influence the grim giant will never be driven from our land.

Sisters arise! On you rests the work! Be up and doing! Donot waste the moments! Awake! Awake! Now is the appointed time!

CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANKFORT, MARSHALL Co., Kansas,
June 13, 1870.

EDITOR GOLDEN RULE:

I find that your valuable Magazine is both *known* and *appreciated* here in Kansas; and why not here as well as in the east, for the cause which it so ably assists is not a sectional one, but of equal importance to every community throughtout this broad land. When one does a good deed, or a victory over wrong is achieved, the desire that others should know it seems common to all; and besides, the knowledge of any substantial advantage gained over the venders of that which intoxicates, can not be other than interesting to your readers. To the Good Templar's Lodge of this place (although only about two months old, and numbering scarcely forty members at the time), belongs the credit of providing, circulating and obtaining over 200 signatures to a Remonstrance against granting license to the rum-sellers of the town. This document was filed in the office of the County Clerk; and until the whiskey interest can obtain a majority of the voters in town, they will be obliged to keep their bars closed. Through the efforts of the Lodge the men who have heretofore sold without license have been fined. That temperance workers may succeed as well in other places is the wish of—C. M. H.

EDITOR GOLDEN RULE:

WORTHY SISTER:—Enclosed I forward you the names of subscribers; perhaps I may be able to send you more names ere long if so I shall esteem it a great pleasure to do so, for I feel that yours is truly a noble mission and may God grant you a rich harvest of rescued inebriates, saved from the demon Alcohol, snatched from a drunkards grave and eternal misery, saved to their loved home-circles of dear ones, saved by your faithful advancement of the principles of temperance and sobriety and the charitable applying of the "Golden Rule" to its readers.

Yours in F. H. and C.

C. C.

LYNDON, May 19th, 1870.

MRS. M. B. DICKINSON:

DEAR SISTER:—Enclosed please find two dollars for which send me those pictures of the G. W. C. T., and G. W. V. T. I throw aside all other papers to read the GOLDEN RULE when it comes. I have just one fault with the RULE that is, that it don't come every week, instead of every month.

Yours, In F. H. and C.

J. H. D.

RELIGION.

True religion

Is always mild, propitious, and humble.
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood;
Nor bears destruction on her chariot-wheels;
But stoops to polish, succor, and redress,
And builds her grandeur on the public good.

RELIEF.

BY A. H. LINTON.

O doubting heart? cling still to your believing!
There is no sweeter way,
No solace that so surely soothes your grief,
No dearer hopes, to-day;
Nothing, when death is yours,
That so endures.

All creeds of men are straws to catch at only,
When comes the final end,
And leave us cheated, at the last, and lonely.
Without a saving friend;
But full and firm belief
Steps every grief.

Then doubting heart, give doubting over ever,
And to your trusting cling!
For faith is better than is man's endeavor,
And sweet reward will bring;
God says give Him your trust,
And God is just!

"I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU COMFORT- LESS."

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

These blessed words of Jesus still come to the desolate heart, although centuries have passed away since they were spoken. They have lost none of their sweetness or sublimity, as they are borne to us upon the tide of ages, for still they soothe the wounded heart, and hush the storms of anguish. As the soft dew falls upon the withered flower, giving it new life and brightness, so does this assurance of our Saviour cheer and sustain the soul that has been tried in affliction's furnace.

God's ways are mysterious to us, for we can not fathom His purposes—we can only bow in submission to the will of "One who doeth all things well." He lays the chastening hand upon us, and we receive stroke after stroke, until our heart strings quiver with agony. He takes our idols one by one, and alone we wander in the valley of misery—weary of life, for all its brightness has passed away, and no ray of sunlight shines into our aching hearts. Gently come the blessed words to our ears, "I will not leave you comfortless." Sweetly their music falls upon the soul, for we did not know that our loving Saviour had walked with us in the low, sad vale of wretchedness. Yes, He was

there to heal the broken heart and bind up the fearful wounds. His faithful ear had caught the low, pleading prayer, as he journeyed by our side. How quickly the gloom passes away, as we hear His loving voice. How sweetly the sunshine breaks into the valley, as we feel His holy presence, and in the far distance a soft star shines brightly out to guide us to the morning land. We look about us, and lo! the whole valley has been transformed by some mysterious hand, for sweet flowers are blooming all about us, and life again is bright and beautiful. We look into our own hearts, and there, too, are new and holy emotions, for the refining fires have only burned the dross, while the tried gold remains.

"I will not leave you comfortless!" Oh, holy words of love and truth! Oh, sacred promise that forever gleams in the Word of God! How many sorrowing hearts have been made joyous while the showers of grace gently fell upon them. How many tear-dimmed eyes have grown beautiful again, as they looked away to the fair Heaven of love, and how many wearied beings have risen from the grave of buried hopes to a life of nobleness and truth, as the mild tones of Jesus bade them come forth.

Pale mourner of earth, are you still walking in the valley of tears, amid crushed and withered flowers? Do you still journey lonely and sad, your affections going out after lost treasures of earth? Do your trembling hands still grasp the semblance of things that once brought light and joy to the soul? No longer dream over their faded brightness, for your Saviour has waited at the door of your heart until his locks have grown white with the dews of night. He seeks to enter into the desert of the soul, to transform the barren wastes into a garden where sweet flowers will spring, and where happy birds will sing the live long day. Yes, a bright morning will yet break for you, for He has said, "I will not leave you comfortless." Softly down the vale of years you may journey, gleaming the rustling sheaves in the harvest field of God. Look away, for in the dim distance rise the eternal hills, and there, "across the river" dwell the treasures of your heart. Their songs of triumph will never reach your ear while you journey away from God—Bow reverently down to the feet of Jesus—Acknowledge your error to him and to the world, and confess your sad wandering.

"Then humbly pray, and God shall give thee meekness
Bravely to do his will;
Then will arise His glory in thy weakness—
Oh, struggling soul be still."

THE POET'S CORNER.

For the Golden Rule.

WAITING FOR JOHNNY.

BY ANNIE HERBERT.

Two gray heads at the gleaming tide,
Flushed with the sunset, side by side;
Eyes that are dim with looking far
Home, where the Heavenly glories are;
But the old man bows his head to pray,
And the mother asks in a troubled way—
Isn't it time—now the sun is down—
Time for Johnny to come from town?"

Over a window across the way
Tenderly deepens the twilight gray,
And the stars look in, with a soft surprise,
Where a bright young face in the shadow lies,
The mouth aquiver with grief suppressed,
And the fair head drooping for want of rest;
And a shadow lies in the eyes so brown,
Watching for Johnny to come from town.

Out in the starlight the shadows meet,

Folding their wings in the quaint, old street;
Proned are the curls that were some one's joy,
And the night wind sighs for the erring boy;
But his head is raised from the dewy stone,
And the arm of a brother is round him thrown,
And *thus*, while the moon and the stars look
down,

Johnny, dear Johnny, comes home from
town!

Thanks be to God for an angel's wing,
Stirring the waves of the crystal spring!
Thanks for the thrill of a holier song,
Hands that are helpful and spirits strong!
There is a smile for the lips that sigh,
There is a light in the saddest sky,
Crowning the gray heads, kissing the brown,
Waiting for Johnny to come from town.

BEWARE OF WINE, BOYS;

BY G. H. BARNES.

Look not upon the wine, my boy,
Nor near the luring death-line come;
Think not the glass is filled with joy,
That peace is born of its sparkling foam;
For though the draught may stir the soul,
And while you drink delight the taste,
'Twill sear the lips that touch the bowl
And burn the inner life to waste!

When wine friends weave their wiles my boy
To lead you where the intemperate go,
Stand firm! beware the foul decoy!
Have courage then to answer "No!"
And though this one staunch word may bring
A storm of scoffing taunting sneers,
'Twill foil the "adder's" deadly sting,
And spare you many bitter tears.

Yon wretched wreck forlorn my boy,
Slow reeling from the Tempter's lair,
Was once a man; but the base alloy
Of wine has blighted manhood there,
Once straight and strong, this noble form
Stood 'mongst its fellows like a king!
Now shattered by the demons storm,
'Tis but a wreck—a ruined thing!

Once men were honored could they sit
And gather wisdom from his lips;
Now the poor outcast pawns his wit
To buy the dram the drunkard sips!
Then Friendship flew to grasp his hand,
And honor pressed his palm with pride,
But Wine, the Mocker broke the band
That bound all true men to his side.

And now, of friends forsaken poor,
Shunned by the fair and pure of earth—
Joy fled forever from his door,
No happy voices round his hearth;
Pursued by his tormentor thirst,
No peace by day nor rest by night—
The poor inebriate lives accursed!
For Pity's eye the saddest sight.

Oh, would you be a man, my boy,
Respected, honored, loved by all,
Touch not the red wine! 'twill destroy
Your hopes and turn life's sweet to gall.
But firmly stand! resolved and pledged
The wine cup and its woes to flee;
Thus 'gainst intemperance triply pledged,
Your life will be a victory.

For the Golden Rule:

LINES TO ROSALINE.

BY J. PLACKETT.

Bright is the beam of thy beautiful eye;
Soft is the bloom on thy cheek;
Sweet are thy lips that oft caused me to sigh,
Mighty in coquetry's freak;

Oft have I bowed at thy magical wile,
Oft have I knelt at thy pow'r,
Chained like a slave to a rock by thy smile,
Helpless and hopeless that hour.

Oft have I list to thy siren-like voice,
Struggling in vain to depart,
Only in fancy allowed to rejoice,
Sorely bestriken at heart.

But the great charm of thy beauty has flown;
Vain are thy blandishments now;
False is the heart, and harsh is thy tone;
Lost is thy power to enthrall.

Go thy own way, at thy leisure repent.
Time may afford thee relief;
Thine is the fruit of an evil intent;
Thine be the lesson of grief.

Deem me not harsh, tho' so firm is my will,
Seek not those ties to renew;
Never thy smiles can awaken a thrill;
Forever I bid thee, *adieu!*

 THE TEMPERANCE WORKINGMAN.

BY B. M. LAWRENCE M. D.

We are working for the welfare of the ages yet
to come,
Working to suppress the evil, and remove the
curse of rum;
All the people now are learning that the Truth
sustains our cause,
Science with Scripture blending harmony with
nature's laws.
We are working for the welfare of the strug-
gling, toiling poor,
And we bring the Panacea for the wrongs which
they endure;
Not alone from higher wages, not from all that
wealth can give,
Is our hope for those who labor—they must
learn the way to live.
We are working for the welfare of the drunk-
ard in his shame,
Striving to restore his reason, and return his
lost good name;
To reclaim from endless ruin, and secure sweet
joys to come,
We would warn the moderate drinker of the
dying drunkard's doom.
We are working for the welfare of the wretched
drunkard's wife.
To sustain the weak and wayward, leading
them to higher life;

We would teach the lowest fallen, with the
winning tones of love,
Heaven yet may be their portion, they may
still find rest above.
We are working for the welfare of the young
and hopeful child;
We would guide its feeble footsteps in the path-
way undefiled;
And to shield from fierce Temptation from the
chief cause of all crime,
Strive to banish from the nation wine and
strong drink through all time.
We are working for the welfare of the man who
deals out rum;
We would warn him of the judgment that in
God's own time will come;
While the lamp of life is burning still the
vilest of the vile
May repent of his wrong doing and receive the
Saviour's smile.
We are working for the welfare of Christ's
kingdom here on earth,
And the angels sung our anthem at the blest
Redeemer's birth:
"Peace on earth, good will to mortals," is the
theme our hearts approve,
And we aim to do his bidding by the golden
rule of love.

SUMMER TIME IN THE FIELDS.

In the fields where the clover blossom
And the daisy's yellow head
Tell us of the ripening season,
Green and gold in beauty wed.
Birds of varied hue their singing,
Nature wears her smile most winning,
Streamlets 'mid the turf their singing,
Green and gold in beauty wed!

In the fields the lambkins gleeful
Roam about with careless feet,
When the lowing kine so peaceful
Crop the springing verdure sweet,
Then the sunny hours are joyous;
Nature radiant, nature glorious,
Breaths her gracious influence o'er us,—
Man's full heart and nature meet.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

With this number the *GOLDEN RULE* enters hopefully upon its second year. Its publication was not entered upon thoughtlessly, or with the expectation that success would follow a single effort or that the labor which would be required would be light or unimportant. Earnest and prayerfully the responsibility was assumed and cheerfully the cares and anxieties arising from it have been borne. Seeing the ruin and desolation wrought by the legalized rum-fiend, we felt that we had an individual responsibility that could not be shirked, a work to do, that we could not leave to others. For the prosecution of this work, we commenced the publication of the *GOLDEN RULE*, a periodical especially designed to carry out the work and faithfully represent the Order of Good Templars, and at the same time promote the temperance reform by whatever name or organization it might be undertaken.

Those who understand the obstacles to be overcome in accomplishing a work of this kind satisfactorily, will not wonder that we have failed to bring the *GOLDEN RULE* up to that high stand point which we had fondly hoped to do. Many and unforeseen obstacles have presented themselves at times and from points least expected, but we have labored earnestly and persistently to overcome such, sustained and encouraged by the voice and counsel of earnest men and women, and most of all strengthened and fortified by the consciousness of earnestly endeavoring, with whatever of light and wisdom we possessed to do "what we could" to stay the terrible tide of this sin which threatens to overwhelm the land.

Bro. and Sister Good Templars, Friends of temperance and virtue, you are our witnesses. Has this enterprise so far as the inculcation of sound moral, and temperance principles been a failure? Pecuniarily we are frank to confess that it has not been as suc-

cessful as a temperance publication should be. The subscription list however has been slowly but surely increasing, and if the encouragement which has been tendered us in the past be continued, we hope and expect to be able before the expiration of another year, to make many and important improvements.

The Press of the country with few exceptions have treated our enterprise with the utmost courtesy and appreciation, and for their uniform words of kindness and encouragement we are deeply grateful.

With this number expires the subscription of those who so kindly tendered us their confidence when we first embarked in this enterprise. Has the acquaintance of a year served to lessen that confidence, or impair your friendship for the only Good Templars magazine published? The many who have already renewed their subscription unsolicited inspires us with confidence to believe that our acquaintance has been mutually agreeable, our friendship strengthened by companionship, and our efforts for the right heartily seconded by many true, noble souls. Encouraged by the record of the past we again confidently appeal to our patrons and the fraternity of Good Templars to give us their aid in perpetuating the *GOLDEN RULE*. The price of a years subscription is placed at the lowest figure, barely saving the publisher from loss. It is a trifle that in no other way can bring to you and yours more real good, while the encouragement it will afford the publisher will be immeasurable. Send in then, your subscriptions; ask your Lodge to endorse it, your Bro., and Sister Good Templars to subscribe for it. An energetic, active, earnest agent in each Lodge in the State would increase the list by thousands. Such an agent is wanted in every lodge. Send to the editor for full particulars. Liberal inducements offered to agents,

ASYLUM AT BINGHAMTON.

June is the queen of months. Nothing in nature can equal the softness, richness and beauty of her exquisite green, her forests with their luxurious foliage beneath whose branches the thousand lovely and sweet, though nameless flowers, form so perfect and beautiful a carpet. Flying with the speed of lightning in the train of the Iron horse, these were our reflections as we journeyed on the 1st of June to the regular meeting of the Board of Managers at Utica. The heat and drought of the week preceding had filled our hearts with forebodings of a dusty uncomfortable and tedious journey, but a glorious shower which kindly drenched the earth the day preceding our departure settled all misgivings, reduced the temperature of the weather; and afforded a most delightful morning in which to set forth on our journey. The air was delightfully, cool and refreshing and the beautiful hills and vales as we flew past them were incomparably lovely, diversified as they were with here and there a bubbling brook, and there a stately pond or river flashing and sparkling in the brilliant rays of the sun.

The ride from Olean to Binghamton was delightful, as all such rides must be at this season of the year, when nature seems especially arrayed in her loveliest suit for the occasion. Arrived in Binghamton at half-past one and found ourselves obliged to wait some three hours before we could lie on to our destination. Decidedly unpleasant to be shut up in a public house in a rattling, rumbling, ringing, whistling, puffing city, for four hours of the best part of the day that should see us at our journey's end. But here as elsewhere the Proverb "no loss without some gain" proved itself *appropos* to the situation, for improving the time wasting on our hands, we chartered a hack and visited the Inebriate Asylum which Mr. Hack-driver insisted stood three miles away, but which to the vision seemed not at the farthest over one mile. The beauty of the scenery as we were driven leisurely up to the Asylum defies all description.

The Asylum is situated on an eminence around which at its foot on one side the Susquehanna in its most lovely and be-

witching mood nestles and winds clear as the most perfect mirror and reflecting equally well the hills and shrubbery which cast their shadows on her bosom. The view from all sides of the Asylum is perfectly enchanting, a more lovely situation could not have been chosen. The scenery is diversified and each diversity is of its kind the most entrancing. On one side the hills arise in grandeur marked as with an engraver's pencil by flourishing farms and farm houses while grove and meadow scattered here and there form a perfect picture of loveliness. Another side presents a valley through which the beautiful Susquehanna pensively winds until it grows a mere thread in the distance. In front of the building the eye takes in the city of Binghamton, with its busy bustling activity. The scene is worthy of an artist's pencil.

We were indebted to Mr. James Clune who conducted us through the building kindly giving us matters of interest connected therewith and in a very obliging manner answering all questions, the number of which would have done credit to a real Yankee. The fire that occurred some three months since destroyed the immense dining-room, club-room, gymnasium and reading-rooms of the Asylum. The ruins present a sad spectacle. The Chapel which is on the third floor, when completed will be perfect in its finish and design. The seats are constructed of Chestnut and Black Walnut the walls are very high and are finished with artistic taste and skill.

The building in all its appointments seems well adapted to the purpose of its erection. The surroundings are convenient and well adapted to the needs of patients, and the view of the beautiful in nature by which it is surrounded renders the Asylum just the place to win the mind from vice and folly, and lead it onward and upward, inspiring it to reach after the higher, the imperishable good.

There are rooms set apart as reading and club rooms which are adorned with pictures and furnished with the Dailies and first class periodicals.

Repairs are rapidly going on in that portion of the building so nearly destroyed by fire. A large dining hall 120 feet in length

is nearly completed; there is a fine flower and vegetable garden in the rear of the building. There seems a lack of trees and shrubbery in the immediate grounds of the Asylum, perhaps this is to be desired as the shade would hardly compensate for the obstructed view.

We noticed among the inebriates here, the young the middle aged and gray haired, whose physiological and phrenological developments indicated as a class, intellects of no mean order. Indeed some of the first in rank and position in the land have here sought a haven from the foul temptations arising from a traffic conducted by men of "good moral character" and upheld by a corrupt moral sentiment; a traffic which is carrying its thousands and tens of thousands down to irretrievable and hopeless ruin.

As we wended our way slowly back to the Hotel, passing beer shops and liquor saloons, where the evidences of their shameful business were but too apparent, we could not but reflect on the consistency of republican institutions.

One Asylum in the State, a safe refuge against the destroyer,—10,000 licensed life, health and reason destroying establishments! We thought of the propriety of an educating Asylum for the poor liquor seller and the still poorer and more needy men who for a few paltry pieces of silver will license men to ruin the souls and bodies of their fellows.

At last we find ourselves on the road from Binghamton to Syracuse, the sun is just sinking beneath the hills, and its rays cast a golden sheen over hill and valley. We leave the quiet though majestic Susquehanna, following the babbling, dancing Onondaga, which at times glides smoothly and silently along, and then in merry mood goes rippling and frolicking over its gravelly bed, while again it separates and forms numerous unique Islands of shrubbery and trees. We hardly know which to admire most, the dignified and stately Susquehanna or the murmuring, frolicsome Onondaga, which somehow creeps very near to us and nestles lovingly in our hearts, perhaps for the reason that its waters wander near our childhood's home, and seem ever to sing of the days of long ago. But darkness settles over the face of nature and hides the outward world from view only to reveal

more distinctly the workings of the mind, and right here we will close these jottings of a pleasant journey, though a journey not exempt from all annoyances.

LICENSES.

Last month we recorded the action taken by the ladies in view of the sitting of the Board of Excise for the purpose of granting license. This month we have to record that a Board elected since that action, have granted nine licenses, and will probably grant more at their next meeting. These within the corporate limits of the village of Olean.—Friends of temperance and morality, take notice! Here is a fact worthy of being remembered, a fact which we hope will never be forgotten or disputed under any circumstances. We have nine men in Olean of *good moral character*, probably, shall have two more such respectable men before the expiration of another month, then eleven men in the village and two at the Depot of *good moral character*. Was ever a town so blessed before? It must be admitted however that there has been a decrease of such, as there were last year six men at the Depot who held a certificate of *good moral character*, in the form of a license to sell whiskey, now there are but two. Why the law should select such men for so despicable a business we never could understand. This is probably that portion of politics which is so profound that woman with her feeble capacity can not be expected to comprehend. If I were to legislate—to make laws for the regulation of murder, of home destroying, of heart breaking, orphan making, sabbath desecrating, soul and body destroying, I would not seek out the best men of the town, those few whose good moral character I could vouch under oath, but I would take those who had no character, moral, or otherwise to lose. I would get the low, the ignorant, and the depraved, to carry on so dirty a work. Now isn't it a burning shame that our law puts such a task upon respectable men? I protest against it! If the Devil's work *must* be done, do not in the name of humanity require men of *good moral character* to accomplish it. Lo those

eleven good men appointed to do this wicked business we have only to say, God pity you, and may you not at some future time, like Cain of old cry out "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

The prayers and tears of the widow and orphan, made such by this accursed traffic, will not always be unheeded by a just Ruler. When the Book of time shall be opened, and in procession long those shall pass before the Judge whose souls have been irretrievably marred and maimed by this licensed evil, when the multitude shall pass on the left side, and the great judge shall say to those who appointed these men to do this evil thing, "Where is thy Brother?" will it avail them in that day to say "Am I my brothers keeper?" What shall these Excise commissioners answer when the multitude cry out, "You said it was right, you gave men power to kill the body and forever mar the soul; if it were not for you my son to day might have been an angel of light instead of a wrecked and perjured soul, were it not for you my brother might have been a man, who is now a raving demon. When the wife and children shall say you robbed us of our kind father and husband, and gave us instead a cruel besotted master," what will you say to that?—That you did not know that these evil results would follow your action." Ah! did not the mothers, wives and sisters plead with you to spare as it was in your power to do, this place from this accursed evil, and ye would not heed their prayer? May God pity you too, in that hour when the fruits of your labor shall come home to you!

The earnest, honest, untiring Good Templars of New York City are doing a good work in holding Conventions, Temperance Prayer meetings, and in many ways arousing and educating public sentiment on the great question of temperance. The field is ripe for the harvest, and the many worthy and energetic Bro's and Sisters there are improving the time. The GOOD TEMPLAR, the organ of the Order for the 1st District, gives interesting accounts of the prosperity of the different Lodges in that District, and of the Conventions and entertainments being held; these are not only of

special interest to the people of that locality, but of general interest to all Good Templars. This organ should be well sustained. We regret that the official report made at a recent Convention by G. D. I. M. H. Smith which was published in that paper should so misrepresent a faithful member of the Grand Lodge. As member of the Board of Managers we went up to Utica prepared to censure Bro. Ferri strongly, for failing to comply with the instructions of the Board of Managers, in that according to the statement of Bro. M. H. Smith he had withheld the money (or a portion of it) voted by the Board to the 1st G. D. for the purpose of carrying on the Temperance work in that locality. We called attention of the Grand Treasurer to the charge made by the G. D. D., of that District when the Treasurer by opening his books for our examination, and by a candid statement of the business, showed most conclusively that he could have done more and no less as a faithful, honest officer true to his trust. The statement made by Bro. Smith coming in an official capacity was eminently calculated to mislead and prejudice, not only the members of that Convention, but all who read that report. We feel that the spirit of the report does not justly represent the sentiment and spirit of those engaged in the temperance reform in New York. We regret exceedingly that anything so severe reflecting upon the integrity of a Grand Lodge officer should be stated thus officially when the real facts show that that officer had faithfully discharged his duty.

Jos. H. Petty, late G. D. D., of the Grand D., of N. Y., has been promoted Captain of the Police force of the 12th precinct, N. Y. city. Bro. Petty is an earnest and efficient Good Templar, and we trust that in his new position he will be able to do good service for the cause he loves, and deal the enemy of all virtue telling blows.

If Nature will not give you the keys asking, pound away at her doors until your own force you break them down.

Everybody should subscribe for the GOLDEN RULE.

Golden Rule.

Vol. 2.

JULY, 1870.

No. 7.

WHITE LILLIES.

BY A. C. P.

CHAP. III.

The Summer and Fall of 1860 tested the political merits of the American citizen. The shades of Demosthenes and Cicero must have been disquieted at the mighty phalanx of rivals which sprang from farm-house, shop and school, sounding the tocsin of our country's danger, and thrilling the masses with patriotic zeal. A slumbering giant had been suddenly awakened and every nerve responded to the electric shock in a spontaneous strain of eloquence. And few indeed were the hamlets that did not awaken to the conscious passion of an embryotic Ames, Burke, or Chatham.

The City Hall was literally packed, every available space being occupied by an eager, earnest listener. From the rostrum came such winning, persuasive, powerful appeals, that like an avalanche they swept every vestige of opposition before them. Seldom has so young a speaker so critical an audience, or, so select an audience, so untrammelled and independent a speaker. Fearlessly he probed the nation's wounds, then tenderly prescribed the only restorative. He spared neither party nor power, contending only for Freedom and the right.

Thus for one hour and a half did Albert Norman, by his magical eloquence, hold that immense concourse, delighted and convinced. Warm and flattering were the congratulations he received, pressing the invitations to speak in other localities. Old politicians predicted a brilliant career and all entertain-

ed naught but future success for the young lawyer who so suddenly had taken the initiatory step into the political arena.

All did I say? Ah there was one dissenting voice. Poor Mary feared that the seal had now been affixed to Albert's destiny.— Tremblingly she saw him launch his tiny barque upon an unknown sea with neither rudder to guide or anchor for safety. Thro' her influence and entreaties he had thus far restrained his appetite, and with few exceptions had never exceeded the bounds of sobriety. Now he was the peoples favorite, and as such, of course he must be lionized, gluttonized, and I liked to have said, demonized. It is very strange that intemperance and politics are so closely wedded, strange that those who ought to be the noblest and purest are so often the most corrupt and depraved, strange that the brightest genius, the thrilling burning tongue of eloquence are so oft extinguished in the bachannalian debauch or stifled by the demon alcohol.— But exceeding strange that those who invent and statuize our infamous divorce laws cannot devise a measure equally effective, to sever this ignoble bond.

Let our nation make total abstinence the only key to political favor, the only stepping stone to political promotion, and very soon we would find selfishness alone had achieved what all the suasions combined had been powerless to accomplish. Mr. Norman eventually awoke to his son's danger and wildly begged of Mary to rescue

and save him. She had long mourned over his blindness, and now resolved not to spare him who was most worthy of blame.

"Uncle, it is your own wine cellar which has ruined Albert. Had you but heeded my prayers and entreaties years ago, his ruin had been averted. Now I am powerless as yourself."

"Oh, child do not say he is ruined. His mighty intellect will yet save him from the drunkards doom."

"Can you refer me to one single instance where the intellectual powers have triumphed over alcohol, when once the appetite has been acquired. If you can, I will pray and wait and hope. I know of none. But see the long catalogue of our most gifted, ablest and best men who have been overpowered and destroyed by wine and its confederates. He has now become entangled in the 'fowling snare' and little less than a miracle can save him, we now can do literally nothing."

"I can do one thing at least," replied her uncle "I can and will empty the wine cellar, and side-boards. But alas! What will it now avail? It is too late, *too late!* I have ruined my only son—my darling boy. The liquors were destroyed but conscience was not silenced and he sank into a state of despondency fearful to witness. Mary became alarmed for his sanity, and felt there must be a change immediately. She proposed visiting his southern home and Europe, leaving Albert, who was so absorbed in politics as to think or care for little else.

The proposition pleased him and they were soon en route for the Continent, accompanied by her friend Carrie Walker. They spent the winter and summer there and then sailed for the Indies. They had a rough, tempestuous voyage and Mr. Norman's health suffered materially, but they hoped the land breeze would restore his failing strength.—But when they landed he was confirmed invalid, and in three weeks was unable to leave his room. Mary now became the tender nurse, the faithful watcher, the devoted daughter. He was very patient, this once strong man, in his weakness, and she was surprised that no wish or longing for home escaped him.

"Mary do you know that I am going home—almost there. I have often mourned that

my darling Lena must sleep in this strange land alone, that my dust would not rest by her side. When you proposed this trip my yearning heart received its answering token. I felt assured I should leave you here you now know why I insisted upon visiting England first and my anxiety to have Carrie accompany you. Had I but heeded you it had all been well with my distracted spirit now. But the good Father can give peace as I trust he has forgiveness. Do not cease your prayers for my dear Albert. I feel assured he will yet be reclaimed not by his intellect but by the power of God alone. I arranged all business before leaving home and now have nothing to do but watch and wait. Dear child do not weep, to you this stroke is but a Father's token of love, to me, my passport and convoy home. It will become one child of God, to weep when another enters his long desired rest. You have drunk too many cups of sorrow to be dismayed at this. The same arm which sustained in those hours of trial, will still support and comfort until you also enter into rest.

"Now call Carrie and sing, 'Jesus lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly.'" With trembling voices they sang the hymn. At its close he lay apparently asleep but soon his eyes slowly opened and while a gleam of glory irradiated his features he whispered "Jesus hath dispelled every fear, Can this indeed be death, all is joy, rapture, glory, Can you hear the angels singing? Farewell earth, Jesus I come," and with a smile wreathing his pallid lips, he slept on the bosom of his beloved, even Christ.

The Indian palm gently points the mourner to the skies, where, in one of the mansions of the Father's House, sparkles the jewels which once beautified the mouldering caskets which are reunited at last beneath its shade.

Early in May, Mary and Carrie embarked for America, which they found convulsed with fratricidal war. The year of strife had only given each party an inkling of the obstinacy and endurance of the foe.

Albert Norman held an important position in the War Department at Washington, but soon as possible after their return hastened home to settle his father's estate. To her surprise and Albert's delight, Mary found

he shared equally with him, in the division. The house and furnishing falling to her share. His father's sudden and unlooked for death affected Albert deeply, especially the closing scene. He had changed very much in the year and a half of separation. There were deeper lines of thought, firmer curves around the mouth, and a certain air of command she had never before observed. Ah, and there were other changes, perhaps not so marked, but more observable to her tender, watchful eye. "We grow like those with whom we daily blend" is an old adage, but strictly true. How then can a man daily blend the spirit of wine (or other liquors) with his own, and not manifest the effects? How can he imbibe their poison and not reveal the corrupt fruit?

CHAP. IV.

For three years Mary had been the affianced of Prof. Snow, when a rival appeared upon the scene. Miss Millford had suddenly entrenched herself behind her half-million, and a titled foreigner, with neither wit, brains or money, leaving poor Everton out in the cold" to find solace and a wife wherever he chose. He soon remembered that Mary had recently become an heiress, and to her he would offer the broken fragments of his heart and perhaps the soothing quietus of her thousands would heal and restore its previous soundness.

So from the tented field came a perfumed *Mel-doux* from the gay young Captain, offering her his heart and the "honor of bearing his name, (with or without the title.) It was sufficient to say he received the quietus, worth a thousand; and for a year, at least, devoted his attention exclusively to *military* tactics.

It was evening in summer, and the Norman invasion gleamed like a spirit of light from attic to cellar, while hundreds of lights shimmering from the trees, played boo-peep with the shadows their own beams created. The sparkling fountains, the fairy music and above all, the human fairies themselves, flitting among the statuary and flowers, competed the magical witchery of the festal scene. The folding doors which made a parlor of four, were all open, the doors were covered with a carpet of white lilies blended with sufficient green to reveal

their exquisite beauty. The walls were festooned with myrtle and lillies of nature's own manufacture. In the center stood a dais from the silken canopy of which, depended a lily shaped chandelier of silver, every leaf of which supported a tiny taper, whose rays were lost in those of the four larger ones, which gleamed far above it.

Spacious as the rooms were, they were soon filled by a brilliant assemblage. College Prof's and *alumni*, old gentlemen and young ladies, war veterans and old ladies, each contributed to 'the pleasure of all.

In one of the chambers sat a lady, regal even in her spotless robes. She could not be called beautiful, although nature had stamped the signet of loveliness upon her favorite. Her *beauty* was the outgrowth of inner cultivation. Purity of heart, and noble expansive thought had left their impress upon every feature. If her form was too large for classic beauty, it was not for the generous soul which dwelt within. While innate dignity gave her an air of courtly grace, before which affectation and the fawning sycophant slunk abashed.

"No, Carrie, no diamonds to-night, open that casket and you will find the only ornaments I wear. They are a gift from Charly."

"*What*, these withered flowers? Mary are you crazy." "No not those, *they* are the first token of the love which now crowns me with earth's richest gift and the consummation of my brightest dream of joy." She opened a casket while speaking, and there upon a white cushion, lay two diminutive lillies formed of pearls, with tiny leaves of emeralds.

"Why Mary they are magnificent," and she twined one among the dark curls, and fastened the other on the corsage of the happy bride. "There your dress is perfect, and a queen might covet your ornaments."

"She is just like her favorite flower—the white lily, said a lady as the bridal party took their places upon the dais. Albert presented her to the chosen of her heart, who with a thrill of joy and gratitude received the precious treasure. Soon those magic bands which death alone has power to sever, bound their willing hearts in loves

holiest embrace. But bridal festivities also partake of the finite and quickly pass into the long catalogue of other transitory enjoyments. The next week Mr. and Mrs. Snow sailed for England, intending to spend the next three years in a general tour of the old world,—Mr. Snow to gather trophies for the cabinet and laboratory. Mrs. Snow to glean both pleasure and profit.

CHAP. V.

CONCLUSION.

Ten years have passed and the curtain rises in the Senate chamber of the Nation. A member from New England has the floor and the attention of that vast auditorium. The galleries are thronged with ladies, and thitherward the speaker oft lifts his eyes, as if seeking approbation, or inspiration from some congenial spirit there. Time has only proven the predictions of future success, correct. And the brilliant young speaker of the past stands before us *now*, the mature and graceful orator—the sagacious and political statesman. Albert Norman has been victorious over *all* except his own passions. His intemperate habits being *no detriment* to his *political* promotion, *why* need he seek to restrain, or correct them. *All* politicians drank *why* should he prove an exception. As for becoming a drunkard there was not the least danger he had to much pride for *that*.

Thus had he tampered with the subtle foe which had wrought his ultimate ruin, but for the timely interposition of love's magic power. Margaret Carl, all unwittingly, held the key of his destiny. Into her willing ear he had whispered love's wondrous miracle and to-night awaited her reply. While her heart had prompted an immediate answer, her judgment actuated her to defer it one week. Alas, that intemperance must prove a barrier to their union. Then came the temptation to waive all objections. Other girls were not so strenuous, and it were folly in her. He was noble and except *that*, all that her heart could crave, could she, must she give him up? her first and only love? She was no weak girl, nor one that would long parley with temptation, even if every earthly hope received its death signature.

Should she compromise her principles to

satisfy the demand of her heart and should she accept a love that might turn into the bitter apples of Sodom all the bright hopes of the future? No! she would be true to herself, her principles and her God. A blighted love were far better than two ruined and blighted souls. He must choose between herself and his appetite.

This had been her decision ere she left home to listen to the witchery of his voice this afternoon. Had she been less firm her resolutions had utterly failed, indeed *had* she been *less firm* she had not have been there where every word thrilled her soul, and every glance at his handsome, classic features and noble form, sent an electric thrill vibrating through every nerve.

"O God save him," became the burden of every thought. As she listened, she caught the prelude of the conqueror's song, thrilling through the cadence of his voice. Never had he appeared so grandly noble, so tenderly eloquent as now, and never had he swayed her feelings with such power. Ah, why had she allowed herself to be present? she had thought to conquer self, but began to feel even now, the power of another conqueror. She must not waver thus in the dark hour which awaited her. She would be courageous indeed, she was. It was a trying hour, and at its close, she sat too weary and faint to rise or move. "Miss Carl"—"Margaret Carl," Ah, he was at her side, she must arouse, he would observe how very weak she was.

"May I have the pleasure of attending you home?" "Isn't it evening now?"

She would be glad to have the trial over she felt strong now.

"Certainly, the carriage will be here in a few moments."

"Margaret, I can await my destiny no longer. Do not torture me thus another moment."

"Albert my reply awaits you in two words, *wine* or *Margaret*. Much as I love you I cannot accept of a wine bibber as my companion and husband,—cannot lean upon a bruised reed, or place confidence in one who has no firm foundation on which to stand. *Renounce* the wine cup, and behoove your bride, *CHOOSE* it, and we part forever. There is no law in heaven or earth, that will ever bind Margaret Carl to an intem-

rate, or drinking husband. It is *you* that must decide this question. Does your love for me exceed your appetite for wine and its concomitants? If so *well*, and if otherwise it will, I trust be well at last. For know *this*, that, never while life remains, will I cease praying for your reform. It is I who await your choice."

"Margaret I have chosen. I can live without *wine*, but not without *you*. My reason has long been convinced that it was a foolish, wicked habit. But *never before* have I had a sufficient *motive* to influence its abandonment. Do you know you have been the instrument of my salvation? Had you wavered and accepted me as I was, I knew my doom was sealed. This afternoon I witnessed your struggle and rejoiced in your triumph. And now, together we will continue to rejoice and triumph over this, and *every foe*. O, my noble Margaret, never have I adored you as to-night. It is no fragile reed on which I lean—there will be no "ivy" twining around our household tree, but *oak* will flourish beside its *kindred oak*."

"This session closes its sitting in two weeks, then I will claim the bride you have promised me to-night, and take her with me to my eastern home. I have an adopted sister there, who will be delighted to welcome so heroic a lady—indeed you are a girl after her own heart, only a *little more so*. She will rejoice with us in your work—my reform. There is to be a temperance meeting this evening, and wishing to attend I begged the privilege of visiting you at this hour, can I have the pleasure of your company?"

That evening the cause of temperance, or rather, *abstinence*, received a mighty impetus in Washington. The first name upon the pledge was Albert Norman, and the second speech was from his lips. Fearlessly as he had denounced our Nation's crimes, did he handle this intricate question. Old politicians felt they were but pigmies in the hands of this young Goliath, who revealed the corruption, and intrigue of the "Whiskey ring, in other than agreeable colors. *This* was the "beginning of the end" of another dark stain upon our Nation's escutcheon. May the good Father, hasten the day, when

like slavery it shall sleep in a resurrectionless grave.

Three weeks later, and we are once more in the city of Elms, and in the elegant home of Mr. and Mrs. Snow, He now fills a Prof's chair in Yale, and a large place in the affections of the students and community. Mrs. Snow is only the "revised edition" of the young lady we gathered from among the lilies. This is a family reunion to-night, therefore we will only make a brief call, and leave them to brush the ashes from the *past*, and rejoice in the *present* and the *hope* of the future.

Gracing the elegant appointments of the room, sits Margaret Norman, trying to solve the "Woman" question with Charles Snow. Albert Norman and Philip Everton are equally earnest in the temperance cause. Hoping they may dispose of *each* satisfactorily to themselves and friends, we will just say "farewell" and enter the nursery where sits Mrs. Snow and Mrs. Everton, Philip having found fortune hunting unpleasant as well as unprofitable business, came at last to the conclusion that Carrie Walker was "the only girl he had *ever loved!*" and made an easy conquest and a kind husband. Ah! there beneath those silken curtains stands a mother's casket, just peep through the pink folds and see, what? Two living, sentient flowers—a Lillie and a Rose."

THE END.

HONESTY.—Frankness, generosity, virtue—blessed traits! Be those yours my boys, and we shall not fear. You are watched by your elders. Men who are looking for clerks and apprentices have their eyes upon you. If you are profane, vulgar, theatre-going, they will not choose you. If you are upright; steady and industrious, before long you will find good places, kind masters, and the prospects of a a useful life before you.—[Exchange.

"Put down on one side of a sheet of paper all the good that ale has done, and on the other all the evil it has done you," said a friend to a thirty-years drunkard. "That is impossible," was the reply, "for there is not a sheet of paper that ever was made that would contain half of the evil ale has done me."

One instrument should always be with you—"The Golden Rule."

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY MRS. M. E. S.

Rights are a desert upland tract,
A cold and sterile region;
And with a climate, quite in fact,
Icelandic or Norwegian.

The winds that blow are harsh and high,
Through all the lengthened season;
The air is most decidedly
An atmosphere of reason.

The soil is logic, nourishing
A hardy growth of duties,
Truths, evergreen, are flourishing,
And vigorous moral beauties,

The dwellers on this mountain land
Are only vaguely human
For, though it answers man's demand,
It is no place for woman.

No place for woman, this we know,
Tis true, for most men say so,
And more we know, that, since 'tis so,
It must forever stay so.

No place for her, the biting air
Would pierce her very vitals,
Her tender heart grow stony there
Through reason's stern requisals.

And logics hard deductions too
Would blunt her intuitions;
And endless discords hence ensue
Twixt instincts and volitions.

Then wherefore strive to work reforms
Against her very nature
And multiply unnumbered harms
Upon a harmless creature.

Just modeled for man's counterpart
Companionship supplying
'To 'mind him that he has a heart
And keep the race from dying.

Besides she fell neath Heaven's frown
Even to her latest daughter
When Eve fell down and broke her crown
And Adam tumbled after.

These are the reasons,—all concur—
(When one fails try another)
Why rights are not the place for her,
Though fitted for her brother.

There is a place—we're glad of *that*
Down in a pleasant valley,
Her Heaven appointed habitat
A Feminine Valhalla

It borders on rights beetling edge
Yet lies without its shadows,
It is the vale of *Privilege*,
A place of flowery meadows.

O, gentle are the paths that wind
Through odorous, rosy mazes;
And soft, and sweet, the airs that find
Their way through purple hazes.

And sunny, sunny are the banks
That hold the silvery rivers,
Where in and out the willows ranks
The golden sunlight quivers.

Here pleasures wait in willing thrall
Upon the dainty senses
And grateful largess bring from all
Harmonious influences.

Here lives and reigns the Beautiful
Amid her airy graces,
And, subjects of her gentle rule
A thousand prettinesses.

Here, Love, the mightiest of powers
Is masking 'mong the roses
While ease upon a bed of flowers
In dreamy rest reposes.

This is her empire, kingdom, sphere
These are her vassals loyal
And woman reigns supremely here
Throned, sceptered, crowned and royal.

Tis true that sometimes dangers lurk
In hidden, covered places,
And miseries cower in the mirk
Of tangled wildernesses.

That there are pitfalls dark and deep
And fouler than Gehenna
And here and there some pathless steep
Before untrod by any,

Tis true that oft this sceptered queen
Succumbs to want and sorrow.
Sometimes must yield her soul to sin
Or starve upon the morrow;

But if she keeps her miseries mute.
The fewer will rebuff her
For woman has without dispute,
Almost a Right to suffer.

Almost a Right but modestly
And in a whisper name it
For very possible 'twould be
Denied her, should she *claim* it.

But let her cover up her wrongs
And crown herself with flowers,
And drown her sorrows with her songs
And dwell amid her bowers.

Could she but once for all forget
That she is wholly human,
That human sympathies are yet
Her own, although a woman.

Could she be sure that reason, thought,
To half the race is given
In idle jesting, or for naught,
By an impartial Heaven

That sharing in a common life
Lives duties are not common;
To man belong the toil and strife
But something else to woman.

That NOT to do, NOT to aspire
Comprise her earthly mission
That when *she* strives and struggles higher
It is through *false* ambition;

Or farther, if she could but know
That by her forced subjection
She renders sure, and only so,
Her calling and election

Then were this easy, well, and wise.
But O, sweet sister, listen,
Let no fine webs of sophistries,
Howe're they gleam and glisten

With sparkling dews of rhetoric,
And silvery sounding phrases

Entrap your senses with the trick
Of dulcet, honeyed praises.

Nor give your soul to vanities
Of false and fleeting graces,—
The blood of unpaid labour cries
Out from your silks and laces.

But learn in meekness and in truth,
Your spirits nobler uses,—
And with your woman's gentle ruth,
Undo lifes old abuses.

Pull down false barriers of Time,
And *customs* bristling hedges,
Build up a way, whereby to climb
To higher privileges.

And use the wisdom of the schools,
The ballot, trade, profession,
Fearless of zealots or of fools
As *steps* in your progression.

Then shall your broadened nature grow
More *nobly*, GRANDLY, *human*.
The world shall find that *only so*
You are the *perfect* woman.

Alfred Center.

“LAZY BILL.”

A Story for Parents—Continued from April.

BY MISS. L. MC'QUEEN.

The great round moon came up and commenced her nightly vigil.

Occasionally a fleecy cloud would drift before her pure pale face and shadow surrounding objects. 'Twas soon past, like light afflictions that are but for a moment.

This same broad-faced moon, that looked so quietly down on the hurry and bustle of the great city, shed a soft halo over the tall grass and waving grain of the interminable prairie. One slant ray, that seemed sent to pity, rested upon the boyish figure and bloated face of Willie Turner or "Lazy Bill." This half sobered youth, suffering more from natural weakness or inability to resist temptation, than actual wickedness or inherent mischief had stolen away from the Hotel where he had spent his last dollar and achieved no enviable reputation, traveled ten miles over the broad prairies and about midnight, found himself nearing the little village of Pelton. The sweet scented clover blossoms from a meadow by the roadside attracted his weary feet, and slowly climbing the low fence, he dropped upon a bunch of half cured hay and fell fast asleep.

You could but pity *more* than blame,

had you looked upon that unconscious victim of parental neglect and morbid self-indulgence. The fine chestnut hair, all wet with falling dew, lay in pretty rings above his flushed cheek, the brown eyes were sunken and covered by red rimmed lids that trembled nervously while the whole contour of face and features wore a haggard and ghastly look seldom seen on one so young. Constant use of poisonous liquor had made an old man of Willie Turner, though time had numbered him but seventeen summers. Why are people so weak? so slow to comprehend the cause of their constant failure and disappointments? so willing to dissolve their own individuality in the stronger element of an opposing influence?

I would not teach obstinacy or self conceit, either are most despicable, neither encourage persistence in a course of action or thought, after the conscience has been convinced of its injustice or injudiciousness, but a firm determination to overcome bad practices, a propelling force within that drives out inconsistencies and dreamy vagaries, that removes not only the temptation itself, but thoroughly eradicates the

desire that makes it such.

Daylight began to creep along the eastern rim of the horizon, partially obscuring the light of the full harvest moon, rendering objects less and less distinct. Presently a glimmer of yellow light, a shooting upward of a few slant rays and the sun arose, like a huge ball of fire and declared himself ruler of the coming day. The boy lying there all unconscious of the change in the governmental powers of the solar system suddenly awoke.

"Is that God's eye?" and a shiver half of dread passed over the slight frame.

He looked around him scarcely conscious of his own identity, while the events of the past few days came gradually to his mind. He recalled the kindness of Mr. Warner, his wife and the sweet little Nellie.

He thought of his disgraceful conduct at the Hotel, his terrible oaths and bitter cursings, his neglect of duty and disregard of warning. What he might have been came vividly to mind and burying his face in his hands burst into a passion of tears.

"They are all lost to me now, oh! Nellie, Nellie."

Violent grief is neither lasting or dangerous, it only agitates the surface, without disturbing the equilibrium of the still waters below. Natures like this seldom suffer long from any mental malady.

Such persons may be sensitive, keenly alive to insult or injury, but they lack the intellectual capacity of retaining an impression until it absorbs the vital energies.

A rumbling of wheels in the distance was now heard, and wiping the traces of tears from his face with a soiled handkerchief, Willie Turner again sought the highway. The sound of wheels grew nearer and as he walked slowly was soon overtaken by a market man in his white topped wagon filled with choice vegetables from his own farm and destined to meet the wants of the thriving villagers.

"Hello, youngster, where bound so early?" said the cheery voice of the red-faced farmer, "jump in and ride, I'm not heavy loaded this morning and its a good two miles to town"

The boy tired and stiff from his long walk and night of exposure needed no sec-

ond invitation. He climbed to the seat by the gentleman's side and was soon engaged in pleasant conversation. The horse trotted briskly over the smooth prairie road and they soon reached the outskirts of the town. He now realized that his pockets were empty and he determined to avoid the settlements and try his luck in the country again. Observing a road that seemed to branch off toward the right, he signified that as his intended rout.

"Going to Slabville eh: pretty rough place for a boy like you."

Willie made no reply but jumped down from his seat, thanked the farmer with a pleasant smile and took the less frequented way.

Phebe Scranton was an invalid. For weeks she did not leave her room and scarcely her bed. No one seemed to understand the exact nature of her disease and when her attending physician was consulted by members of the family or sympathizing neighbors he took on his wisest look and remained silent. At each well timed visit he would take from a mysterious vial a fine, white powder and deposit it carefully on small square pieces of foolscap, folding each so exactly alike and with such marked precision as to make one nervous that witnessed the operation. These were placed in a small drinking glass at the head of the invalid's bed with full directions given in that pure esculopian tone so peculiar to the learned M. D's. Mrs. Scranton unluckily lived in a gossiping neighborhood, and her sickness of fifteen years standing furnished material for many a wise conjecture, and food for a long list of tea parties. Like most of this class of invalids, Mrs. S., was particularly fond of having her own way. When persuasion and argument failed two or three of the magic powders were consolidated and the point was gained. It usually happened in this wise. She had urged her husband Joshua K. Scranton repeatedly to buy her a pair of india-rubber overshoes. This he had not done. "What do you possibly want of them, my dear, you never step out of doors." He was an easy smooth voiced sort of a man, and never thought.

"I'll show you what I want of them the sick woman almost screamed, and spring-

from her bed, dressed herself hurriedly and prepared to go out.

Before leaving her room however, she did not forget her medicine. Hadn't the Dr. ordered her to take it when she felt the first."

"Give me your pocket book, Joshua Scranton," and the little man obeyed, for he saw the green, gray eyes were upon him and it were worse than folly to refuse. It was three o'clock of a hot July day and when Mr. Scranton walked four miles to town, he brought her overshoes and returned before dark. The next day the Dr., dropped in and filled up the empty tumbler.

Mr. Scranton smoked and chewed tobacco. Tom, Dick and Harry the three oldest, stuck naturally to their father's ways, while in the youngest had learned to smoke and idly by chewing made him sick. This was considered a weakness and he soon overcame it by drinking whiskey in its stead. In the nature and use of "cheap whiskey" Jim was a profound scholar, but for reading or writing he would have none of it. Couldn't old Bill Chapin count money and make change as well as anybody, in what was the use of puzzling one's wits over the pesky books." This was Jim's argument and his father exactly agreed with him while the other boys decided if they learned to read, their money would all go for books and newspapers, how could they get whiskey and tobacco. Their love for the latter far exceeded their love for the former so the dispute was never quiet or fierce. Dick came in one evening and determined to subscribe for a small weekly paper being published in town, cost five cents. Tom said it was cheap enough, not worth that to paste over cracks in the wall. When, "Go and ask Jennie," chimed in the old man, "she'll know all about it."

He had been saving Jennie for the last, as she was to have her share of the pies and puddings at dinner.

Jennie was a rare jewel among worthless things, a diamond flashing with brilliancy among a cluster of pebbles. She was sixteen years old and possessed a face and figure of surpassing loveliness. How she came to be so much spirit, life, ambition and energy was a great mystery. Born of worthless parents, she was the exception not the rule.

It was rumored however, that her father was once bright, active, intelligent, that whiskey and tobacco had ruined him. Some intimated she took her lively ways and industrious habits from her mother, who was a great worker until her husband took to drinking &c. Be this as it may, Jennie was unusually active and managed the affairs of the household with a true womanly tact and dignity not often seen in one so young, Dick might have been like her, being naturally industrious, but the constant example of three indolent brothers and a weak indulgent father gave no opportunity for a well meaning trait of character to develop itself.

Such were some of the leading characters that marked the family in which "Lazy Bill" next found himself a few weeks after leaving Mr. Warner's as related in a previous number. Truly "birds of a feather flock together."

He had spent most of his time in strolling about the country, generally in company with those as idle and dissolute as himself. Occasionally he would work a few days, but the money was soon gone, his pocket had a leak so common to the pockets of young men with no object in life, no incentive to labor, no principle of self-support on which the whole fabric of moral excellence rests. Ignorance is not the worst of crimes, 'tis indolence, idleness, an hereditary love of ease, that forms the basis of all meanness, the fundamental platform on which rests the sum-total of all villainies. Give children something to do, encourage them to work for an object, never allow them to become discouraged or disheartened over a task unfinished, a piece of work half done.

Little children as readily learn the shirking places of work as the hiding places in their favorite game.

"Lazy Bill" exactly fitted the niche assigned him in the Scranton family. He had plenty of chances to work, with fair remuneration, but a few days was the most he could remain in one place, then he would return "home" drink and smoke until his last dollar was gone. The season was getting advanced, farmers appeared behindhand with work, and by dint of hard urging and

no gentle hint from Jennie that he had better get out from under foot and try and do something, he hired out to a neighboring farmer for a month. Every Saturday night and the entire Sabbath found him at his old place lying on the grass in the shade of the tall maples that guarded the front entrance to the Scranton's family mansion. In Tom, Harry and Jim he found appreciative companions, but gradually Dick withdrew from their society and sought Jennie in the kitchen where they discoursed family matters if not wisely, certainly very well.

Sometimes Joshua would open his pale blue eyes that seemed destined to become entirely white, and ask after some town news or stray bit of gossip he had accidentally picked up. He most often slept, leaned back in an old fashioned splint bottom chair, the work of his own hands in his early married days, before "Phebe took sick and e'erything went wrong."

"Jennie" said Dick one evening when they were seated side by side under a favorite pear tree in an extreme corner of the garden, quite out of hearing of the four boys lying idly on the grass sending up wreaths of smoke from huge earthen pipes, "that Bill Turner is a nuisance here, he makes the boys lazier."

"I know it Dick, I can't bear him, I came near scalding him to-day with a kettle of hot water, I wish I had."

"Oh! no Jennie, not that, but I do wish he would stay away from here on Sunday, there's nothing but swearing and smoking the whole day."

Why don't you tell him to keep away, Dick?"

"It seems to be more Tom's place, you know he sort of runs the machine since father gave it up. There's nothing particularly bad about the boy only he's too confounded lazy to work." Dick was getting somewhat warmed up and as Jennie seemed listening attentively he went on:

"I tell you little sis, dearly as I love you and all the rest I can't stand this any longer, I'm going to leave the old nest and try and be somebody. I have stayed around here and done nothing but smoke like the rest until I am thoroughly disgusted with such a life, and now I swear I'll never drink an-

other drop of liquor or use an ounce of tobacco long as I live, so help me God."

"Oh! Dick you make me cold talking but I am glad to hear it, and wish the other boys would say so too—but Dick, I can spare you to go away, I love you so much. She wound her little arms around his neck and sobbed out her first great grief on his bosom.

"If I could only take you with me, Jennie, but mother needs all these little hands to do and more than they ought to do." This was a perceptible choking in Dick's throat but he endeavored to appear cheerful and even laughed as he wiped away Jennie's tears and begged her not to cry.

A shrill voice from a bedroom window broke up their *tete-a-tete* and Jennie hurried into the house.

Dick joined the boys in the yard and though repeatedly urged to take a smoke, peremptorily refused, saying he might never to use a particle of tobacco again.

"And drink the more whiskey" said Jim as he knocked the ashes from his pipe and strode into the house. Dick made no reply, a few moments afterward when Tom and Harry followed Jim he moved close to where Bill lay stretched out full length upon the grass and in a tone that meant to be kind said "Bill why don't you go home to your folks or havn't you got any?"

The boy thus addressed slowly raised his head and resting it upon the palms of his hands, looked full into the face opposite. He met a look of stern determination and he verily felt would not brook an untruth.

"Lazy Bill" then related as much of his early history as he thought would satisfy his questioner, not omitting his manner of leaving home as well as his unfortunate connection with the negro minstrels. This thought a suitable stopping place, but he persisted, "What did you do then, how did you come here?"

With more feeling than he often exhibited he gave a full account of the week spent in Mr. Warner's family and ended by saying "But Dick I couldn't go by a liquor store. I knew there was brandy there and I wanted it, six days of total abstinence had increased my thirst. I forgot the hotel, forgot myself, forgot everything. Bro-

fired my brain and I suppose I got noisy.

They thrust me into a dungeon and left me to die or recover just as I pleased. Nick Snelling is the most obliging of landlords when his customers have money. The hostler took kindly to me and let me out by a back way and bade me never get into another such scrape. I drifted in here accidentally and I don't know where I shall go next." Here he paused as if now it was all said and he should positively answer no more questions.

"If I were in your place" ventured Dick, "I would go straight back to Mr. Warner's."

"No, no," interrupted Bill with more vehemence than he usually manifested, "I can't do that, I shall never go there again, though I wish to goodness I had stayed."

There was a long pause in which Bill rolled uneasily upon the grass and Dick's face took on a determined look that never rested there before. At length he said half to himself, "I never saw things in just this light, some way your coming here lounging round doing nothing, has set me thinking." Bill did not quite relish the remark, but was too good natured to resent it, and Dick went on.

"I shall go away to-morrow and go to work, and I wish you would go with me or go somewhere by yourself, Jennie is too young to work so hard and mother is sick you know, besides I think you make the boys worse. We are all lazy enough and have been all our lives, but I'm going to burn over a new leaf and try and do something, the rest may do as they like."

Dick's deep blue eyes fairly glistened with this new found pleasure, his face took on an altered expression while the muscles worked convulsively, his fingers clutched the tall grass and tightened till the bloodless nails were buried in the crisped leaves.

This strong man whose mental and physical energies had slept for twenty years was being aroused, was waking up, stepping with one magic stride from a dark chrysol state into the dawn of an intellectual existence.

Thus are some men made in a day, changed from a simple existence a mere normal condition, to a life of usefulness and comparative greatness.

Not so, our hero. The electric current of ambition's fire was long since extinguished, if in truth it had ever existed, in his languished soul, self-indulgence and vile associates had burned up every vestige of manhood and consumed the smouldering ashes. Still like all weak natures he was full of good resolves and praiseworthy motives; but no strength of mind or force of character to execute the feeble will.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THOUGHTS FOR CONSIDERATION.

An Essay read before the Otsego Co. Lodge by Mrs. Geo. D. Hyde.

If an india-rubber quill could be invented to erase every word that should not be written, I should be happy to obtain the advantage of it on this occasion.

My object is to bring a few thoughts for the consideration of young girls just merging into society. And as far as my feeble powers will permit, portray to them the great responsibility resting upon them, in regard to the work of Temperance Reformation; I trust, that whatever I may say amiss, may be at once and forever forgotten.

It may not be necessary to portray the endless miseries entailed by the use of intoxicating drinks, in order to have you more fully understand my arguments, It would be useless for me to attempt to enter into the details of the direful character, and extent of this evil, which is so widely known, and yet so little considered.

I know of one, who pledged in "ruby wine, long ago"—him, who now lifts hands, and voice against her whom he once loved better than life—one who yet clings to him, and loves him better than life, even now; and though the assertion is sorrowfully made, yet she is in a great measure responsible for his ruin, and her own unhappiness. For years ago, she might have saved him by refusing to countenance the evil, but now that it's too late, how bitterly she cries to her conscience, "It is just" "I put the poison to his lips, and I am reaping the bitter, bitter, fruits, of seed I helped to strew." I said I knew of one—would it were only one; how many have fallen like Adam, I dare not say; I may but think of those I know of to cause my own heart to ache, and to throb with a feverish desire, to say something which may prove a finger warning, to the young of my own sex.

You may some of you think me presumptuous in attempting thus, to warn you against falling into the snares of the false friend that ever lurks in society but (you have not all had the same opportunity as yet, with others perhaps of observing the calamitous terminations of serving up wine to visitors). There is a strange influence in the customs of society which few young minds have power to resist. A young girl was once invited to spend the evening at the house of a friend where, for the first time, she saw wine passed freely among the guests "she refused and was not urged" (it doesn't matter, you know if ladies don't drink for no man cares to see, one he admires, or even respects, with the glass to her lips), but with young gentlemen it is quite different. Etiquette demands that they shall not dare to refuse to accept a beverage from the hands of their fair hostess, but the evil influence was too strong, it went on and on distilling poison in her young mind. She was just getting into the "charmed circle," and at her "coming out"

"The wine found victims at the board
Where yet wine never had been poured."

And who shall answer for the grey-haired couple who went down in sorrow to the grave? When the life of their only child was quenched in blood, shed by the hand of a rum-crazed husband "who shall answer?" You thus see how easily the first wrong step is taken. I wish I might more deeply impress upon your minds the terrible end to which such beginnings lead.

If you who roam in freedom, along the daisied meadows of your country homes, could but know how safe you are, compared to many young girls in fashionable society, you would never sigh to change places; but you would bless every day of your life, the sun shining over your heads, the sweet wild flowers blooming in your path-way. The false and glittering show of fashionable society, could never induce you to leave your sunny hill-side homes, or the cot in the vale, if you "only knew" of the evil seeds sown by the lily hands of fashionable dames, you would never seek to hide beneath your gingham apron, the hands browned by sun and honest toil, you would never exchange the cup of "distilled dew" for that in which a serpent lurks, to give your honest brown faced lover, who hopes to some day call you by the honored name of wife; No! you might as well dip a white rose in a dyer's vat of black dye and expect it to come out white again as to enter into society, conform to all its rules

and usages and expect to have a free conscience afterward.

If I speak strongly against the customs of society it is because I cannot help but see, so much of the fatal effects of those customs the most fatal of all the custom of serving wine to gentlemen visitors. Let your mind go back to the first day of 1870 and to the beastly orgies enacted on that "happy new year day." Is it thus young ladies seek to reach the hearts and minds of men? The very nature of alcohol in its most winning form is to subjugate the will and intellect, and no matter what its garb it is "ghastly death" were it not well to pause ere you give this "fatal drink" to him you call friend, pause well before you, with pleasing words and oftentimes bewitching smile, Judas like betray him to death.

I know that many are thoughtless, yet they are criminally so, no one can contribute to the bodily debasement of any one made in the image of God and be guiltless.

It is my humble opinion, that we have as much right to allow Hindoo mothers to sacrifice their own flesh and blood, as to allow the women of these United States to practice barbarous customs that entice men to drunkenness. It may be a late day to attempt to redeem the character of poor mother Eve, yet I shall feel justified in urging you to take this task upon yourself, that you may henceforth be able to hurl back the cowardly though truthful plea of our first father. If man chooses to go to destruction, let him go alone, do not—for the sake of humanity—hasten him on to his ruin, and drag yourself down with him. Let him be no longer able to say this woman tempted me and I did "drink." Woman never has risen never will rise to the region of her proper dignity, or rightful sphere, so long as there is want of a true moral basis, until she puts forth her whole strength to indemnify, to some extent the loss which her priority in sin brought upon mankind.

And just here, and now God gives you an opportunity to do something by way of indemnification, there is a wide field of labor open to you, the laborers are comparatively few. The few souls we may be saving are but a feathers weight compared to the hundred thousands, who are going down to destruction yearly slain by Alcohol.

This is a subject which cannot be brought too frequently to the notice of the women of our land. Of the accountability of parents in this matter, I shall say but this, to many of them have need to be taught their

selves, but if they are willing to make slaughter-houses of their conscience's they probably will continue to do so; for aught I might be able to say or do.

But I would if possible shield the young from this great social evil; which drags its slimy form into so many beautiful homes. Knowing as I do the terrible results, in so many cases involving their own happiness for time and it might be for eternity.

I would have you to so value the honor of man, being formed after the image of God, that you would aim at making him more perfect in his resemblance to him, as manifested in our Divine Savior." Macbeth says "The time has been, that when the brains were out the man would die, and there an end.—Strong drink wages a fearful warfare a continual death upon the brains of it's votaries, rendering them mere automatons at times; living on, yet not allowed the use of their own judgment, for it puts out, the eyes of their understanding.

Then be no longer *blind* leaders of the blind" There are many Cady Brownell's ready to go down to the verge of battles to rescue some poor soul from being trampled to death. Many a Margaret Breckonridge to give her life—in *this work*. But let us not rest while the few only are withholding temptation and so many are being lost like shipwrecks going down at sea.

It is true that, there is a responsibility resting upon woman which is not properly felt, or understood we are not doing what we *might* do to avert this river of death, that is spreading its desolating streams over our land; How in this Band of Temperance workers, how few of those we have with us, yet they claim to be strong temperance women.—That are not willing to give up one iota of the pomp and parade of fashionable life to give a noble example and in purity, and earnest straight forward work for humanity—they are not willing to accept of its teachings unless handed down to them from a fashionable pulpit from the mouth of some, oftimes inconsistently educated divine, done up in some sugar-coated pill of theology, and just here let me say, that, it is a crying sin for the men and woman of America; to accept what is given them once a week, without troubling themselves to know whether they are receiving the true bread of life, or something of man's creation, which is neither "cake nor dough." Pardon the digression. Let us concede that mental and bodily debasement by wine drinking is not a sin in the sight of God. Then we might see men

with their arms withered and palsied, like Hindoos, or like the prophets of Baal, hacking themselves and others with knives. Can there be any foundation for believing that in this beautiful world of God's creation. Where every man woman and child is an invited guest, surrounded with every blessing, he is bound to make himself and others as miserable as possible, and is it but sowing wild oats, to chain down young, honest, thoughts and mutilate the gifts of nature, and nature's God? No! a thousand times, No! With my young sisters, rests an awful responsibility. I would have you throw about you the snowy robes of truth and temperance, and by so doing you will have a tenfold more power, for doing good than by yielding to the pressure of folly about you. Thank God for liberty and sunshine for the lakes and rivers rolling away to the sea, for the rains and dew, for all sorts of glad, pure life. Let us thank the Being whose service is freedom, not slavery, and who gives us afflictions and friendship that we may use them, not poison and kill them. Let us be true to nature, true to our womanhood, "and there is a crown awaiting us, let us reach out and *down*, if need be and take it." Let us put forth our whole strength, socially and morally, to turn back the tidal wave of drunkenness, and check the foul corruption that stalks in high places, and lowly ones too, for here you will find affection trampled on, hopes destroyed, tears wrung from very bitterness, and sighs that waste the breath of life.

Having brought this subject before you from desire to do for others, what has been done for me, I regret that I am not able to do it more justice. Feeling that the pleasure and happiness I have experienced in this work of humanity can best be acknowledged by recommending the blessing to others, I leave it for your consideration.

If anything can recompense the humiliation of knowing that President Grant felt called upon to entertain Spotted Tail with champagne, it is the noble rebuke contained in the following words from Red Cloud: "I can't get along with the agents you send because they all drink whiskey. I do not allow my nation or any white man to bring a drop of liquor into my country. If he does that is the last of him and the liquor too." When we whites get a little and feel a momentary aspiration for something higher, let us go to these savages and learn something of civilization.—[N. J. Good Templar.

MORAL SUASION INSUFFICIENT.

The venerable Apostle of Liberty, Gerritt Smith, recently addressed a letter to Vice President Colfax, in response to a letter which Mr. Colfax wrote to the INDEPENDENT. Mr. Smith's letter is a powerful argument for temperance political action. We take the following extract from it:

"You refer to the temperance revival or 'Washingtonian Movement' of some thirty years ago. I was a hard worker in it. My recollections of it are as unpleasant as yours are pleasant. Perhaps the chief reason why it lies in my mind so differently from what it does in yours is that you were then a youth, and I a middle aged man. You were looking at only the bright and hopeful side of things; and I at the dark and discouraging also. You speak of the good fruits of that revival as if they had been lasting, while I remember them to have been as evanescent as a morning cloud and as the early dew,' I do not believe that one in five, if indeed one in ten, of its subjects continued to refrain from drinking intoxicating liquors. And what better was there any right to expect? All this time the dram shop was kept in full blast. All this time the machinery for manufacturing drunkards was maintained. All this time, the temperance men, who were talking, praying, preaching for the temperance revival, were still clinging to their dramshop parties and voting dramshop tickets. All this time they were making drunkards ten-fold faster than they were reforming. How great would be the absurdity of getting up a revival against the brothel and the gambling hell by men, who are at the same time, wielding their political power to maintain and multiply these abominations. Not greater, however, is it than the absurdity of their zeal for temperance, who turn that zeal into a farce by voting on the side of the dramshop. Where, a dozen years after your revival of thirty years since, were to be seen its happy fruits? The streams of the dramshop had washed them away. Drunkenness abounded more than ever. You long for another such revival. I do not. I should be glad never more to hear a sermon, or a prayer, for temperance, or even one word for it from the lips of men, who cleave to dramselling tickets. Such cannot help the cause,—They worse than neutralize on the one hand all the seeming good they do on the other. How crushed has our country been with sham temperance men as well as sham abolitionists. Three-fourths of the abolitionists continued to,

make worthless and contemptible their talking, preaching, praying against slavery, by their voting for it. It was this that made it necessary for God to take out of their treacherous hands the work of abolishing slavery, and to abolish it Himself. A similar pitiable and detestable course are temperance men pursuing. So loud and long do they talk, pray and preach for temperance, you can hardly help believing them to be in earnest, until you see them prove the contrary by going to the polls with rum tickets in their hands. God abolished slavery in blood. He suffers the dramshop to live its booby life; and if we persist in the folly and sins of maintaining it, He may suffer it to destroy our nation."

"NOT A CENT FOR TEMPERANCE."

About three years ago a manufacturer in one of the principal towns in this state, and a prominent member of a church, whose income is over twenty-five thousand dollars a year, was politely waited on by a committee, and asked to contribute a little toward the temperance cause. "No, sir, not a cent, not a cent," was the answer, and the committee left in disgust.

About three weeks later, the son of this church going millionaire was arrested on a charge of a most disgraceful crime, but the matter was afterward hushed up, probably by the use of money. A few months later, the same young man was arrested and locked up over night in the station house for beastly drunkenness. He has been going on since, from bad to worse, and is now but little more than a common drunkard. The last we heard of him was that very recently he drew a revolver and attempted to shoot the bar keeper in one of the principal hotels, but was prevented by the timely influence of others.

What would that same millionaire give to-day if his only son were a good and faithful member of a Templar's lodge? If he has but an ordinary amount of respect for the happiness of his family, he would give thousands and ten thousands, and with all his heart, for the support of any lodge, society or agency through which he could base a reasonable hope for the rescue of the poor, fallen, dissipated wretch.

The Bible is a window in this prison of hope through which we look into humanity.

The merit of our actions consists not in doing extraordinary actions, but in doing ordinary actions well.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

BY MRS. B. C. RUDE.

CHAP. IV.

Somebody is coming her mama, the omnibus has stopped. It's Aunt Betsy and Luana, as alive, and there is that everlasting plaid on Luana. Oh, if they had only waited until after the party, but here they come with more than twenty bundles aunt Betsy fashion, and Luana takes to the bundles as naturally as aunt Betsy herself."

"For mercy's sake Luana do come in and slip up stairs and change your dress. All the girls are in the parlor and I'll warrant your very head was at the window when you and your traps got out of the 'bus'"

"I counted *eleven* said aunt Betsy provokingly.

"Oh dear aunt Betsy you'll kill me, do come up stairs."

"Trudge, trudge, trudge, went the two weary girls up stairs, led by Cornelia, who was in that distress for fear they might be seen by the 'class' which was just then of more importance in her eyes than any other eleven girls in America.

"There Luana you'll pass for this afternoon, but some dress must be fixed for the party. Aunt Betsy you must take my blue silk and give it over and it'll be just the thing. Take in the seams and make it look as well as you can."

"Tut, tut, you're prouder than ever Cornelia," said roguish aunt Betsy.

"Now there's no time for moralizing, you must lecture me a week after it its all over, but do be good and fix Luana up if you don't want her to disgrace us all." "Let me see" said aunt Betsy holding the dress up to full view and scrutinizing it carefully through her spectacles "this dress is badly greased." "Yes I know it but the spots won't show in the light. Now do you go to work."

Luana conducted herself with becoming modesty before Cornelia's "class" that afternoon, after Mrs. Graves and Miss Seams, the dress maker had succeeded in dressing the fastidious Cornelia for the evening, Mrs. Graves and Cornelia came in to see what had been done for Luana. There she sat in the faded blue silk with the seams all taken in and really she looked neat, but Cornelia "was showy and grand," at least so Mrs. Graves told her,

"We'll be down soon" said aunt Betsy as she almost shut the door in their faces.

"Is that Luana Graves" whispered one of the "twelve" an hour later as Luana, dressed exactly like Cornelia modestly stepped up to receive the guests. "Why" said one, "Cornelia said she must dress her up in her faded blue silk for she could never get her to look anyhow of her own accord." "Its a perfect surprise to Cornelia I know it is, for she's awfully excited she fairly trembles,"

Nobody even missed aunt Betsy as she slipped into the library, and, removing a painting, hung Luana's diploma just the other side of the bay window from Cornelia's. The frames were almost precisely alike but somehow one looked a great deal better than the other to aunt Betsy.

"Do you play 'Don Pasquale' Miss Cornelia" said Pro. I— of the Normal Music School, a young man who was much looked after by the bright eyes of pretty maidens. "I do not" said Cornelia promptly. "I do not" minced eleven others as they were in turn interrogated.

"Luana plays that I think, do you not Luana?" said aunt Betsy. "Yes ma'am" meekly answered Luana.

"Cornelia was ready to choke with surprise, when Luana seated herself at the piano to perform the difficult task. When she had finished she longed to throw herself at her feet and acknowledge her superior grace.

A few moments after and a large group retired to the library to admire *the* diploma.

"I think Luana's is equally fine" said aunt Betsy, her's bears the signature of some of the best scholars in our land."

Every body was surprised. Those who had been familiar with the daily lives of the twin sisters were secretly gratified at Luana's triumph. It was very evident to the company that there was a secret about it which annoyed Mr. and Mrs. Graves and Cornelia, and thinking they might like to be alone, the wisest of them took an early leave and the others soon followed.

They were alone at last in the library. Mr. Graves began as follows: "Aunt Betsy you have been a mother to my child. God bless you for it, Luana you are a noble girl and henceforth know that in your father's heart

you hold a place equally with your twin sister. During this time Mrs. Graves was weeping in aunt Betsy's arms and endeavoring to clear the long record of the past. Cornelia knelt at Luana's feet, and it was a pretty sight. Mr. Graves took from his pocket a check for a thousand dollars and placed it in the hands of aunt Betsy, saying he would double it on the morrow to repay her for the money spent on Luana. "I cannot take it" said aunt Betsy, "I have enjoyed every dollar which I have spent on Luana ten-fold. Take your money dear brother and henceforth be a *father* to her."

Give it to Luana Papa cried Cornelia as she fairly snatched it from her fathers hand. She'll do good with it you may depend. It won't half pay for the fine clothes I've had while she has been going so poorly clad. Here Luana! may I give it to her Papa?"

"Yes my child, Use it as you see fit Luana."

Luana clasped it to her bosom and simply sobbed "poor dear Katy Myers! I'll educate her if you please Papa."

CHAP V.

A miserable cot stood on the farther corner of Mr. Graves farm, on a barren hill side next to the wood. A pale little girl might be seen almost every day breaking up dry underbrush and picking dry bits of wood and drawing them home on a little cart. In one corner of this cart might be seen crouching a human form. It was a feeble, withered, little lump of clay, but God had breathed into it the breath of life, and it was a precious burden to little Kate Myres. For when her mother died she had said "Kate to your care I consign my poor crippled baby; be a mother to her and God will be a father to you both." Then turning to the poor wreck that sat by her bed-side and who bore the semblance of a human form, she said, "When I'm gone dear James there'll be no one to take poor Katy's part. Oh James don't hurt Katy when you're drunk. She's all the mother, baby'll have now" and with a convulsive grasp she hugged the baby to her bosom, then gave her over to Katy and died.

Two years have passed and in those two years have been thrown so much of care and sorrow that our little Katy Myres of fourteen wears a face that might be taken to belong to one of almost double her years. To digress, "Baby Lilly" as Katy calls her, received in her early babyhood an injury to the spine from the hand of Mr. Myres, when in a drunken fit, he "jumped" her as he called it, and by accident let her fall just as he had "boosted" the laughing little creature up to the ceiling—as

papa's do sometimes.—It always makes nervous to see them do so. In this case it made a life long cripple of one of the sweetest babies I ever knew, at the same time that it developed one of the most beautiful attributes belonging to human nature, that of true sisterly devotion. Baby Lilly was two years old when Mr. Myers died, and at the time of our story she was four. She had never walked, Katy had carried her on one hip until Luana Graves joined before leaving home had persuaded her father to get a cart for her. Since that time Kate had grown somewhat straight, and baby Lilly was much fresher than when she kissed Luana good-bye and cried because she couldn't go too.

The next morning after the graduating party Luana Graves arose, said her prayers read chapter at random and it happened to contain this passage, "But if thou canst do anything have compassion on us and help us—Mark 22d verse." At breakfast she looked through her tears and asked "Papa may I really do the good to Kate Myres that that great pile of money is capable of doing?" A tear dropped on his plate as he thought of the sled rides he and Myres had had together their boyhood, and he said "Yes," then he added "I must do something for Myres, he always used to draw me *up hill* when we were boys, because I was weakly. It'll be a pretty tough job to return the compliment though the way of tugging him up I reckon, but try it, wife, see if I don't."

As Katy was tugging the cart full of sticks home on this particular morning, Baby Lilly began to flutter and squirm, and throw brush and cry "Katy, Katy don't you see I'm here she comes Lulu, Lulu." Katy dropped the tongue of the cart and started with a cry of surprise. Bethinking herself however she quickly returned and stood close by Luana and waited for her to hug Luana first as she knew it would be such a treat to the child. "Now put your arms about my neck" said Luana and cling tight and I'll carry you to Sugar Land and then I've got something to tell you and Katy." The "Sugar Land" was a three cornered bit of ground, a perfect triangle with rose bushes all around it. It was all the resort that Katy had, and Luana had helped her plant the roses. It was back of the house and looked like an accident. Eden, dropped down into the midst of a dreary waste. After Luana had seated Lilly in her rustic seat of brush, securely intertwined by Katy's own hand to fit her wasted form, began,

"I've something good to tell you"—I don't know how she told it or what Katy or Lilly said, I do know however, that within a week Lilly was drawn over to aunt Betsy's to stay until Luana and Katy could get things arranged to their satisfaction, which consisted in packing up the few little articles of furniture that belonged in the dreary little cot, and transferring them to a snug little room across the road from Mrs. L.—'s Seminary.

Mr. Myers was sober on the morning when his two children took the cars to go to their temporary home. Mr. Graves hired him and commenced the tug "up hill." Myers stepped back four times the first year. During the last year it has been a steady pull up. Mr. Graves has got him he thinks almost on the upper level. Daily may be seen Katy Myers going to and from Mrs. L.—'s Seminary where she is being educated, to her own little room where "Baby Lily" greets her with a cheerful smile. Rumor says that Katy is the best scholar in her class. Every night her prayer closes with "God bless Luana Graves," A feeble voice cries "Amen! Amen! and aunt Betsy too, Lord! aunt Betsy too, for you know dear Lord she brings us lots of things," Then Katy adds, Lord keep my father in the hollow of Thy hand, Amen."

A SISTER'S PLEADINGS.

BY MALINDA.

Neglected sister! come with me! come to the bedside of a dying sister and listen to the faint pleadings of her who had often sought the throne of Him who heareth in secret, to rescue her brother from that foul fiend *intemperance*. Sister! catch the feeble sound. "Oh! my brother, dash the fatal cup beneath thy feet, that thy soul may be pure and undefiled to meet me at the "great white throne." Sister! ah we hear naught but the rustle of the silver wings of the angel of death, as he crowns her triumphant spirit with the diadem of truth, and transfers her from the sorrowing life of earth to dwell in the Paradise of God.

And we yet shall hear her singing
With the white robed band above,
And her heart shall know no sorrow
In that cloudless land of love.

But where is that brother that vowed to that dying sister, never more to taste the poison that had been a black curse up-

on his past life? Oh! his vows are broken,

But they have been recorded
Where they cannot fade away
And he will hear them at the coming
Of that mighty Judgment day."

"They will witness then against him,
They will banish him away
From the flower-clad hills of Eden
Where the pure alone shall stay."

Let us go where the sound of feasting and rejoicing is heard, lo! a bride dressed in robes as pure as her own spirit and holding in her hand a brimming goblet, but pointing with a finger sparkling with the golden circlet of betrothal to that ruby liquid, the murder of an only son of a proud father and the idolized brother of a fond sister.

Go read the legend of "The Bridal Wine Cup" and then ask why another sister pleads for a brother whose soul has been periled for wine.

The faint gleam of a light through the dark curtained window, and the murmur of voices within tell us that many seats are vacant at the fireside at home. Around the room in disorder, lie the habits which were so neatly brushed by a sisters loving hand, but now forming a delicate footmat for the inebriate ah! ah the flushed face, the wild gesture tells that here too the charmer *wine* has fastened around the loved ones all the serpent spells of his sorcery, and this, must be their epitaph! "Genius in Ruins."

Brothers! where think you are your sisters while you are thus seeking the nadir of your degradation? At home, awaiting your return, but for her prayers for your protection from vice, she receives harsh unkindness which bite at her heart strings like an adders tooth, but still her prayer will be.

'Down, down! stamp the still of the demon
And up with the fountain of God.'

Brothers! whither have departed the days of the past? Whence comes these that are yet unknown? Oh that these questions might be banished from your thoughts when in memory you go back to your fireside at home, to see your father and mother kneeling at the throne of grace pleading for their absent son.

Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.

[For the Golden Rule]

OUR WORK.

In all ages the amelioration of the condition of the base, and especially the reformation of the vicious, and relieving of the distresses of those unavoidably associated with them, has been considered as noble as the highest type of manhood. Many who did not themselves have the heart to do anything, have looked upon the efforts of the philanthropist and said, that is manly, noble, grand, Howard spent his life in the cause of the suffering, and the world to-day reveres his name, and none stand upon the pages of the world's history with greater honor. Jesus went about doing good, and Jesus' name has become the synonym for goodness, and if we would recommend a person to just such a life as we feel to be right, we have but to say be Christ like, and we have given him all of advice that is necessary. Our work, what is it. Is it too much to say it is Christlike. There is but one work that is more far reaching in its results. The work the church is doing is preeminent only because it proposes to remedy all that is wrong in man. But while we cheerfully concede to the Church the first place, we can not be willing that any person should belittle the work our order is doing. Our work is far reaching, it has to do with some of the best interests of men for time and eternity. See yonder wreck of humanity clothed in rags, with bloated visage and watery eyes, with that air of hopeless wretchedness stamped upon all about him. It is *our* mission to rescue him, to lead him back to a sober life, to clothe him in the habiliments of honest industry, to write cheerful hope on his countenance, to fill his mind with useful knowledge, and his soul with a realization of his duty to himself, his children, his wife, his country, and his God, to take that bundle of squalid wretchedness, and create a man. It is our work to go to that miserable hovel, and take from the heart of that drunkard's wife the misery that is eating out her life, to cover that sad face with the smile of hope and love. To erect in the place of that hovel, the beautiful cottage and surround it with flowers of love, and the trees of affection in the hearts of its occu-

pants. It is our work to paint the cheek that child with the flush of health, to clothe its lips and draw hence the glad laugh of childhood, to relieve heartaches, to assuage grief and relieve distress wherever found, and help the church of God to win the world back to Christ and his salvation. Our work is great, noble, worthy to engage our powers. Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

THE WESLEYAN discusses the duty of the hour in respect to the temperance movement, showing conclusively that it is the individual and parental duty to be consistent, temperate, but having thus begun that is not the place to stop. It says:—

"1. We are to do others no harm. 2. We are to do all possible good both to the souls and bodies; and 3. We are to protect them against wrong at the hands of others. These principles are fundamental to the social compact, and applied to the subject of temperance, they 1. Forbid all agency, direct or indirect, in the manufacture, sale, purchase or use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. 2. Require that we should use our utmost to influence all others to practice habits of strictest temperance. 3. That by force, both moral and legal, we prevent others from the worse than murderous traffic in liquors that can intoxicate.

Three things are necessary to the completion of the reformation. (1) Public sentiment must be toned up to fully meet the demands of the hour. This must be done by the triple power of the pulpit, the platform and the press. (2) The enforcement of the law already in existence against the traffic; and (3) The enactment and enforcement of all such laws as are needed. Nothing short of this covers the whole ground. But all this means work. For it must be organized, moneys must be raised and appropriated. There must be work in the churches—in pulpit and pew—in the Sabbath School, in the communities, in families, through the press and everywhere.

A sensible physician says that because man is given to liquor, it is no reason why liquor should be given to the man.

Life Sketches of Mrs. R. H. Spencer,

STATE AGENT AND NURSE FOR FIELD AND HOSPITAL IN THE LATE CIVIL WAR.

Dr. Bower was the Surgeon in charge of the 1st Corps, or to use the army phrase, the 1st Corps Surgeon. Each corps had three divisions 1st 2d and 3d. Our Regiment was in the 1st Division 1st Army Corps. The Surgeon in charge of the 1st Division was Dr. A. J. Ward of the 7th Wisconsin Col., and to him my husband and myself were ordered to report for service at Windmill Point Hospital.

Mr. Spencer was clerk and assistant Hospital Steward, and I Matron of that Division. Our tents were all in close proximity. The cook rooms and dispensary not far remote from the Hospital Ward. This vast hospital with the thousands of inmates, required on immense quantity of the food furnished by Government denominated army rations, not including the delicacies and luxuries usually desired and obtained by our sick ones at home, where all the other comforts are generally found in abundance. While the fevered frame tosses or reposes on a soft clean bed within a room that protects the invalid from the extremes of heat or cold whichever prevail; at the time of sickness, kind friends hover near and comfort them, to anticipate every wish before it is at least when expressed. Alas! in the old hospital the beds were hard and sometimes without sufficient covering to break the chill preceding the fever. The tents were bare, and often when the fever heat was the highest, the midday sun penetrated the slight canvass cover which proved an insufficient barrier to protect the sufferer from its scorching rays, but appeared rather as a mockery of shade, and was also but a poor protection from wind and rain.

Thus our sick ones suffered more intensely than they possibly could at home. The beds hard to their aching bones, the covering scanty in chilly weather that they were making with cold, and in rainy seasons the tops soaking through the canvass and thus dispensing dampness to increase their discomforts, and add increased matter to the al-

ready diseased lungs, giving those attacked with Typhoid Pneumonia a smaller hold on life as the dampness and wind united, increased the disease four fold, while the wants and cravings so natural to the sick, if attended to at all were administered by strange and most times unfeeling hands. There were no relatives bending over and hovering around their bed to forestall the desire of the patient for drink by presenting the cool draught to the parched lips before that wish could be expressed, or lift the heavy aching head from the heated pillow, arrange and turn it, to give coolness to the burning brain, soothe the throbbing brow with loving tender hand, and with hopeful cheering words, help to drive despair and discontent from the restless spirit bound down with chains that chafe the soul almost to madness, and sometimes to blasphemy.

No quiet was found in the hospital, or repose, so refreshing to the sick body and invigorating to the system.

The hospital gave moans of distress instead of silence, shrieks from the delirious that would startle every slumberer in the Ward, and disturb the inmates of adjoining tents which were placed so near that only a few feet and two cotton walls separated one from the other, insufficient to obstruct the sounds issued from each. Those tents were usually full and it was impossible for the patient to have repose that nature needs to recuperate in strength and health.

Some delicacies and even luxuries we could obtain from the different societies and commissions established at various points, and necessarily to reach and procure those stores of additional diet, I was obliged to make frequent trips to Aquia Creek at that time the base of supplies for both Sanitary and Christian Commissions, from both of whom we received bountifully of such necessaries as they were in possession of at the time we made request upon them for that hospital. Men were placed in

charge there who had *souls* larger than a grain of mustard seed.

We sometimes found those in the army however, who seemed to have lost all feeling of humanity and were apparently as much or more insensible to the sufferings of their fellow beings as the beast of the fields. I have often hoped that a day of reckoning might reach that class of *human beings* calculated to make their hearts more soft, to give a sensitiveness to their hard nature which would tend to enhance their usefulness in society, and make of them better citizens to sum up, to make such christians of them that they might fully and thoroughly understand the *true definition of the word charity* and that of all the *virtues charity* is considered by the word of Holy Writ to be the greatest.

Our tent was a home for all good workers, and to use an old saying, "The latch string was ever out" for the faithful laborers in the cause of humanity. The Christian Commission men made their home with us until located for themselves. A W. Milby of that Commission sent us a large cook stove from Philadelphia for hospital use. Miss D. L. Dix brought her nurses and left them at my tent while theirs were being erected elsewhere.

Time moved on in usual course and passing on with it many of the sick ones were launched from time into the everlasting eternity to them of bliss or love. Sickness and death seemed to increase with us and our labors continued to be heavy and constant. Night and day the groans and screams of the sick and dying were incessant, conveying to our anxious minds such a depth of horror or gloom as no power of talent or pen can justly portray to the understanding of such as never visited our hospital. Not only were we affected through our sense of hearing but the sight of our eyes kept our mind mournfully exercised, for look whichever way we chose there could be seen nurses, hospital stewards, surgeons, christian and sanitary men, and also visitors moving in some direction, toward some ward to administer to some patient (who had excited their sympathy) medicine or food, or prayer to some one dying, or word from home to some relative or friend. I can fully realize

at this present time the deleterious effect those scenes upon my mind. Life does seem as bright and lovely now as it did fore I witnessed the battle field with blood and carnage. The starving men, the sight of horrors caused by sword and shot, and shell, bodies torn, murdered, mangled, all caused by the unbridled lion, ungoverned by reason, encouraged fiends, fit emissaries of that serpent devil, who deceived our mother Eve to destruction of home and happiness in Garden of Eden, now in like manner instead of happiness and home, our hospitals among strangers, were filled with the dead and maimed and dying soldiers. In all imagining previous to going out I found half had never been shown me. Neither I an idea of one iota of the selfishness betrayed by man to his fellow man. Do not understand me to mean or attribute the selfishness I speak of, to the patriot who left he loved, and his home with all the pleasures of joy embraced within its sacred circles, to devote his energies and life to the cause. No! no! he could not be one to refuse aid to his more hapless brother in all consistency, to his past course he could not be the one. It was those void of patriotism that displayed a selfish and cold spirit in conjunction with those who remained at home refusing aid to their struggling country and in its dire extremity the barter of their brothers blood and their countries best interest, that they might thereby secure a competence and fill their coffers with gold and to amass more of blood money they lost no opportunity stirring up strife and instigating a bitter feeling between the contending parties.

Will such ones prosper think you? I think not long. The Bible says, "The wise shall flourish like a green bay tree for the season." Mark you the inference, "for the season" not always—after that will come judgment. Such ones *should be waifs for more in the land* if the wish of my heart could compass it.

Those who have lost husbands, fathers, children and brothers can deeply mourn and feel that their loss is irreparable and that this war has desolated their hearts.

loved ones. Yet they cannot realise and others can who were in the battles, the field, and in the hospital, for months years the awful devastation to mind and body, caused by the terrible strife. None has never seemed as pleasant to me as before. My rest is broken and unrefreshing, oftentimes I awake suddenly in the night and imagine I am called by some one and think I am in hospital again. For the restless moan and low mutterings of the stricken victims in this my half wakeful state and am sensible of the same heavy burden of care and responsibility resting upon my heart and driving from my mind all the cheerful elasticity that I naturally possess, often most of the night will pass before I can compose myself to sleep, then I light my lamp and read or write until the nature gives way and I sleep at last. The morning light begins to break through the pall like blackness of the night. It may be that the balance of my life will never be broken and changeful my nights will end into day—and my days full of sadness—except while my thoughts are diverted from the past by my labor for some unfortunate victim of intemperance or struggling to aid my husband in earning a pittance to support our mothers and ourselves. When I write my mind reverts to that mammoth hospital with its wide spread fields of tents. The corps and divisions separated by miles of vacant ground. In each corps can be seen fluttering in the breeze a small flag fastened to the tent by a staff with letters and figures, to designate the tent and head quarters of that hospital, and to distinguish it from the battle-flag displayed from the walls of the different forts, and nothing upon them to relieve their ennui. The main color, (a true sign of the bloody battle to follow their appearance from the front of the defenses) and in the midst and between the wards were the wood buildings for the cook rooms, constantly sending up their smoke from the fire, and steam of coffee and coffee while their shelves and tables displayed to advantage, their tin plates and cups with army spoons and knives and forks. Night and day the army kettles were in use to supply soup, tea and coffee for the patients, while at all times,

nurses and attendants are passing and re-passing surgeons, and strangers are going from ward to ward, the first to ascertain the case of the patient, the last to find some relative or acquaintance. Some moving swiftly, others, patients, perhaps convalescing, move more slowly and with difficulty according to their strength, and perhaps while I am looking one reels and struggles, throws out his arms clutching at the air and finally falls over the tent rope, his weight breaking the wooden pins which hold the tent in an upright position, I rush out from my tent to aid the fainting man and find alas that life is extinct, and his body is dead and his soul has gone to be judged at that great day when all shall be known as they are.

Another man is leaning upon the arm of his nurse, looking like a walking skeleton, and is trying to gain strength by exercise in the open air. And another more strong leans only upon a rough stick cut by his comrad from a tree near by.

Such were some of the real views presented to my eyes almost daily, always saddening, in no way cheering. One thing encouraged the desponding and had a beneficial effect generally and that was the good will and zeal manifested by the working visitors, volunteers from the different States and cities.

Speaking of those workers, reminds me of one of the most efficient laborers that visited that hospital. His name was Crawford, sent on to labor with us by the Christian Commission of Philadelphia, Penn., he appeared a host within himself, a power of strength and benevolence. I have seen him struggling up the hill from the Steam-boat landing, bearing with both hands a large tin can, such as milkmen use in their wagons to convey milk to customers and which when filled as his were usually would require a horse to draw, if needing conveyance to some distance or at the distance he brought his.

I have stated previously that our camp was situated on a rise of ground higher by some feet than the steam-boat landing. Mr. Crawford reached our tent (where he always brought his supplies) with his face streaming with perspiration, drawing his breath in

quick gasps, he would drop into one of my barrel chairs, (the only chairs I had at that time) and for a few moments rest and then as he realized returning strength and his repisartion became free, again he would spring to his feet as if time was more precious than gold, and fill his pails with the milk he had brought. Take packages of corn-starch, farina, with extract of beef, a few drawings of tea, and hang upon his fingers five or six tin cups and start out upon his mission of love and mercy. Sometimes he would return for an ax saying that, he had found a sick man in his tent, and the mud floor, damp, the patient in a fever chill without fire or wherewith to make one if he had been able to do so, and after getting the ax he would go and cut faggots from some of the old dry trees, make them into a bundle and swing them over his shoulder and take them to the tent of the patient, build a fire and make tea or whatever else the patient needed. After making that one as comfortable as he could under the circumstances he would leave him and look up another needing his help and care, and so from tent to tent and from corps to division and from one division to another, he passed on doing good to all he found, his spirit never flagging nor his hands and feet growing weary in well doing, of such are the blessed of earth.

Mr. Cole was another faithful one in well doing, he was the chief in charge of the Christian Commission at that base. Bountifully he furnished us supplies, as also did the head of the Sanitary (I have forgotten his name) acting out the principles of the Samaritan in giving help to the needy.

CROWDING MATTERS TO CLOSE.

"Did I ever tell you how I came to stop selling rum, and become a temperance man?"

"No."

"Well, if you won't tell the story after me, giving name and localities, I will give the facts."

"In company with Mr. B., I was engaged in trade in D., a few miles from Boston, some twenty five years ago. We had a general assortment of goods, such as are usually kept in country stores. Liquors, constituted a part of our stock in trade, and was kept in standing casks, in a separate room opening out of the principle store room. Among our liquors we

had one cask of cheap and miserable stuff which we usually drew for loafers who had little character and less money. Across the street, in a handsome and well furnished mansion, lived a gentleman of education and standing in society, although a very hard drinker. He was a good customer of ours.

"When he called for a drink, we always drew the best we had.

"One day he came in, and as we were quite busy at the moment, he stepped into the liquor room and helped himself, and most unfortunately, as it turned out, he drew from the cask of adulterated cheap liquors. It suited him better than any he had taken before. The nerves of the stomach, almost paralyzed by the constant contact of alcohol, need some additional poisons to wake them up, and bring them to a state of comfortable excitement. The vile mixture he had for the first time, and by accident, suited him exactly, and shortly after reaching home he sent over a servant with a demijohn, for a supply of the particular article he had drank.

"For a time I was perplexed, and hardly knew what to do. I disliked to send such a liquor to a man of his character; but after debating the matter in my own mind for awhile I concluded that a man ought to be the best judge of what he needed or wanted, and so filled the order. Some four or five days after he came into and asked if I had any good cognage, suitable for a clothes-line, as his wife, said wished one. I furnished him an article which he thought would do, and he left for home, I thought no more about the matter, there was nothing unusual in his appearance. In an hour or two afterward, his daughter rushed into the store with the cry, 'Oh! run over to our house, for father has hanged himself.' I was across the street in an instant, and, rushed in at the front door, found the unfortunate man hanging by the stair rail, to the top of which he had attached the rope. I was quite dead. Of the grief of the bereaved family I need not speak. Of my own feelings you may judge. I had furnished the liquor that had maddened him, the rope that hanged him and was called upon to cut down the victim of my own infernal traffic, and it all happened within the space of one week. I have never sold liquor since, except to part with my share of the stock on hand to my partner in trade on any terms he might name. It was crowding things rather too close for me."

The above is a true statement of facts.

THE BIBLE AND CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

The duty and Necessity of Recognizing and Maintaining a Correct and Authoritative Standard of morals in Civil Government.

BY S. B. DICKINSON.

In every Government there is an underlying system of religion which constitutes the chief basis of the superstructure. Every system of jurisprudence is but the application of a system of ethics, grounded in some system of religion. Municipal law, as defined by Sir Wm. Blackstone is "A rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power in the State, commanding what is right, and prohibiting what is wrong." What is right, and what wrong, depends in each case upon the prevailing opinions in matters of religion, held by those who frame the laws, or upon the recognised standard authority of morals and religion. If, for instance, the prevailing religion of a people as held by the authoritative standard, require the offering of human sacrifices to the gods, the laws of the civil government will sanction the practice as legitimate and right. The character and laws of a people will not rise above their religion. While deities are worshiped such as Pope describes, "Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust, whose attributes are rage, revenge and lust," cannot be expected that the people should possess a high order of character, or that their laws should be characterized by justice and equity. In general, the laws will define and punish as criminal, that which is condemned as such by the standard authority in religion, and will come at length to recognize as legitimate whatever this authority allows.

Most nations whose existence dates anterior to the christian era have held that the lives of captives taken in war were entirely and lawfully at the disposal of the captor—that king or emperor possesses the rightful and unlimited control of the lives and property of subjects. According to the old Roman law the power of the *paterfamilias* or head of the family, was unbounded within the sphere of the family, which included his son's wives and children. He could take the life of his wife, or of any other member of the family, none dared question his authority or right to do so.

In christian governments we are very justly rebuked by the atrocity of such laws, and yet we are for the inculcations of Christianity, and the authority of the Bible with those who have exercised a controlling influence in the framing of our governments, there is no evidence that

life, liberty, or property, would be held more sacred in Christian lands than in any other. Especially were the founders of the American Republic under the guiding influence of the Christian religion. The pilgrim fathers framed and interpreted all laws by the Bible. It was their *Magna Charta*; and it is the indelible stamp of the Puritan religion upon our Constitution and laws which we see in those great safeguards to human life and liberty, standing as bulwarks throughout the entire system of our government.

While much has been already gained to the country and to humanity by the adoption of so good a form of government, much remains to be accomplished before the fundamental principles of it shall have wrought their legitimate effects, throughout all the ramifications of law. It was but recently that "the sum of all villainies" after a sanguinary struggle, which came near costing us our national existence, was banished the land; and still more recently have the equal rights of *all* men found a distinct and full recognition in the fundamental law. Other evils are yet to be remedied, and most formidable foes to free institutions are to be encountered and overcome.

Now if this great work of establishing a republic based upon the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and grounded in the morals of the Christian religion be carried to its completion and rendered enduring, the question must be reviewed anew and settled beyond a peradventure—What shall be the ultimate, the recognized and authoritative standard of justice and morality in this government? The discussion of this question cannot be avoided nor can its decision long be delayed without extreme peril to every interest of freedom. It is folly to suppose that a country so vast as ours and peopled with all classes of mankind from out of every nation, kindred and tongue under the whole heavens, each man of whom is entitled to the elective franchise, and is at liberty to worship whom and believe and teach what he pleases—I say it is folly to suppose that such a country can have an enduring form of government, without the adoption of every wisest and most effective measure for producing a common conscience and for enacting and administering laws with reference to one common and ultimate standard in morals and religion. It has been publicly proclaimed by great men in the nation that we have no national religion and want none. Have such men read history and studied human nature to no purpose at all? Who ever

heard of a nation without a religion? The French did at one time attempt to throw into the flames the Bible, and to the winds all religion, but before they were done with the experiment they were obliged to confess their folly. Cried Robespere from the chaotic depths of that reign of terror, "If there be no God we must make one, for the world cannot get on without a God." Without the sanctions of religion there can be no public conscience, and without a public conscience, an enduring civil government is impossible. Said the immortal Washington, "Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle" and this national morality, he adds, "is a necessary spring of popular government, of every species of free government." He urges therefore that the American people promote as an object of primary importance institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge especially of religious knowledge. But while it is a matter of primary importance to promote religion and to maintain an enlightened public conscience, is it a matter of indifference to the nation, what shall be the prevailing character of those institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge, what sort or general type of religion shall be promoted, what kind of public conscience we shall aim to produce? Amongst the numerous systems of religion which prevail in the world, is there no choice? Is it of no consequence whether the Christian conception of God, and the Christian conscience obtain here, giving shape and character and tone to the laws and institutions of this country, or whether some one or many of the idolatrous religions of the world prevail?

Suppose for instance we promote as an object of primary importance, without partiality, all the religious institutions of the world; will not the national morality rise to a sublime height under such a babel of indoctrination! With a little Buddhism and a little Brahminism, and a little Mohamedanism, and a little Romanism, and a little Christianity, and a little Transcendentalism, all compounded in the public conscience, what a beautiful system of jurisprudence would rise out of such a conglomeration as that! What clear definitions we should have of liberty and human rights! What harmony in the administration of law! Imagine grave senators arousing the public conscience upon some great question of national importance. What a war we should have among the gods. Confucius and Zoroaster

and Jupiter and Mars, Brahma and Buddha, Joe Smith and Pope Pius 9th, Comte and Mahommed with occasional utterances from the Great Teacher of Judea. Amid this authoritative jargon whose voice will be heard in the bewildered public conscience. From whence shall come the great tide of moral sentiment that shall sweep away error, and purify society? If the Koran gain a victory to-day and give law to the nation who can tell but John Chinaman's bible will have gained the victory to-morrow and reverse the national code? If the Golden Rule give us the 15th Amendment as the greatest political and moral victory next to the destruction of Slavery, to be recorded in the nineteenth century, who can tell but that "infallible" Roman Pontiff, or the scarcely less pretentious Mormon Chief having succeeded in cheating his way into ascendancy may expunge liberty from the Constitution, and establish upon the ruins of freedom, a hierarchy more cruel and despotic than that which slaughtered sixty millions of protestants during the middle ages! From such a state of uncertainty 'good Lord deliver us,' and let the descendants of a revolutionary and puritan ancestry say, "Amen?"

No! this nation is not to be abandoned to the contending armies of a hundred false systems of religion. "If the Lord be God serve him." We are to have a religion; some one a pervading, controlling, harmonizing, unifying system of religion. What is better, we have religion, the Christian religion, drawn from the Bible, an open Bible, a free Bible, the Protestant Bible. Can any one doubt what religion free America shall choose? Can any one read our Constitution and laws, and doubt what religion has exerted a controlling influence thus far in the construction of this government? doubt what is the national religion?

And yet when men have the audacity to stand up in the great national centres and proclaim that we have no national religion when legislators with brazen front declare in our legislative halls that the teachings of the Bible are of no binding force, and proclaim themselves the representatives of an anti-Bible policy when a numerous class among us, following the lead of a foreign potentate, who stands in their superstitious conscience as supreme in all authority whether temporal or spiritual declare the Christian churches of this land heretical bodies, to be classed with atheists and the vilest unbelievers, and our Bible, the pro-

testant Bible, the American, the national Bible, a heretical book, demanding its expulsion from the public institutions of the land, it is time for Protestant America to assert herself, and declare anew for God and his Word.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE INEBRIATE.

An Address Delivered by Dr. Cutler at A Temperance Meeting in Olean.

How to deal with the inebriate is a question easier asked than answered. Human laws cannot deal justly with all. The ingenuity of man is incapable of solving the mysterious working of mind as it is brought to act upon different organizations or of the influence of temperament upon the exercise of the will and judgment. If we were all constituted alike, possessing mind and will of equal power and strength, intellects of the same grade and capacity—and temperaments of the same class and quality, the problem, how to deal with the inebriate could be easily solved. No longer would the plaintive cry go up from broken, bleeding hearts, 'Save! oh save! my lost, dear idolized husband; give me back my once innocent, harmless bright eyed boy—restore to me my once happy, beautiful home!' No! but the chains that bound the inebriate to this cruel demon would be broken by moral force alone, the joyous, exultant cry would soon be heard all over our land and echoed from hill to hill—from shore to shore—carrying gladness to every heart—the inebriate is saved—the monster intemperance is crushed—the principles of temperance have triumphed—the clouds that have so long darkened the heavens have disappeared—the dark floods of intemperance have receded and our ark has rested upon the mountain top, at last the windows have been opened and the dove has gone forth never to return. This would be the millennial day of temperance. But unfortunately my friends this is a picture of the imagination with but little reality blended with its colors—a looking over with bright anticipations, into the far distant, hopeful future. Little do we understand the operations of the human mind—the influence and power of temperament and the power of appetite over mind, reason and judgment. Therefore it is impossible for us to lay down any one rule by

which to be governed in our efforts to reform and save the inebriate.

The physician is called upon to treat disease in its various and multifarious forms. He cannot prescribe the same remedies in every individual case, though the disease be the same. He must study the habits, condition, and idiosyncrasies in each of his patients, and prescribe accordingly. An epidemic is raging in your midst; a malignant fever, perhaps, diphtheria, small-pox or scarlatina. The physician who would go from house to house, from door to door, and prescribe for each and every patient the same remedy, the same medicine, regardless of their different temperaments, though their disease be identical, is wanting in reason and judgment, unfit for his calling, and a disgrace to the profession. Each case may require altogether a different treatment. One case may require an anti-phlogistic treatment, while another would need tonics and stimulants. What would save one would be death to the other.

Now the inebriate has contracted a disease—it may be ideopathic, or unfortunately it may be hereditary. He may be the innocent victim and sufferer for the follies and misdoings of his ancestors. His appetite for alcoholic stimulants may have been acquired, or he may have inherited it—and to eradicate this disease, (for it is nothing more nor less than a disease), to overcome and subdue this strong appetite is for him no easy task. To point out a course to pursue in dealing with a victim of such diseased appetite is assuming too much of a responsibility.

Is there any one here that knows anything about this disease from a sad, bitter experience? Have you ever felt the gnawings of that appetite that is never, never satiated? Every nerve and tissue of the body pleading night and day with all the eloquence and force of despair for stimulants? crying, 'give! give!' never satisfied, and praying for more and more continually? Have you ever felt that ghastly, deathly feeling come over you, that feeling of woe, despair and wretchedness that no tongue can describe, no pen portray, whilst laying upon your couch after a season of debauchery and excess, the pendulum of life almost ceasing to vibrate, every muscle

and fibre quivering and trembling for want of nervous stimulants, and every sound jarring upon your exhausted brain like the thunderbolts of heaven, the fiends of hell hovering over and threatening you, and hateful, hissing serpents coiling their smooth and slimy folds around you? Have you ever experienced anything of this, any of the drunkard's torture? If you have not, you know but little of the condition and wants of the inebriate. You may, from your high position in society, point him out to the passer-by as a poor, degraded, loathsome object, and call him a miserable, demented sot. You may threaten him with fines and imprisonment. You may tell him that he is a brute, not fit to live, and unfit to die. You may lead and point to him the drunkard's grave, and picture him to the horrors and torments of the drunkard's hell, but for all that he will be a drunkard still, and fly to your licensed pest houses for stimulants to drown his grief and console him in his wretchedness. You will never reform him by dealing with him in this manner. You have been knocking at the wrong door, and the sentinel that guards it will drive you away. That inebriate is a man; he has a mind, an intellect, a brain of equal or superior capacities to your own, perhaps; its organization is fine, his temperament is nervous and susceptible to the softest touch of excitement, and its sensitive chords once caused to vibrate by the power of stimulants never forgets its magic charm, and ever thereafter courts the thrilling sensation that it produces, and thus an uncontrollable appetite for strong drink has been early and easily acquired.

This is the class of men that we generally find in the ranks of the intemperate—men of quick, active, imaginative minds and brilliant intellect. 'Tis not men of cold and phlegmatic temperament that are drawn into this whirlpool. There is not so much danger for them if they do now and then take a drink. As John B. Gough says, such a man may take a drink and feel comfortable; another drink and he will feel a little more comfortable, and still another and another drink, and he will only feel comfortable. He always is and always will be comfortable, whether he is going up hill or down back-

ward or forward, drunk or sober, and I have no doubt but that he will die comfortable. He is not looking ahead and searching for things bright and beautiful. He is not reaching forward and upward trying to grasp hold of the pillars of fame, but is contented wherever he is. He will never die a drunkard, or if he should it will be an accident. But let a man of the opposite temperament take a drink of liquor, and you know it at once; you see it in his every look and action; it takes hold of the brain and pervades every nerve and tissue of the body; appetite gets control of reason and judgment, and that man is lost—wrecked amid the breakers of glittering temptation unless powerful influences are made to operate successfully upon his mind, or he is removed from temptation. Such a person should be dealt with gently, kindly as any diseased, insane person should be dealt with; not spurned and driven from society or from the association of the good and those less unfortunate, but cared for, counseled and protected. The inebriate needs our protection, our care and our sympathies if any man on earth needs them. You say that you pity his poor, heart-broken, hope crushed wife, abandoned children and wretched family. I know you do. So do I. But I pity the poor, fascinated and deluded inebriate more. He is suffering more, mentally and physically, every day. There is a warfare going on within him continually. He is fighting heroically and persistently with all the power that he possesses against an enemy that is as relentless as death, and as subtle and powerful as the demon who presides over pandemonium. Every day he goes forth to battle with new resolutions, determined to conquer or die in the effort—but his foe is cunning and crafty, and before he is aware he is outflanked, and the citadel of his good intentions is demolished.

To treat such a case successfully requires the greatest care, the greatest caution. It needs no arguments to convince such a man that intemperance is an evil, that he is degrading and ruining himself and bringing disgrace upon his family. He knows all about it better than you, perhaps. Get him from under the influence of this fascinating demon; give him nourishing food in the place of stimulants till the nervous system

has regained its natural tone; cheer him with kind and encouraging words; point to him his proper position and standing in society; show him his worth and capacity for good; remove temptation; that's the point.

Remove the cause of disease and the patient gets well. You may reclaim as many inebriates as you will. You may fill your Lodge rooms full of the reformed. You may send the whole army of them to the Asylum at Binghamton, and let them graduate in that noted institute, but the disease is not cured—it slumbers and may from any exciting cause break forth again in all its fury, and they are again in danger just so soon as they go out and mingle with the outer world, with a moral and christian people who give men of good moral character, a license to tempt and snare and poison them again a license to traffic in this mind, soul and body destroying beverage. It would be an easy work to reform the inebriate and make this reformation permanent if these moral pest houses could be destroyed—if the license system was abolished and rum-selling and rum drinking was not made respectable or honorable by an intelligent, influential and Christian community.—So long as it is made respectable—So long as it is made a legal traffic—So long as the traffic is sustained, upheld and countenanced by public sentiment and our incorruptable? Legislators, you may deal with the inebriate as you will—you may urge moral suasion and legal suasion, but with his strong appetite for stimulating drinks to contend with, you cannot permanently conquer and subdue him. You can persuade, convince and convict, but you cannot produce a radical, permanent and safe conversion.—How then must we deal with the inebriate? I answer:

Deal honorably with the inebriate. Do not go to him and tell that intemperance is a great sin, that it is carrying 40,000 annually down to the drunkards grave—that it is filling our poor houses with paupers, our jails and penitentiaries with criminals and] that you very much regret the course he is pursuing and then turn around and sign a petition for some moral man to carry on the liquor traffic. Do not go into the the pulpit, or in your closet

and on bended knee implore your maker to stay the tide—to uproot the evil, and then sit calmly and composedly down and with folded arms, behold the many wrecks of manhood and womanhood as they go flanting by you and leave their rescue all to the Almighty, on the strength of your prayers. This is not consistent.—Deal honestly with the inebriate. Do not tell him that he is ruining himself and bringing disgrace upon his family and the very next day go to the ballot box and vote for some temperate tipler that you know advocates and will sustain a worthless license law that gives men the privilege and the legal right of making him what he is. Deal consistently with the inebriate, do not preach to him temperance and favor and sustain a licensed hotel. Do not urge him to reform—Do not talk to him about governing and subduing his appetite and then be instrumental in placing before him the tempting beverage.

Would you give the insane man a dagger? Would you light a match and give it to the incendiary who is your enemy, leave him in peaceable possession of your house and tell him not to set it on fire? Would you give arsenic to the suicidal maniac and tell him not to swallow it for if he did it would kill him? In all this you would not be consistent.

My friends, to deal honorably, honestly and consistently with the inebriate we must be conscientious and consistent with ourselves. We must practice what we preach and preach the doctrine of total prohibition. We must labor to throw up around him a wall of protection and defense night and day. Month after month, and year after year, the language of his heart is, "Oh God remove temptation from me, let the traffic be wiped out. Shut these hell gates against me." It is for public sentiment to decide—It is for public sentiment to determine whether or not his prayers shall be answered, I do not know as it ever will be. I know that the heavens sometimes look dark, but I have hope in the aspiration of good men. I have faith in the providence of God. Methinks I see now in the distant future a mighty host of joyous-beings gathered round one common altar, shouting hosanna to the highest, and celebrating one general, universal jubilee of total prohibition, and freedom and happiness to the inebriate and his family.

THE POET'S CORNER.

THE CHILDREN.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed:
Oh! the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace:
O! the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face.

And when they are gone I set dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember,
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin:
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

O! my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and strong,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild;
O! there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of heart and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
O! those truants from home and from heaven
They have made me more manly than mild:
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself,

The twig is so easily bended;
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowl-
edge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse the threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door:
I shall miss the "good-nights and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet;
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says, "the school is dismissed,"
May the little ones gather around me,
And bid me good night and be kissed.

A PARABLE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Said Christ our Lord: "I will go and see
How the men my brethren believe in me."
He passed not again through the gate of
birth,
But made himself known to the children of
earth.

Then said the chief priests, and rulers and
kings:
"Behold now the giver of all good things;
Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state
Him who is alone mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread
Wherever the Son of Man should tread,
And in palace chambers lofty and rare
They loaded, and served him with kingly
fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim
Their jubilant floods in praise of him;
And in church, and palace, and judgement-
hall
He saw his image high over all.

But still, wherever his steps they led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down his head;
And from under the heavy foundation-stones
The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church, and palace, and judgment-
hall,
He marked great fissures that rent the wall,
And opened wider and still more wide,
And the living foundation heaved and sigh-
ed:

"Have you founded your thrones and altars,
then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure
Which shelters the noble and crushes the
poor?

"With gates of silver and bars of gold
Ye have fenced my sheep from their father's
fold;
I have heard the dropping of their tears
In heaven these eighteen hundred years."

"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,
We built but as our fathers built;
Behold thine images how they stand

Sovereign and sole through all the land.

"Our task is hard with sword and flame
To hold thy earth forever the same,
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep
Still, as though leftest them, thy sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted haggard man;
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her family want and sin.

These set He in midst of them;
And, as they drew back their garment's hem
For fear of defilement, "Lo! here," said he,
"The images ye have made of me."

THRENODY.

BY ANNIE HERBERT.

Inscribed with earnest sympathy to the friends of the late Albert D. Richardson.

Tearfully tenderly, yield him to slumber,
Silently, lovingly, leave him to rest;
Manhood's endeavor, and cares that encum-
ber—

Earth takes them all to her piteous breast;
Gather the lilies and garland the roses,
Binding the words he will never repeat,
Glances of eyes closed in solemn repose,
Sealed with sad kisses, all hopeless and
sweet.

Stricken from life in the noontide of glory,
Holding the van of the conflict he fell;
Long will a nation remember his story,
Long will the breezes his threnody swell;
Teaching this truth unto calumny's minions,
Written in blood for humanity's need:
True lives are greater than soulless opinions,
Richer God's gold than society's creed.

Gather the roses and garland the lilies,
Let your fond tributes in sympathy blend;
Shrive with all beautiful blooms of the val-
leys,

One who has never deserted a friend;
Yet the beloved, in his greatness so tender,
Needs not your tears in his curtainless bed;

Weep for the living who mourn their defend-
er!
Naught can avail for the passionless dead.

Soft be the dirges for hero and lover,
Sing the grand life with such sorrowful
close!

Let the sweet mantle of charity cover,
Errors that only the Infinite knows;
He may have differed from you who upbraided
him,
Only in being more tender and true;
Unto the angels who watch where love
laid him,
He may be purer and better than you.

Tearfully, tenderly yield him to slumber,
Silently, lovingly, leave him to rest,
While through the footfalls of years without
number,
Memory blossoms in hearts he loved best;
Gather the lilies and garland the roses,
Wreathing a name that shall never grow
dim;
Yield the strong soul from death's holy re-
poses
Unto the MERCIFULL—leave it with HIM!

HERE AND THERE.

On earth—the brightest eyes
Are sometimes dim with tears;
The gentlest bosoms heaved with sighs
And in the fairest sky will rise
Some cloud, compelling fears.

In Heaven—God's touch of love
Will wipe all tears away;
No sights the soul's deep peace will move,
And o'er the sun that shines above
No cloud will ever stray

On earth—we clasp in vain
The hands which friendship brings;
They wither as the seasons wane,
And life bears up a broken chain—
The love to which it clings.

In heaven—no tongue will speak
The sadd'ning words "Good-by!"
Immortal youth will bloom each cheek,
The golden chain will never break;
For Love can never die.

On earth—the wasting days,
The longing, ling'ring night;
In heaven—the rapturous song of praise,
The joys of hope fulfilled, the blaze
Of everlasting light.

On earth—the shield, the words,
The watch-fire, and the fight;
In heaven—to hear the Master's word,
To see His face, our "great reward,"
Our full, supreme delight.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CONVENTION OF THE 14TH G. DISTRICT AT OLEAN.

This Convention was called to order by the G. D. D. Rev. J. E. Chapin, at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 20th, and duly organized. The following officers were placed in the chairs:

Rev. J. E. Chapin W. C. T.; Mrs. Geo. Chamberlain, R. S.; Miss Mary Lyon L. S. Mrs. M. B. Dickinson V. T.; Rev. Mr. Bray, of Sheriden, C. Rev. T. F. Parker, of Machias, P. W. C. T.; Geo. Wood of Olean, Secy.; Martha Wands, A. S.; Wm. Napier of Machias, F. S.; Mrs. Wm. Napier, T.; Dr. Cutler of Bolivar M.; Mrs. Emma Smith of Smiths Mills, D. M.; Miss Jennie Carter of Randolph, I. G.; Mr. James Dempster of Lyndon O. G.

The great disappointment of the occasion was the announcement by telegram that Bro. Ball, G. W. C. T., was detained at home by the sickness of his family. This was felt deeply by all, but more especially by the members of Pleasant River Lodge.

The Report from the G. D. D., in relation to the prosperity of the cause in this Dist., showed it to be in a prosperous condition. A number of weak Lodges have gone down, some new ones have been instituted, and from many parts of the Dist., there seems to be a call for the institution of many more. Of the Lodges in successful operation a greater degree of interest than usual seems to characterize their meetings.

The reports from the delegates were full of interest and showed a degree of determination to self-consecration to labor for the cause of humanity truly commendable, and encouraging. A goodly number of delegates were present.

A public meeting was held at the M. E. Church in the evening, which was addressed by Rev. J. E. Chapin, Rev. Mr. Bray, Rev. T. F. Parker, Dr. Cutler and Mrs. B. C. Rude. The addresses were characterized by earnestness and enthusiasm. Some ten

names were obtained as applicants for membership in the Good Templars Lodge.

The Good Templars Love Feast at nine o'clock next morning was characterized by deep earnestness and feeling. The relation of their experiences by those who had been saved from the drunkards doom by the timely efforts of Good Templars, and by the restraining influences of this organization were items of encouragement which cheered the hearts and strengthened the hands to future and more earnest efforts to reclaim the fallen. Several among the number who participated in this Love Feast, now noble, talented and useful men, were from among the reclaimed from the army of drunkards who are so surely going on to ruin and to death. As we listened to their words of thankfulness for redemption, and saw with what earnestness they plead that the traffic might be prohibited, we said to ourselves, "all honor to these for their noble self denial, and true manliness" and decided within our own minds that it was no honor for such as ourselves to be of temperance principles. Yet were we to refuse to assist in this moral reform, we should deserve the execration and the condemnation of the good and true.

The political aspects of the temperance question was ably handled by Rev. S. B. Dickinson. There are those, we are happy to know, among temperance men, who feel that it is a sin longer to dabble in the moral filth of political parties, unless they introduce some element which shall have a regenerating influence, some moral power which shall tend to enlighten and christianize humanity. There are also among the temperance army many men—men of wisdom, of sagacity, of sound judgment—men who command our highest respect for their integrity of purpose and as we believe sincere earnestness in the work of this reform, who do not approve the organization of a third party with temperance as an issue.

Theirs may be wisdom and expediency, but our earnest wish and impatient desire to see this wicked traffic overthrown and the ban of law placed upon it is such that we can sympathize with no spirit which in any way can endure or tolerate the grievous wrong done to humanity, by the continuance of this traffic, lest a party should lose prestige or power by breaking away from hereditary sins.

"How to maintain interest in the Lodges" was treated by Mrs. B. C. Rude in a very interesting and profitable manner. Much discussion upon this question followed which was calculated to do good.

In the afternoon session the Committee on Resolutions, presented the following which were thoroughly discussed and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That it is the duty of the hour for temperance men of every name, to demand of the existing political parties in the State that they place in their platforms a resolution favoring a law submitting the question of license or no license to the electors of the several counties, to be determined by a majority vote. And we urge upon the several Lodges of this Grand District the importance of sending delegates to the Grand Lodge, who will endeavor to secure more vigorous action by that body and a more concerted action by Good Templars throughout the State in promoting the plan involved in the foregoing. That we also urge upon all Good Templars of whatever party, that they seek by all honorable means to secure the nomination and election of Public officers favorable to the plan suggested, believing that such concerted action will accomplish the desired result and avert the necessity for the organization of a third party upon that issue.

2. That it is a matter of deep regret that several of our Lodges have surrendered their charters, and thus allowed their organizations to go down. In our judgment this ought not so to have been, and we urge our brethren everywhere to maintain at all hazards their organization, and to keep the banner of temperance flying, even though there be but few to stand by our cause.

3. Special attention should be given to singing in our Lodges. Meetings, and more time and effort be bestowed to render our weekly gatherings interesting and profitable.

4. Resolved, That delegates urge upon their several Lodges the necessity of earnest and thorough work outside of the Lodge, that they cause to be canvassed each and every school district in the several towns in which

their Lodges may be located, during the coming winter, to the end that officers may be elected at our next town meeting, that will not grant license for the sale of intoxicating liquor.

5. We recommend and urge that in those towns where no licenses are granted, temperance men see to it at any sacrifice that, liquor is not sold in defiance of law, otherwise the odium of intemperance will come to rest upon the policy of no license.

6. Resolved, That this Convention endorse the GOLDEN RULE as the G. T. organ of this Grand District, and that we recommend it to Good Templars throughout the State as worthy of their confidence and patronage.

7. That we recommend the organization of a Cold Water Templar's Lodge, in connection with each of our Subordinate Lodges, as a very efficient means of interesting the children and enlisting them in a life long warfare against their greatest enemy king alcohol.

8 Resolved, That this Convention tender to the Good Templars of Olean their sincere and heartfelt thanks for the generous manner in which they have been received and entertained during its session.

Miss Annie Herbert recited by request the following, beautiful original poem with marked pathos and effect:

THE LILLIED CROSS.

Pure and white the Symbol stood,
Wreathed with waxen lily bells;
Not the rugged arms of wood,
Not the spikes of dungeon cells,
But a heavenly vision, wrought
From the hint of trial hours;
And I blessed the loving thought
That had wreathed the Cross with flowers.

Still the same symbolic grace
Lit the vale our fathers trod,
When the Vandois hunted fate
Wore the signet smile of God;
By the lives for Freedom spent,
Braving scaffolds, thrones and powers,
By the martyrs 'sacrament,'
We may wreath the cross with flowers!

Ah! the burdens feebly borne,
Borne with faint, repining breath!
Ah! the Eden loves we mourn,
Seeing but the shades of death!
How life's troubled waves would glide
Softly on through sunny hours,
If we kept the angel side—
If we wreathed the Cross with flowers!

Burdened days would lighter press,
 If we loved the Father more
 As their golden steps grow less,
 Leading to the brighter shore;—
 We could see, through shades of wrong,
 Gleams of strong, triumphal towers;
 We should hear the victor's song;
 If we wreathed the Cross with flowers.

Through the thick gloom overhead
 White wings quiver to our cries,
 Every doubtful way we tread
 God's sweet mercy underlies ;
 When our griefs, like prison bars,
 Hedge us in with midnight hours
 Faith unveils the solemn stars;
 Patience wreaths the Cross with flowers.

By the lilies, dreaming yet,
 How He walked beside the sea,
 By His kingly forehead wet
 With the spray of Galilee—
 By His last forgiving breath,
 Hallowing the sunless hours,
 By the Life that bloomed from Death,
 Jesus wreathed the Cross with flowers !

The subject of Cold Water Templars was opened by the writer and an interesting and instructive discussion followed.

The meeting was characterized by earnestness, those present evincing a thorough consecration to the temperance work, a general good feeling prevailed and each felt that it was good to be there. Just before the close of the session, two Cold Water Templars were introduced and enlivened the Convention by some music and singing. At 6 o'clock the Convention with the best of feeling adjourned *sine die*.

We are pleased to notice in the TEMPERANCE PATRIOT an article advising a salaried lecturer, to be put in the field in New York and vicinity. This is as it should be. This is a large and needy field, the enemy stalks here more fearlessly if possible than elsewhere. Temptation is rife on every hand. People from the country are mercilessly drawn into this whirlpool of vice and temptation. A true, honest, earnest, talented man, one whose heart is in the work should go there with a salary sufficient to enable him to devote his best energies to the cause. The Grand Lodge of this State has the means, let it bend every energy to the

prosecution of this work. Never was there a time more auspicious than the present. Temperance is the question of the hour. Good Templarism we believe to be the best means ordained to save the young, and rescue the intemperate. Let us show our faith by our works, then, by visiting these needy places and using every honorable means to extend our order, and advance the best interests of humanity. By all means put a lecturer in this field, and sustain him by the Grand Lodge if need be.

We have seen a photograph of a design for a Lithograph, executed by Mrs. Geo. I. Hyde. The picture is to be colored 26 by 34 and will make, judging from the design, an appropriate and beautiful picture for the Temperance Lodge Rooms. It is entitled "The Inebriate's Express or the Temperance Mission." It will be issued soon, when if it is as good as the photograph we have indicated that it will be, we shall most heartily recommend it to Good Templars as a suggestive ornament for our Lodge Rooms.

Temperance and Religion.

Temperance is not religion, but it is one of the virtues of religion. A man may be a temperance man without being a religious man; but he cannot be a pious or religious man so long as he remains an intemperate man. Temperance is an aid of religion; the ally of Christianity, purifying the mind and heart to receive the truth of religion. It casts the devil of drunkenness out of the man, sweeps the temple of the soul with the pledge of abstinence, and it to receive the holy influence of true piety. There is an antagonism between temperance and religion; for the former prepares the way for the latter. Temperance societies are the nurseries of the church; temperance societies are leaves which are intended for the healing of the nation. Temperance lectures are voice of John the Baptist in the wilderness. Drunkenness is a physical disease, breaking out in blotches upon the face and sapping, and mining the foundations of health and life. The pledge is a panacea which never fails to cure the disease, when it is taken in time and taken and kept inviolate. Drunkenness is also a moral malady, and religion is the remedy which is sure to cure when it is taken from the hand which offers. Those men who trust to temperance for salvation are like the carpenters of Noah, who built a ship for other folks to sail in and yet were drowned themselves at last.

—Temperance Advocate

Golden Rule.

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NO. 8.

LEAVES FROM A BLIGHTED LIFE.

BY MATILDA W. BEALE.

CHAPTER I.

I am the son of worthy and respectable parents, and at the age of twenty-two found myself in possession of good health, master of an excellent trade, free from debt, the owner of a neat little house, and husband of one of the most charming and amiable women in the world.

There are few pleasanter things in life than to sit in one's own cheerful home with a bright fire, entertaining books, and an agreeable companion, while the howling of the wind and beating of the storm without serves by contrast to heighten the cheerfulness within. Friends often called to spend an hour or so with us, and sometimes we went out of an evening, but rarely, however, for we were so happy in the society of each other that we desired nothing more. So passed the winter of our married life.

On a morning of one of those damp, rainy, foggy, muddy days in early March, which we all know to be so disagreeable, one of my neighbors came into my shop evidently in a great hurry, to see if I would assist him. Said he, "The ice will break up before night, and I want every man in the village who possibly can to assist me in taking care of my boats. It will be a tough job to save them, but it must be done, if possible. Will you come, Morton? Plenty to eat and drink, and good wages besides."

"Certainly, I will help you," I replied,

"but first, I will step into the house and tell my wife."

"Yes," he called after me, "and tell her you won't be home to dinner, or may be supper either."

All day myself and a score or more of others worked hard amid the rain, mud and ice, and as Mr. Thomas had promised, there was plenty to eat and drink. I had not drank any intoxicating liquors since my marriage, but on that day, being exposed so much, I with the others drank quite freely, and by the time it was growing dark I was in no condition to render any more assistance to Mr. Thomas. However, his boats were now in comparative safety, so taking one more "stiff horn," I set out for home. I fell down in the mud more than once ere I reached my own door, where Sarah was waiting impatient for my coming.

"Oh, Albert! I am so glad you are come! I was getting so uneasy about you!" she exclaimed, flinging her arms around my neck and kissing me. Ah! how quickly she started back. "Oh, Albert!" she cried, but how different was her tone and manner now—so startled and grieved!

"Don't be frightened, dear" said I, trying to steady my voice, "there is nothing the matter with me, only, to prevent our taking cold as well as to keep up our strength, we all drank whiskey to-day; I suppose I took too much and it has flown to my brain." For a moment, only a moment, Sarah seemed

overwhelmed with astonishment and grief, then she took my arm and led me into our pleasant sitting-room, where I fell upon the chair she hastily placed for me. Then with her own dear hands she pulled off my wet coat and dirty boots; yes! I blush to write it, but it is true.

Having made me comfortable, she stirred the fire, drew a round table close beside me, and brought in from the kitchen such a delicious hot supper as I think none knew how to prepare so well as she. Not the slightest allusion did she make to the condition I was in, but with her own hands—mine were far too unsteady—she poured out the fragrant tea, helped me to the most tempting chop, buttered one of the smoking biscuits, and heaped my plate with dainties that would have charmed an epicure. But it was in vain that I tried to eat; with the first mouthful I turned sick and presently fell to the floor, where for some time I lay writhing in that intolerably anguished sickness which only the poor insubriate wretch can ever know. It was followed by a heavy stupor, and for hours I knew nothing more.

When consciousness at length dawned upon my mind, I found myself lying in my comfortable bed, suffering from a most excruciating head-ache, while Sarah bent over me, saturating my burning head with soft cloths wrung out of cold water. The blinds were closely drawn, but I perceived that it was broad daylight, and I also saw, though I fancied she tried to conceal it from me, that Sarah looked pale and utterly wretched; her eyes were red and swollen with weeping.

"Dear Albert!" she exclaimed tenderly, when she saw that I was awake, "are you better once more?"

"Why, what is the matter with me, Sarah?—Am I ill?" I asked, for I was still confused and bewildered.

"You have been ill all night, I think. Don't you remember?" she said hesitatingly.

For a few moments I lay still; I was thinking. Presently I remembered everything up to time when I fell asleep on the floor before the fire.

"Sarah!" I suddenly asked, "how came I on the bed?"

"I helped you; and now dear Albert, let us not talk of it any more. I am sure you

did not mean to do so, and I hope, oh, how earnestly I hope and pray that the like will never occur again!" Her voice was trembling, and the tears were falling over her pale cheeks.

How ashamed and sorry I felt! "Sarah, you are an angel!" cried I, "and I am brute—worse—for who ever heard of a brute acting as I have done? But dearest, I must say this much: although I do not remember the time when I have not been in the habit of drinking ardent spirits, I swear to you that I was never drunk before last night, and I never will be again."

"With God's help, Amen!" said Sarah, meekly and reverently. Ah! if I also had invoked God's help, it might have been different. But, no; I thought my own strength sufficient, and as might be expected, it failed me utterly in the time of temptation.

CHAP. II.

After this, though less careful to refrain from drinking than I had been since my marriage, I did not get intoxicated again until the next Fourth of July. Then there was a grand public dinner in our village, which Sarah would gladly have declined attending, but I was anxious to have her accompany me, and there was never any difficulty in persuading my dear wife to do anything which she thought could add to my pleasure. Alas! that I had been more worthy of her!

The programme was much the same as usual in country villages on the "glorious Fourth," marching through the dusty streets in the heat of a broiling sun, reading the Declaration of Independence, dinner, speeches, toasts, etc.

The excellent dinner which was spread in a beautiful grove had received ample justice; the ladies had left the table, but most of the gentlemen yet lingered, laughing, chatting, telling short stories, making speeches and drinking. I was about to raise my glass for the third or fourth time to my lips, when I caught sight of my wife leaning against a tree at a little distance, and was at once struck by her paleness and the look of suffering in her features wore. As soon as possible I made my way to her side.

"What is the matter dear?" I asked in a low voice.

"I am suffering from a violent headache and must go home. Can you accompany me now?"

Of course I went with her immediately though it must be confessed with rather unsteady steps. When we arrived at home, I insisted that she should lie down, and with my own hands removed her bonnet, scarf and parasol; arranged the pillows, and bathed her head with ice water, until she smiled her thanks and told me she was better.

"Are you sure you feel better?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" she replied, "I am a great deal better. You are an excellent nurse, dearest," and she gave me a grateful smile.

"Then my dear, if you are surely better, would you mind if I go back to the grove a half hour or so? Convers was going to make a speech which I should like to hear." I saw her countenance change ere I finished speaking; the pleasant expression gave place to one of anxiety, but my mind was bent on going back.

"Perhaps he has finished his speech by this time," said she.

"Oh, no! he has not more than fairly begun," but of course if my dear wife insists on my remaining with her, I am willing to forego the pleasure of hearing the speech for her sake."

It was full a minute ere she replied in a slightly tremulous voice, "I will not be so selfish, dear Albert, as to keep you away from your enjoyment. Go; but remember the minutes of your absence will be very tedious to me, and come back soon."

"Within an hour at farthest I will return," I promised, and placing a pitcher of water within her reach I kissed her and went out.

For hours I have paused dreading to write what *must* come next, if I make this confession a true one as I design to do. My duty, though self-imposed, is not less onerous, and I will tell the truth even though after the lapse of all these weary years, I can feel the crimson of shame rush to my very brow in a burning tide as I do so.

Leaving my young wife suffering and alone I went out, promising to return within an hour. Then it was not sunset, but the rose-colored light of the next morning was bursting through the Eastern gates, when reeling

and staggering I finally fell heavily against my own door. I felt it open and myself drawn into the house, and knew no more that day.

Many a wife would have given me bitter taunts and cruel upbraidings, but Sarah did not; she wept and prayed, and when I got sober I mingled my tears with hers; but alas, I did not pray! I had very little faith in the efficiency of prayer at that time.

Seriously yet kindly did Sarah talk with me; she showed me plainly the awful gulf of ruin on whose verge I was standing, and besought me by every consideration that could have weighed with man, to turn my footsteps aside from so dangerous a path. I was sincerely penitent—where is the sot who is not filled with penitence and remorse in his sober moments?—and for a time I heroically resisted all temptation.

The summer and autumn passed, and winter came, a bitter winter too, but with our comfortable home and plenty of food and provisions, we cared little for its severity. On Christmas eve as we sat before our cheerful fire, I could not but look at my dear wife. Never had she seemed more beautiful, perfect joy was in every glance of her soft blue eyes, perfect content seemed throned on her noble brow, and perfect happiness was in every smile that played around her lovely mouth. Slightly blushing beneath my prolonged and earnest gaze, she asked, "Why do you look at me so earnestly dear Albert! what are you thinking about?"

"I am thinking," I rejoined, "that there never was another woman so good and lovely and wondering what I ever did to deserve so rich a blessing."

"No doubt you deserve all the blessings you receive, even so great a one as myself," she answered with a smile at once affectionate and arch. "Ah!" she added after a few moments pause, "now you are sighing, Albert why is that?"

"Did I sigh? I am sure I was not conscious of it. But I was thinking of Christmas eves of long ago, when a child at home I used to hang my stockings over a chair and—well I will confess it Sarah; I was wondering if there will ever be any little children around our hearth to hang up stockings for the gift of Santa Claus."

CHAPTER III.

The next morning I went down to the village grocery, kept by a man named Allen, to purchase a few notions that were needed and had been neglected or forgotten till then. Although it was early there was quite a crowd of men collected there.

"Here's Morton!" cried one as I went in.—"The very fellow we want!" exclaimed another. "We're going to have a shooting match on the common to-day; the prize a splendid new rifle and as you're a capital shot I know you'll join."

"Only one dollar apiece for shares;" said a third.

Now I was justly proud of my skill as a marksman, and had for a long time desired to own a rifle, but had always found enough ways to spend money without buying one. Here was the very chance! Only a dollar! I felt sure I could win. So I answered:

"I will join you with pleasure, gentlemen but first I must take home some little notions that my wife sent for; she will want them before the shooting-match is over."

"Very well, be on the common by ten o'clock, and that will do," said the man who had first addressed me. I told the clerk what I wanted, and while he weighed and put up the articles, Allen placed bottles and glasses on the counter, saying, "Gentlemen I am not so poor but I can afford to treat my customers and friends on a Christmas morning." while he spoke, he was filling the glasses with whisky. "Come gentlemen, help your selves; let us drink to our mutual success and good health. 'A merry Christmas and happy New Year to all.'" He raised a brimming glass and drank it off. Every one followed him except *myself*. "Hallo! Morton, are you turning teetotaller?" cried several at once.

"I never drink so early in the morning," I answered.

"But this is Christmas morning." "Christmas only comes once a year. "One glass could do you no harm." "Take a glass for old acquaintance' sake," were some of the exclamations which greeted me on every side. But I courteously yet firmly declined.

"Well! well! be sure and join us on the common by and-by!" said Allen, as I started out.

"I will be there without fail I promised, and hastened home.

"Sarah, there is to be a shooting-match on the common this forenoon and I am going to win a splendid rifle, the very thing I have wanted for a long time!" I exclaimed as I handed her the little packages.

"Indeed! But how do you know you will win?" she inquired.

"Oh! there can be no doubt of that!" I replied. "I am the best marksman in all the neighborhood; and besides that I have another great advantage."

"And what is that?" asked Sarah.

"It is that they are all drinking whisky and brandy at Allen's and will be half tight before they go on the ground, while I have not tasted a drop, though they urged me hard enough to do so."

"Did they really urge you to drink, and you refused?" she exclaimed, while a glad light beamed on her countenance. "Oh, Albert! I am *so glad* you did not drink with them! But they will urge you again;" she continued, anxiously. "Do you think you can have the moral courage to continue firm in your refusal?"

"Certainly," was my confident reply, "if I could say *no* once, don't you suppose I can again?"

"Yes, dearest, I know you can if you will and you will for my sake and—." Her rosy blush concluded the sentence more eloquently than words. I caught her in my bosom kissed her fondly, and said—

"Do not fear me darling; I think no temptation will ever prevail over me to get drunk again."

"God grant it!" said my sweet wife fervently.

Oh why did I not also look to God for help? Alas! I trusted only in my own strength. I went to the shooting-match there was plenty of whisky and no lack of persuasions to induce me to drink. For a while I resisted, but I had rushed into the midst of the strongest temptation with no shield of secret prayer, no armor of trust in Him who alone can deliver us from evil; and the inevitable consequence ensued. By the time it was decided beyond all dispute that the rifle was mine, I was actually too much intoxicated to be able to carry it home

so I left it in the care of Allen until I should call for it, and in the short winter twilight I staggered home.

I then afternoon of the next day, which was as soon as I was able to get out, I started for my rifle, in spite of Sarah's entreaties that I would remain at home. There are those who will scarcely believe that I went out only to return home after midnight—drunk again! and alas! there are others who will readily credit the disgraceful truth—who well know from their own sad experience how fearful and dreadful is the bondage in which Intemperance holds its wretched victims! I drew not another sober breath that year!

On New Year's morning I was awakened from my drunken stupor by the sufferings of my wife. The mental agony she had endured for the last week was too much for her, and for many, many weary days she lay on the very verge of the grave. Oh! the bitterness of my anguished repentance! Oh! the fervency of the prayers with which I unceasingly besought God to spare me from being the murderer of my wife and unborn child! Oh! the solemnity with which I vowed before Him that no intoxicating draught should ever pass my lips again! In his infinite mercy He answered my prayers according to the desire of my heart. Sarah was spared to me—but her health was not fully restored until after the birth of our *Maybud* who came with the earliest blossoms of that lovely month whose name was part of hers. *Maybud!* my lovely one! my only child! how my aching heart clings to the memory of thee! Oh, when my weary wandering footsteps shall have passed over the dark pathway thy young feet have trod, shall I find thee, shall I know thee, fairest among the angels waiting to welcome my ransomed spirit to its everlasting home? Thank God for the cheering faith that enables me to believe so.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NURSERIES OF FOLLY.

The key to much of the misery and sin which make society a most complicated lock of dreadful secrets a lock which few can or dare to open, lie in the false attitude which either sex is educated to assume towards the other. The insincerity and shallowness which mark social intercourse between men and women are a prolific source of demoralization. They are occasions of mistakes involving the destruction of happiness and character; they are the direct cause, in many instances, of the violent reaction of feeling which drives men to vice.

The training for this false attitude begins in the family. Over anxiety lest boys should prove to be girls and lest girls should become boys, leads to an excessive amount of repression of natural instincts. No fond maternal hen in charge of ducklings was ever more greatly alarmed than is the average human mother when her young daughters take to the waters of "impropriety." The little creatures must not play "like boys;" must not "romp;" must not use arms or lungs with the freedom natural to universal childhood; but must be "little ladies," miniature editions of their precise mamma, tied, pinned, buttoned, tucked, braided and smoothed of feminine repose. Meanwhile boys are left to justify masculine claims by being allowed the freedom of the street, where separated from girl companions, they give rudeness full bent, and learn to despise their sisters. The mother, who has sent them to a school of bad manners, wonders at their proficiency, and never dreams that both girl and boy are suffering for the want of the society of each other.

Indeed it is not too much to say that in many families, owing to this arbitrary assorting of juvenile proprieties, brother and sister grow up unacquainted with each other. Each has a different circle of companions each follow different employments; each develops an artificial life of which the other knows only enough to scorn it. Is it then reasonable to expect that in maturer life these divergent tastes and habits will meet and harmonize? It is probable that there will never come so good an opportunity for correct and wholesome impressions of the opposite sex "than during the period of youth spent under the parental roof, when the heart gives most freely of its confidences and receives most easily the stamp of a familiar influence?"

Still more injurious than this semi-estrangement between brothers and sisters, is our system of school education, by means of which an entire

If the Spring put forth no blossoms, in Summer there will be no beauty, and the Autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

separation of the sexes is made during the formative period of life, and misconception, and anti-social habits, and diseased imaginings are firmly rooted in the mind. There is a strong prejudice against mixed schools on account of their difficulty of administration; but we believe not only that these difficulties can be overcome, but also that they are by no means so formidable as the evils to which the youth of our seminaries and colleges are now subjected.

The main objections to the mixed system center in this: that the boys and girls, if allowed to be much together during their teens, will certainly "make love." It is just at this point that we dissent from the popular verdict. It is precisely that they know so little of each other, and so little of themselves as learned from each other, because they are so unnaturally kept apart, because they are shut to novels, to infrequent surreptitious interviews and the mock intercourse called "society" for a knowledge of social affections, that they, like their elders, are forever attempting the impossibility of *making* love." It is because the innocent is confounded with the harmful that the latter has an irresistible fascination. It is because unnecessary ignorance over-stimulates curiosity that our youth learn to trifle with affections which should never be but in sacred earnest. It is because they are not compelled to rule the fancy, to study the action and reaction of the imagination, to observe the adaptation, and oppositions, and susceptibilities of character, that they are apt to fall victims to propinquity, to passion, to whatever circumstances, sentiment or condition may wear the mask of love.

It is because young men have no corrective feminine presence to rebuke vulgarity, to sharpen the moral sense, to instill respect for the passive virtues, that so many of them become coarsely selfish, morally reckless, and covertly or openly contemptuous in their treatment of women. It is because our young women have no corrective masculine presence to exalt ambition, to put narrowness to shame, to develop a just sense of personal independence, that so many of them become refinedly selfish, morally insipid, and covertly or openly servile in their treatment of men.

If the walls of our educational cloisters had mouths and memories as well as ears, they could repeat a chronicle of gossip as unceasing as the murmurs of the sea. Affections, misunderstandings, self-deceptions, intrigues, cruelties—indeed every kind of social misfortune and vice are born in this abnormal existence.

Idleness and selfishness takes deep root in soil fitted for nobler harvests, the atmosphere from which one of the proper elements is absent, nourishes false virtues, parasitic graces conventional, moralities, which have no genuine life.

It is natural that in such a state of things the noblest of earthly experiences should be perverted. Having counterfeited love a hundred times, and a hundred times been snared by its semblance; having learned to sneer at it; having desecrated its portals with thoughtless feet they who have "completed their education" go forth to the world predisposed to the social maladies which afflict society. They go forth more or less versed in languages, mathematics, and music, but completely versed in nonsense. In respect to all these personal relations which more affect human happiness and usefulness than all the books ever written, they are utterly deficient; for they have been kept out of God's school of social experiences and have been drilled in the ignoring of their own hearts.

It is largely to these nurseries of folly that we owe that saddest of all misfortunes, "domestic misery."—[Christian Union.

TOBACCO.

We should earnestly protest against the extension of our ordinary temperance pledge for societies of adults so as to include tobacco among the proscribed articles.

It is not good policy to multiply the conditions of membership in our organizations; for in so doing, we should largely reduce our membership and diminish our strength financially and otherwise. That we cannot afford to do now: If it shall be said that smoking and chewing members of temperance organizations add nothing to our real strength, we should say the statement was not warranted by facts. We know very many otherwise consistent and hard workers in our ranks, who use tobacco. Few such however defend its use, and when the subject is under consideration they express their strong regret that they ever contracted the habit. In organizations for the young we earnestly recommend the addition of tobacco to the list of articles against the use of which they are required to pledge themselves; for a boy of ten, twelve or fourteen who smokes or chews will be no fit companion for the great mass of those who make up our juvenile or-

organizations, and it is doubtful if the organization will profit him, if he continues to smoke and chew. While we thus express our opinions the result of extensive observation and much reflection, we would implore our brethren who smoke and chew tobacco to abandon so vile a habit at once. When you plead with the poor drunkard to give up his whiskey you assure him, that to do so is possible and will result in the improvement of his health, that it will contribute to the comfort of his home and the happiness of his friends, and will put a stop to a needless and therefore wicked expenditure of his money. Abandoning the use of tobacco will produce the same results in your own case, your own home, and among your circle of friends to a certain extent. Not, indeed as in the case of the consumer of whiskey; but much good will result from the change and no evil. If you shall insist that the change will, for some days, make you quite wretched, and unfit in a measure for business we admit the truth; but remind you that it is equally true in the case of the drunkard whom you urge to make the change. He drinks because it first excites, and subsequently soothes his nervous system. In one word he drinks because he likes the *abnormal sensations* which alcohol produces; you smoke or chew for the same reason exactly. That your tobacco will not produce the same mental bewilderment and rage which results in crime, I grant. There you have an advantage over the consumer of whiskey, and it is an important advantage. But as to the useless expenditure of money, the injury of health, the subjugation of the higher nature to the animal, the transmission of diseased conditions to your offspring, and the pretty serious matter of offending men and women of purer lives and habits around you, you have small advantage over the whisky-drinker. O brethren! abandon the vile habit, Tobacco stains do not look well on the white regalia of the "Son of Temperance" or "Good Templar;" nor does a cloud of tobacco smoke in the ante-room give them a desirable fragrance. C. J.

THE BALL-ROOM vs. THE HOME.

From a valuable work by J. W. Kirton, just published in England, and entitled "Happy Homes and how to make them," we copy the following passages, which will be found as applicable to the conditions of things in this country as it is in England. In fact it is true the world over, and rum-selling, wherever it be in bar-room, public house, cafe, or beer garden tends to destroy the attractions and happy influences of home. We commend it especially to the advocates of a license law on the plea that we must respect the rights of those engaged in the traffic:

"If we wanted any evidence to condemn the public house, it is furnished in the chorus to be often heard sung by the inmates of the tap-room and parlor—

We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight does appear.

Certainly this is a striking contrast with

Home, sweet home,
There's no place like home.

"Indeed, the whole influence of the publican is in antagonism to our homes. It is his special business to do what he can to draw people away from their homes, and induce them to spend their time and their money in his house. If fair means will not accomplish it, then he resorts either to a fiddle, a bowling alley, skittle alley, a free-and-easy, cards, dice, dominoes, raffles, flower-shows, sick clubs, burial clubs, money clubs, houses of call,—in fact, any conceivable thing to get people out of their own houses into his; knowing full well that if he can only get them started, he will have no difficulty in keeping them going, inasmuch as his drink creates an appetite which grows by what it feeds upon. So thoroughly does the influence of the public houses surround the working man, that from present appearances there can only be one conclusion drawn, and it is this: that the public-house threatens to wrest our homes from us. On every hand they are multiplying, and if it be true that "the more snares the more hares," then the more public houses the more victims, and the greater number of wretched homes.

In former times laws were passed to protect the weak against the strong. Now however, law makers license temptations to wrong doing at almost every corner; so, instead of making it "easy to do what is right, and difficult to do what is wrong," they reverse the plan, and make it as difficult as possible to do what is right, and as easy as possible to do what is

Another charter for a Lodge in Honolulu has just been granted, making five Lodges in the Islands.

wrong. We have a law to punish the man who decoys a hen from her nest, but by a strange piece of so-called wise legislation we license other men to do their very best to decoy a man away from his home and family. Our government professes to be paternal. What should we think of the father who dug a pit, and when his child happened to fall into it, punished it for doing so? Why, we should cry shame upon him for his cruelty. And yet our government empowers the magistrates to license a "man trap" into which thousands are allured by costly decorations, beautiful music, and attractive attendants to fall; and then, after the victim has been turned out, robbed of his senses, money and character, he is brought before the same magistrates, who fine or imprison him, and tell him very gravely to "mind and not do it again."

Now it strikes us that protection should be given to those who need it most, and that, instead of protecting the publican, the public should have the power to protect themselves. To debase the homes of the people is like poisoning the streams of which they drink. For the sake of the wives and children who are robbed of the comforts of home life, we demand that they be armed with the power to realize the proverb, "Destroy the nest and the rooks will fly."

To working men especially we say, let it be a settled conviction of your mind that every public house is at war with your home. Avoid, therefore, any connection with it. Instead of helping to decorate it with "fool's pence," spend your money in making your own home attractive. Set it down as a rule that whatever interferes with the proper and legitimate influence of your home is wrong, and ought therefore to be condemned; and inasmuch as the direct influence of the associations of the public house is to inspire your heart with a disrelish for home, "Avoid it pass not by it, turn by it and pass away." Join with those who are saying of such places, "Shut them up." To this work we call you to—

Strike till the last armed foe expires,
Strike for your altars and your fires,
Strike for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land.

And then these temptations to draw you from your home shall ere long be numbered among the things of the past. God grant that the day may soon arrive when the homes of Old England shall present such a bright and happy appearance, that from one end of the kingdom to the other they shall reflect their peace and

joy on all around. Then, instead of hearing, as we now so often do, the boisterous and un-English shout,

We won't go home till morning,
we shall hear, ascending from loving hearts, as gathering round the fireside of happy homes, they shall sing—

We won't go out till morning,
Till daylight does appear.

INTEMPERANCE IN HIGH CIRCLES.

Burleigh, the well-known New York correspondent, draws a picture of darkness concerning the drinking habits of multitudes of persons in high life, in both New York and Brooklyn, which, we are afraid, is not too highly colored, and could perhaps be matched by similar scenes and occurrences in our own city. "An evening or two since," he says, "a gentleman who was crossing the East River in a ferryboat, announced to a crowded cabin of passengers that he was connected with one of the leading papers of the city; yet he was so intoxicated with wine that he was not responsible for his word. Several of the banks at their annual election of directors, have a general carouse, and brandies and wine, whiskies and punches, flow *ad libitum*. The consequence is that not only directors, but stockholders and young clerks, go away from the election unable to walk straight. "The great number of disabled young men in New York," continues this correspondent, "arrests attention. Paralyzes in the feet and lower limbs is a common complaint with fast New Yorkers. There is more drinking and drunkenness in the higher circles of New York than in the lower." The picture we repeat is a dark one; perhaps it is too dark; but we fear there is too much reason to believe that the higher classes are the best feeders of the great and fiery stream of intemperance that is so desolating the land. Why cannot the pulpit more frequently speak an affectionate and kindly word in behalf of the temperance cause? Why cannot our Christian physicians observe more care in their prescriptions respecting wine, beer and ale to invalids; rather why should they prescribe these articles at all? and why cannot those who have the more immediate training of the young, inculcate the necessity of forming habits of rigid and total abstinence from all that intoxicates?

Indecision mars all success; there can be no good wind for the sailor who knows not to what port he is bound.

WINE IN THE CHURCH;

Or Who made Henry a Drunkard?

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

"Adelle, how can you allow your children to drink wine?" asked Aunt Abigail rather impatiently, as they lingered over the dinner-table.

"My dear Abbie do you not know that every one in society drinks wine? We should stop standing at once if we were to exclude you from our table."

"My impression is, that more people lose their standing' from drinking wine, and its kindred forms of intoxicating liquor, than from excluding them altogether from their homes," replied the pertinacious Aunt Abigail.

"You mistake, dear sister." said Mrs. Melrose. "This wine is not intoxicating. It is the same kind that is used at our church in the celebration of the Holy Eucharist. Our beloved pastor Rev. Dr. B——, uses it himself in his own family; and he says it is only kept sacred for the altar of God, and for the Christian home it can do no harm."

"Sacred wines! sacred whiskey! sacred rye-whisky, logwood, and fusil oil for the Christian home, and the altar of God! Why does not the learned and eloquent Dr. B. advocate a little swearing, gambling or pilfering, just to be kept sacred to the memory of our beloved redeemer?"

"Why, sister," interrupted Mr. Melrose, "now coming to the rescue, as his fashionably young wife was evidently fainting 'you are irreverent! You should not associate such vile things with those kept holy to the Lord."

"No, brother, we should not; and that is perhaps the strongest argument against the use of common alcoholic wine of the present day at the communion-table. It is associating a vile and sinful thing with the hour of pure devotion and holy feeling. It is the sin committed at the altar!"

"But you know sister that Jesus used wine at the last supper and said 'Drink ye all of it'"

"No dear brother we have no sufficient proof of any such belief. Some of our ablest commentators have thought the wine of the Passover to be but unfermented grape-juice:

and even that was very much diluted, if we may believe John's archaeology upon the subject."

"Pray, Abigail don't let us have a theological discussion here at our dinner table. We leave all such matters to Dr. B——. He has traveled much and he has eaten of the grapes of Hebron under the vines. He has bathed in the sacred stream of Jordon, and brought home a bottle full of muddy water in his pocket. He has followed the footsteps of Jesus all over the Holy Land——"

"And kissed the Blarney Stone in exactly the same spot where St. Patrick kissed it," interrupted Henry, a bright looking boy of about fifteen.

"Hush, Henry; you should not talk that way of our pastor."

"You see Abigail that our conversation is having a bad effect upon the children already!"

"If it will only open their eyes to the evil of this habit they are acquiring," said Aunt Abigail, pointing significantly to Henry's already empty glass, "and close their mouths forever against the wine which 'biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder,' it will have proved a very good influence."

"We drink none but the purest wine, and only a single glass is allowed to the younger members of the family. Our children are all carefully and religiously trained, and we trust none of them will ever disgrace us by becoming intemperate."

"Trust in God and keep your powder dry" muttered the spinster, warningly, as she left the room.

"I do wish Abbie would not come here visiting," said Mrs. Melrose. "Of course as she is your sister, I must treat her with courtesy; but she has such odd ways and precise notions!"

* * * * *

Ten years pass and Henry has become a man. He sits with his affianced bride in her father's fashionable church. At her request and the wishes of his intended father-in-law Dr. B——, he is about to profess religion, and partake of the communion.

The wine is poured—how it sparkles in the cup, how strong it smells, he has been afraid of late that he loves it too well, and once or twice, upon a festive occasion, he

has indulged a little too freely; but there is no fear here. The learned preacher pours the draught; gray-haired deacons pass slowly round with it, young men and maidens, intelligent, grave and sober men, beautiful and thoughtful women, all partake; why should he hesitate?

He did think, the last time he awoke with a horrid headache, and a dim remembrance of being assisted home from his club, that he would never taste wine again. He had some faint fears of a time when his Emma's happiness, as well as his own manliness, might be forfeited by his present course.

She is by his side now; in a few hours she will be his wife. She passes him the cup, having first pressed it to her rosy lips. How fortunate he has not yet signed the pledge, he drinks, and his half formed resolution is gone. The good deacon looks surprised at the long slow draught. He looks surprised again when Aunt Abigail, who has partaken of the bread with the others, sits grimly with folded hands and compressed lips, and will not even pass the cup to the one beyond.

The holy rite is over; so also is the faint glimmering of hope for a young man. Oh, my fellow-sinners, say not that ye did it in memory of Christ. How know ye what was the contents of His cup? Did he in any place call it *wine*? Was it the fermented wine of our day? And if it was doth He not say "The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life?" Do we in all things else, in raiment, in place, with unleavened bread, and Jewish posture, and previous washing of feet, keep the sacrament as he ordained it?

* * * * *

Ten years more—a miserable man lies dying upon his pallet in the hospital. The horrors of delirium tremens are over now. He is feeble; he is conscious; he is penitent. Where is his fashionable mother? In the solitude of an invalid's chamber she buries her grief for her only son. His wife? She has long since obtained a decree of divorce, and returned to her father's house. His father still goes the round of business life, but no smile ever brightens his thin visage. He has no wine upon his table now. The eloquent Dr. B— preached to his parishioners with added pathos upon the

terrible sin of intemperance, but on the first sabbath of each month "fills high the cup of ruby wine."

Aunt Abigail alone soothes the last hours of the erring man, receives his last words:

"I learned to drink wine at the home table, around the altar of family affection; my resolution to reform was drowned at the table of the Lord, in the cup filled to the memory of Christ. You Aunt Abigail, alone warned me. You alone have not deserted me."

"Nay, Henry, there are truer Friends still with thee: the Father who ordained the home, and the Saviour who instituted the Supper. They will go with thee through the dark valley.

"Mistaken men have perverted the institutions of the Most High; but His power over all, and He shall yet bring light from the darkness."—[Phrenological Journal.

"THERE IS GOOD IN ALL."

[For the Golden Rule]

BY J. A. C.

Yes! we all believe it; not one of us wra ourselves so deep in our vanity, but yield our assent. But alas in our daily practice how basely we deny it. See yonder beggar be careful when you pass him;—look out for your pocket-book,—"how wild he looks"—he starves and he steals. Oh, I knew he was bad, even the "States Prison" has not improved him. The jailor says "he is wholly bad," he continues in crime, all the bad in him is at last apparent to himself, his friends and the world, and in despair he hurls tens on to certain ruin. "Oh he is a bad—wholly vile." "There is none good save one." Well but He breathes in a "God made man in his own image." There is in all the impress of the Deity. In every nature there is the heaven implanted germ of eternal happiness—of undying good. You believe in good, always appeal to it. See yonder rich miser, that false statesman, those crafty traders, and that poor, raging blaspheming murderer! Even now there is a niche in each nature sacred to something better, and surely there is some opening to it,— by low tone, a kindly word, a gentle pressure of the hand it may be, or open the way, to that hidden germ,—sile

and small, it may be but still there, and there is none to whom some circumstances will not be an argument potent for good. So, and by the warmth of your charity seek to call out, encourage, educate and give growth to the good there is in him. Perhaps, it is the first false step, instead of meeting that repentant glance with that air of offended dignity,—spurning him from our sight, and giving him to suffer the stern penalties of justice, if you had stretched forth a patient, gentle, loving hand to lead him back, you might have saved a brother, to society, to humanity and to happiness, here and hereafter. O how delightful in all, to raise every man in his own opinion, and yet to stifle all arrogance by showing that *all* possess this good, not themselves, but not of themselves. Had we only faith in this truth, how soon should we be digging through the darkness for the gold of life, this universal good. Are we one of us indebted to friendly hands, careful counsel; to the generous, trusting, guidance of some kindly heart, who loved us, in spite of the evils that is in us loved us, for our little good, and nurtured that good with smiles, tears and prayers? Oh, we know not how like we are to those whom we despise! Perhaps if we did realize how much we are the creature of circumstance, our parts would enlarge, and so overflow with charity as to surround us with an atmosphere of purity, that would warm, guide and cheer, even in the midst of evils.

[Whitesville.

PRACTICAL TEACHING.

[The following essay was prepared by sister Annie Woodbury, for the State Sabbath School Convention, recently held in Quincy. But the executive Committee of that body decided that it contained too much temperance and excluded it. It was read before the Adams Convention of Good Templars and ordered printed in the "Temperance Standard" and other temperance papers.]

I have prepared this paper because I am thoroughly convinced that as teachers in the Sunday School we deal entirely too much with theory, too little with practice and example, and that much of good is lost thereby. If we would have children retain instruction, we must give them plain truths, and show them their practical application; then and then

only will it take deep root and influence their lives in after years. We may repeat over and over some high flown theory, some misty conundrum, or profound saying, but it will have no effect whatever except to disinterest and discourage the pupil.

How many teachers talk to boys only seven years of age in this manner, "always do right," "frown upon evil," "avoid bad company" "keep in the straight and narrow path," "shun the broad way," etc. Why! the poor little fellows don't know whether the teacher means Broadway, New York city, or what, and how does he know what bad company is?

I believe in pointing them to Jesus; telling them the story of the cross and the plan of salvation; urging them to give their hearts to the Savior while young; teaching them to pray and sing, but I also believe in warning them earnestly, and faithfully portraying the snares and temptations they will meet on every hand to draw them from the path of rectitude.

I'd not do this in general terms,—metaphors, allegories, parables or riddles, but I'd take them *seriatim* beginning with the most popular evil; the one which past experience has shown drew most from the house of God, and hurled them to destruction. The Bible teaches us that human nature is weak and liable to err; bids us keep out of temptation; gives frequent example of great and good men who have been led astray by the wiles of the tempter, then is it not our Christian duty to point out to little children the snares by the way side as faithfully as the Bible does to us?

What I consider the greatest evil, the one which should be first pointed out, because it is the fountain head of almost every vice known to the human race, is a snare ingeniously planned by Satan himself, and the millions of precious souls sacrificed upon its altar prove how successfully it has worked.

The reason of its success is that it begins with the children, educating them at every step, and when they arrive at manhood or womanhood they are his own. This dark angel flaps its wings over the cradle where lies the innocent babe; soon as the child is old enough to sit at the table this temptation is set before it; it is placed in the candies little children buy at the store; it comes as a guest clad in purple and fine linen to the social parties of home; is licensed to stand at every corner, seizing the runaway, tripping the tottering, beguiling the innocent and welcoming the wreckers and the fugitives. It has donned the garments of re-

sponsibility because sanctioned by law; its gilded saloons, and gorgeous palaces stand with open doors, and it is not surprising that those who have never been warned of this fatal snare should be charmed by its treacherous smile,

Perhaps every teacher or superintendent present will exclaim, I always taught temperance! but boys, having attended Sunday school eight or nine years, launch forth into the tumult of life without having the least idea of the danger of tampering with strong drink, nor the awful consequences so sure to follow, without having once been told that the social wine glass was stepping stone and the dram shop the *ante room* to HELL.

You may have said, "be temperate in all things," but that is not the way. In plain, distinct language point out the evils of strong drink, and tell them to "touch not, taste not, handle not" the intoxicating cup. Tell them that if they frequent the gambling rooms by and by it will have for them a fascination they cannot resist. Tell them to avoid the company of those who drink, swear, gamble and break the Sabbath; no matter whether they are dressed in broadcloth or in rags, their association is alike contaminating.

Among other things it might not do any harm to say a few words in regard to tobacco. Tell them it is a filthy, pernicious habit, and if they learn to chew, thinking that it's manly, they are greatly mistaken. Tobacco is used as a stimulus by those who think they haven't brains enough to get along without something. I would teach children to carry their religion with them everywhere and into every act of life, not a Sunday religion with a long face, that on Monday defrauds his neighbor of the last dollar and kicks the poor from his door step.

Many people persist in wondering why it is that infidelity and wickedness are so greatly on the increase. How can sensible people ask that question? See the number of schools of vice we have to one of virtue and wisdom. Reports show that only from one-third to one-half of the children even pretend to attend Sunday Schools at all; if they are not being trained in one class of school they are in the other.

Had I power of language what a plea would I send forth in behalf of these little children whose feet never entered the Sabbath school nor their ears been greeted by the sound of the Gos. el. Oh! the little hungry, ragged, worse than orphan children, clustering around the

desolate hearthstone of the drunkard's home. God pity them. Its but little sympathy they receive in this world; we may pass them, but Christ, who has said "Suffer little children to come unto me—He will avege them, and those who give their influence and their voices, for opening these schools of Satan will not be passed by in the day of Judgment.

The people of Chicago have established some twenty mission Sunday schools, but they have licensed over two thousand grog-shops which young and old by hundreds and thousands are trained for Satan's kingdom. If we want our churches filled, do away with saloons and liquor, that men may be in their right mind to worship God and see the folly of sin. If you want universal education, do away with strong drink, and the thousands of little vagrants now upon the streets of our large cities. I believe would be in public schools on Wednesday and Sabbath School on Sunday. I wish to offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the traffic in intoxicating drink is the great enemy of the church and Sabbath school, and we shall hail with joy the day when not a dramshop shall exist in our land.

Resolved, That as Sunday school workers we believe "total abstinence" to be the true principle of temperance and to teach this to be our imperative duty.

FANNIE WOODBURY.

A WANDERER'S PRAYER.

On a cold dreary evening in autumn, a small boy poorly clad, yet clean and tidy, with a pack upon his back, knocked at the door of an old Quaker, in the town of L——, and inquired, "Is Mr. Lanaman at home?"

"Yes."

The boy wished to see him, and was speedily ushered into the host's presence.

Friend Lanaman was one of the wealthiest men in the country, and president of the railroad. The boy had come to see if he could obtain a situation on the road. He said he was an orphan, his mother had been dead two months, and he was now a homeless wanderer.—But the lad was too small for the filling of any place within the Quaker's gift, and he was forced to deny him. Still, he liked the looks of the boy and said to him.

"Thee may stop in my house to-night and on to-morrow I will give the names of two or three good men in Philadelphia, to whom thou may apply with assurance of a kind receipt

least. I am sorry that I have no employ-
ment for thee.

Later in the evening the old Quaker went the
ends of his spacious mansion, lantern in hand,
was his wont, to see if all was right before
siring for the night. As he passed the door of
little chamber where the poor wandering
man had been put to sleep he heard a voice.
He stopped and listened, and distinguished
tones of a simple, earnest prayer. He bent
ear nearer, and heard these words from the
man's lips.

"Oh! good Father in Heaven! help me to
keep myself. Watch over me as I watch over
my conduct, and care for me as my deeds merit.
Bless the good man in whose house I am
lodged for the night, and spare him long,
that he may continue his bounty to other sufferers.
Amen!"

And the Quaker responded another amen as
he moved on and meditated. The boy had a
clear idea of life, and possessed a warm, grate-
ful heart.

"I verily think the lad will be a treasure to
his employer," was the concluding reflection.

When the morning came the old Quaker
changed his mind concerning his answer to the
man's application.

"Who learned thee to pray!" inquired
friend L.

"My mother, sir" was the soft reply.—And
his rich brown eyes were moist.

"And thee will not forget thy mother's coun-
sel?"

"I cannot, for I know that my success in
life is dependent upon them."

"My boy, thee mayest stay here in my house,
and very soon I will take thee to my office.
Now, and get thy breakfast."

Friend L., was gathered to the spirit har-
bor shortly after the breaking out of the revo-
lution; but he lived to see the poor boy he had

advised to rise step by step, until he finally assumed
a responsible office which the guardian could
no longer hold. And to-day there is no man
more honored and respected by his friends, and
more feared by gamblers and speculators in
responsible stock, than is the once poor wan-
derer, now President of one of the best managed
and most productive railways in the United
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ferred to mutton and other kinds, as being the
most stimulating kind of animal food. And it
was usually covered with mustard, sufficient in
quantity to blister the heel of the thickest
skinned person to be found anywhere, if ap-
plied thereto. Almost everything else that
was eaten was made literally black with pep-
per. I said to the steward of one of these in-
stitutions that he ought to put the pepper on
the table in bowls, with spoons in them, and
let the boarders supply themselves in that way;
for it took too long to get the required quantity
from the ordinary style of pepper-box with
perforated lid. Coffee and tea were drunk in
large quantities. Tobacco was used to ex-
cess. Everybody seemed to be smoking, smok-
ing continually. Said to me a physician of re-
pute in the town where one of these institu-
tions is located, with whom I happened to be
conversing on this subject: "Yes sir, they
smoke tobacco—*tons* of it."

Now, it may not be true that every one who
eats inordinately, and of stimulating and highly-
seasoned food, is a drunkard; but I hold that
such a one by his manner of living supplies
the necessary conditions for becoming a drunk-
ard. That he does not become one is, perhaps
because of a high moral principle acting in
conjunction with a great will power to retain
his appetite for diffusible stimulants; for I hold
that in such a case this appetite, to a greater
or less extent, exists. The converse, however,
of this proposition is true—*viz:* that as a gen-
eral thing, men who are fond of stimulating
drinks are also fond of stimulating and highly
seasoned food. Not every man either who
chews tobacco or smokes segars will drink
whisky; but the converse of this proposition
also is true—*viz:* that habitual users of ardent
spirits, with a certain degree of moderation, use also to-

A TRUE MAN

Such was my friend. Formed on the good old
plan—

A true and brave and downright honest man!
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
Nor in the church, with hypocritic face,
Supplied with cant the lack of christian græce.
Loathing pretense, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of while their hands were
still!

And while "Lord, Lord?" the pious tyrants
cried,

Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,
His daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply doing good.
So calm, so constant was his rectitude
That by his loss alone we know his worth,
And felt how true a man has walked with us on
earth!

—Whittier.

sponsibility because sanctioned by law; its gilded saloons, and gorgeous palaces stand with open doors, and it is not surprising that those who have never been warned of this fatal snare should be charmed by its treacherous smile,

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the malady and endeavor to remove that. And in many instances this is all the treatment that is required.

Public opinion has laid this to the dram-shops. I think it would be more philosophical to say that intemperance, or the desire to indulge in intoxicating drinks, causes dram-shops to appear, to satisfy that desire, than the dram-shops cause the intemperance. Whenever in any community a demand arises for a commodity of whatever kind, there are always to be found those who, for a consideration, are ready to supply that demand. They exist in accordance with a well known law of political economy—viz., the law of demand and supply. They are not the prime cause of intemperance, though we admit that they increase the evil. More

liquor is sold and drank, no doubt, owing to the ready facility which they afford for obtaining it; just as there is always a greater consumption of other superfluities or luxuries, in fact, of anything else not an absolute necessity of life, where there are frequent and ready facilities for obtaining the same. That through their agency persons, especially young persons, are led into habits of dissipation and idleness, who otherwise might have remained sober and industrious, I also admit. Admitt that this is a cause of the drunkenness that exists in their immediate vicinity, they are still, for the most part, but an exciting cause; the chief causes, must be looked for further back.

What then are the inherent cause of the great amount of intemperance which exists among our people? These are many and various. I will mention but three or four which to my mind are among the most prominent. I note, first, a predisposition to the use of alcoholic stimulants received from parents, and transmitted from father to son and from generation to generation, by hereditary descent. Peculiarities of form and features as well as amoral qualities, it is well known transmitted from parent to child. So is a predisposition to certain diseases—as scrofula, consumption, etc.—and in many instances diseases themselves are transmitted; and not the appetite for intoxicating liquors? Or why are transmitted; why not this one? Every medical man knows it. And inebriates of this class are the most difficult to reform, just as scrofula and consumption are more difficult to eradicate where the subject has received some hereditary taint.

I note secondly, the effect of our American life and habits upon the nervous system. We live in a fast age—an age of steam and electric telegraphs. We exist on the high pressure principle. Everything must be done with lightning speed. And in the race for riches under the pressure of active competition, sometimes seem to need some extra stimulus to rouse up our flagging energies, and keep them up to the top notch of efficiency and available activity. Hence, resort is had to ardent spirits.

Some there are, too, who think that a fickle, changeable climate is a cause of the super-sensitiveness of the nervous system which creates such a craving for diffusible stimulants. But to seek in them a remedy such a condition is like applying fire to touchstone.

But all these are merely subordinate causes. I hold that the chief cause of the appetites

strong drink in our people, and the great cause which overtops and overshadows all others, is to be found in the quantity and the quality of the food they eat. As long as the American people consume such quantities of stimulating and highly-seasoned food as they do they will want to imbibe stimulating drinks. Stimulating food and stimulating drinks go necessarily together. The one is the concomitant of the other. A man who begins his dinner with a plate of soup, into which he has put some portion of the contents of nearly every bottle in the cellar; then takes fish, covered with Worcestershire or some other piquant sauce; this is to be followed with a cut of roast beef, plastered over with mustard; and so on to the end, excites a thirst in his system which plain cold water will not satisfy. Not that cold water would not be the best thing with which to put out the fire he has kindled within the vital domain by the use of such hot, stimulating condiments; but he does not want that—it is too insipid. Having partaken of food so prepared that it burns and stings too as it is swallowed, he braves a drink that will burn and sting too as it goes down, and burns after it gets down. Hence he orders from the bar a draught of liquor fire in the form of a glass of brandy and water, or a whiskey cocktail.

A word just here as to this terrible *thirst*, so called, of the inebriate—the drunkard's thirst. It is not in any proper sense of the word *thirst*; that is, a demand is made known through a certain sensation in the fauces. But it is the cry of the whole nervous system for something that will stimulate. This craving for inebriate for alcoholic beverages is as much a demand of the entire nervous organization for its accustomed stimulus as in the craving of the opium-eater for his special stimulus. In the case of the inebriate, relief comes in a mild form, hence the craving has been called *thirst*; but the term is a misnomer.

Inebriates too, as a general thing, are indurate eaters. Mr. Parton, in his ATLANTIC MONTHLY article—"Will the Coming Man Drink Wine?"—asks, "How could we dispose of the enormous amount of food we consume on festive occasions without the aid of some stimulus to digestion?" or something to that effect. We do not pretend to give the exact words, but this is the substance. I have always noticed asylums and sanitariums for the cure of the temperate; and I have always noticed that the patients were most of them, large eaters especially of animal food. Beef, too, was pre-

ferred to mutton and other kinds, as being the most stimulating kind of animal food. And it was usually covered with mustard, sufficient in quantity to blister the heel of the thickest skinned person to be found anywhere, if applied thereto. Almost everything else that was eaten was made literally black with pepper. I said to the steward of one of these institutions that he ought to put the pepper on the table in bowls, with spoons in them, and let the boarders supply themselves in that way; for it took too long to get the required quantity from the ordinary style of pepper-box with perforated lid. Coffee and tea were drunk in large quantities. Tobacco was used to excess. Everybody seemed to be smoking, smoking continually. I said to me a physician of repute in the town where one of these institutions is located, with whom I happened to be conversing on this subject: "Yes sir, they smoke tobacco—*tons* of it."

Now, it may not be true that every one who eats inordinately, and of stimulating and highly-seasoned food, is a drunkard; but I hold that such a one by his manner of living supplies the necessary conditions for becoming a drunkard. That he does not become one is, perhaps because of a high moral principle acting in conjunction with a great will power to retain his appetite for diffusible stimulants; for I hold that in such a case this appetite, to a greater or less extent, exists. The converse, however, of this proposition is true—*viz:* that as a general thing, men who are fond of stimulating drinks are also fond of stimulating and highly seasoned food. Not every man either who chews tobacco or smokes segars will drink whiskey; but the converse of this proposition also is true—*viz:* that habitual users of ardent spirits, with scarcely an exception, use also tobacco in some form.

I have now pointed out some of the causes of intemperance among the American people, and have dwelt at some length upon what I conceive to be the chief cause, one that is remediable. In the treatment of inebriates in sanitariums and institutions established for that purpose I think it would be well to recognize these facts. Any one in charge of such an institution, if he has ordinary powers of observation, can in a very short time satisfy himself whether there is more of fact or of fancy in the theory now put forth. Moral means, of course, have their place in the treatment of inebriety, as they have in the treatment of other maladies where morbid appetites and fickle minds have to be dealt with, and where

patience and self-denial on the part of the patient are required. And in proportion to the extent to which these facts are recognized will such institutions be successful. I have seen it tried, and, therefore, I know whereof I affirm; names, dates, and facts can be given in support. On the contrary, if the principles I have indicated are ignored, and reliance for the reformation of inebriates placed on moral treatment alone, as formerly, we need not look for any greater degree of success in the future than we have had in the past. Why should we?

TO YOUNG LADIES.

Young ladies if you wish to be happy after the marriage ceremony and honey moon are over, we would suggest the following:—

Do not choose a lazy man; do not fall in love with a moustache, neither fashionably cut trowsers, or pomaded or artificially cut hair; neither look upon graceful dancing or horse back riding. No, Indeed! for with all the above mentioned qualities of now-a-days fast young men, you would not be able with the best culinary skill to cook a meal of victuals with it.

But if a man comes to ask you for your heart and hand, inquire if he is a skilful artisan, or a thrifty industrious farmer, who is up early and late and does his own work, and loves to do it, rather than to complain of hard times; or if he understands to manage his fortune if he has one, or has the ability to acquire one; ask him if he thinks there are six days in the week to work, and if he improves them, and then on Sunday to rest to praise the Lord and go to meeting. If so you can love him, and take him, for he is sure to provide for you.

But if he is one of those who loaf about half, or more than half his time, dressed in fashionably-cut garments, afraid to work, for fear of soiling his clothes, always thirsty, and has abolished the sixth commandment seven times, let him stand in the cold, and give him the mitten, for with such a lounging good-for-nothing dandy, you would be unhappy as long as you live. If all the young ladies would at once join a society, and determine never to marry a lazy flip-pant, good-for-nothing do-nothing, the effect would be marvelous and create wonders, for

the young men on matrimonial business would soon see the secret, and go to work earnestly and honestly, and endeavor to be sober and industrious, in order to get the wife of their wishes; the whole army of the loungers and the street-corner-watching gentry would disappear from the earth like frogs in the winter. The recipe is bitter and severe, but it will undoubtedly cure. Thank it and see.

RICH WITHOUT MONEY.

Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pocket and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good, sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart and good limbs, and a pretty good head piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function, are better than houses and lands.

It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among the men as really as among herds and horses.

Education may do much to check evil tendencies, or to develop good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the proportion of faculties to start with.

That man is rich who has a good disposition who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition. The hardest thing to get along with in this life, is often a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow—a desponding and complaining fellow—a timid, care burdened man—these are all born deformed on the inside. Their feet may not limp, but their thoughts are

It is one thing to moralize, another thing to act. There are men who can utter the most refined and elevated sentiments, and at the same time be guilty of crimes of the deepest dye. These are the most dangerous of mankind.

It is not what we earn but what we save that makes us rich. It is not what we receive but what we remember, that makes us learn.

Man must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite—health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing.

Life Sketches of Mrs. R. H. Spencer,

SATTE AGENT AND NURSE FOR FIELD AND HOSPITAL IN THE LATE CIVIL WAR.

Feb. 3, Mrs. Ward our Surgeons wife with myself took the Tug for Acquia Creek intending to go by Steamer from there to Washington for such supplies as could not be obtained except from that city. Upon arriving at Acquia Creek we found that the Steamer had gone a short time previous and of course we must return and wait until the next day.

We went aboard the boat to return to camp, and found the cabin well filled with passengers going there in different capacities. One of them a lady of middle age, I became very much interested in her during the passage over, and while conversing with her I ascertained that she was on her way to visit a sick son who belonged to a regiment in the 2d corps. She made some inquiries, and stated that her son had written his father to come and get leave of absence or furlough for him to go home and try change of climate and home diet and home medicine for his disease, which was chronic diarrhea. She stated that his father could not leave home very well and they had decided that it would be more feasible for the mother to go, as she could nurse him better and get his leave as well. I found her very intelligent, and very light hearted at the prospect of so soon seeing her son. The thought of meeting him had given a buoyancy to her spirits that made her appear almost youthful, and she chatted on like some carefree girl.

"I have" she said "brought many luxuries from home, and besides I bought more in Washington, and among other things a nice beef-steak, thinking he might relish it better for being prepared by his mother's hands."

"Perhaps" I ventured to say "it may not be well for him, as in most cases in that disease we have almost to starve the patient for a short time, for drink and food both, before the medicine will take effect or benefit at all."

"Oh!" she said "I will be very careful,

and if I find that it will not be prudent for him to eat what I have brought him, he might freely give it to his more healthy comrades. My boy has a noble generous soul."

And thus she talked on, making her son the theme of her conversation, until the boat landed us at the pier. As we approached the hospital I invited Mrs. Arnelt (that was her name) to go with me to my tent, and then I would assist her in finding her son. She accepted my invitation and after we entered the place she said "perhaps it might be better to apprise my son of my presence rather than meet him unexpectedly and if you would not think it to much trouble I would like you to go and tell him." I assented and after she had given me his Corps, Division, and Company, I with one of the Christian Commission commenced a search for George Arnelt. We were sometime in getting trace of him, but at last discovered his ward and bent our steps that way.

As we approached the tent I noticed a coffin outside, just at the entrance. This was no uncommon occurrence but at the same time the sight gave me a thrill of gloom and sadness while the thought passed through my mind how long, oh! how long will we have to witness such soul harrowing sights, when will these sickening scenes have an end? While thinking thus we passed into the tent, and I advanced to the Ward Master and requested to be shown to George Arnelt, as I had a message to him from his friends. The nurse stared at me while I was speaking in a half frightened way, and after a short pause replied that George Arnelt was *dead*, that he died that morning and that his body was in that coffin outside the door.

I will not undertake to portray my feelings during his reply, but one sensation predominated over all, Who! who! will tell his mother, all unexpected as it will be to her. In my fear and desperation for it

had made me a coward, I turned to the Christian man beside me thinking that he might aid me in this soul harrowing duty. He seemed to read my feelings instantaneously and replied to my unspoken thoughts saying "you must tell the mother Mrs. Spencer I never can."

"For the first and only time in my life since my maturity I realized the impossibility of performing a duty plainly placed before me. I felt a horror of paining the mother all unsuspecting as she was, and shrunk coward like from witnessing her agony when she should be informed of the death of her beloved son. While this feeling was still exercising my mind the thought came to me to look at the dead man and ascertain if he had been properly prepared for the grave or the tender gaze of his mother. I suspected otherwise from the appearance of the Ward Master and my suspicions proved correct when beholding the corpse after the lid of the coffin was removed, I saw that he had been taken from the bed upon which he probably died and rolled in a grey Government blanket. and as if his appearance was not sufficiently shocking to all decency the corner of the blanket and that corner which covered his face had been burned in different places, scattering the fine cinders from the scorched wool over his face making the sight most abhorrent to even a stranger, how much more shocking to the feelings of the bereaved mother when viewing the neglected and unpardonable callousness manifested towards her dear child. I felt that she must not see him thus, and I cast my thoughts about me for some one to cleanse and lay him out decently before I should take the sad news to her. Fortunately for my purpose I found at the Ward opposite a man who was taking care of his sick brother and who had been to me for many delicacies for that brother and upon receiving the food from my hand, had shown a very grateful spirit, and been profuse in his thanks, saying "I hope I may be able to return to you something for all you have done for me and mine." I now went to him, told what I wished done, and that I would procure from the Commission the proper clothing if he would kindly see to arranging it.

He was as good as his word and proceeded in haste to prepare the body. I sent the clothing by the Christian man who had been with me in the search for the young man and until such time as they should notify me that their benevolent task was finished I busied myself with hospital duties not daring to approach the mother until I could show her the body of her dead son.

As soon as they signified to me that it was ready I went to and opened the door of my tent. As I did so Mrs. Arnett came toward me smiling, and with the exclamation, "Well what did he say? he is glad I have come I know."

I stood inside the tent at the entrance seemingly rooted to the floor, my tongue cleaving to my mouth without power of utterance, with a suffocating sense of distress in my throat and chest, and a wish in my heart that for the time I might bear her trouble for her. She suddenly paused looking earnestly and steadily in my eyes for an instant and then with a wild scream rushed at and caught me by the shoulder and with one swing sent me across the tent crying, "Don't you tell me my dear boy is dead." She then darted at me again, took my hat from my head saying, "What have you been doing to let my beautiful son die? Why did you not save him," and then shrieked after shriek issued from her lips, until my tent was filled by those seeking to know the cause of the outcry, some of the time she tore at her hair and clothing in her frenzy, at other moments she would throw herself upon my bed giving the most heartrending groans. Then suddenly springing up and reproaching me and the Surgeons for letting her son die. She was for the time being crazed by the unlooked for blow.

After a little time she became more rational and went with me to see the body. Upon seeing which she declared that it was not her son, and insisted upon going to the Surgeons tent to find the proof of his death.

I was not surprised at her failing to recognize him for he was but a skeleton emaciated to the last degree. The Surgeon pitying her sorrow left the papers with which he was busy when he entered, took the book of record from the desk opened

and finding the proper place showed her the name of her son recorded as having died upon such a date, and finally convinced her that the body lying in the coffin unburied was her son without a doubt.

As soon as she was satisfied that her son was positively dead she became more wild than before, and it was with the utmost difficulty that we persuaded her to go back to our Surgeons tent while he and his wife tried all ways in their power to pacify her. The Christians then in camp gathered there, and prayed, sang and reasoned with her alternately until nearly the morning of the next day all to no purpose. Every effort seemed useless and it became apparent to all that her brain had become temporarily unsettled by the severity of the shock.

In the morning however she appeared more calm, and by persuasion was prevailed upon to leave the body to be buried in hospital until such time as she could remove it in the future and decided to return home immediately.

As Mrs. Ward and I were going to Washington we prevailed upon her to go with us in the Ambulance instead of the boat to Acquia Creek, where we would take the steamer to the city of W———

We started, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Arnett, a Christian Commission man, a sick lame soldier, the Ambulance driver and myself. Six of us—our road lay over a high bluff or small mountain, whichever we may choose to call it, upon one side, the left, as we were going from hospital to Acquia Creek. This hill descended perpendicular about one hundred feet into a deep gulf or ravine. Our road about half way up the steep, approached nearly to the edge of this ravine. A little accident occurred to us while mounting the hill, and just where the road was nearest the edge of the descent, which may remind the reader as it did me immediately afterwards, how strangely the gloomy and terrible may be and is mixed and mottled with the sublime, sentimental, joyous and ridiculous through life. Although the incident now mentioned did not combine all of those changes, it brought the extremes of sorrow and error, with the ridiculous following in quick succession, after the other.

We were moving up the hill, and I sitting

upon the left, was looking down into the deep dark ravine, some hundred feet below and wondering at the strange freak of nature in its formation and different colorings, when I was aroused from my thoughts by the stopping of the ambulance. I supposed the horses were having a rest, and had no idea until I observed the pale face of the driver, as the horses commenced to go backward.

He unfortunately drew the wrong rein throwing the back wheel part way over the gulf. The driver now thoroughly frightened sprang from his seat, throwing the reins upon the ground, grasping the upper part of the forward wheel with both hands, while he placed a foot upon the lower part. We had all by this time discovered our danger, although the horses had again paused. We could not get out of the door because that was in the back part which was hanging over the dark depths below. The seats inside the ambulance were cushioned and run lengthwise, and from them were other seats hanging by hinges, cushioned also like the first, and designed to be raised when needed for conveying the sick or wounded, from field to hospital or from one hospital to another. When the dependent leaves or seats were needed, they were raised and fastened, thus forming a solid bed for those who had to be moved in a reclining position. Such as could sit upright could occupy a seat with the driver.

The sick soldier that I mentioned as being with us, preferred sitting with the driver, the Christian Commission man occupied a seat inside with Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Arnett and myself. A moment after we discovered our danger he made a dive with hands head and feet over the drivers seat and landed upon terra firma, striking the earth with some part of his body, whether it was head, hands, heels or back, I could not determine, and I doubt if he knew himself. He had the appearance, as he went over the side of the wagon of a spider when clinging to his web and swinging upon nothing. He made a dive at another part of the wheel, clinging with sheer desperation, either to support his own body in an upright position or hold the wagon by main force in spite of balky horses. All their movements passed before my eyes like a panorama, in a moment

time. Mrs. Arnelt sat below me, nearest the ravine. I gave her a hasty glance, she appeared buried in her grief and utterly unconscious of danger, but when I glanced toward Mrs. Ward, I was stirred into immediate action. She had naturally a sad sweet face, with large mournful eyes, and now her countenance assumed a death like pallid hue, with the exception of a bright red spot upon either cheek, and her eyes had such a frightened, pleading, helpless look as I can never forget. I felt that I must do something, I turned from her and in a second I was over the back and into the drivers seat, and trying to reach the discarded lines. Finding that I could not succeed in getting them myself I called upon the driver and ordered him to hand the lines to me, he refused, saying one part of a line was under foot of one of the horses and if he moved we would go backward to the destruction of the ambulance and all within it. The soldier had now left his seat and stood upon the ground, I appealed to him if he would save our lives, to cut the line that yet remained under the horses feet and hand them to me. He seemed to understand my object and instantly responded by cutting the line as I requested, and giving me the ends of both, for he saw as well as I that the other men were incapable of acting with judgment, because of their great fear. Since his sudden exit from the vehicle, the Christian man had not spoken, but clung with tenacity to the wheel as did the driver. After the soldier placed the lines in my hands I wound the surplus ends about my arms above the elbow, and taking a final hold below, holding the lines taut as the sailor terms it, I requested the two who were still holding the wheels to let go. They did so, and then I drew first one rein and then the other pulling with all my might and rasping their mouths with the heavy army bit, and while drawing the reins thus in quick succession at that same movement and instant commenced such a succession of unequalled and unearthly screams as only a woman can give when urged to action by the prospect of a violent death staring her in the face. I not only commenced but continued the yells until we reached the top of the hill, for at the first scream the horses made a

plunge forward and rushed up the height as if they were possessed.

It is probable my success was caused by the new method of proceeding. The reins of Government had never before been held by a woman and not being initiated in the secret of woman's power and right to drive by noise if unsuccessful by usual means, the thought (if horses think) that some infernal creature from some unknown region had been let loose upon their track and as the Southerners say, it was time for them "to get," and they made good time up the hill never pausing but sweeping onward as if all the furies were behind them instead of the one holding the reins.

When we reached the summit of the bluff I stopped my cries, loosened the lines from my arms and looked backward and down to find what had become of my brave escorts, at last I saw them laboring slowly up the hill. They reached us in short time and took their places, the Christian Commission inside, the driver without word resuming his seat and the management of his horses. Mrs. Ward entirely overcome threw her arms about me, calling me their savior and a true brave woman. How I succeeded afterward I will relate some other time.

THE AWFUL TRUTH.

BY JOHN JAY.

We have noticed calculation after calculation of the vast amount of misery and destruction caused by the foul fiend *intemperance*. We have beheld the noble, generous kind hearted youth, lured by the siren voice of the wine-cup, from the paths of virtue and hurled madly down the broad road of vice to perdition. We have seen men in the prime of life suffering the horrible tortures of "*Jellium tremens*," brought to premature graves by this life and soul destroying curse. We have seen the patient sorrow stricken wife and mother, as she sits with tears of anguish rolling down her care worn cheeks watching and waiting for him who once promised to "love, cherish and protect" her, for him who was once honored, loved and respected by all who knew him but who is now a drunken besotted demoralized wretch, unworthy of a woman's love

worthy of the honor, love or respect of friends. We have seen a loving mother and a loving father bowed down with age and grief, their hoary heads prematurely silvered, and their heart-strings broken by the waywardness of a loved son, wayward because of drink! We have seen all this and there yet remains volumes of untold misery to be revealed. But none know the ruin wrought by the gigantic curse, and none shall know until that day when the dark curtains shall be drawn aside and we shall stand in the light around the Judgment Bar of a just God, where the Angel who holds the keys shall unlock the Book and unfold the record to us, then we shall behold the *awful truth*, when we shall realize the magnitude of this all prevailing curse.

Our wish, our hope and our prayer is that you do not realize it to its full extent, its calamities and its horrors may strike you with a force which will awaken you from your lethargy with a force that will stir your kindly feeling for suffering humanity into action, and impel you to go into the labor of its overthrow faithfully and earnestly.

CAN AN INEBRIATE CONQUOR HIMSELF?

The Suggestions of one that has tried.

Inebriate asylums are expensive, and besides, do not unnaturally, offend, in their very designation, a kind of pride—false if you choose—which every man possesses to a more or less degree. Their expense, too, usually falls on the heads of those whom they are designed to benefit, and for these and other reasons, we propose to show that any man thus painfully treated may, if he chooses, illustrate for himself, and in himself, the title of this article.

Habitual inebriety presents a condition, when the brain, being soddened and dulled by the long and extravagant use of the various poisons known under the general name of "ardent spirits," refuse to respond to the will-power. Secondly, when the stomach, by long custom, has so habituated itself these stimulants that it takes to itself the prerogative of the will power, and successfully demands their continuance.

Thus this morbid condition becomes a true physical disease, and must be treated as such. Of course, the final result to be attained is total abstinence from the evil habit.

But this result cannot be reached at once, because, first, of the inefficiency of the will to act through the brain and enforce the desire; and second, because the intensified and abnormal condition of the stomach will not admit, with safety to the physical system, of the sudden reaction.

The change must be effected gradually, and the first step is to restore the brain to its normal activity; afterward the re-organization and establishment of the digestive and other functions may be safely attempted.

The effects of alcoholic stimulants upon the system are twofold: stimulative and anæsthetic. At first the oxygen, set free, courses through the circulation, exalting all the functions to the performance of extraordinary tasks. Then the carbon takes its place, and its influence is observable in the deadening of all the faculties, the partial paralysis of the nerves and muscles, as observable in its effect on articulation and locomotion; lastly the brain sinks under the deadly influence, and anæsthesia more or less complete, ensues.

But previous to anæsthesia, the brain acts abnormal power. The passions become stimulated, and in this condition, the inebriate performs acts commonly only ascribed to insanity or idiocy.

Now, while this over-stimulated condition exists, it is impossible to regain the will-power, and here begins the treatment by which the unhappy victim may of himself and by himself, become his own "inebriate asylum" with no loss of dignity, and regain his lost manhood by the exercise of a vital force, fairly Godlike in its nature.

This article is not addressed—for it would be useless, and is unnecessary—to those bestial beings, whose animal passions naturally direct them to criminal excesses, and whose loss to the world, should it occur from such or any other cause, be *nil*.

It is addressed to those who, by delicate temperament, uncongenial associations, or over-laboriousness, have fallen from their high and holy estate through the very means which they have adopted by which to sustain themselves and to keep alive, yet a little longer, the fires of hope.

Suppose, then, one of these, a sad and frail relic of departed nobility with the slumbering and nearly dead ashes of his intellect and his aspirations occasionally flickering up with a spark of the vitality. Suppose one who, for years, according to the strength of his constitution, has battled, with the aid of this deceit-

ful ally, against a host of trials and annoyances, suddenly, by one of those occasional visions of himself, which God graciously grants sometimes to the most degraded, finds within him a new determination awakened, to burst out of the chains that have enthralled him, and to become again what he has been, and more; and then finds the old, sinking, crushing feelings come over him, that tells him he is a slave. What shall he do?

One thing is certain: there can be no *diminuendo* in this;

There is no "tapering off" with the devil.

Either he has got you, or he has not got you.

The first part of the medical treatment in this physical disease requires the immediate removal of the patient from all disturbing influences, of whatever nature.

There must be no noisy children about, no quarreling women, no scandal-mongers pouring out their distilled venom to jar upon his nerves, and disturb his spirit: he must have absolute quiet and repose.

But to obtain this, there need not be recourse to an asylum.

There is none so poor, who is worthy to be saved, who has not a friend.

Let him then reach some such friend, trust and confide in him, and obtain the required shelter, rest, and attendance, for a few days. Not for months, during which new habits of thought are formed and old business relations become broken off, and the man falls again into his old place utterly forgotten, and unable to regain the threads of his lost identity. Not in constant, daily associations with such, from every walk in life, as have no other congeniality with him but the painful one of similarity of disease, an association demoralizing in its very nature; but among his friends, and those who know him, and form a constant bond of union with the great world he loves and lives in.

He may continue his relations with business and society by correspondence and by visits; soothed and strengthened by the knowledge that he has not forgotten, and that his hard fight is being fought among those who love him, and admire the renewed strength which daily animates him and enables him to struggle successfully; and not among strangers who treat his case purely from a scientific and routine point of view; his earnestness and determination are redoubled, and he nears the victory.

Having then gained this temporary asylum, we will say that he drinks his usual allowance

of liquor, and retires to bed in his usual condition of inebriety.

He has taken care, in his steadier moments to provide himself with twelve twenty-grain powders of Bromide of Potassium, which will get at a first-class drug-store, on presenting the following prescription, which he can either obtain from a physician, or write himself; but it is best to submit it to a physician before presenting:

PRESCRIPTION.

R.
Potassi Bromidi dr. ij.
Signa. yi. Pale.

[Smith.]

Now it has been the regular custom, and a daily necessity of this unfortunate, for months—perhaps for years—to stimulate into renewed power the brain and nerves, suffering at a night's abstinence from their daily food, by means with one, two or more "cocktails," quantities of greater or lesser extent of chloroform spirits.

He awakens from his stupor of troubled sleep, with his nerves all jarring, his muscles refusing to carry his tottering frame across the room; his tongue nearly paralyzed his stomach nauseated; his brain crazed and inflamed; he has recourse to the only thing he knows—a poor creature, abandoned of men!—that can enable him to set about his daily and required task.

But now he has given himself a two-week holiday, and his friends have promised to "keep him through,"—and will keep their promise for it is sacred; and so he need not get out of bed at all, and one horrible fear is removed once.

Now he takes one of his twenty-grain powders of Bromide of Potassium, and the intense conflict begins. It is a mortal fight with the foul Fiend himself.

The patient has no cares, no thoughts. His friend smooths his pillows, shuts out the bright light which would torture his eyes, airs the room to suit him, and he feels once more that he were a child again, nursed by his mother.

He does not want to eat, and he need not eat, for he has nothing to do but to lie down and fight! Ah! There is the point. And he shall show of what stuff he is made.

For there is no sterner, as there is no nobler battle waged than this conflict of the sick man with himself and with the devil who has taken possession of him.

At first the system, surprised by this

condition of things, waits patiently enough, for its usual morning corrective; but, at length, growing weary of waiting, and becoming even impatient—as the best regulated systems, not to speak of ill-regulated ones, sometimes will—it begins to make itself heard.

Now it is to be understood that the motive of this article and its prime intention are, to show what the will-power of man, though subdued and crucified and stifled and subjected to the vilest slavery of earth, will do, if a man be a man, without the aid of asylums or other public and extraneous aid.

The fight is between the divinity of man and the power of evil, and the battlefield is the beautiful physical structure, which we are told is "made in the image of God," while the stake is an immortal soul.

There is a gnawing at the pit of the stomach, cold sweats crawl up and down the body; the skin is clammy; the head swims around and about; the muscles become completely relaxed; the nervous system is entirely unstrung; "strange dreams perplex" the dozing brain; he slumbers for an instant, and is wakened by a spasm; cramps assail his limbs, and he kicks them out; if a pin drops it has the reverberation of a ten-pin; spots black and white, dance before his eyes, open or closed; hideous faces glare at him, and change and change like the patterns of a kaleidoscope; out of the pocket of his coat, hanging over yonder, there comes a wheel, which increases itself, and whirls spirally in the air toward him, till it vanishes under his very eyes, and still, behind all this phantasmagora, he hears a soft musical voice saying, "Be not afraid! You shall win the fight!"

And by and by the sedative which he has taken, and which has insidiously been seeking out the enemy's weak point all his time, finds it; and the patient falls into sleep, the first natural sleep he has had for years.

But he wakes again to find the conflict going on harder than ever, and the craving stronger; and he takes a second powder, say three hours after the first, and a third at nightfall; and so the day passes.

The second day is worse than the first. The faculties are intensified; the system is coming out from under the alcoholic influence; and the reaction is the more terrible. But there must be no flinching now! Keeping continually before the mind, as it becomes clearer, the determination to crush out and root out, at any cost, this vile enemy to health and progress, the sufferer may also remember that each hour

brings him more and more under the influence of his only friend, and each hour, improves his condition and increases his ability to continue the conflict successfully.

Food should not be taken, unless urgently desired, and then it should be of the most nutritious character.

Broth of fowl or beef, steak, and such other meats as are best calculated to preserve the tone of the stomach, are to be preferred.

Let the patient satisfy himself through all, that, by this treatment, he must succeed. If his paroxysms become stronger than he seems able to bear, the dose of Bromide may be increased to thirty or even forty grains; or, be taken more frequently in the original prescription.

After the third day, there will be marked improvement, the skin will assume a natural hue and sensation, he will be able to eat with some appetite, to sit up, and to move about, firmly though, feebly; but the great change will be in his brain.

There will come to him new thoughts with a vividness and force that will cause him to laugh aloud with delight.

His ideas will arrange themselves clearly and logically, where before all was chaotic and confused.

As his appetite grows, and his system begins to feel the change he will become elastic in his movements, and strength will come to him as by a miracle.

There can be nothing in earth's warfare that can give that sublime consciousness of well-doing, which is so intensely felt after those days of terrible suffering.

He is respected; his utterances are regarded with their due consideration; his friends and those who understand through what a "Valley of the Shadow of Death" he has passed, respect him; and even his former boon companions appreciate a courage and fortitude which they have not the faith in themselves to imitate.

In his daily duties, be they professional, artistic, or business, he will find that he is gifted with new vigor and judgment. His imagination is stimulated far beyond the power of alcohol, because it is natural now, and a part of "the Divinity within."

And finally, the demoralization of the soul, that always follows, and forever debases the habitual inebriate, is gone forever. His ideas of right, justice, and virtue have ceased to be perverted. Deeds which he would have performed, and scenes in which he would willingly have acted a part, but a few short weeks

ago, he now looks upon with scorn and abhorrence. And in rectitude of intention and act, and the supremest effort of his intellectual and physical capacity, he may now live his life.—if yes, if—

If he do not go back.

There will be no need of it.

He will have no craving for liquor. On the contrary, he will have formed for himself an absolute hatred and detestation of it.

It is not this against which he must guard himself.

It is, first, against the efforts of drinkers who may endeavor to induce him to join them. Second, against giving way to petty annoyances and disappointments, and seeking to drown care.

Third, against overwork.

Let him remember that the years of disappointments, in which his system has been going through a condition of partial destruction of the nerve-fibre and the tissues and the brain matter, must require years in which to recuperate.

He must not overwork himself. He can now do more work in two hours than he did before in eight, so let him not work six.

Let him deal with life, and especially his own life, philosophically, and having done a fair amount of work, accept the needed boon of rest.

And should he find head or brain failing him at any moment, let him cease work altogether, and take relaxation in the open air, in music, or in the society of friends.

And, above all, let him never, under any circumstances whatever, by the inducement of friends, by the advice of a physician, or on account of any need or temptation that may assail him, suffer himself to be betrayed into taking the first glass!

For therein the secret lies; and as we said in the beginning, the willing and the strong man, if he follows these rules, may by the grace of God, be his "Own Inebriate Asylum." And so he may step again into the arena of life, armed and equipped anew for its daily struggles; with the serene consciousness of his weakness and his strength to guide him and to guard him in the future; and the soul-stirring, conviction, moreover, as an incentive for exertion, and for continuance in the course he has chosen, that he has displayed his truest manhood and supremest nobility of character and strength of will-power, by fighting it out himself.—[The Independent,

CORA LEE.

BY HARLAND E. WARD.

Like a fair, fragile blossom, growing from among the stern granite rocks of her own New England home, seemed Cora Lee, in the household of her father.

Old Thomas Lee enjoyed the not very flattering reputation of being one of the most sordid, grasping, and hardest men in all the country, and his treatment of the only child God had vouchsafed him, went far to prove the correctness of the prevailing opinion. And toward her, he had stood more in relation of a pitiless taskmaster, who would not be satisfied by any reasonable amount of labor than in the position of a kind and loving father. It was drudge, drudge, drudge, from morning until night, with never a word of love or of praise, but often a harsh reproof, because, toiling as it was far beyond her strength, she had not accomplished more.

Left motherless at an early age when inheriting most a mother's sympathy, the whole burden of affairs in her father's household had fallen upon her shoulders, taxing her youthful strength to the utmost limit, and making the opening pages in her life's history, a dark, and gloomy record indeed.

Truly, when the lines of her existence seemed cast in such unpleasant places, it is no wonder that her soul yearned for the love and sympathy, which in her own home had been denied. And when Maurice S. Ledger came, throwing around her life the halo of an apparently deep and abiding affection, it was a foregone conclusion, though without pausing to think of what his antecedents might be, she should fully reciprocate his love. All she knew of him was that he came from the city, that great Babel of conflicting interests, and conflicting human passions, called New York, and that so far as the knowledge of the people in the immediate vicinity extended, he bore an irreproachable character.

He did not claim to be wealthy, but his general carelessness in money matters, plainly revealed the fact that he possessed a handsome competency. Of this, however, she never thought. It was that yearning for love, that craving for appreciati-

kindness, combined with her love for him, which made her say to him, as did Ruth to Naomi of old; Whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou diest I will die, and there I will be buried; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God."

To do Mauris St. Ledger justice, he did love, as ardently as such a nature as his was capable of loving. He thanked God for the treasure he had won, when the sacred words of the marriage covenant were spoken that united their destinies for life, and for a month he kept the vow uttered so solemnly at the altar sacred.

But when the honeymoon was over, when the first glamour of love had worn off, he relapsed into his old habits—habits, of the existence of which, she until then, suspected nothing.

And oh, what a sad and cruel awakening, from such a bright dream of bliss!

He had been away upon a hunting excursion in the woods, in company with three or four young men from the village, and he returned home intoxicated—yes, in a state of almost beastly stupefaction.

Had he been brought home dead, Cora could scarcely have felt greater pain. But, like a true wife, she buried the agony in her own bosom, and was faithful to him through all, first enduring the shame, the consciousness of his degradation brought her, then the poverty and scorn, which the cold, unfeeling world metes out to the drunkard's wife, then seemingly studied brutality with which he treated her, and last of all, the blows inflicted in his fits of drunken frenzy.

Oh, it was a terrible picture! that drunkards home. Reader, have you ever beheld a drunkards home? Do you know aught of its squalor, its utter wretchedness? Have you any idea of its true meaning, of the degradation, and poverty, and agony, of which it is the synonym? Does your mind's eye take in all these broken hopes, those blighted aspirations, those affections uprooted, which once were so tender and so strong—the aching heart, crushed and bleeding, beneath the triumphant iron chariot wheels of this relentless monster?

If you can comprehend all this, you may in a measure understand the "abomination

of desolation," which renders this home a fitting abode for demons!

If you do not, you cannot understand, for no earthly tongue or pen, can depict one half the horrors of such a place.

Yet through all these deep hours of degradation, abuse and shame, she still toiled on, and accomplished her duty and more than duty, unwaveringly, and uncomplainingly.

She might have left him—she might have sought and obtained, a home elsewhere, with friends who loved her for her sweet and gentle disposition and patient kindness, and everyone would have justified her in it; but no thought of doing this, ever came into her mind.

And as she toiled on in the thorny path before her, until the white robed messenger came, and led her spotless soul, purified in the fires of affliction, up the shining way to a life unending, and a crown immortal.

And then and not till then did the fruits of her lifelong sacrifice become apparent. And over her clay cold form, her husband awakened all too late to the value of that treasure now gone from him forever, swore never to touch the damnable poison more. Then through the hallowed influences of her memory, achieving his own freedom, he arose to go forth and do battle for the sake of others.

When he speaks, thousands will eagerly flock to hear, and hearts are melted as wax before the flame of his eloquence. There are hundreds of reformed men to-day, who will rise up and call him blessed, throughout every State and Territory of our broad domain, little knowing through whom his steps were turned from the pathway of the dead destroyer, yet had she abandoned him he would have been long ago sleeping in the drunkard's grave.

And if glorified spirits can look down from the world of bliss, how must the heart of the patient martyr rejoice, as she beholds his glorious mission, and knows that by her faithfulness even unto death, he has power to save thousands, dying almost, in agony and shame.

Keep a list of your friends; and let God be the first in your list, however lodg it may be,

RELIGION.

True religion

Is always mild, propitious, and humble.
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood;
Nor bears destruction on her chariot-wheels;
But stoops to polish, succor, and redress,
Ane builds her grandeur on the public good.

["What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."—BIBLE.]

I know not why the cherished dreams,
Which gladdened childhoods happy morn,
Must need have felt the chilling blight,
Which blasts the rose but spares the thorn.

I know not why a faithless world
With naught but thorns, would crown my brow;
Nor why the friends the most beloved
To death's stern mandate soonest bow.

I know not why the goddess love
Did thrill my soul with mystic power,
Awoke such blissful, joyous hopes
To fade and wither in an hour.

I know not why this aching heart
Must bear its load of grief alone,—
Must hush each hope of joy, and long
For angel hands to bear me home.

Ah, *there* I'll know why I have drank
The cup of bitter sorrow here;
With joy will reap the harvest which
Was sown in grief and wet with tears.

I'll not despair. A Father's hand
Will not inflict a needless blow,
And if His ways I cannot trace,
He says "*Hereafter* thou shalt know."

"Shall know why I have led thee through
"Dark scenes of trial and distress;
"And brought thee, purified by woe
"To Heaven thy everlasting rest."

A. C. F.

THE PATH OF THE JUST.

The following is a beautiful commentary on the passage from which this caption is quoted:

"His glory is from within. It is a radiation. Put him where you will, he shines, and cannot but shine. God made him to shine. For instance: Imprison Joseph, and he will shine out on all Egypt, cloudless as the sky where the rain never falls. Imprison Daniel, and the dazzled lions will retire to their lairs, and the King comes forth to worship at his rising end all Babylon blesses the beauty of the brighter and better day. Imprison Peter, and, with an angel for a harbinger star, he will swell his aurora from the fountains of Jordan to the walls of Beersheba, and break like the morning over mountain and sea. Imprison Paul, and there will be a high

moon over all the Roman empire. Imprison John, and the Isles of the Ægean and all the coasts around, will kindle with sunset visions too gorgeous to be described, but never to be forgotten, a boundless panorama of prophecy gliding from sky to sky, and enchanting the nations with openings of heaven, transits of saints and angels, and the ultimate glory of the city and kingdom of God. Not only so, for modern times have similar examples—examples in the Church, and examples in the State. For instance: bury Luther in the depths of the black forest, and the "angel that dwelt in the bush," will honor him there; the tree around him will turn like shafts of ruby, and his glowing orb loom up again, round and clear as the light of all Europe. Thrust Bunyan into the gloom of Bedford Jail, and as he leans his head on his hand, the murky horizon of Britain will flame with fiery symbols—"delectable mountains" and celestial mansions, with holy pilgrims grouped on the golden hills, and bands of bliss, from the gates of pearl, hastening to welcome him home."

AN AIMLESS LIFE.

I committed one fatal error in my life, and dearly have I abided it. I started in life without an object, even without an ambition. My temperament disposed me to ease, and to the full I indulged the disposition. Had I created for myself a definite pursuit—literary, scientific, artistic, social, political, no matter what so there was something to labor for and to overcome—I might have been happy. I feel this now—too late! The power is gone. Habits become chains. Through all the profitless years gone by, I seek vainly for something to remember with pride, or even to dwell on with satisfaction. I feel sometimes as if there were nothing remaining to me worth living for. I am an unhappy man.—[Beyond the breakers.

A person may resolve that he will forsake some injurious habit, or not grieve the Spirit. If, however, he stops here, it will not benefit him.

No man is a better merchant than he who lays out his time upon God and his money upon the poor.

Oh how sweet to work all day for God, and then lie down at night beneath his smile!

The man who loves truth with all his heart, likewise loves those who suffer for the sake of truth.

THE POET'S CORNER.

For the Golden Rule. THE GOOD TEMPLAR.

C. H. K.

The soldier, fights to snatch his wreath
From the smoke of battle, and the din of carnage.

The hardy sailor, wooed by beckoning Fortune,
Dares the storms and perils of the briny deep.
The politician, works to wring from the garbage

Of his country's spoils a deathless name.
The lawyer, in his mad strides to reach Ambition's peak

Too often crushes neath his feet the innocent.
And thus with nearly all the world, their selfish hearts

Beat only for the hope of fame, or damning lucre.

But the Good Templar? What his work? His field?

His work? Ask that man, the transformed brute,

Who once madly reeled upon the very verge

Of hell's dark stream; but now the man,
Walking with dignity upon soil he once perverted;—

Breathing the pure air now free from Death's miasma.

Ask the mother—wife, with now happy heart,
Because her children shiver no more in wretched rags,

And her husband is delivered from the curse..

His field? Where'er the monster Rum
Holds in his grasp the poor unfortunate.

The lowest haunts of drunken debauchees,

Or where in gilded, licensed palaces,

Intemperance holds her orgies unrestrained.

The walks of life, *where'er* they lead his field,

And what for all these efforts his reward?

Not such as earth can give, he looks

For higher—greatest to mortals given—

The smiles of conscience and of Heaven.

LOVE'S WORK.

Scarcely for me had life begun,

When weary I longed for the setting sun:

"Who would miss me or who would feel

Darkness over their sunshine steal,

Though the lillies grew at my feet and head

Under the solemn years?" I said.

"Coward," my conscience answering cried.

"Unbuckling the armor as yet untried,

Begging for rest you have never earned,

Dull to the lesson the wise have learned—

That no grave is made for the dead alone,

Love holds, unharmed by Death, its own.

"Into the world no one can come

To live by himself like a hermit dumb;

Even the babe with its wordless cries

Brightens the mother's weary eyes,

And the workers worn in the life field ask
Fresh hands, fresh hearts, to aid their task."

"Weak and powerless my hands," I moaned;

"One talent alone has the Master loaned—

Love! Can I go to your workers strong,

Offering an idle smile or song?

Could they know how wildly my full heart

prayed

For power to bring them truer aid?"

"Go," came the answer, clear and sweet,

"Love strengthens tired hands and weary feet;

Love is the root of all worthy deeds,

Love is the gift the world most needs,,

And the loving never fails to find

The willing hand its sheaves to bind."

THE CHANGES OF LIFE.

BY CYRUS JEWELL.

The youth, looking forward to manhood

Sees not what that future will be;

The sailor when first leaving harbor

Thinks not of the dangers at sea.

For out on life's billowy ocean,

Are tides of misfortune to meet;

There are gales of adversity changing

The course of many a fleet.

It is pleasure to dream of the future,

Ere life's sterner duties begin,

But many the cares and the troubles,

Which time through life's changes will bring.

Life's joys are mingled with sorrows,

Life's hopes are crowded with fears,

The smiles of to-day, will to-morrow

Be changed to sadness and tears.

IS IT BEST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Oh, mother, who sips sweetened liquors!
 Look down at the child on your breast;
 Think, think of the rough path before him,
 And ask yourself then "Is it best?"
 Shall I foster a love for this poison,
 Instil the thirst into *his* veins?
 In the fountain he seeks at my bosom,
 Sow the rank seeds of death, grief and pain?
 "Shall I give him the thirst of the drunkard,
 Bequeath him the weapons of crime—
 Can we look for a glass of pure water,
 Dipped up from a fountain of slime

Can we look for brave men, strong and noble,
 Where the parents drink poison for food?
 When the body and soul are corrupted,
 Can we look for the *works* to be good?"

Oh think of the future before him!
 There are perils you cannot remove.
 Yet this, the great highway of sorrow—
 Oh guard him from *this* with your love.
 There are rough paths enough in the future
 For the feet of the child on your breast;
 Then lower the glass you are lifting,
 And ask yourself then, "Is it best?"

ROWING AGAINST THE TIDE.

It is easy to glide with its ripples,
 Adown the stream of time,
 To flow with the course of the river,
 Like music to some old rhyme;
 But ah, it takes courage and patience,
 Against the current to ride,
 And we must have strength from Heaven,
 When rowing against the tide.

We may float on the river's surface,
 While our oars scarce touch the stream,
 And visions of earthly glory
 On our dazzling sight may gleam;
 We forget that on before us
 The dashing torrents roar,
 And while we are idly dreaming,
 Its waters will carry us o'er.

But a few, ah, would they were many!
 Row up the "Stream of Life."
 They struggle against its surges,
 And mind neither toil or strife;

Though weary and faint with labor,
 Singing triumphant they ride
 For Christ is the hero's captain
 When rowing against the tide.

For on through the hazy distance
 Like a mist on the distant shore,
 They see the walls of the city,
 With its banners floating o'er.
 Seen through a glass so darkly,
 They almost mistake their way,
 But Faith throws light on their labor,
 When darkness shuts out the day.

And shall we be one of that number,
 Who mind not toil or pain?
 Shall we moan the loss of earthly joys,
 When we have a crown to gain?
 Or shall we glide on with the river,
 With Death at the end of our ride,
 While our brother with Heaven before him,
 Is rowing against the tide!

DEEDS NOT WORDS.

Not forever on thy knees,
 Would Jehovah have thee found;
 There are burdens thou canst ease;
 There are griefs Jehovah sees;
 Look around.

Work is prayer, if done for God,
 Prayer, which God delighted hears.
 See beside yon upturned sod,
 One bowed 'neath afflictions rod;
 Dry her tears.

Not long prayers but earnest zeal;
 This is what is wanted more,
 Put thy shoulder to the wheel,
 Bread unto the famished deal
 From thy store.

Not high sounding words of praise
 Deeds God want 'neath some grand dome;

But that thou the fallen raise;
 Bring the poor from life's highways
 To thy home.

Worship God by doing good,
 Works, not words, kind acts, not creeds;
 He who loves God as he should,
 Makes his hearts love understood
 By kind deeds.

Deeds are powerful, mere words weak,
 Batt'ring at high Heaven's door.
 Let thy love by actions speak;
 Wipe the tear from sorrows' cheek;
 Clothe the poor.

Be it thine lifes cares to smother,
 And to brighten eyes now dim,
 Kind deeds done to one another
 God accepts as done my brother,
 Unto him.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

"DROWNED!"

What terrible signification is conveyed in this single word. To the stricken heart it means the putting out the bright beautiful sunlight, it means a dark, a black cloud which has forever buried all earthly hopes of the loved one, and left for consolation only the vision beheld by the eye of faith as the dark waters carried the loved one to the all Father's home, where the pure and good are garnered year by year.

One moment in life, and health and beauty, innocent, guileless, happy; the next, a fearful shudder as the dread waters stifle the breath—another, and the joyous notes of loving angel bands as they gather to their fold the little angel from the earth shore. No doubt, no darkness, no sin, no pain, no feeble wailing for the mother love, but satisfied in the full and all pervading love of Jesus, the child needs no longer the anxious care of a mother's heart. With the departed is all the joy, with those remaining is all the grief.

Every fiber of the heart is wrung in common sympathy with parents thus suddenly and terribly bereft. Silently the death angel drew near the loved one, casting no shadow before, to warn of his approach or to prepare the heart for the cruel blow which was so soon to fall. Thus in our own village, within the last three months has the angel of death stalked, thus unexpectedly has he stricken the parents of three families and for a time extinguished the light of the sun, even the voices of the birds seem only a mockery to such sorrow, and all outward influences of joy are powerless to remove the sad weight from mourning hearts.

This loss, this sorrow is not confined to the home circle, from whence thus suddenly the loved one was taken. It is the world's loss when the young, the beautiful, the pure, the best are taken. The blow falling so unexpectedly, but with such fearful certainty, has startled the whole community, and the

hearts of all are filled with sadness and tender sympathy for those more nearly bereft.

Yet this anguish, for the time so heart-rending, has not in it the bitterness of another sorrow; of a living, burning, soul harrowing trouble which is rife in our midst. A sorrow which shakes its fearful, its deadly pall over so many homes; which scatters and destroys so many hopes; which like a knife enters the soul and without the compensating, purifying influence of bereavement, scars, and wounds, and kills.

Yet with this woe so unmitigated, so wide spread and alarming, the heart of humanity has no sympathy.

This woe, this misery daily stalks before us with steady tread, and the world looks coldly on with no attempt to alleviate, with no sympathy for the sufferers.

It is not the murmuring river, the murky waters of the canal, or the uncovered cisterns which on every side stand ready to swallow our loved ones within their silent unrelenting bosoms.

A foe, more certain, more unrelenting stands with hungry rabid jaws on every corner, ready watchful and eager to crush and destroy. To make destruction more fearfully sure, the enemy crouches behind the glittering glass and show-card and beneath the witching games for pastime; like a famishing boa-constrictor, they watch and charm and silently but surely draw in and drown the brightest buds of promise, the fairest flowers of manhood.

Our loved ones fall into this gaping vortex of ruin, and no one rushes to their rescue. The drowning boy in the river commands the sympathy of the whole community and all with commendable humanity, eagerly rush and willingly and anxiously tender their assistance to rescue the endangered one. All with one heart and voice bewail the accident, and with sobs and tears attest their sympathy for the bereaved.

But in this other, this more fearful des-

truction, not alone of body, but of soul also, who rushes to the rescue? Who alarms the people and cries, a body, a soul is in danger? With what vehemence it is urged that cisterns should be covered, that boys must not play by the river. But who says cover the run holes? remove these soul and body destroying dens! away with this fearful curse to humanity! alas who? Yet respectable, would-be christian men legalize and uphold these places which lead directly down to hell.

Is not the bursting agony of bereavement, when the departed dear one can be tenderly lain away from all danger and sin and trouble, by loving hands, happiness compared with the agony of that mother's heart who sees her bright beautiful boy, the cherished hope of her life, daily and hourly submerged in these slimy, filthy, uncovered cisterns of iniquity, with no hand stretched out to save, no heart to pity, no voice to cry against this fearful wrong? No one to command that the cisterns be covered and the noble boy be saved? to aching, bursting hearts. Ah who shall save? when those bearing the form of men and aspiring and claiming respectability, uncover these foul dens of wickedness, and throw around them the protection of law? Shame on these vultures in human form who disregard the pleadings of humanity for protection! Shame on those who for filthy lucre destroy the body and souls of their fellow men, who disregarding law, self respect and decency openly outrage the whole every day of their lives! And double shame to those Christian men and women of the community who by their silent and uncomplaining submission, aid and abet them in their work of destruction!

Drowned! Happy the Christian parents who behold the loved one safe harbored in the land where life is health and joy and peace, where no Boards of Excise shall license the agents of the evil one to ensnare, and draw them down to death. No dram-shops to poison, no billiard saloons to entice, no gates there that lead down to hell. Happy the mother that beholds with the eye of faith the darling of her fold transplanted in gardens where the beautiful tree of Life dispenses health and purity, innocence and

joy to the inhabitants thereof; where no blighting mildew can touch the soul ere half unfolded; where no scorching sun withers the instructions of its holy teachers, but from sorrow, pain and suffering forever free,

"Youthful, gentle, undefiled.
Angels nurture now the child."

But for the living, they who must come up to meet the perils which a wicked and perverse world spread in their path, what is our duty to them? What can we do to keep them from falling into the yawning pool of sin which stands wide open, or only the more dangerous because partially covered by the glittering *ignis fatuus* of amusements which lead to swift and certain destruction! Shall we cover them up! Shall we remove them! or shall we pass by on the other side, while our neighbor and his sons go plunging down till irretrievably lost. Oh friends of humanity! lovers of Jesus! can you be indifferent while such crying wrongs exist! What shall we say in the day when our brother is required at our hands, if we with careless indifference suffer these evils to spread, without protesting against them by voice and action.

Each of us have a responsibility, a fearful one; let us meet it earnestly, prayerfully and determinedly. Let us cry aloud against these uncovered cisterns by the wayside; if we cannot remove them, let us hasten to show the fearful end to which they lead, and loudly warn the young against their seductive influences. Let us as a community awake to the contemplation of this stupendous evil, and devise means for its removal. Peradventure there may be good men enough left to save the place from this righteous indignation of a just God.

COUNTY LODGES.

There are indications that a vigorous effort will be made at the next session of the Grand Lodge, to get some recognition from that body, of the necessity and expediency of County Lodges. At the last session in Rochester an effort was made, but was persistently opposed by some even in high authority that the friends of County organizations might well feel discouraged. Yet in this instance as in many others we have been reminded that no effort for the

right is ever lost no matter how unpromising for the time being the prospect may appear. For the last year County Lodges have been instituted, and those already in operation, have more energetically and perseveringly prosecuted their work. We believe the sentiment in favor of county Lodges has increased, and that if the subject is duly presented at the next session of the Grand Lodge it will receive that encouragement which its importance demands. If this agency for the advancement of the temperance cause is duly recognized, and placed in official and regular working order, the cause will receive an impetus in the right direction which will eventually do more toward the restriction of the sale of liquors in the different counties, than any, or all other means combined.

For instance, Cattaraugus county is abundantly cursed with dram-shops and breweries. Every locality within its borders have this enemy right in their midst to fight. Each locality has its special needs and requirements. These cannot individually be made known to the Grand Lodge, or its executive Committee, and even if this were possible those officers would not be able to attend to these wants, or judge impartially of, and faithfully supply these needs.

The Board of Managers, or a Grand Lodge officer, or all combined are not omnipresent, and however faithful and diligent they may be, they cannot know the special needs of these several districts. Their action must be governed by what appears from representation or from what is apparent upon the surface of affairs; these, all will allow, appear very differently from different stand-points, and may be understood honestly and conscientiously by these officers in a very different light from the real and living reality. It cannot therefore be expected that they can afford that aid in every case which shall be the most efficient. Each locality understands its own needs and these brought to a central point and concentrated in a County Lodge fully understanding these wants, action, concentrated action, from the whole county can be brought with overwhelming force to bear upon a single point and such good be accomplished. Again Broth-

erly love and interest in the prosperity of the whole Order in the County is promoted by these quarterly gatherings and the beautiful precepts of Faith, Hope and Charity, envelop the whole Brotherhood in one common interest, one common aim, and in a final victory. No work is done at hap-hazard to prove fruitless and ineffectual, but understanding the needs of each, the work is done which needs to be done in the right time, and the right place, and in such a way that the enemy feels the blows. With no little anxiety we watched the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of last fall in regard to this matter, and when no encouragement was given them we came home no less determined to advocate the cause of County Lodges, and to still struggle with opposing forces, but regretting that a matter that seemed so essential to the good of the Order should be treated so inconsiderately.

But the interest in County Lodges did not cease with the discouragements which were there received. The subject has since commanded the attention of able, earnest and devoted temperance men who are now convinced that if this order accomplishes the good which lies within its possibilities, County Lodges are a necessity.

We clip the following from a series of articles in the *Temperance Patriot*, giving a very correct idea of what a County Lodge should be to be able to work successfully :

A PLEA FOR COUNTY LODGES—

In order that County Lodges may occupy that position which will enable them to accomplish the greatest good for the cause of Temperance in their respective localities, and for the Order of Good Templars throughout the State, the Grand Lodge should endow them with the following privileges and powers.

1st. All Representatives to the Grand Lodge should be elected by the County Lodges; but any Third degree Member in good standing in any Subordinate Lodge of a county, should be eligible, whether a member of the County Lodge or not. The number of Representatives to the Grand Lodge to which each county is entitled should be proportioned by the total number of Members in the county.

2nd. Each Subordinate Lodge should pay to the County Lodge a *per capita* tax of five per cent, per quarter on all members in

good and regular standing. Each county Lodge should pay to the Grand Lodge, quarterly, two-fifths of all moneys received from the subordinate Lodges; the remaining three-fifths to be retained by the County Lodges, to be used by them in their respective counties for such purposes as shall seem for the best interests of the temperance cause and the Good of the Order of Good Templars.

3. The pass words should be given only to officers of County Lodges, and by them given to the Subordinate Lodges on receipt of the quarters' dues.

4th. All appeals should be tried by the County Lodges, subject to a further appeal from them to the Grand Lodge.

5th. All lecture work, and the building up of the Order generally, should be under the supervision of the County Lodges in their respective localities.

These prerogatives conceded to the County Lodges, would give them the strength necessary to enable them to carry on successfully the work for which they were originally designed, and would tend to build up the order in every county on a firm and enduring basis.

These rights and privileges would give the County Lodge dignity and power. Then let Reports from the Subordinate Lodges go up to the County Lodge, not only of the number of members of each Lodge, but the number of voting members, also the number of voters outside and the number of licensed places in town, numbers unlicensed, and names of parties thus engaged, with several other important items of information which could be made of great use in prosecuting our work. We wait with interest the action of the G. Lodge in this matter.

GOOD MORAL CHARACTER.

There are not a few trades and professions where the law does not require a good moral character. But there is one business that cannot be prosecuted without a *good moral character*. I believe there are two where the law requires of all applicants this indispensable requisite to the performance of special duties. This very requirement by law of a good moral character from the person wishing to engage in these professions is an acknowledgment that the business or profession is one of more than usual importance, one that affects the well being of the whole community. The law does not require this of a man to be a merchant, a grocer, a stage driver, a railroad conductor,

a lawyer, or even of a minister; public opinion may exact it of all these but law does not think the business of sufficient importance to make such a demand. But where a business, the prosecution of which causes want, and woe, and poverty, and untold misery and finally a loathsome and hideous death, a business whose very end and aim is to lead down to Hell, is to be carried on, the law cunningly brings in the redeeming clause, the "Good Moral Character." Verily this covers the multitudinous claws of the evil one. If a man possess good moral character of course a business in which he would seek to engage must be good and respectable one or he would not wish to follow it. So of course the business of whiskey selling, drunkard and criminal making is a *good moral one*. Should any one have their doubts about its morality I have only to cite them to the highest authority that of law! What a farce is here enacted. The most low and degraded and debauched can but sneer at the stupendous folly and worse, the criminality, thus connived at by law. "Good moral character" forsooth! If the letter of the law in this particular were observed how soon would the heads of the excise commissioners be shorn of their official authority, because of their utter disregard of this special requirement. Do the Commissioners ever ask this question when examining the petitions of their applicants? If they give the subject any consideration or thought whatever, they must have a very nice conception of what constitutes a good moral character, or but very little regard for their own reputation when they give their official sanction and seal to such characters as are given licenses in too many instances. Good moral characters cannot be required too often or too strenuously in any business. But we beg our law makers not to outrage decency and common sense longer by ignoring the requirements of this law. For the sake of consistency require that all excise Commissioners and those with whom the power of granting licenses is vested, shall be men of good moral character, men who know at least the meaning of this term, and men who have sufficient honor to apply themselves to the duties of their office, honestly and conscientiously.



LEAVES FROM A BRIGHTED BIBE;

BY MATILDA W. BEALE.

CHAPTER IV

When our baby was about two months old, I was surprised one evening by a visit from an old friend whom I had not seen since my marriage. "Ah, Albert!" he exclaimed, after our mutual greetings were over, and I had introduced him to Sarah, who held Maybud on her lap, "you are still head of me! Got a home, a wife, and a baby, while I have none of them except the wife."

"Indeed! you are married then?" said I.
 "Oh, yes! been married nearly a year."
 "Strange that I had not heard of it!" I speculated—and Sarah asked the true feminine question, "Where is your wife, Mr. Wilson?"

"At the hotel, down street," was the reply.

On hearing this, both Sarah and I insisted that Mr. and Mrs. Wilson should make our house their home during their stay in our village. To this arrangement, after a good deal of hesitation and demurring, Wilson consented, and I at once accompanied him to the hotel for his wife and luggage. Arrived at the hotel we entered the bar-room, and Wilson walked at once up to the bar and called for a couple of glasses of brandy and water. "Or would you prefer something else?" he asked, turning to me.

"Excuse me, Tom," I replied, "I don't drink any more."

"Pooh! nonsense?" exclaimed he, "of course we married men don't imbibe as we

used to; but you and I are going to take a glass or so for the sake of 'auld lang syne.'" He pushed one of the glasses, which the waiter now brought, toward me, raised the other to his lips, and with a courteous inclination of his head, said: "Here is health, long life and happiness to your handsome wife and beautiful child!" Half flattered, and before I was scarcely conscious of what I was doing, I drank. He would have offered more, but I interposed:

"Not another drop, Tom; a very little upsets me now-a-days, and I wish to be in a fit condition to pay my devoirs to your wife when you do me the favor to present me to her."

"Come along then," said he.

Few men ever opened the gates of their Eden to admit the serpent within, so readily as I admitted the destroyer to the sacred precincts of my home. Wilson was one of those men whose boast it is that they can take twice the quantity of liquor that would make an ordinary man drunk, without being more than slightly intoxicated themselves; and he was forever, under one pretext or another, urging his friends to "take a social glass." Knowing, as I did, all this in regard to him; knowing also my own wretched infirmity, my utter want of restraining religious principles, and total lack of moral courage to say "no" to his persuasions, it seems to me now that it was an act little short of lunacy to take him into my home as I did. I can only say in self-justification that when

I asked himself and wife to make our house their home during their stay, I had no thought it would be longer than a day or two. But the days lengthened into a week before they left us to begin house-keeping in a small cottage near by. Wilson, who was an excellent house carpenter, had secured a job of work which would keep him busy all summer; and he said it made no difference to him where he stopped, so he got plenty of work and good pay.

I must hasten, or strength to write the rest of my sad history will fail; my heart grows sick, my soul grows faint with the memories of that time that are rushing over me. It were needless to detail how before that man's subtle persuasions all my good resolutions vanished as frost before the sun, how my solemn vows were broken like brittle glass. Vain were all the attractions of a pleasant home; vain the prayers and tears of a beloved wife; vain the reproachful stings of my own accusing conscience; Intemperance, like a "strong man armed," had full possession of my whole being; and blinded, infatuated as I was, my soul lifted no cry for help to God, who alone was able to save me. None but those who, like myself, have experienced it can imagine the headlong haste with which I plunged headlong down the fearful steep of ruin. I neglected my work, my wife and baby; and winter found us totally unprepared for it; out of money, in debt, more than once our fire burned low for want of fuel, and for the first time in our lives our food was both coarse and scanty.

V.

The day before Christmas was extremely cold; we had no coal and but little wood, so immediately after breakfast I started out, telling Sarah that I was going to order a load of coal.

"Is there enough wood sawed to last till your return?" she enquired.

"Oh, yes; I shall be back by noon or before," I answered.

When I was opposite Wilson's cottage on my way down street, he came out and joined me. I ordered the coal, which the man said should be sent up immediately. Then, my mind being easy on that point, I went with Wilson to the tavern, where he said he had business that would detain him 'half an

hour or so." Alas! the "old, old story. Hours passed, and there I lounged in the warm bar-room, little thinking how fare my wife and child at home. It was past midnight when Wilson and I left our comfortable quarters in the bar-room.

"This is a deuced cold night," he muttered as he floundered through the deep snow, and you may thank your stars that you have a friend to help you home to-night. You'll be sure to fall down and freeze to death if you were alone."

"It wouldn't matter much if I did," answered. "I tell you, Wilson, you may rely on one thing; *this is the last time that I shall get drunk.*"

He only laughed. Oh, how little did either of us imagine how terrible was the seal that was to stamp my words with truth. When we arrived at Wilson's gate he asked me if I could go the rest of the way alone. The distance was short, so I told him yes and bade him good night. A few more staggering steps brought me in sight of my home, and a vague feeling of surprise and even alarm penetrated my besotted brain on perceiving a light through the window. The door opened. Great heavens! what meant that fearful rattling sound that smote upon my ear? For an instant Sarah appeared, looking forth into the night. I was in the shadow of a tree that stood near the house, or she must have seen me.

"Albert! Albert!" I heard her exclaim "will you never come? Shall our Maybud die without you ever seeing her again?"

There are times when a thoroughly inebriated man may be sobered, as it were in an instant. It was so in the present case. Those startling words, "Shall our Maybud die without your ever seeing her again?" rang in my ears and drove all fumes of liquor from my brain. I called my wife's name, but without hearing me she went in closing the door. I followed and gained the side of Maybud's crib almost as soon as herself.

"Oh, Albert!" cried Sarah? "thank God you have come at last!"

"What does it mean, Sarah what ail Maybud?" I asked, hoarsely.

"Maybud has the croup—she is dying! Oh, when the pangs of dissolution faster

on my own vitals I know I shall not endure half the agony I suffered in the few moments that I stood looking on the sufferings of my beautiful child.

"I will bring the doctor!" I exclaimed; and ran through the deep snow to his house, which was distant more than half a mile; roused him up, told him what was the matter, heard him promise to come immediately, and without waiting for him was back home in less than ten minutes. Sarah was holding the baby on her lap before the fire, rubbing her chest with a flannel rag soaked in lard.

"Could not the doctor come?" she asked, sadly.

"He will be here directly. Sarah, how did this happen? Maybud was well as ever when I went away."

In hurried words, while she did not for a moment relax her efforts to relieve the child, Sarah told me all. The coal had not been sent up, and all the wood I had left had been burned up by noon, and as Sarah could not get the long sticks into our small grate, she had been forced to go out and saw some. Going out, she pulled to the door, but it did not latch, and Maybud, who was creeping over the floor, had somehow got it open, got out, and on her hands and knees made her way through the almost untrodden snow to the wood pile where her mother was. "She was covered with snow," added Sarah; "her clothes were wet, and she was thoroughly chilled, but I made a fire as soon as possible, put on dry clothes and warmed her well. She played around as lively as ever all the afternoon, and it was not until I was preparing to go to bed that I noticed anything unusual about her. Her breathing seemed hoarse and obstructed, but I immediately gave her some oil and molasses, which relieved her so entirely that I went to bed and fell asleep without any apprehensions. I could not have slept long ere I was awakened by her strange, croupy breathing. I gave her the simple remedy which had proved effectual before, but soon found that something more must be done. I thought of a warm bath, but alas! there was no wood sawed with which to kindle a fire." A deep groan burst from my lips, but without heeding it she continued: "I

threw on a wrapper and shawl, thrust my feet stockingless into my shoes, and brought the saw and wood in here. But it all took up precious time, and by the time the water was warm enough, Maybud was so bad that I did not know if she could live until I bathed her. But I tried it and it helped her, so I put her in the crib, tucked her up very warm, and sawed some more wood, thinking that if I kept her by a good fire she would perhaps get over the attack. Alas! it was too severe—she was soon as bad as ever. I went out and called Mrs. Wilson several times, but I suppose she did not hear me; the baby was so bad that I dared not leave her alone to go for any one, and so I have kept doing everything I could think of for her, but all in vain."

Her tears fell fast on the disordered features of our suffering darling, but no moisture came to my burning eyes.

A sound of feet at the door, and without waiting to knock, the doctor entered. He examined Maybud, and his face grew very grave. Sarah told him that the child had taken a violent cold during the day, and related how her illness had begun and progressed, and what she had done for her.

"That would all have done very well in an ordinary case, but I wish I had been called sooner" he said, when she had concluded.

"She must die, then, there is no hope?" said Sarah, not wildly but in the calm tone of utter despair.

"Where there is life there is hope," but I will not attempt to deceive you; it is a very bad case. However we will do all that we can and trust in God."

The remaining hours of that night were spent by Sarah in trying to make Maybud as comfortable as possible; by the doctor in doing all that skill and knowledge could suggest for her relief; and by me in watching their fruitless efforts, while my soul silently endured that anguish which blanched my raven hair to gray.

"Oh, Maybud! moaned the mother, must I see my darling die? Must those dear eyes, whose light has become the very joy of my home, be closed in everlasting darkness? Must these sweet lips grow pale and cold and forever still, ere yet they have

lisp'd the dear name of mother?" But Maybud's fearful sufferings increased until they were so dreadful that even the mother's heart cried out, "Oh God! release her. even if it must be by taking her to thyself!"

Soon her prayer was answered. When the hour came on which I had left home the previous morning, I was bending in voiceless, tearless agony over a little form that was rapidly growing cold,—a childless father. Childless! and what had made me so? I felt that I was, though not directly, none the less surely, the murderer of my child. I had passed, talking, laughing and drinking in the bar-room of a hotel, the hours of the last day that my darling child spent on earth! Oh! is it any wonder the remorseful agony I suffered should have ploughed deep furrows in my brow, and bleached my hair to the whiteness of hoary age?

Sarah would let no hands but her own array that cherished form for the grave. Kind friends offered to do it; told her it "was not customary for the near friends of the deceased to perform such offices;" but she answered, "What do I care for custom? No hands but mine have dressed her when living; why then should I give her up to the care of strangers as soon as she is dead? I thank you for your kindness, but no other than myself shall dress my Maybud for the last time." Tenderly and carefully did she array her in her prettiest dress, petticoats of the softest and whitest flannel and cambric, frock of the most delicately transparent muslin—oh, little did she think when her busy fingers embroidered these robes so daintily and beautifully, that they were only to moulder in the coffin with the tiny form for whose adornment they were made.

Not once did Sarah kiss her dead child, and after she was dressed she gently laid her in the little crib, and never touched or even saw her again. Utterly wearied and worn out, she yielded to my solicitations that she would lie down and try to get the rest she so greatly needed. But she obtained no rest. She had caught a violent cold which brought on a sudden and severe attack of pleurisy. And before our child was buried my wife was under the care of the good

doctor, who did not attempt to conceal the fact that she was dangerously ill.

When the undertaker came, and Maybud was placed in her little coffin, he paused ere he shut down the lid, and looked inquiringly at me. I understood him, and entered the room where Sarah was lying, I approached her and whispered—

"Darling do you wish"—tears choked my further utterance. But she divined my object.

"I know what you would ask, Albert; no, I do not wish to see Maybud again until I behold her crowned with immortal life and beauty in our Father's mansion."

I returned to the adjoining room, and shook my head. He closed and fastened down the lid, and so from my longing eyes and yearning arms was gone forever my darling little child.

One more fearful blow from the sword of God's retributive justice was to fall on my guilty head. Had I not time and again sworn by the most solemn oaths that I would no longer tamper with my destroying foe? Had I not as often broken my vows, thus adding the crime of perjury to my sin stained soul? Could I expect that the righteous punishment of that merciful God "*wh judgeth in the earth,*" would fail to overtake me at last? God is just—my sins were grievous, and grievous has been my punishment.

With the dying year my Sarah died; with the going out of that epoch of time went out all the light and joy of my earthly existence. With my arms closely clasping the beloved form, her dear head pillowed on my breast, and her beautiful eyes bright with the glory that seem born of another world, fixed on mine, these were the last words she spoke:

"Albert, you will form no new ties of earthly affection, of that I am sure; the memory of your buried wife and child will fill your heart to the exclusion of all others. If it is permitted those gone before to visit the loved ones on earth, and I firmly believe it, I shall often be with you to encourage you in success, to strengthen and help you in weakness and despondency. Let the remainder of your life be devoted to ameliorating the sufferings of humanity. And oh,

Albert! especially devote your energies to winning the souls of our erring human brotherhood from the fearful thralldom of *Intemperance*, which has so nearly proved your ruin! For yourself, I am as sure now as I shall be when you meet me in heaven, that no drop of intoxicating liquor will ever pass your lips again. Let me seal them darling, against all pollution, with a kiss of love that shall outlast time. and remain yet fresh and unstained upon them when your soul flutters through their portals to join me on the glorious hills of heaven. Tell me, dearest, that you will do as I desire, and—kiss me.”

I answered solemnly, “With the help of God, Sarah, I will do and be all you can desire.”

A smile of love and satisfaction crossed her face; she made a motion to raise her lips to mine. That long, long kiss was the last in which our lips ever met. I laid down from its resting place on my bosom only the body of my wife; her soul had winged its flight to that world where, as “there is neither marrying or giving in marriage,” I shall sometime meet my child and my beloved wife, but not to claim her as such. But we shall not forget each other, and it matters not by what name I shall call her there. I feel sure that to me she will be the fairest, brightest, dearest in the throng that bids me welcome to my longed for eternal home.

The years of my life that have elapsed since Sarah died have been passed in the earnest endeavor to fulfill her last request. Already have I felt that she has not died or lived in vain.—From that New Year’s morning that found me a heart-stricken, childless, wifeless man, Wilson has eschewed the use of all intoxicating liquors. And I have reason to know that I have been instrumental in the hands of God of rescuing many a poor victim from that most dreadful, blighting curse which the All-wise Father ever sent upon the children of men, that baleful and insidious foe to virtue, domestic happiness, self respect, honor, integrity and peace—*Intemperance!*

Husband! father! do not, as I did, tamper with the deadly thing, until nothing can effect your salvation but drawing your

thoughts and affections to heaven by the strong cords of love that hold there a worshipped wife and child!

TO THE RESCUE.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

“And, after all, the saddest feature of the whole is the almost hopelessness of reform by either precept or example. Of what use is it that men and women know and see the accursed effects of alcohol? The mother, knowing that wine has stolen away the manhood of her husband, and is fast hurrying him toward that direful chasm, the drunkard’s grave, yet with her own white fingers clasps the alluring glass, and, filling it from the same decanter, whose poisonous flow has already blighted her life, she hands it to her first-born son. The father, knowing that the subtle demon that lurks within the cup has slain his eldest son, still places the ruby wine in all its glittering madness to the lips of his Benjamin. And what power can avail to save?”

The sad words, uttered in the saddest of tones, by that earnest evangelist of temperance, John B. Gough, sank like crushing weights into my heart. They have tolled their mournful echoes in my soul through weeks and months of sorrowful reflection. And sometimes, as I take up the daily paper, its record shocks my eyes, and my fainting heart seems to go down, down,

“Through infinite depths in the darkness,”

where the air is not only full of dirges for the dead, but of piteous lamentation, mingled with the wailings of lost souls. For, as I read the name and death of this one whom I remember as an innocent and lovely boy, a schoolmate and friend of my early childhood, and know that only a few short weeks ago he was reeling between two policemen toward the calaboose, uttering foul-mouthed abuses on his mother’s friend, who was trying to persuade the officers in charge of him to give the demented young man into the screening care of one who would save the feelings of those who loved him, how can I help the anguished cry, “Alas! what power can avail?”

And this one, shot down by a jealous companion in a debauch, into which he was blindly led while under the influence of

liquor. Not yet of age; yet, ah! such an adept in sin. And this one—a suicide; having first been a drunkard, a gambler, a defaulter. I can never forget his pretty ways, his fair face, the chestnut curls, and the deep blue eyes of the model boy of the little select school of one of our city's then most aristocratic neighborhoods. First-born son of a Christian mother—a mother almost envied for the successful training of her children. But the emissary of the great Adversary, as it lurked in the glass of sparkling Sherry or Catawba, that sometimes accompanied the well-ordered dessert, or was handed by the pleasant-mannered lad to the social guest in his mother's parlor, was stronger for destruction than a mother's prayer for salvation. And to-day, ah! who shall comfort her concerning her child? And yet another sad record of a young wasted life. Eighteen years ago this poor boy, who now, a victim of all riotous dissipation, lies

"Buried away from human eyes,"

lay then "a sweet hope," pillowed upon his mother's bosom. His father I met one evening at a social party at the house of a common friend. "Our friend has fine wines," he said, holding a glass up to the light. "Is it not beautiful? See it sparkle!"

"Yes," I answered, "it moveth itself aright. You remember the injunction?"

Still toying with the glass, he repeated the verse: "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright."

I continued the text: "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." I believe the Bible," I said, "and I have a horror of serpents and adders. Take it away, please."

"I brought it for you," he said; "but, since you will not taste it, neither will I. You ladies have the temperance cause all in your own hands."

And then he put the responsibility away from *him*. But the boy, the only son, suddenly cut off in the midst of his wild career, is to-day *where*?

My heart is sad and sore for the little lads I see upon the sidewalks, in the school-room, at the Sunday school, and in the slips at church. Those who were in these places when I was young as these were fair and sweet and pure as these to-day. But, oh! as

mournful procession rises up before my memory as I think of those who have gone from Christian homes, from pious fathers' counsels, and from saintly mothers' teachings—gone, alas! whither? Ah, cruel Adversary! mocking, raging fiend, who knowest so well how to make the hand of dearest friend but strike the deadliest blow—who is sufficient for thee?

I know a Christian mother, lovely and of good report, in some things a leader of youthful minds, who is the wife of a miserable drunkard, who has embittered years of her existence, and from whom all that is worthy of respect has long since been driven by every demon of dissolute profligacy, and who is only kept from the gutter by the tireless efforts of his son, a young man, the sole support and comfort of that mother. And yet, with blind infatuation, still this mother pours the sparkling poison into her son's glass, and with him sips its fatal juices. Of what avail, indeed, are precepts or examples? As I see the fearful increase of "moderate drinkers" among those who once were counted as temperate men, if not strictly temperance men, I shudder at the possibilities. Ten out of twelve of the solid men of our city more than once each day visit the saloons—some of them even office-bearers in the house of the Lord. Twenty years ago who thought it possible that these should ever do as to-day we know they do?

Lager and ale and porter, and sparkling Catawba, Hostetter's and Plantation Bitters—under one or another of these names the wily fiends steal into our homes, sit at our tables, smile at our fireside feasts, and lure and destroy. The young and the old, the unstable and the staid, the thoughtless and the thinkers, are alike borne down by the relentless tide that sweeps to Hell.

The pulpit is strangely silent concerning it all. Do the ministers of God say also, "You ladies have the temperance cause all in your own hands?" Then, daughters, sisters, wives, mothers, rally to the rescue. Oppose the whole weight of your words, your examples, and your lives against the legions of the enemy, who fain would wrest from you your dearest jewels—the souls of those you love more than life. Read the truths of Scripture, sharper than two-edged swords, to

your little children. They will cut away the entangling meshes of beguiling allurements. Repeat the words of Holy Writ again and again in their hearing. Believe them yourself, and so cause those you wish to influence to believe them also. Dare everywhere and always to resist the ever-increasing pressure of temptation. Strive unitedly and mightily with God in prayer for his saving interposition.

Oh! Christian woman, can you toy and tamper with this deadly foe, whose ruby venom sparkles but to sting, while the eternal destiny of the father, the brother, the husband, or the son you love, hangs trembling on the turn of your hand or the word of your lips?

My heart sinks within me as I write. For I think of the vast companies of my fellow-men, rushing blindly on toward an eternity of banishment from all things good—never to find again the innocence of lost youth; never to meet with another opportunity; never to go in at the pearly gates; never to enter within the walls of the Beautiful City.” “For without are drunkards.”

WINE AT COMMUNION.

One of the chief obstacles in the way of the rapid advance of the temperance reform is the opposition of the church of Christ. Too often the pulpit is silent on the matter, and the pews indifferent. And even when aroused to a sense of their duty, minister and people endeavor to accomplish something for the elevation of their fallen brethren, their practice at the most solemn and sacred service of the church is inconsistent with their preaching and practice in private. I have known ministers, themselves strict temperance men, to offer the cup of poison to their congregation, as it surrounded the table of the Lord. I have known strict temperance men and women, who never allowed the devil, in the form of homemade wines and cordials, drunken mince-pies and tipsy puddings, any room in their houses, who never saw a drop even of cider from one year's end to the other—I have known them to drink of the poison cup at the communion service. I have known of reformed men and women, too, who have fallen back into their evil ways, because the drop of poison taken at the table of the Lord has revived the old appetite; the devil, defeated on the street and in the house, resisted as he invited his former

victim to enter the grog-shop, resisted even when, through some fair woman at a wedding or party, he has tried his best to ensnare his victim again, driven away when he had induced the physician to advise his use a needed stimulant, yet in the church of God, when the presence of the dear Jesus was invoked, he has managed to rivet his chains again.

While deacons buy wine for the use of the church, can you expect other men to be uninfluenced by such an example. While the church encourages the liquor traffic, have not men of the world an excuse for refusing to prohibit the sale of alcoholic poison? While the clergyman offers the cup to his people, can you expect those members to do otherwise? If wine in the church is a harmless thing, a good creature of God, then is it harmless at our tables, in our homes, and in the restaurant.

But only a drop is taken at the communion-service! More poison is contained in that drop than in a barrel of new cider, and yet we hold it wrong to drink cider. Nor is it the quantity of which we complain, but the consecration, in some sort, by use in a church. Alcohol is a poison, and are we any the less doing wrong because we take but a drop of it?

It seems to me a sacrilege to commemorate the life and death of Jesus by drinking from a cup of poison. What resemblance does the mixture of poor whiskey, strychnine, logwood, and other chemicals bear to the blood of Christ? Is it not a mockery, a sin, to ask a blessing on such a devil's mixture, and then in the name of the incarnation of purity distribute it to the disciples, who are urged, at the same time, to imitate the pure life of their Master? Even if the wine be pure, is it not sacrilege, the work of Satan, to tempt brethren and sisters? Is it not desecration of the house of God to make it reek with the fumes of alcohol, so that many are sickened?

Who, that understands the character of the Saviour, can for a moment believe that, were He on the earth, He would for one moment encourage this pernicious custom? Let temperance men boldly assail the church until they use the unfermented juices of the grape. All honor to those local conferences of various denominations who have protested against this iniquity. Let us labor on until from the temple of God, as well as from the home, all alcohol shall be banished. Let us strike this grand blow, and the old tyrant, King Alcohol, will soon be hurled from his throne.—[National Temperance Advocate.

LETTERS FROM A LAYMAN.

Our Temperance Prayer Meetings.

MY DEAR EDITOR:—Temperance is not one of the virtues for which Wheat-hedge is, or ought to be, famous. I know not where you will find cooler springs of more delicious water than gush from its mountain sides. I know not where you will find grapes for home wine—that modern recipe for drunkenness—more abundant or more admirably adapted to the vintner's purpose: But the springs have few customers, and one man makes easily domestic wine which the inhabitants of Wheat-hedge consume. But at the landing there are at least four grog-shops which give every indication of doing a thriving business; to say nothing of the bar, the busiest room by all odds, at Guzzem's hotel—busiest, alas! on the Sabbath day.

Maurice is not one of those who considers that his parish and his congregation are coterminous. "The field is the world," he says. The minister is not the servant of the church, merely. He is debtor to the barbarian as well as to the Jews. The whole community is his to serve; the church is his wherewith to serve it. "I like the Established Church for one thing," he says. The parish is geographical, not ecclesiastical. All within its bounds are under the parsons. In our system the minister is only responsible for his own congregation. It is like caring for the wounded who are brought into hospital, and leaving those that are on the field of battle uncared for.

A little incident, occurring a few weeks ago, I think first opened Maurice's eyes to the need of temperance reform in the community.

He had occasion, one evening after a prayer-meeting, to visit a sick child of his Sabbath school. The family were poor, and his road led him down near the brick yard; "Limerick," as this settlement of huts—half-houses, pig-sty—is derisively called. The night was dark, and, returning, abstracted in thought, he almost fell over what he first took to be a log lying in the street. It was a man, who, on a cursory examination, proved to be suffering under no less a disorder than that of hopeless—I will not dishonor the beasts by saying beastly—intoxication. It was a dangerous bed. Maurice made one or two unsuccessful attempts to arouse the fellow, but in vain. Retracing his steps a few rods to the nearest hut, he summoned assistance, and with the aid of Pat Sober, got Pat Drunk upon his feet. But he was quite too drunk to help him-

self, and too large and heavy to be left to the sole charge of Pat sober, who happened to recognize a friend whose home, he said, was a quarter of a mile down the valley. Maurice, who had preached a few Sundays ago on the parable of the *Good Samaritan*, could not bring himself to imitate the example of the Priest and Levite; so steadying the tipsy pedestrian on one side, while sober Pat sustained him on the other, they half-led, half dragged the still unconscious sleeper to a little round hut, which he called home. The wife was sitting up for her husband, and received both him and his custodians with objurgations loud at the first, and thanks equally loud addressed to the others. No sooner was the stupid husband safely deposited on the bed than, begging them to wait a moment, she went to the cupboard, and, taking down a big black bottle, half filled a cracked tea-cup with whiskey, which she offered to Maurice, as an expression of her gratitude. "I do not know," said Maurice to me, as he told me the story; "that she will ever forgive me for declining, though I couched my declension as courteously as possible."

Coming home and pondering this incident, he made up his mind that something must be done for the temperance cause in Wheat-hedge; and further pondering led him to the conclusion that he must begin at the church,

"The first thing," said he to me, "is to arouse the church—I believe in preaching the gospel of temperance to the Jews first, and afterward to the Gentiles. I will begin in the synagogue. Afterward I will go into the streets, and lanes, and highways."

"You will meet with some opposition," said I. "A temperance meeting in the church has never been heard of in Wheat-hedge. You will be departing from the landmarks."

"Do you think so?" said Maurice.

"I am sure of it," said I.

"Very good," said he; "if I meet with opposition, it will prove I am right. It will prove that the church needs stirring up on the subject. If I am not opposed, I shall not be inclined to give up the plan. However I will not wait for opportunity; I will challenge it."

The next Sunday he gave notice that that evening there would be a temperance prayer and conference meeting in the church, in lieu of preaching.

"The town," said he, "is cursed with intemperance. There are two variety stores, one drug store, one mill, about half a book store, and an ice-cream saloon; and within a

radius of half a mile of this church there are ten grog-shops and two distilleries, quite too large a proportion even for those who believe, as I do not, in moderate drinking. I have no remedy to propose. I have no temperance address to deliver. What I do propose is, that we gather to-night and make it the subject of earnest prayer to God, and of serious conference among ourselves, that we may know what our duty is in the case, and knowing, may do it bravely and well."

As we came out of church, the proposed temperance prayer-meeting was the theme of general discussion.

Mr. Guzzem was sorry to see that this church was threatened with an irruption of fanaticism. He thought the minister had better stick to his business and leave side-issues alone.

Mr. Wheaton thought the true remedy for temperance was the cultivation of the grape, and the manufacture of modern wines. He did not believe in meetings.

Mr. Hardcap was as much a foe to intemperance as any one, and he thought the true remedy for intemperance was the preaching of the Gospel. Paul was the model for preachers, and Paul knew nothing but Jesus Christ and crucifixion. Deacon S—— inquired who it was that preached before Felix of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. But Mr. Hardcap apparently did not hear the question; at least, he did not answer it.

Elder —— thought it might be very well, that the minister ought not to change the services of the Sabbath without consulting the congregation. It was a dangerous precedent.

Deacon S—— thought it a move in the right direction, and vowed he would give the afternoon to drumming up recruits. Miss Moore said she would go with him.

Mr. Kiddle; who had not been inside the church since he had been at Wheat-hedge, declared when Deacon S—— told him of the meeting, that it was the first sensible thing he had ever known the church to do; and if they were really going to work in that fashion, he would like to be counted in. And sure enough he was at the prayer-meeting in the evening, to the great surprise of every body, and to the consternation of Mr. Hardcap, who found to his fact that an infidel came to the meeting, in confirmation of his opinion that it was a desertion of the Sabbath and the sanctuary.

Mrs. J——, whose eldest boy jumped off the plank last spring in a fit of *delirium tremens*, came to Maurice with tears in her eyes to

thank him for holding a temperance meeting. "I can't do any thing but pray," she said; "but O pastor! that I can and will do."

The meeting was certainly a remarkable success. There was just opposition enough to make it so. Those that were determined it should succeed were there ready to speak, to sing, to pray. Those that did not believe in it were there to see it fail. Those who were indifferent were there, curious to see whether it would succeed or fail, and what it would be like. And Deacon S—— and Miss Moore were there with their recruits, a curious and motley addition to the congregation. The church was full. Every ear was attention; every heart was aroused. And when finally good old Father Hyatt, with his thin white hair, and tremulous voice, and eyes suffused with tears, told in tones of unaffected pathos the sad story of Charles P——'s death, I do not believe that even Jim-Wheaton's eyes were dry. At all events, I noticed that when, at the close of the meeting, Maurice put the question whether a second meeting should be held the following month, Jim Wheaton was among those who voted in the affirmative. There was no dissenters.

When we came out of church, I lingered a moment to see Father Hyatt, and to ask him to send me in writing the story which he told. He promised me that he would do so, and next week I will send it to you. You can depend upon its being no romance, but literally and exactly true.—[Christian Union.

IN DARKNESS.

BY E. D. RICE.

Dark is the night, and heavily I go
Beneath the clouded skies.
You tell me, but it lightens not my woe,
The moon will rise.

Long must I faint and falter by the way,
Ere the slow dawn appear;
The present is but torture, and the day
Is not yet near.

Oh, hills of God, that lie all day in light!
Oh, River by the Throne!
To that sweet land where there is no more
night
I would be gone!

Yet is the earth the Lord's; the darkness
His,
As the light above;
And pain remembered makes the heavenly
bliss
A life of love.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

AUNT ELSIE'S STORY.

BY A. C. P.

"The sorrows of thy youthful day
Shall make thee wise in coming years;
The brightest rainbows ever play
Above the fountain of our tears.

MACKAY.

It was a sweet tremulous voice, thrilling with the prophetic inspiration of the glad, triumphant song. The last lines rose clear and full, as if the soul, long dwelling in shadow, had eventually emerged to the brightness of the perfect day.

"Never did poet write truer words than are those," said the singer, a lady of nearly fifty summers, whose sweet, placid countenance, betokened a serenity born of suffering—a gentleness and patience which naught but a mighty conflict and uncompromising victory could obtain.

"Why do you like them thus, Aunt Elsie? I do not fancy them in the least. They chill my spirit with an ominous croaking of coming ill. They imply that youth hath no exemption from sorrow. Nay, rather, that the wisdom of age is commensurate with the bitter dregs we quaff while young. I assure you I do not covet the wisdom purchased at the expense of youth's bright *hopes* and still brighter *fruition*. And the rain-bow's hue, born of my bitter, burning tears, would, I fancy, have very few charms for my exhausted, moistureless eyes. No, friend Mackay will certainly be pronounced fallible by a *yet* gay girl of, eighteen. She turned toward her Aunt who sat with her face covered with her hand, her head turned, as if to silence or conceal some inner conflict. But whatever the cause, she soon raised her head and with her own sweet smile, dispelled every shadow that a moment previous had darkened the fair features of her niece.

"Emma, did you ask *why* I fancy those lines? I will tell you. Because my own experience has provd them true."

"You Aunty? Why I have often wished my life could be a counterpart of yours—as free from trial, as good, pure, and unselfish. Our minister last Sunday *almost* said there could be no true Christian without trials and afflictions. I thought of you,

and was glad he implied an exception to the rule."

"Had he *quite* said it, he had but spoke the truth. "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." But dear child, what have you fancied me more favored than the other members of my Father's family? I am very grateful that, unworthy as I am He hath kindly reprov'd my folly, and guided my erring, wayward footsteps in paths of holiness and peace."

"Aunt, I have thought your cheerful happy disposition betokened a life free from trouble. Surely it must need have been a gentle stroke to keep one so amiable a good in the right path."

"Ah Emma think you thus? Listen my story ere you render your verdict."

"My eighteenth-birth day witnessed my marriage with Hermon Alston, a man years my senior, whose cold, repellant nature, forbade even the semblance of love. I did not love him, but my impulsive, plastic nature would easily have learned to art. This was the plea with which I silenced a reproving conscience, when his fascinating eye, selecting me from my associates, allured me to my destiny. I was fond of dress, play and the fashionable gaiety his reputation would confer. I therefore exchanged my happiness for gold and pleasure could not satisfy a single demand of heart."

She dropped her hands listlessly by side and sat gazing intently at the glover embers, while tear drops, all unheeded, coursed down her pale cheeks.

Emma was surprised and pained. Could this be *one* whom she had deemed free from sorrow,—*this* the experience and life she had even wished her own to imitate

"Aunty it is too painful, please do not more. It grieves me to see you suffer."

Nay, child I do not suffer *now*. I do to warn you of the quicksands which destroyed the hopes of so many young dreamers besides myself. This is why I ruthlessly re-open wounds, which, having inflicted upon myself, I resolved to bear in silence and conceal with smiles, if possible. But there was one haunting vision which artifice of mine could conceal from my

ering heart—the fair noble face of Almond Nye. We had been playmates and friends from childhood, and until within six weeks of my marriage, I had never dreamed of a future apart from his. He had entered his senior year at college, and, flush with bright hopes of the future, sent me a letter, revealing the full unfathomable depth of love such as my famished, weary heart had hungered for in vain. It came when I had been for two weeks the bride of another, when commenced the fierce struggle between duty and affection, which for years, made my heart the arena of a terrible conflict. I could not, would not harbor a love which my own lips had pronounced sinful, and even if life must be the price of its expulsion, would tear it from its once welcomed hiding place. I conquered. No fiber of its myriad tendrils, which for years had been entwining with my own, remained.

Ten years ago, I read the notice of his happy, triumphant death, with the composite I would that of any other friend. But what had I done?—driven from my heart the only sunbeam it had ever known. My husband, cold, stern and imperious, I had long since found, had no heart in which to offer me a resting place—no tender, soothing words to ease my aching heart, or invite its confidence and love.

Then when mourning over its desolation, and utter hopelessness, I heard the voice of Jesus saying to its turbid waters, "peace, be still," and ever since then there has been peace *within*, however rude may have been the storm *without*. I had now an object on which to bestow the natural outgushings of an affectionate heart, fearless of an icy rebuff and innocent of harm. Weary and heavy laden with sin and sorrow, I had cast my every care at a loving Savior's feet and found the most moment's rest and peace I had known in years. Life now assumed a brighter hue. The errors of the past and the sorrows of the present, would yet prove the seed-time of a glad, rejoicing harvest. Thus hope rocked the cradle of the soul to the sweet lullaby of heaven's song—and it was well that it were thus; otherwise how could I have endured the revelations of the future. O, Emma, may heaven spare you the agony and shame of a sensitive nature must endure when wed-

ded to an unworthy companion. Twelve years passed. One day he came rushing into my room, raving like a mad man.

"Elsie, I am ruined; take this purse and read that letter." And placing them in my hand, hurried from the house, and I have never even heard from him since. The purse contained a few thousands, but the letter, ah! here was the secret of his strange conduct, was from a former wife, a lady whom he had wed seventeen years before, and deserted in San Francisco, the year previous to the mockery of our plighted troth. He had written a few words saying, that, "having married her when intoxicated, he thought she could not complain if he deserted her when sober. He was sorry he had deceived me, but had treated me so unkindly, he fancied I would not shed many tears. Indeed, he had treated me thus for the sole purpose of preventing my loving him, for he had been expecting a denouement like the present."

"Why, Aunt, what did you do?"

"I resumed my own name and seeking this quiet retreat, adopted my orphan niece for company, and have since, been seeking to guide her youthful steps into paths of holiness and peace. Dear child, you *now* know why I fancy those lines, which, to you, are such an enigma. But should their sweet import ever be revealed to you, unlike myself may you feel your sorrows were not self-imposed, through pride or self-will.

When I see so many young hearts bartered for wealth or position to satisfy their own or parents ambition, my better experience pleads loudly for utterance, that it may warn others of the fearful, blighting sin of marriage without love. Emma, is mine the path, whose mazy intricacies you would still wish to follow? Has mine been the *pure, good and unselfish* nature you desire to imitate? Has not your confidence in appearances, been shattered by the revelations of this hour? You fancied a gentle stroke sufficient to subdue my proud, vain disposition when the blighted hopes of three lives were alone requisite for its accomplishment. You have called me cheerful. Why should I not be? The trials of my youth have proven but the seed time of a rich harvest of spiritual enjoyment. Spanning the dark

waters of life's tempestuous sea, hath appeared a glorious rainbow, whose mighty arch, luminous with the blest promises of a Father's love, is still the signet and surety of future joys. If its origin must, of necessity, be from the fountains of our broken hearts, its existence but binds the fragments to the heavenly shore, and may prove to us an unseen pathway to the skies—a pathway traversed by angel visitants, whose mission shall be to teach us,

"To look beyond our present loss
To our eternal gain with God."

HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

Among the many questions that are being agitated concerning the proper forms of education for women, we must not lose sight of the great importance of instruction in the house-keeping, food and cookery departments. There are many women who, while repudiating or ridiculing the necessity for a higher education in other matters, are no less ignorant of what ought to be a very important part of woman's knowledge. There are other women again, who, in grasping earnestly the higher, lose sight of the lower, but not the less appropriate part of their education. When we consider this subject carefully in relation to every woman's life, we find that in no instance can the knowledge of housekeeping and cookery be dispensed with. The only women—few and far between, in comparison with the number of other women—who might be able to dispense with this, are those who are so wealthy that they can afford the luxury of a housekeeper; but even these may be plunged into poverty some day, and then the exquisite knowledge of practical things will not come badly to them. Besides, as no woman can be certain that she will be thrown into that sphere, it is well in early youth to accustom every woman to look upon life as a practical reality,—not to be dreamt away in idleness, and contempt of the lesser daily duties. This knowledge can be inculcated before the higher branches of education are reached, and it ought to form part of the programme of every girl's school, as well as of instruction at home. There would be ample time for it, for there are accomplishments which are insisted upon for girls, whether they have a talent for them or not; and they would be much better employed in acquiring more practical forms of education. It does not necessarily follow that, because a woman has a

fair amount of practical knowledge, she must lose all feminine sweetness, and become a mere household drudge. On the contrary the so-called household drudge seldom knows anything of the science of cookery and food. And the knowledge, far from interfering with high education, in any form or phase, is a real necessity of that very movement for opening fresh employments, and for the more technical education of women.

First, we will suppose that a woman has been well educated, and that her lot in life is to be married, and that she is not one of the exceptional wealthy ones. Will she not be the better wife for the knowledge of the physiological properties of food, and of the best mode of cooking the same? If she does not know what is the fault of the ill-cooked viand that her cook sends up to the table, how is she to direct her to rectify it for the next time? And the frequent repetitions of bad cookery are sure to put her husband in a bad temper, and perhaps drive him to his club, that he may get a good dinner! He will most likely blame his wife for not being able to direct the cookery department more wisely. As a rule men care more for good cookery; and assuredly, it should not be considered beneath a wife to see that her husband's home is made happy, and that her household is well ordered in all things.

So then with view to matrimony alone, every woman should be taught domestic management and in her turn she ought to instill that knowledge into the minds of her daughters.

We will suppose however, that a woman and her name is Legion!—has no husband, please or no household to order, but that she is going to enter upon the medical profession to be hospital nurse, matron or superintendent of any public institution, a housekeeper, a sister of mercy, or that she is going to emigrate to the West. Will she not require culinary knowledge for every one of these things?

First, as a physician, she must know what is good or not good for her patient; for, if she is anything of a successful practitioner, she will find that diet is everything in many diseases. As a matron, superintendent or housekeeper she must know how to direct the servants under her; and both in hospitals and schools the quality and mode of cookery of food is very important, and in many cases not sufficiently attended to. As a hospital nurse, she will be the worse for practical knowledge of what she is administering to her patients; and, as a sister of mercy, it is equally important

be qualified to instruct the poor whom she
its, for they might often be better and more
solely fed by the mere knowledge of how
utilize the small means they possess. And
woman means to emigrate, it needs no argu-
ment to prove how idiotic she will be to under-
take the life of a new settler without the most
necessary practical knowledge of domestic
economy.

We see then that in every station in life, the
knowledge of the quality of food, and how to
cook it is very essential to womankind,—to en-
able them to make others happy and comfort-
able; by qualifying them to detect adultera-
tions in bad qualities of food; and to prescribe
the best food for sick people under their care.
It is a great cry of the age that servants
do not up to their work, and it is mainly be-
cause so little trouble is taken to instruct them
in youth in all forms of service. It
would be a good thing if our idle woman would
undertake to instruct the poor in the practical
arts of life. Much illness and misery might
be saved, and better servants secured to the
community; and no woman should think it be-
neath her—be she as learned as any man living
to acquire a knowledge of the laws of health,
and how that health is affected by good or bad
diet and cookery.

EMILY FAITHFUL.

[For the Golden Rule.]

A SKETCH.

BY LILLIAN.

He was noble and grandly beautiful in his
youthful manhood, his broad white forehead bore
the stamp of genius! His eagle eye flashed de-
light! His massive frame told of unparalleled
strength! He spoke; and thousands listened
in abated breath, swayed as he willed. He
came; and from Maine to Florida, from the
Atlantic to the Pacific, in the palace of the
rich and hovel of the poor, by the cradle of the
dying and bedside of the dying, those glowing
words were read and treasured within memory's
hallowed walls until the heart grew chill and
feet strayed on Jordan's Banks. Seated upon
the highest pinnacle of Fame, wrapped in a
cloud of pride, he said, "I fear no evil." But
the tempter came with specious grace and flat-
tering words he presented the ruby wine that
the serpent's slimy folds beneath its crimson
scales, just one taste; and the mighty fell!
The glorious manhood! gone the genius!
The stamp of Deity! gone the purity the
nobility, the beauty! We are not safe so long

as this monster cumbered our land! Our father's
our brothers, our husbands and even our wives
and daughters are not safe! Let us exterminate
the foe! Let us fight the good fight till the
battle is won, and may God give us the vic-
tory soon! Amen.

GOOD.

In the vestibule of a church in South
Gardiner, Mass., may be seen the following:
"Notice!" Persons chewing tobacco will
please spit in their hats."

We call the above notice a good one, ex-
ceedingly fitting and appropriate. If any
one will chew the dear, precious weed, and
that in the house of God, why let them use
their hat and empty it after service, having
thus the sweet exhortation in their hands
as long as possible. Isn't the above a very
timely regulation? What if it does soil
the hat—the precious stuff! Don't leave it
on the floor, but gather it all in one dear
puddle and be careful you don't loose any of
it in going out of church. Carry it all with
you, even to your home, if you please.
Don't waste it, oh, don't.

But, now, what an intolerable nuisance
are the drinking, chewing and smoking
habits of society! "Evil, and only evil,
and that continually." Rum and tobacco
meet us on every hand, a plague and a curse
everywhere. They are stuck in our faces,
and their vile, awful stench is under our
nostrils in cars, boats, highways, places of
business, and even in the sanctuary! Rum
and tobacco—enemies alike of God and man.
May the Lord rid them from the earth.

NELL.

Of seven hundred male convicts once in
State prison at Auburn, six hundred were
there for crimes committed under the influence
of liquor, five hundred of whom testified that
using tobacco was the beginning of their intem-
perate habits.

A Grand Lodge of Good Templars was or-
ganized in England July 25th, twelve Lodges
being represented. They petitioned to remain
under the R. W. G. Lodge of America, with
the privilege of printing their own ritual and
other documents.

THOSE JEROME GIRLS.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

The Jerome girls had a piano, and what Aunt Prissy called a "bristles carpet" on their parlor floor. They had lately introduced into their front dooryard a game which the good lady persisted in designating as "crocket," with a dim notion that it was an invention made by Davy Crocket, and therefore disreputable.

There was a little odd, cornering window, where Aunt Prissy often sat at work; and from there she could look over into the Jerome place, which had been fixed up and improved it was quite a tasteful and pretty residence. The old square farm house, with its blinking windows and overhanging eaves, faced by that admiration of the ancients, a red barn, had been altered into a tasteful cottage, with a piazza embowered in honeysuckle and rose vines. The barn been moved out of view, opened a prospect to the river, with its fringing willows. A neat ornamental fence had been built, and trees and shrubs planted, and flower beds laid out.

Aunt Prissy shook her head ruefully over what she called those "doin's" every time she looked out of the little cornering window; and she did look out so many times a day, somewhat to the detriment of her reeling and knotting on a little wheel, a reminiscence of a girlhood she had never given up. For Aunt Prissy sighed heavily over the degeneracy of modern stocking-yarn; and if anything, to her mind, was an outward and visible sign of the approaching end of the world, it was "them flimsy boughten things through which a body can poke her finger."

"I don't believe Uncle Abner ever would have thought of making such changes in the old place," Aunt Prissy remarked to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Babbett, who was fond of good old ways too, and loved the store of nice old fashioned things in the Babbett farm-house, and yet had thought more and lived more in her time than Aunt Prissy had, "if it hadn't a been for the hectoring of them girls." And the old lady held up a long cotton sock she was knitting for her favorite nephew, Asa, (she always knit Asa's socks three inches longer in the leg than she did the others), and looked at it critically through her glasses.

"It does folks good to get stirred up now and then," remarked Mrs. Babbett, who was stepping about in her neat buskins, to brush up the tidy room, with great patches of sun-

shine lying on the rag carpet and the braided mats, and lighting up a grain of dust, if there had been one; "and Uncle Abner has appeared younger and smarter," she added, "ever since the girls got back from school. The improvements have given him something to think about besides his rheumatiz."

"There they are, crocketing agin," cried Aunt Prissy, putting her wrinkled old face out between the dimity curtains, with smells of southern wood and sweet clover coming through the window. "I can't for the life of me, see what sense there is in knocking them balls around. They'd a sight better be doing some thing useful. I'll be bound Uncle Ab., don't get his socks mended once a month. Do hear 'em laugh and holler like loons. I must say Mirandy, that sounds brazen."

"It's only a bit of fun," replied Mrs. Babbett, who was sticking in her side combs now, before the glass. "And, for my part, I like to see young folks enjoy themselves. It carries me back to my own young days."

"There never was such goings on when you was gals," remarked Aunt Prissy, pushing her cap-frill more out between the window-curtain and letting her knitting-work rest upon her lap. "It makes me ache, most when I think how pertickeler Miss Jerome was about the house and now look there at the doors all stretch open, as if it was gin'ral trainin' and the muslin curtains a blowing out of the front window, and the sun streaming right in on that bristles carpet, and everything getting speckled with the flies."

"Sophy says she won't have anything in this house too good to use every day," put in Mrs. Babbett, sitting down in her favorite rock in one of the patches of sunlight, and gently oscillating to and fro, with the big yellow pussy cat at her feet and a basket of the wee mending close by her elbow. "She wants to keep the rooms light and open, because that look pleasant, and her notion is to make life cheerful."

"Wal," sighed Aunt Prissy, "I should think poor Miss Jerome would almost groan in her grave. They know how to make the most of a fly; a man needs a purty long puss that shows off one of them girls. To my thinking, they stay single many a long day. Sensible you men, like our Asa, ain't agoing to be hitched to such highy-tighty creeturs; with rag-bags stuck on the back of their heads."

"I don't like the rag-bags any better than you do," laughed Mrs. Babbett, while she touched a patch on over her knee; "but we were

ny more sensible in our time than girls are now-a-days. For didn't we wear great sleeves stuffed out with bunches of feathers, and little short waists up under our armpits, without ever thinking those things were going to spoil our market? Times have changed, Prissy; but Sophy Jerome is just as practical in her way as we are in ours. I don't see why she shouldn't make a good wife, for the house looks like wax."

"I don't know about that," returned the old lady bobbing her head. "The outside of the dish and platter may be clean enough; but I'd just like to take a squint round the kitchen. I don't often go pryin' into my neighbors affairs but I should for the notion of it, like to see how the buttery and cupboard is kep'. Of course, the parlor always looks slicked up for company; and the mint you step your foot into the door the girls go kiting around, showing off their booting kroschay, or playing some old-fashioned tune on the pianner, that puts it out of a body's head to peek into the corners."

"I don't see what's the sense of peeking into corners," put in Mrs. Babbett, as she drew out a long thread, while the fat cat purred contentedly at her feet. "I would'n't thank anybody for poking into all the corners of my house. It's good deal with houses as it is with folks. If the fundamental things are all right, a fly speck more or less don't signify; and when folks is at square on principle and goodness, we don't find a whiffle of temper. You know, Prissy what Scriptur' says about the mint and comin'?"

"Lawks, Mirandy, dont go to quoting Scriptur'. I only say them Jerome girls is mighty-mighty with their new notions; and, for my part pity Uncle Abner, for I don't believe he has any peace of his life."

"You need'n't pity him," quietly remarked Mrs. Babbett. "Bless your heart, he likes it, whoever saw a good natured old man yet who wasn't pleased to have his girls pussying round him. It will keep him smart for ten years at least."

"Wal," remarked Aunt Prissy, taking up her knitting-needles again and beginning to clack them vigorously, "I guess he'll have a chance to keep them by him yet a while. They ain't going to marry off so dreadful easy, let me tell you. Our Asa and Henry Fisher love to run here, and they'll fool round as much as you please, but when it comes to marrying, that's another story. Asa is a dreadful hand to converse, and he likes a joke as well as he likes to talk; but he has the real old Babbett sense, and

he will show it, too, when it comes to picking out a wife. Now Benjamin has bought him the Upham place, already fixed to go into, the girls are on the lookout; and Sophy Jerome don't hate him — can tell you."

"If Sophy should marry off," remarked Mrs. Babbett, biting her lips hard and trying to suppress a smile, "there would be a nice berth left for somebody. Uncle Abner is getting along in years and by and by he will want to put the brunt of the work off on the shoulders of a smart young son-in-law."

"Uncle Abner won't want his gals to marry any more than other folks, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if they was old maids after all."

A number of days passed, and Aunt Prissy got the notion into her head that there was a mystery going on in the house—something to be hushed up and kept out of sight. She had heard her brother Ben and his wife talking late at night; and Asa her favorite seemed hardly himself. He hurried into his meals and was off again, appearing to have lost his relish for fun and jokes, although he was usually particular about his clothes. Nathan, the younger brother, kept nudging and poking Asa; and twice he made him downright vexed, so that Uncle Ben was obliged to speak, although there was a queer dry smile, curling round his lips at the time. Aunt Prissy pricked up her ears and opened her eyes, and wondered what was to pay, but she was to proud too ask.

"I should just like to know what Asa brought home from Milton in that big paper bundle," said she trotting out after her sister-in-law into the sweet milk room.

"Why did he bring home a bundle?" inquired Mrs. Babbett, taking off a skimmerful of thick, yellow cream, and looked half guilty at her pretence of ignorance.

"Yes, of course, he did; and you know it well enough, Mirandy. There's some conjuring going on in this house, that you're all trying to hide from me; but, thank the Lord, my curiosity won't kill me!" And she flounced back into the sitting-room before Mrs. Babbett could devise an answer.

In spite of her offended dignity, the old lady kept thinking of the bundle; and at last she opened the chamber-door, and crept up stairs, and slipped into Asa's room, softly pulling out the bureau drawer, for fear Mirandy should hear a squeak and guess what she was about.

"I vum!" she exclaimed almost aloud, if here ain't a bran-new suit of clothes; the finest kind of broadcloth, as smooth and shiny as

satin, every bit good enough to be married in, and better than his father ever had since the day he was born. The extravagant dog! I wonder what he wants of a white vest?"

Aunt Prissy let her investigations extend still further, and discovered some tasteful neckties, evidently right out of the store, and a packet of what seemed to be gloves, although she didn't dare to open it, and a bottle, as she said to herself, "of that nasty scent stuff folks nowadays smear onto their pocketkerchers. Pugh!" (and she put it to her nose) "I'd as soon smell of pigweed."

When Mrs. Babbett came into the sitting-room, ready to slick up a bit, after her morning's work, there Aunt Prissy sat by the little corner window, with the little dimity curtain fluttering in the fresh breeze, and breaking the shadows of the morning-glory vines and balsams opening white and red in the little strip of brown bed beneath. The Jerome place looked just as open and inviting as usual, with dew clinging to the pink roses about the porch and a pair of tripping hands playing a merry tune on the piano. Aunt Prissy had forgotten her tiff, and thought best to conceal the discovery concerning the clothes.

"Land o' Goshen," said she all of a sudden, "if there ain't our Asa going into the Jerome's front-gate. What arrant can he have at this time o' day? And Henry Fisher has just hitched his horse against the post. I think them girls ought to be ashamed of themselves. Uncle Abner is coming out now, and Matilda has run out after him, with that rag-bag stuck on the back of her head, all frizzled and frowzled. I don't see how anybody can call that girl purty. She's a fussing round the old man brushing his coat and quirking up his hair, and he looked as pleased as Cuffy. I do believe Uncle Ab is getting childish. Mercy on us Malindy, Elder Halleck has just aruv' in his shay; and they've brought some chairs out onto the stoop, and Uncle Ab has gone round the house with him. I've as good a mind as ever I had to eat to happen over and see what it's all about. Couldn't you trump up some excuse for me, Malindy? You know I don't want it to appear as if I mistrusted anything."

"You might borrow a nutmeg," replied Mrs. Babbett, demurely looking down at her work. "I thought I should make some cake, and we are just out."

"That's the talk said Aunt Prissy. So she put on her Shaker and trotted across the road. The moment she was out of the house, Mrs. Babbett burst into a hearty laugh, and Uncle

Ben, who appeared to have been lying concealed in the woodshed, came in and sitting down went off into a regular guffaw.

"The cat's out of the bag by this time, Matilda," said he, when he could manage to speak. "And won't the old lady storm? I should just like to see her."

"I am afraid we have carried the thing too far," returned Mrs. Babbett. "She won't get over it easy."

Meanwhile, Aunt Prissy had traversed the pleasant, shady dooryard of the Jerome place and mounted the front-steps. The front door was standing wide open. She walked in with neighborly freedom, and tapped at the parlor door which was slightly ajar. A low, murmurous humming, buzzing, cooing sound appeared to issue from the apartment; but still no voice said "Walk in." The old lady's impatience grew apace; and at last she gave the door a push, and entered the room unbidden. Good gracious what a sight met her eyes. There sat Harry Andrews "snuggled" as she afterward expressed it, close up to Tilly Jerome, with his arm tucked cosily around her waist; while the young lady herself looked flustered and rosy, with the obnoxious rag-bag somewhat discomposed.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Matilda Jerome," cried Aunt Prissy, pointing her long finger with righteous indignation, expressed upon every feature, "to be sparking with a young man right here in open daylight?"

"And why shouldn't we be sparking?" cried Harry Andrews, as bold as brass, holding Tilly a little tighter, "when we mean to be married to-morrow?"

Aunt Prissy was stunned and dazed. She felt as if she had been suddenly taken with the blind staggers. Without another word she walked out of the room as straight as a candle. Her ideas were so completely obfuscated that instead of going out of the front door, she proceeded down a little passage way and on to the back-porch that led into the vegetable garden. Behind a screen of lilac and snowball bushes voices were issuing and peals of merry laughter.

Those were the tones of Asa Babbett, his favorite nephew. Aunt Prissy's heart stood still, and then it gave a great jump. "The old lady don't suspect a thing," said he. "There never was such a complete sell. Won't she be surprised though, when I introduce you as her niece?"

"I'm almost sorry you played such a prand

for I want her to learn to like." It was Sophy Jerome's voice that uttered these words.

Aunt Prissy waited to hear no more. In a towering rage, she flew down the steps and presented herself before the astonished pair, who naturally changed their position in haste and turned a variety of bright colors.

"You hain't fooled the old woman quite as bad as you thought to!" she cried, with her eyes flashing and her specs just ready to tumble off her nose.

Asa saw he must face the music; so he tried to laugh it off. "Don't make so serious a thing of it Auntie," in a coaxing tone. "Sophy ain't a bit to blame. I did it all for a joke, and I meant to confess and beg pardon before I went to bed to night."

"I didn't think you'd do such a thing Asa Babbett," and a series of dry twitches began to convulse the old lady's mouth and chin. I could stand most any kind of hectoring, and never mind your putting a bee in my cap, when you was a shaver, and making me an apple-pie bed; but to think of you're getting promised to one of the Jerome gals, and making a fool of your old Aunt into the bargain!" And Aunt Prissy broke down into a series of hysterical sobs.

Nothing that Asa or Sophy could do or say sufficed to pacify her. She crept back over some much crestfallen, and opened the sitting-room door, where Mrs. Babbett was at work.

"You've all of you abused me, and treated me shameful!" she cried, in anger. "I don't see how you could lend yourself to such doings, Melindy. I mean to pack straight up and go off and live with sister Cummings."

"Come, Prissy, don't be rash," said the patron. "I didn't want you to be kept in the dark about the wedding, but your brother Ben and Asa conjured it up, and wouldn't let me speak."

"Yes, Prissy," put in Mr. Babbett, putting on a long face. "You know you have such a tankering after news such a sight of curiosity, we thought we'd give you a little start."

"I hain't no more curiosity than other folks," cried Aunt Prissy, firing up; "and I guess I mind my own affairs as stiddy as you do." And with that she rushed into her bed-room, and banged to the door, and shoved her bureau against it, and got into bed with her shoes and cap on, a thing she had never done before in the whole course of her life. That afternoon everybody came to the door and begged her to relent. Asa, who truly loved the old woman, almost went down on his knees to her; but her

pride had been too deeply wounded to be easily salved over. That evening she did shove her bureau just far enough aside to take a cup of tea from the hand of her sister-in-law, and that was all.

The next morning, which was bright and breezy, a great bustle early arose in the house; and she knew that all hands were getting ready to go to Asa's wedding. She could hear Asa himself tramping overhead and putting on those new clothes; and, although he was immensely happy and busy, he did find time to come and execute one last series of thuraps on the old lady's door.

"Come, Auntie, don't hold a grudge against a fellow," he coaxed. "Do come over to the wedding. You always said you would dance at my wedding, and now you're going to give me the cold shoulder. It's too confounded bad."

Not a word did she answer, although her heart thumped hard and fast. By d by Mrs. Babbett was dressed in her black silk, and a tasteful cap, trimmed with pink bows; and Uncle Ben had shaved, and donned a clean dickey, and braced his neck with a satin stock, and poked his hair up very high in front; and then they all went off, and left the house solitary and alone. Aunt Prissy began to feel very forlorn and more agravated than ever. She got up, pushed the bureau away, and stole out into the sitting-room in her double-gown and list shoes, and peeped forth from the little cornering window. There was music playing, and the neighbors' girls were dotting the green dooryard with their light dresses. She thought, with a kind of dumb swelling of the heart, that her boy was being married over there; and she, his old, dotting, fond Aunt, was staying away in a fit of sulks. Why should she bite off her nose to spite her face? They probably wouldn't miss her at all; but she had half a mind to dress up and walk over, just for all the world as if nothing had happened.

Accordingly the old lady slipped on her tabinet gown, and donned her gold beads, and an amazing head-dress belonging to the last century; and, just as Elder Halleck was performing the ceremony of the double wedding, with the brides looking as sweet as twin rose-buds, who should walk in but Aunt Prissy, for all the world, as Uncle Ben expressed it, "as stiff as buckrum."

They had a good, old-fashioned, merry time; and Aunt Prissy actually danced under the waving apple-boughs with Uncle Abner; and Asa put up the old gentleman to give her a

heartly smack, which caused her to blush and bridle a good deal, though I rather think she liked it.

"Will Aunt Prissy ever get reconciled to the match?" whispered Deacon Dent's wife to Mrs. Babbett.

"Law, yes. Now Sophy has ceased to be one of those Jerome girls, and has become Asa's wife, the old lady will think her perfection."

THE NOSE.

C. M. H.

Everybody knows he has a nose, and he knows that it is the leading feature, since all follow it; yet it is undoubtedly the most neglected and ill used part of the human face, for while the poetical literature of all nations extol the other features—the eyes, those "windings of the soul," cheeks, with their "witching dimples and captivating tints," and the lips, concerning which so many raptures have been indited (even the hair has from time immemorial been intensified into "silken tresses" in printed as well as manuscript verses; and "sonnets to a mistress' eyebrows" are of continual occurrence,) no one ever saw or heard of a truly sentimental effusion to a nose. On the contrary, that unfortunate feature seems to have been especially appointed by humorists to cut their jibes upon.

It has been set up as a mark to be hit by ridicule—as a butt for the arrow of satire—as if it were an organ of the people, to be played upon by nothing but wit. People grow eloquent concerning eyes, speak raptures of lips, and even sentimentalize upon chins, but the bare mention of a nose is certain to excite a smile.

Why this is, it seems difficult to determine, for in point of utility we all know that the nose is quite on a par with the rest of the face. Through it the lungs receive air; to it we are indebted for the sense of smell. Physiognomists declare that the nose is a main element of facial beauty; and without stopping to enquire how much this depends upon its shape, we may just corroborate the fact by hinting the unpicturesque effect which is produced by a countenance that happens to be bereft of the nasal appendage. They never fail to duly consider the shape and size of this organ when studying the character of an individual. Sir Charles Bell says, "The nostrils are features which have a powerful effect on expression. The breath being drawn through them, and their structure formed for alternate expulsion and contraction

in correspondence with the motions of the chest, they are an index of the condition of respiration when affected by emotion."

The nose may, therefore, be regarded indicative of the character of its owner. Doubtless this is the reason that so many proverbs and axioms have taken rise in reference to it. The French say of a proud man that he carries his nose in the air; of an inquisitive one, that he pokes his nose everywhere. A gourmand is said to always have his nose in his plate, a scholar, in his books. In this country, a man who is controlled more by the opinions or persuasions of others than by his own judgment is said to be "led by the nose." Persons who are not blessed with much forethought are said to "never see beyond their noses." A substituted rival is said to "have had his nose broken," or "put out of joint." One who, to some injury to an enemy, injures himself, "cuts off his nose to spite his face;" and many other sayings, all of which, it will be observed, are of a comic cast. Poetry and sentimental effusion are sparingly bestowed upon the nose, but only something comical regarding the nose.

That this organ is capable of entering into the contest when insulted with an offering of "tweed," we conclude the author of the following could testify:

What a moment! What a doubt!
All my nose, inside and out,
All my thrilling, tickling caustic,
Pyramid Rhinocerotic
Wants to sneeze and cannot do it.
Now it yearns me, thrills me, stings me.
Now with rapturous torment rings me;
Now says, "Sneeze, you fool; get through it."
Sh—sh— Oh! 'tis most del—ish—
Ishi—shi most del—lishi—
(Hang it! I shall sneeze till spring.)
Snuff's a most delicious thing.

We can imagine the same person, just before his sneeze, delivering himself after this fashion:

O, Nose! I am as proud of thee
As any mountain of its snows;
I gaze on thee, and feel that pride
A Roman only knows.

Noses are of divers kinds: the Roman, Grecian, the Aquiline, the Snub, the Bottle, &c. In attempting a description of these varieties of the organ, one is not a little embarrassed for terms by which to describe their respective characteristics. With the first named we are all acquainted. When excessively large, however, it strikingly resembles the bill of a parrot; therefore it is sometimes facetiously termed "beak." The illustrious Duke of Wellington is said to have had a nose of this kind; hence vulgarly known by the cognomen of "Nosey," "Old Nosey." The Roman nose is especially characteristic of valor and strength. Such a nose had Mahomet, General Jackson and great Cyrus, though so sharp was that of

last named that all Persian princes are said to pinch their organs of smell by bandages, that they may grow like their great prototype in at least one particular. The Grecian nose is said to possess the greatest pretensions to beauty, being more perpendicular from the forehead, and without any of the projection of the bridge comes straight down, with rather an acute angular termination. The Aquiline is something like the latter, with the exception of a slight indentation from the frontal bone, with rather an indentation upward from the extremity. The Snub, sometimes called the Pug, has expansive nostrils, is rather short and wide, and quite fleshy.

The Bottle-nose belongs almost exclusively to that class of people the GOLDEN RULE would have all put forth every effort to reclaim—the intemperate. It is a kind of bulbous plant, or absorbent, concentrating in itself the fiery essence deep of the devotee of Bacchus. The Turn up is a caricature of the snub, and is sometimes supposed to characterize the more vulgar of the species, though the great “school-master,” Lord Brougham, sports a nose of this description. The snout seems to project almost horizontally from the face, a little inclined to turn up, with large nostrils, and from its peculiar conformation seems to induce in the beholder an almost irresistible desire to have a pull at it, for which office by its shape it is well adapted.

We will mention but one other kind—that smallest apology for a nose extant—the pimple. It is described as being “small by degrees, and beautifully less;” hence little need be said regarding it, except that it is sometimes found on the faces of young boarding-school Misses.

Many celebrated artists estimate that the length of the nose should be one-third the length of the face, from the tip of the chin to the roots of the hair. If there be any deviation from this rule it would seem to be in favor of increased size, for all unite in preferring large to diminutive noses. “Give me,” said Napoleon, “a man with a good allowance of nose. Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head-work done, I choose a man—provided his education has been suitable—with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observation of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and a long head together.” Like this great observer and commander of men, the ancients seem to have entertained a marked preference for an ample nose; but the fashions, customs and

tastes of men in different quarters of the globe vary, for neither nations nor individuals consider questions—whether of much or little importance—from the same mental standpoint. With most Europeans and Americans, the Grecian, with a few the Roman nose—with the Kalmucks, a short, dumpy nose—with the Chinese, a short and thick one is considered the perfection of beauty.

The Hottentots press the noses of their infants so as to flatten them, and it is said of the Crim Tartars that they formerly broke their children’s “organ of smell” of because they stood in the way of their eyes.

If the sublime and ridiculous are but a step apart, neither are the whimsical and the serious, as is proven from the different manner in which men regard the nose. Unlike any other feature, it seems to be regarded by mankind in two entirely different points of views—as a thing necessarily ridiculous, and a thing indispensable to the beauty of the face. We have already remarked that while fine things are constantly said of the other features, the nose is made sport of. Why is this? Can it be on account of the useful functions served by the organ? “Man strains after the fine, which flies from him; the useful is his willing drudge, and he laughs at it.” If the nose were of as little service to us as the cheek, it would be as much and as undividedly admired.

FRANKFORT, KANSAS, Aug. 24, '70.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

What makes men quarrelsome in hot weather? Hot blood, made hotter by the use of distilled and fermented drinks.

What leads from hard words to hard blows? Drinking intoxicating liquors.

What induces idleness, poverty and suffering? The frequent use of rum.

Who do more than any other class of men to increase our taxation? Those who sell rum.

Who inspire men to steal and fight, and commit murder? Those who sell rum.

Who could lessen the number of places where intoxicating poisons are sold? The men in authority.

When a man commits murder under the influence of liquor, who is responsible? The man who drinks rum as a beverage, the man who makes rum to be used as a beverage, the man who sells rum to be used as a beverage, and the man who votes for the man who grants such a license.

THE WAY OF ESCAPE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

My heart ached for the wretched man. His debauch was over; his nerves unstrung; the normal sensibilities of a fine, moral nature, quickened, after a brief torpor, into most acute perceptions. Such a haggard face! Such hopeless eyes! I see the picture now, as a haunting spectre.

"Let the memory of this hour, so burdened by pain and repentance, be as a wall of defence around you in all the future," I said.

He looked at me drearily. Slowly shaking his head, he replied.

"Such memories are no defence. My soul is full of them. When temptation assails, they fall away, and I am at the mercy of mine enemy, who rushes in, like a hungry wolf, to kill and destroy."

"Is there no help then for you?" I asked.

He shut his eyes and was very still. If an artist could have seen his face then, and faithfully caught its expression, those who looked upon the image must have felt such pity in their hearts as makes the eyes grow dim with tears.

"I fear not," he answered, after a little while, in a hopeless kind of a way.

"It cannot be." I spoke confidently and assuredly. "No man is given over to such utter ruin. There must be, and there is, a way of escape from every evil."

"Except the evil of a bad and degrading habit—that vile second nature," he answered, "the steady current of which is forever bearing him downward, downward toward a storm-wrecked ocean. He may seize the oars in alarm, as I have done scores of times, and pull against the current, making head for a little while. But human strength avails not here. The arms grow weary, the spirit flags—it is easier to drift than to row, and down the current bears him again. It is the history of thousands and tens of thousands, and I am no exception."

"It cannot be," I answered. "There is help for every man, no matter how weak, or how beset by enemies; else God's word must fail."

"It does fail, I think," he answered, in a dreary, despairing kind of way.

"No! no! no!" Quickly and emphatically did I reject his conclusion.

"Have it as you will. I shall not argue the point." He spoke almost listlessly.

"Then, I say, there is help for every man, no matter where he is and what he is. We cannot fall so low that the Everlasting arms are not still beneath us, ready to bear us upward to mountain heights of safety."

"Oh, that those arms would bear upward!" almost groaned my poor friend. "I have no strength in myself. I cannot climb. Unless lifted by another, I must perish."

"So bad as that?"

"Just so bad," he answered slow and bitterly. "This second nature I have made for myself, is my ruler. Reason, conscience the love of my wife and children, my good reputation, pride, manliness—all human powers and virtues are its slaves. And such a bondage!"

There was not a ray of hope in his dreary eyes.

"You must try again," I said cheerily.

"No man need be a slave."

"Easily said," was his impatient answer; "while yet all men are slaves to some habit from which they cannot break."

"You mock me with idle words."

"No, I speak only the words of truth and soberness. There is no human strength, and there is divine strength. The Everlasting arms are always beneath and ready to bear us up, if we will but lean upon and trust them. Human strength is but as a broken reed; divine strength is sure as God Himself. It never fails."

There came into his heavy eyes a feeble play of light. The stern dejection that sat upon his lips faded off.

"In our strength, nothing," I said; "in God's strength all."

I saw his hands moving in an uncertain way. Then they rested one against the other. Suddenly they were clasped together in a kind of spasm, while his eyes flew upward with a wild, half-despairing appeal to God, his lips groaning out the words—

Save me or I am lost!"

Even now, memory gives back the thrill that swept along my nerves as his cry penetrated my ears.

Never from any human soul went up un-

heard, a prayer like that. He who once and forever took upon himself our nature, and who was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin, and who is touched always with the feeling of our infirmity, stands close beside us, knocking at the door of our hearts, that he may come in and help and save us. All hell is powerless before Him. Impure desires flee from his presence like night-birds when the sun arises, and the cords of evil habits are broken, as the withes that bound the arms of Samson, at His lightest touch.

I waited for a little without speaking, watching him closely, to see if he would rise into anything like confidence. Gradually, the hard, desponding look faded from his countenance, and I saw a calm resolve begin to show itself about his mouth.

"One effort more," he said, at last, speaking slowly, but very firmly: One effort more but not in my own strength. I have tried that too often, and shall never try it again. I give up the struggle as hopeless. If God fails me, I am lost."

What a fearful crisis! If God fail! He never fails—is never nearer to us, nor stronger to help us, than at the moment when despairing of our own strength, we turn to Him. The only danger lies in our not trusting Him fully.

"But how shall I trust Him? How shall I get a transfer of his strength to my will? How is it that his power can supplement my weakness? I am down in the valley of sin and shame; how am I to get upon the mountains of purity, peace and safety? Will he bear me up as on the wings of an eagle? or must I climb and climb, from day to day, until I reach the summit?"

"You must climb," I said.

"I cannot. I have no strength. I have tried it a hundred time and failed," he answered with returning doubt.

"And will fail again if you trust in your own strength. But, with God-given strength, ased as your own, the ascent is sure."

"Ah! I see!" Light broke over all his face. I see! I see!" he repeated. "God does not lift us out of our sin and misery, but gives us divine strength, if we ask Him in all sincerity, by which we lift ourselves."

"Yes."

"It is simple and clear." He drew a long breath of relief, like one who has a load taken from his mind.

"The law of our dependence on God for help," I said.

"Yes. And now I see the meaning of this sentiment, in an old hymn I often sung when I was a boy and which always struck me as a paradox:

"When I am weak, then am I strong."

"The Christian poet," I answered, "lifted into something of inspiration, often sees truth in clearer light than we who are down among the mists and shadows."

Ah me!" he sighed; your closing words remind me of the depth at which I lie, and the almost infinite distances above me to which I must rise ere out of danger."

"And which you may surely rise to if you will," I answered with cheerful assurance.

"By God-given strength only?" he spoke, solemnly.

"Aye; never, never for an instant lose sight of that! Never, no matter how strong you may feel that you have grown, trust in yourself. In the hour of temptation, look upward, praying in the silence of your heart, for strength to resist.

"Best of friends!" he exclaimed, in deep emotion; "you must have been sent to me by God. Hope dawns on a night that has been starless. I see the way to safety—for me the only way. No one knows but myself how hard I have tried to reform; nor in how many ways I have sought to escape from a thralldom. But all has been in vain. When this remorseless appetite that has enslaved me, asserted itself, my will became as nothing."

Long time we talked, I saying all that I could to strengthen him.

On the next Sunday, much to my surprise and pleasure, I saw him at church with his wife. I could not remember when I had seen him there before. At the close of the services, as I moved down the aisle with the crowd, some one grasped my hand and gave it a strong pressure. I turned and looked into the face of the friend I had tried to save.

"Oh, Martin!" I said, as I received a glance full of meaning, and then returned his hand pressure.

We walked for a few moments side by side without speaking, and then were separated by the crowd. On the Sunday following, he was at church again; and Sunday after Sunday found him in the family pew, that for years had seen him so rarely.

Three or four months went by, and Martin's feet were still in the right path that led upwards. But one day I was shocked to learn that he had fallen again. On careful inquiry, I learned that he had been with his wife to an evening entertainment, given by a citizen of high worth and standing, whose name is on every lip as munificent in charity; but who, whatever may be his personal conviction, is not brave enough to banish wine from the generous board to which he invites his friends. And I learned still further to my grief and pain, that the glass which broke down the good resolution and let in upon him the fierce flood of repressed appetite, was proffered by the hand of the good citizen, as host.

I lost no time in going to my poor friend. I found him away down the valley of humiliation, his soul in the gall of bitterness. Shame and sorrow were in his heavy eyes; But not despair. I took no notice of this.

"It is very hard for us, all but God-forsaken wretches!" he said bitterly, after the first formal sentence had passed between us. "Mr. —— is a man of generous feeling. He gives, in a princely way, to churches and to charities; is one of our best and most liberal citizens; and yet after I had taken a few steps heavenward, he put a stumbling block in my way and I fell backward toward hell!"

"You could not have fallen over any stumbling block man or devil might place in your way," I answered, if you had been walking in divine, instead of human strength."

"Well do I know that," he replied.

"And so I said, 'Let this sad fall keep you in a more vivid remembrance of human Weakness. Never for an instant trust in yourself. Stand perpetually on guard. The price of your liberty is eternal vigilance.'"

"It is hard fight," he said, with a sigh, despondingly.

"Life is a warfare," I replied. We are all beset with enemies, who know too well

our vulnerable places—enemies that never sleep; implacable, cruel, ever seeking our destruction. I, you, all men have them. Trusting only in human strength, no one gains a victory: but in divine strength the issue is sure. And so, my friend gird up your loins again, and be wary and valiant."

Hope and courage came back into his heart.

"Beware of ambush," I said, as I parted from him that day. "The enemy coming on you unawares, is more to be dreaded than when he forms his line of attack to the sound of trumpets. Seek no conflicts, keep off his ground; but when he comes forth to meet you, giving challenge, do battle in the name of the Lord."

A few weeks afterward I was present when a gentleman of large wealth and good standing both in church and society, said to him—

"I didn't see you at my house last evening."

"No," was the rather curt reply; it is safer for me to keep off the devil's ground."

"I don't understand you, sir!" replied the gentleman, a flush of sudden anger in his eyes, for he felt the remark as a covert insult.

Martin's face grew sober, and he answered with a calm impressiveness that caused the anger to go out of his listeners eyes, and a thoughtful concern to take its place.

"I am fighting the devil," he said, "and must not give him the smallest advantage. Just now I am the victor, and hold him at bay. He has his masked batteries, his enchanted grounds, his mines and pitfalls, his gins and miry slouths; and I am learning to know the signs of hidden danger. If I fall into any of his snares, I am in peril of destruction; and though I struggle, or fight my way out, I am weak or wounded, and so the less able to meet the shock of battle when he rushes upon me as I stand on guard, ready in God's name, for the conflict

"His enchanted ground is a social company, where wine flows freely. I speak of what it is to me, and call it, so far as I am concerned, the devil's ground. He caught me there not long ago, and had me at his own advantage. But I will not again set feet thereon. If you, good citizens, make

of your homes, in mistaken hospitality, places where the young find temptation, and the weak, stumbling-blocks, men, such as I am, must shun them as the gates of hell."

His manner had grown more and more oppressive.

"Is it so bad as that?" remarked the gentleman, in a voice that showed both surprise and pain:

"Just so bad," Martin answered impressively; "I believe Beigard's oldest son was the house?"

"Yes."

"It was the devil's ground for him? An hour or two ago I saw him coming out of a saloon, so drunk that he could not walk straight. And only three days ago his father told a friend that his boy had certainly reformed, and that he now had more confidence in his future than he had felt for long time."

"You cannot mean what you say?" The gentleman exclaimed in visible agitation.

"I have told you only the sad and solemn truth," was Martin's answer; "and if I had accepted your invitation, I might now be lying at a depth of misery and degradation, the bare thought of which makes me shudder!"

The gentleman stood for a little while as stunned.

"This is frightful to think of," he said; "did I saw him shiver?"

"It is the last time," he added, after a pause—"the last time that any man shall go out of my house weaker and more degraded when he came in. If my offering of the cause my brother to offend, then will not offer it again while the world stands."

"Ah, sir!" answered Martin, "if many, any more of our good-citizens would so remove, hundreds of young men now drifting into the current of intemperance, might be drawn back into safer waters; and hundreds of others who are striving to speak feelingly, for I am one of those who struggle for life in this fatal current."

The way of safety for a man like Martin, is very narrow and straight. If he steps to any of the pleasant paths that open on his right hand and on the left, he is in the midst of peril. If he grow confident in his

own strength, and less dependent on that which is given from above, the danger of falling becomes imminent.

Martin fell again. Alas! that this should have been told.

., "Was that Martin who passed us?" asked a friend with whom I was walking.

"No," I answered in a positive voice; and yet, as I said the word my heart gave a throb of fear—the man was so like him.

"It was, I am sure Poor wretch! He tries hard to reform; but that cursed appetite is too much for him. I'm afraid there is no help. He'll die a drunkard."

I turned back quickly and without a response, followed the man we had passed. Just as I came up to him, he had stopped at the door of a drinking-saloon, and was holding a brief parley with awakened appetite.

"In God's name, no!" I said laying my hand upon him.

He started in a frightened kind of way, turned on me a haggard face and blood-shot eye. I drew my arm within his, and led him away as passive as a child. Not a word was spoken by either, until we were in his office, which was not far distant, and the door shut and locked. He dropped into a chair, with a slight groan, his head sinking upon his chest. He was the picture of abject wretchedness.

"He leaveth the ninety and nine that are safely folded," I said, speaking in a low, tender voice, "and goeth out into the wilderness to seek that which is astray."

He did not answer.

"You have looked to the strong for strength; you have prayed to him for succor, and he has come very near to you and helped you. Because you again went out of the fold, his love has not failed. He has found you out in the wilderness and brought you back to a place of safety. Only trust in Him, and all will be well. He is the friend that sticketh closer than a brother. His is a love that never fails."

I waited for him to reply, but he kept silence.

"It must have been no ordinary temptation," I said.

Still he was silent.

"The enemy must have come on you unaware," I added, after a brief pause. "The

bolt must have fallen ere you saw the warning flash."

"I was taken at a disadvantage; but I had time to know my enemy, and have given battle in God's name, instead of yielding like a craven."

Such was his reply. It gave me hope.

"Tell me the whole story," I said.

He raised himself to a firmer attitude; and I saw swift lights beginning to flash in his dull eyes.

Wounded again in the house of a friend," he replied.

"What friend?"

"One on whom God has laid the special duty of saving human souls—our minister!"

"Not Mr. L——!"

"Yes."

I was confounded.

"I went to him for help," continued Martin, "and instead of the counsel and support I then so much needed, for my old enemy, appetite, was gathering up his strength, and setting his host in battle array, I was tempted and betrayed! I should have gone to God, and not to man. With His Divine Word in my thought, and prayer in my heart, I should have opposed the awakening enticement of desire, as I have so often done and prevailed."

"Tell me how it happened," I said.

"As I have just told you," he replied, "I was not feeling very strong. That old restlessness of which I have spoken, had come back upon me, and I knew what it meant. So, I said to my wife, I think, Mary, that I'll step around and see Mr. L——, I'd like to talk with him.' She looked at me with a slight shadow of concern in her face; for she had learned to know the signs of a coming hour of darkness, when the powers of hell renew their direful assaults upon my soul. 'Do,' she answered: and I went.

"Found Mr. L—— in his library, but not alone. Mr. E——, the banker, had called in to have a talk with the minister about a college for the theological students, in which both felt considerable interest. Funds were wanted in order to give the Institution the required efficiency; and the ways and means of getting funds were earnestly discussed by Mr. L—— and the capitalists. After an hour's talk, and the arrangement

of a plan for securing the object in view, Mr. L—— rang a bell. To the servant who came in, he said something in a low voice that I did not hear. The servant retired, but came back in a few minutes, bearing to my surprise and momentary consternation, a tray with wine and glasses. I saw pleased light in the amber-colored wine.

"Some fine old sherry" said Mr. L—— 'sent me by a friend abroad. I want you to taste it.' And he filled the three glasses that were on the tray, handing one to his guest and another to me. In myself—my poor; weak self!—I was not strong enough to refuse. If I had looked up to God, instantly, and prayed for strength to do the right, strength would, I know, have come. But I did not. I took the glass, not meaning to drink, but to gain time for thought. To have refused, would have been, I thought, to set myself up as a rebuker of these men; and that I had not the courage to do. No, I did not mean to taste the wine. But as they lifted their glasses, drank and praised the fruity juice, I in a kind of mercenary lapse of rational self-control, raised my glass also, and sipped. A wild fierce thirst possessed me instantly, and I drained the glass to the bottom!

"A sudden terror and great darkness fell upon me. I saw the awful gulf on whose brink I stood. 'I will go home,' I said to myself; and rising. I bade the two men an abrupt good-night and left them. But I did not go directly home; alas for me! alas for me! There were too many enticements by the way. Indeed, I don't know how long when I got home.

"Of the shame, the anguish, the despair of this morning, I cannot speak. You do not know what it means—have no plummet to which to sound its depths of bitterness. I left home for my office, feebly resolved to keep away from temptation; how feebly you know! If the good Lord who is trying to save me, had not sent you to my rescue I would be—oh! I cannot speak the frightful words."

He never leaves us nor forsakes us," answered. "He is always going out upon the bleak mountains, to the hot desert, and into the wilderness of wild beasts, seeking his wandering sheep. If they hear His

oice, and follow Him, He will bring them to his fold, where is peace and safety."

"Good Shepherd of souls," my friend said audibly, lifting upward his eyes, that were full of tears, "save me from the wolves! they wait for me in all my paths; they bring upon me in all my unguarded moments; they hide themselves in covert places, thirsting for my life; they steal upon me in sheep's clothing—they beset me everywhere! Good Shepherd! I have no help but in Thee."

Breaking the deep, impressive silence that followed I said—"In Him alone is safety. So long as you hear His voice, and follow Him, no wolf can touch you with his murderous teeth. But, if you go out of His sheepfold, and trust in your own strength to overcome the wild beasts that crowd the wilderness of the world, destruction is sure."

* * * * *

A few years have passed since then, and Martin still holds, in divine strength, the mastery of appetite. The vile second nature he had formed unto himself, and which bore him downward, for a time, in its steady current, grew weaker and weaker, as the new life, born from above, gained strength. In the degree that he resisted and denied the old desires, did they grow weaker; and in their place, God gave him purer and healthier desire, so that he became, as it were, a new man.

"The wolves are not all dead," I said to him one day, as we talked of the present and the past.

He looked a little sober as he replied—

"No, my friend. I often hear them howling in the distance; and I know full well, that if I leave my Shepherd's side, and stray off into the wilderness, vainly trusting in myself, that I shall be as powerless to stand against them, as a helpless sheep. For me, I am not safe for a moment, except when I trust in God's strength to supplement my weakness. When I do that, all hell cannot prevail against me!"

—♦♦♦—

For drunkenness, drink cold water; for health, rise early; to be happy, be honest with God and man; to please all, mind your own business.

APPROXIMATING A POLICY.

BY S. B. DICKINSON.

The politics of temperance in this State, so long time chaotic, are at last coming to assume orderly proportions, and to indicate the outline of what may be called an intelligent system, or policy. That policy is nothing less than a grand and concerted movement to secure county prohibition by a majority vote of the electors in each county, or where it is impossible to carry a whole county, to secure as many towns as possible for prohibition through the same process. This, of course, is to be done by first obtaining a law, so framed as to effect this end. The authority for announcing this as the future policy of temperance men, is to be found in the concerted and unanimous action of many leading temperance men, representing various temperance organizations, at Saratoga on the 6th and 7th inst. There were present in council the State Committee of the State Temperance Society, the Executive Committee of the Political Reform Council, various members of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance and of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars, eminent divines, business men, judges, lawyers and temperance publishers from different sections of the State, and they all recommended the enactment of a law authorizing the total suppression of the liquor traffic as a beverage by a majority vote in any County city or town. And when they had thus agreed, they presented their action to the Republican State Convention through a dignified committee, composed of Dr. J. T. Peck, Dr. T. L. Cuyler, Judge Grew and others. That convention, contrary to the prophecies of many temperance men, responded by adopting unanimously and with cheers, a resolution positively affirming the right of local prohibition by majority vote, which clearly means that the Republican party, if it can carry the Legislature, will give us just such a law as we have indicated. Now this is encouraging progress in the right direction, especially when we consider how divided have been our own counsels hitherto, and the overwhelming opposition which such a proposition would have met in a Republican convention in previous years. It is true we have not the endorsement of the anti-dramshop party, nor are we likely to have it; but the great temperance organizations of the State either have already endorsed, or will as soon as they meet in State Council, the action of the Temperance Council, held at Saratoga. This will give us a strong and majestic column marching on to a definite

end, and to certain victory by and by.

The work immediately before us is the election of the Republican ticket,—unless the Democratic party will pledge itself to the same policy, which one would think it might safely do,—then to discuss and settle the details of the proposed law, and, thirdly, to consider and urge, first, last, and all the while, the immense advantage of prohibition by counties over prohibition by lesser localities, as by towns or cities. If that law is obtained, and the movement is for prohibition by counties, we shall soon present the grandest demonstration in the work of prohibition, that the history of temperance records.

As essential to the success of this movement, there should be a strong and efficient county temperance organization in each county. The Grand Lodge of Good Templars, without further delay, should perfect the County Lodge system, and give to that organization supervisory power over the entire work within its bounds. It should have such jurisdiction, and be provided with such means as will enable it thoroughly to agitate the subject of prohibition in every locality, arouse and concentrate all the temperance elements of the county, and rally all the subordinate lodges around itself as their central tower of strength. Practical prohibition may be obtained in most of the counties of this State in less than three years by the proper employment of three grand agencies; 1. A law granting prohibition to any county where a majority of votes shall have been cast in its favor. 2. A thorough system of County Lodges. 3. A weekly tract journal, which shall reach every family in the State. In regard to this last I shall have more to say after a little. Let us now address ourselves to the securing of the law and the perfecting of our organizations.

Once in a temperance meeting, a moderate drinker remarked: "I will not sign away my liberty. I drink very little when I feel like it, and trust I have sense enough not to go too far. My freedom I will have!"

At that moment a drunkard staggered to his feet and, steadying himself by the back of the pew, said:

"Them's my senti (hic) ments, old fellow! That's my platform ex (hic) actly."

Up sprang the moderate drinker in an instant.

"Mr. President," said he "if *our* platform is the same for God's sake give me the pledge and I will stand on another!"

AN EARLY TEMPERANCE INCIDENT.

The following incident is sent from New Haven, Connecticut, by one who was a rum seller at the time of which he speaks, and who quit the business in consequence of the sermon referred to:

"Forty-years ago, a young minister brought strange things, one Sabbath morning, to the ears of a congregation seventeen miles from the city (New Haven). He told us how a society had been formed to change the social habits of the country; and he had great confidence that the destroyer of soul and body, intemperance would, through the remedy, be itself destroyed. This was a pledge to abstain from ardent spirits and to discountenance its use in others. There was probably not an individual present who was not addicted to the use of ardent spirits, and cider was a common drink to every one who desired it.

"At the close of the sermon the pledge was presented, and all were invited to sign it. The pastor came promptly. Next a man of property and influence, to the surprise of all, gave his name. Next a good deacon, who was then selling spirits, and who continued in the business for two years after, with some apparent reluctance, gave his name. The list, when completed, contained the pledge of nine.

"If the preacher was not satisfied with the result of his first sermon in this community of drinkers, let him visit the place a few years later. All who decide for temperance are at work. Cider and all intoxicating drinks are added to the pledge; and it is circulated over and over again, in churches, in public meetings, from house to house, and from shop to shop. Drunkards are reclaimed. Some who had abandoned the church through the influence of strong drink, after taking the pledge, returned to it again. The seven liquor sellers, one after another, have abandoned their business, and not a glass is to be found in the town except in two jars on the shelves of a temperance physician. God has approved the efforts of his people by the conversion of many to a new and better life. Large numbers have been added to the churches, and a decided change has taken place in the morals of the community. The preacher is now editor of THE INDEPENDENT."

Washington says; "Show yourself not glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy."

RELIGION.

True religion

Is always mild, propitious, and humble.
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood;
Nor bears destruction on her chariot-wheels;
But stoops to polish, succor, and redress,
DISCOURAGEMENT.

Not long since in conversation with a friend, I was asked if the work of the temperance reformer, was not an impossible one, and if I was not discouraged, when I recited that some of the leading minds of the nation, great men, and good men, do not hesitate to use the serpent of the still, enable them to carry out some labor which they have undertaken. Men, who in command from one hundred and fifty to one hundred dollars per lecture, yet through understanding of the laws of nature resort to a life destroying beverage for a momentary stimulus, a stimulus the dire effects of which are incomputable!

For a moment, while dwelling upon the fearful picture portrayed, while listening to the names of many whose pure and beautiful thoughts had inspired our almost fainting heart with a new courage to battle for the right; when being told that they who had arrayed in our minds in spotless gar-

ment so pure, that it will not be satisfied with anything however fair and good it may seem, if the fountain from which it emanates, feeds and thrives upon unclean and unholy, stimulants. Notwithstanding the indisputable fact that many noble minds are constantly, yet unwittingly it may be, throwing stumbling blocks in the way of earnest reforms by examples that are so pernicious, yet herein lies no fact for discouragement; rather let us be encouraged that so many true men and women are able to see these stumbling-blocks while they deplore their existence. A few short years since, and perhaps the most zealous of temperance reformers; would hardly have seen anything to deprecate in the habits of these persons in high places. It is because of our growth, our education and development, in what pertains to a true manhood, a pure womanhood, which clothes these vices in their true light and impels us to cry out against them.

—
Move on to meet the foe!
Heaven grants the hero's arm its power—
Heaven guides the patriot's blow!

Tho' dark the dull clouds roll—
Tho' deadly fierce the fray—
God can the battle storm control,
And bid the billows stay!

O Doubting heart, be still!
O fainting soul, be brave!
By devious ways works He His will—
Omnipotent to save!

"OUR FATHER'S BUSINESS."

DR. SWASIE SAYS:—"Our Father's business! How vast its scope! How magnificent its deeds! How glorious its methods! How regarding its results! What business that does not fall in with and into this is worth doing? and how is all the business of life redeemed from its littleness, its mechanical routine, its lowering influence; how is it ennobled, exalted, and glorified, when it is made God's business, begun, continued, and ended in Him, all tending to the consummation of his stu-

pendous purpose of grace and redemption for man. And as there is no business so worthy of our doing, so there is none so urgent, none so all-engrossing, none so imperative. Christian, are you about your Father's business?"

CHRISTIAN DUTY.

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might be less viciously held up to, our gaze being it possible for them to love us, by tenderness, succor and consolation, to allow them to love us, to see in our eyes the witness of a holier kindness than they have yet known?

Yes, let us give sisters to the sisterless, and, through that blessed sympathy, God to the Godless.

Asylums are good, missionaries better, organization indispensable; but what profiteth all without charity? Gratitude is the answer of heart to heart.

It resolves itself into prayer to God and service to man. The grand secret of redemption, divine or human, lies in the words, "Who first loved us."

Go forth, then, woman, strong in that faith! go forth to learn even more than to teach; and if you have never felt a common bond between you and these degraded ones, recognize it now.

While humbly thankful for your happier lot, lay your privileges at the feet of those who have forfeited theirs, and take upon you their burdens; so shall all be brought nearer to Him who gave himself for us, the just for the unjust.

THE POET'S CORNER.

advantage of prohibition by counties over prohibition by lesser localities, as by towns or cities. If that law is obtained, and the movement is for prohibition by counties, we shall soon present the grandest demonstration in the work of prohibition, that the history of temperance records.

As essential to the success of this movement, there should be a strong and efficient county temperance organization in each county. The Grand Lodge of Good Templars, without further delay, should perfect the County Lodge system, and give to that organization supervisory power over the entire work within its bounds. It should have such jurisdiction, and be provided with such means as will enable it thoroughly to agitate the subject of prohibition in every locality, arouse and concentrate all the temperance elements of the county, and rally all the subordinate lodges around itself as their central tower of strength. Practical prohibition may be obtained in most of the counties of this State in less than three years by the proper employment of three

years ago, a young minister brought strange things, one Sabbath morning, to the cars of a congregation seventeen miles from the city (New Haven). He told us how a society had been formed to change the social habits of the country; and he had great confidence that the destroyer of soul and body, intemperance, would, through the remedy, be itself destroyed. This was a pledge to abstain from ardent spirits and to discountenance its use in others. There was probably not an individual present who was not addicted to the use of ardent spirits, and cider was a common drink to every one who desired it.

"At the close of the sermon the pledge was presented, and all were invited to sign it. The pastor came promptly. Next a man of property and influence, to the surprise of all, gave his name. Next a good deacon, who was then selling spirits, and who continued in the business for two years after, with some apparent reluctance, gave his name. The list, when completed, contained the pledge of nine.

"If the preacher was not satisfied with the result of his first sermon in this community

For the Golden Rule.

THE TEMPLAR'S TOAST.

BY MRS. GEO. D. HYDE.

Let's fill our crystal glasses high
With water, sparkling gleaming,
Bright as the stars in arching sky
And with purest water teaming.

While our circle of unity we form,
Our heart's with love o'er flowing,
Clasping hands with a fervor true and warm,
With friendship our souls are glowing!

We drink to the heaven-born angels bright,
Vouchsafed by heaven our guides to be
Their teachings be ever the Templars' light

God speed thee! Faith, Hope and Charity

And here's to the men so staunch, and true
Our Right Worthy Chieftain and others
To our colors white, scarlet, purple and blue
That clothes this brave band of brothers.

Now clasp our hands firm, and lift our hearts
high

Let us drink to our country's salvation,
The long wished for day, we pray it be nigh
That shall see us a strong Temperance nation.

TRIP LIGHTLY.

Trip lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong;
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp woe's hand so tightly
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unsightly?
Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sadness,
Stand not to rail at doom;
We've pearls to string of gladness,
On this side of the tomb;
While stars are nightly shining,
And the Heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining,
But look for joy instead.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

DISCOURAGEMENT.

Not long since in conversation with a friend, I was asked if the work of the temperance reformer, was not an impossible one, and if I was not discouraged, when I reflected that some of the leading minds of the nation, great men, and good men, do not hesitate to use the serpent of the still, enable them to carry out some labor which they have undertaken. Men, who on command from one hundred and fifty to one hundred dollars per lecture, yet through a misunderstanding of the laws of nature resort to a life destroying beverage for a momentary stimulus, a stimulus the dire effects of which are incomputable?

For a moment, while dwelling upon the fearful picture portrayed, while listening to the names of many whose pure and beautiful thoughts had inspired our almost fainting heart with a new courage to battle for the right; when being told that they who had been arrayed in our minds in spotless garments of glory because of their consecration to the needs of a suffering humanity—that they would stoop so low as to take of the serpent which is the fruitful source of so much misery and death,—for a moment the clouds seemed impenetrable, the work impossible of accomplishment, and we said in our heart that nothing but a miraculous interposition of Providence will arouse these people to a sense of their duty in relation to the temperance question. We asked ourselves what can one do against the mighty power thus arrayed, perhaps thoughtlessly, none the less disastrously upon the side of wrong?

For a moment only, the true reformer was discouraged; this very apathy exhibited by good men toward a reform of vital interest to the highest and best welfare of the nation, points most unmistakably the way of duty to the true worker for humanity. It is the task to so educate the people that stimulating with alcohol shall be con-

sidered a vice, ours to create a public sentiment so pure, that it will not be satisfied with anything however fair and good it may seem, if the fountain from which it emanates, feeds and thrives upon unclean and unholy, stimulants. Notwithstanding the indisputable fact that many noble minds are constantly, yet unwittingly it may be, throwing stumbling blocks in the way of earnest reforms by examples that are so pernicious, yet herein lies no fact for discouragement; rather let us be encouraged that so many true men and women are able to see these stumbling-blocks while they deplore their existence. A few short years since, and perhaps the most zealous of temperance reformers; would hardly have seen anything to deprecate in the habits of these persons in high places. It is because of our growth, our education and development, in what pertains to a true manhood, a pure womanhood, which clothes these vices in their true light and impels us to cry out against them.

But our friend only held up to our gaze one side of the picture, there are two sides, in brilliant contrast; both sides have their lessons, both should have our attention. The one at first fills us with apprehension and doubt, while it urges us to more constant and unremitting toil, the other thrills our hearts with hopes born of the eternal good. In the one we see men and women leaders in literature and the fine arts, who claim and are in a certain sense representative men and women, indulging in the contaminating wine cup. In the other we behold many grandly noble of heart, unexcelled in genius and talent, who are nobly and bravely true to principles of total abstinence.

Look at our own princely Gerritt Smith; thank God for him, and his brave, true words, his braver, truer deeds. Nor does he stand alone a magnificent spectacle of nature's truest noblemen. Are there not hosts of others whose works and prayers keep company in this great reform? is there not an in-

numerable company of brave, true souls who know the right and assert their manhood by bravely doing, bravely daring?

Among this number is our own Vice-President, with many others, who because of their conscientious adherence to duty and the right, are dear to us as those of our own household.

And still again look at the invincible army of Good Templars, who bind a Continent in the ties of "Faith Hope and Charity," the spine and sinew of all that is good and true and faithful in our land, all joined hand in hand with God, the leader, Captain, and strong armor of defense; and then ask if we are discouraged, and we will make the land echo if need be with the response that "with God and right on the side of temperance, we would not be discouraged though the world were all opposed."

"Ever the right comes uppermost."

Not long since we took up an exchange and was attracted by a prescription given by a Physician to a bachelor who was suffering under a serious fit of despondency. The prescription was a novel one; the patient taking it to a Drug store to be filled, the clerk was convulsed with laughter to read:

"17 yards of silk with a lady inside."

It is related that the bachelor took the prescription as ordered and experienced a wonderful and miraculous cure. Whereupon the editor of said exchange fearful lest others might be anxious to obtain a like prescription, launches out with earnestness and disinterested kindness in warning young gentlemen of the dangers attending, not the taking of the lady, but the "17 yards of silk." The advice (as all gratuitous advice is,) was given for the benefit of the stronger sex. Those whom one would suppose were mentally and physically able to attend to prescriptions of that sort without assistance. But underneath all of this well meant kindness for the bachelor fraternity we see the hard blows aimed at the weak defenseless head of the young lady of the times.

The writer cautions the young men against the extravagance of the lady in the silk dress. The caution may be apt in some instances, but we beg leave to assure the young gentlemen, that unless the lady in

silk has a rich father or an inheritance from which the dress is received, that her wearing that dress is rather creditable to her than otherwise. Look at the way in which it is obtained; loving the refined and the beautiful, she works early and late and from a small pittance paid her for her hard labor she saves little by little from her necessary expenditures until she finally has sufficient for the coveted dress, and you call that extravagance! perhaps it is, it certainly is when we take into consideration all the extra hours given to labor to procure it when we think of all the recreation that was really necessary to her physical well-being, that she has sacrificed to obtain it, but not an extravagance in the sense that a writer receives it. All of these sacrifices have been educating her to exercise economy. She saves time and money to gratify her love for the beautiful, where others squander it, and the lesson she has thus imposed upon herself is one that will last her through life. If this were extravagance in the view the world takes it, who is to blame? Not so much the girl as society, and on its and its unjust and arbitrary requirements let the anathemas rest. Rather let your caution be given to the young lady in silk, lest she allow her affections to rest upon that young man, who in idle and reckless expenditures fritters away each week sufficient to purchase the 17 yards of silk. If money is earned in ten hours labor perhaps while her's comes from steady unremitting toil from early dawn till late at night, at only eighth the wages he is receiving. Her love for the refined can only be gratified by sacrifice, while all the sacrifice he ever knows is what he is obliged by society to take the obnoxious cigar from his lips while in the company of ladies. Rather impress upon young men that they are unworthy the love of any lady in silk, or calico until they shall have learned the folly and wickedness of indulging in habits which require such heavy expenditure with no good in return, beside being an actual violation of the laws of God and the physical being. Cease to prate of the extravagances of the ladies until you shall correct the extravagant habits of your own sex, and do not urge economy and self-sacrifice upon the ladies, only that young men may not

freely and with impunity spend their own earnings in folly.

CATTARAUGUS COUNTY LODGE.

Cattaraugus County Lodge held its last quarterly session with the Gowanda Lodge, the 25th and 26th of August. A goodly number of delegates assembled, and in nearly every instance reported their Lodges doing well. The meeting was characterized by earnestness and zeal for the cause of temperance.

Rev. Mr. Cowles, a veteran in the temperance army gave a brief account of some of his labors in years past in the cause of temperance. His remarks were deeply interesting and encouraging. We were also encouraged by the presence of G. W. C. T. Rev. S. Ball, who was present the first day of the session and presided in a pleasing, genial manner, and also gave instruction in the unwritten work of the Order, beside much good advice.

A public meeting was held in the evening which was addressed in an earnest and impressive manner, by G. W. C. T. Rev. S. Ball, and enlivened by excellent singing. The morning session was opened with a Good Templars Love Feast which was participated in by many, and which was conceded by all to be the best part of the meeting.

The brothers and sisters from abroad were most hospitably entertained by the good people of Gowanda, and Resolutions thanking them for their hospitality were enthusiastically passed. Other Resolutions of importance were acted upon by the Lodge. At noon of the 25th the Lodge adjourned to meet in Franklinville the 4th Tuesday in October. Gowanda is a lovely village nestled cosily in among the hills, and contains some earnest and untiring temperance men and women. The County Lodge session at this place will long be remembered by those present with more than ordinary pleasure.

[Resolved, That so long as the people of the towns, villages and cities have the right by law to license the sale of intoxicating liquors in their several localities, they also, by a majority of votes, should have the right to prohibit such sales.]

The above resolution was passed unanimously by the Republican State Convention at its recent session held in Saratoga The

passage of this resolution indicates an advance of public sentiment in the right direction, though it must be confessed that the progress made is hardly as rapid, or radical as the earnest friends of temperance could desire. However, when we recall the action of the State Convention of one year ago, and compare it with its recent action we have grounds for encouragement. We were told by a delegate who was present, that one year since a similar resolution was received with hisses and the strongest indications of disapprobation, while at the last session the resolution passed unanimously, and with great applause. Verily the *world moves*, and though it may seem slow to young America, still onward and upward, public sentiment is leading the way, and gilding the future with glorious promises of eternal good.

CHAUTAQUA COUNTY LODGE.

The Chautauqua Co. Lodge met in Jamestown the 8th of Sept. The Lodge was called to order by Rev. J. E. Chapin G. D. D., who proceeded to Install the officers elected at a previous meeting. Rev. J. M. Bray, C. C. T. with the officers whose names we were unable to obtain took their places and proceeded with the business of the Co. Lodge. The reports from the different Lodges, with few exceptions were very gratifying. Whatever may be said of the different Lodges which were represented, this may be said of their delegates, they seemed to be earnest and interested workers in the cause of humanity, they indicated that their hearts were in the work, and where such laborers are found, success is eventually certain. One or two gave discouraging reports from the fact that they were situated in a wine growing locality, and that the temptations to transgression were so great that they feared the Lodge must eventually succumb to the force of circumstances.

What a pity that so great a blessing as the delicious fruit of the grape vine, should be so prostituted to the purposes of evil, and that that which God designed to be nutritious and healthful, a promoter of pleasure and happiness, should become in the hands of the thoughtless so fruitful a cause of misery and wretchedness. Verily

here is a foe within our own borders, more to be dreaded than any foreign or imported agency of evil. Here is an enemy that under the garb of friendship and with a reputation for harmlessness, attacks the best among the young of both sexes, and secretly, but not less surely implants the seeds of future unhappiness and sin.

We were glad to learn that some attention is being paid to the interests of the young in the way of instituting Cold Water Temples, an organization for the benefit of these who on account of age are prohibited from becoming members of the Order of Good Templars. More attention should be given to the proper education of the young in the principles of total abstinence. Truly the youth are the hope of the nation. If these are trained aright, the future has in store grand and glorious results. If on the other hand their education in stern principles of integrity and temperance are neglected, no matter how energetically or perseveringly we work, the future will be barren of good results.

The afternoon session was interspersed with music by the Glee Club of Jamestown Lodge, which materially increased the interest of the meeting. In the evening, G. W. C. T. Rev. S. Ball addressed in an impressive manner a large and intelligent audience at the M. E. Church. His address was listened to with marked attention. He was followed by Rev. J. M. Bray C. C. T., in a brief but eloquent and stirring address, Rev. J. E. Chapin also talked with earnestness upon the evils of a traffic which slays so many of our bravest and best.

The Lodge convened in the Good Templars Lodge room at nine o'clock the following morning, with open doors, for the purpose of holding a Temperance Love Feast. The meeting was spirited and interesting. Those who came in that were not identified with the order participating and encouraging by their earnest and appreciative words. These Love Feasts are an interesting and profitable exercise. The hearts of those present who had long labored and prayed for the advancement of the cause of temperance, were strengthened to more earnest endeavor, by the relation of the experience of those who have been snatched from the ditch and

restored to a brave pure manhood, by the Order of Good Templars. All honor to these who by a noble self-denial have overcome the depraved appetite which an impure habit had fastened upon them; to them be long all the praise. One such noble, generous heart, reclaimed from evil is worth the care and labor that can be given by an true man or woman; and how many such our noble order has rescued from a drunkard's grave, eternity only will reveal. The Lodge adjourned at twelve M., to meet in Westfield.

Dear Bro. and Sister Good Templar. We would again urge the claims of the GOLDEN RULE upon your consideration. For one year and a half we have struggled to present to you a hightoned, healthful Magazine. We have met many obstacles, have overcome a part of them, and still find many more through which we must push our way. These must be met without flinching. Our heart is bound up in the cause of Temperance and believing that this cause is best promoted by the Order of Good Templars our energies have been given to this work, and our Magazine more especially devoted to this Order. If it is not all that such a magazine should be, (which we frankly confess it is not,) it is because the support that it has received has not warranted the expense that would be necessary to make it better. Large sacrifices have already been made, and large ones will continue to be made before we shall allow the GOLDEN RULE to die. But the prompt and timely assistance of those who love our order will save such necessity and will enable us to do much better in the future than has been done in the past. We do not ask charity, we ask only for your subscriptions and we warrant you in return double the value of the sum given, in the which shall enrich and ennoble the mind. Examine our magazine, if it is worthy of your endorsement, subscribe for it and ask your friends and neighbors to do likewise. Take it to your Lodge room, urge its claim upon the Order and thoroughly canvass the neighborhood in its behalf. Liberal inducements are offered to live, energetic agents.

The GOLDEN RULE should be a living missionary in every family. Friends will you aid us.



LAZY BILLS

A Story for Parents—Continued from July.

BY MISS. L. MC'QUEEN.

Hour after hour passed and "Lazy Bill" lay upon the grass and smoked. Dick had long since left him and retired to mature his plans for the coming day.

The entire Scranton household was quiet and not a sound disturbed the stillness. "I have a good mind to leave this place, Dick and Jennie evidently wish I would. They have both said so plainly enough, Dick in words to-night, and Jennie in that kettle of hot water to-day, I shall always think she did that on purpose. The other boys take to me naturally like, especially Jim, though now I think of it, I'm quite sure I pay for more than half the liquor, then there's the tobacco, he uses mine as freely as his own, so do the other boys for that matter. Dick says he's going to-morrow, believe I'll go with him, but I can't go to Mr. Varner's I could'n't look him in the face.—

There's another objection he says he won't drink or smoke any more and he's got the grit to stick to it, but I can't, I've said that a hundred times and I'm sure to get as drunk as a fool in less than twenty four hours, and as for smoking if I go without half a day I feel so tired and wilted like. I wish I was at home in the old shanty again, there I could rest and not be snubbed around as I am here. If I had the money I would go and see father and mother," and here came indistinct recollections of home, an easy indulgent father, an complaining mother and revelling amid these not unpleasant scenes he forgot his situation as a hanger on of the Scranton's and as soon sound asleep.

When he awoke he observed an unusual commotion about the house and grounds. The

boys were all stirring, something not common for them so early, while the old man who never left his bed until called to breakfast was leaning upon the low gate and looking wistfully down the road.

Presently Jennie came to the door and in a broken subdued voice announced breakfast. "Lazy Bill" raised himself up from the grass and walked slowly toward the house. As he entered he met Jim, who deigned him a slight nod, but no one else gave the least attention or in any way acknowledged his presence among them. Mechanically and without a word he took his accustomed seat at table. Dick's place was vacant.

Jennie poured the tea with trembling fingers, then burying her face in her hands she rested them upon the table and cried so sad, so pitiful so lonesome like—suppressed sobs shook the tender frame of the young girl and while tears welled up in the eyes of Tom and Jim, they rolled unheeded down Harry's face and dropped upon his hands. Mr. Scranton was little less moved, while the old lady lay upon her bed and groaned, "Dick is gone! Dick is gone! we shall never see him again!"

Jennie the first to give way was also the first to recover her self possession. Occasionally a few words were spoken, but conversation was neither brisk nor animated. Ere the meal was concluded there was a knock at the door and a young man entered. His quiet eye took in the situation at a glance, and without seeming to notice the downcast looks and traces of tears, he did his errand in a straight forward business way and prepared to depart.

He was behindhand with his work, he said and if one or two of the boys would help him a few days, he would work for them in turn or pay them the money as they chose. "Lazy Bill" saw this as a means of escaping from the Scranton family and readily consented to go. He should not return so he gathered up his few articles of clothing and declared himself ready. None of the other boys seemed inclined to accept the young man's proposal, each pleading some pre-arranged plan as excuse, so with a hasty good-bye Lazy Bill followed his employer from the house.

George Bowman, owned a small farm near the little village of Pelton, and by dint of hard labor and practical economy managed to support his mother in an easy, luxurious style of living, though sometimes obliged to reserve for himself a limited allowance. Though but a boy, he had learned to sacrifice his own individual wants to a capricious and sometimes exacting mother. Mrs. Bowman was simply too good to work and it sadly grieved her proud soul that her only son should thus demean himself. Not so, George. He had already learned there is no true excellence without great labor. Since the death of his father four years previous he had carried on the business of the farm and discoursed like Poor Richard,

He who by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

Rising early and working all day for George Bowman was quite different from lounging at the Scrantons', besides Mrs. Bowman's delicate nerves could not endure the smell of tobacco smoke and the clean sanded floor did not invite a ready flow of its amber juice. His only comfort was in chewing vigorously while at work in the field, but smoking was discarded altogether.

It was Saturday night and our hero had practiced total abstinence quite as long as his uncontrolled appetite would allow. He must smoke. He strolled about the garden in a listless, unwatched way and as usual a low bench in a sort of working shed where Mrs. Bowman often sat with her back or feet sewing,

"Here is just the spot where I can smoke undisturbed, for no one can possibly know I am here," and taking from his pocket a large meerschaum pipe, he prepared to regale himself in his own favorite way. But tobacco smoke is a volatile substance and not easily confined within the limits of a honeysuckle arbor. It oozed through the twining leaves and branches above his head, out through the trees and

flowering shrubs, mingling with the evening air around, and found its way through the half open door into Mrs. Bowman's best parlor.

"What do I smell George?" she exclaimed as she opened wide the door and caught a full breath of the noxious perfume.

George instantly comprehended the exact state of affairs, and knowing the effect of tobacco smoke upon his mother's sensitive nerves hastened to her side and winding his arm about her, drew her gently back to the sofa and closed the door. It was too late, she had already caught the foul breath and the next moment she lay fainting in her son's arms. Tenderly as though she were a sleeping infant as he a faithful nurse, he laid her upon a low couch and after applying such restoratives were within his reach, anxiously watched her return to consciousness.

As soon as she was sufficiently restored she went out to ascertain from what direction the smoke issued, and if possible cause its discontinuance. As he passed along the garden walk, he caught sight of "Lazy Bill" the object of his search, in a half sitting posture, apparently enjoying a smoke to the fullest extent of his capability. He paused a moment on to think, "How thankful I am I have no taste for such an indulgence. My father was a temperance man, not only that, he was total abstinence man to tobacco and every kind of liquor. How often has he said to me when a mere boy my son, Temperance, the moderate use of things useful, total abstinence from things hurtful."

Recollecting that his mother was suffering and nerving himself for the effort—for 'tis a trifling thing to interfere with one's fond cherished opinion or a long indulged habit he stepped quietly to the side of "Lazy Bill" and in a firm voice that meant to be kind said

"My mother is very sick from smelling your smoke and I have come to ask you to lay aside your pipe and please not smoke any more while you remain with us." He paused a moment that his words might take effect and then exclaimed in a slightly injured tone.

"My mother's health is delicate, she has just recovered from a smoking fit."

"I cannot have seen the smoke" and "Lazy Bill" snatched the ashes from his pipe and deliberately as though they were not in the least to blame for what mischief the smoke had done.

"Yes it was smoke alone that caused her faint."

"I never heard of such a thing before, of us used to smoke at once at Scranton's and

the old woman or Jennie didn't mind it a bit.' All persons are not alike, if I were to take twouffs from your pipe it would make me deathly sick, while smoking constantly for half an hour would not disturb you, I presume."

"Lazy Bill" wished in his heart he could have a chance to try it, but he now fully realized that while he remained in the employ of George Bowman, that luxury was denied him. Like all weak people "Lazy Bill" was a slave, not bound by chains formed by iron or brass, but by habits a thousand times harder to break, tied to him self a living bundle of habits, subject to the caprice and ill humor of every individual he meets, and now instead of standing up manfully and asserting his own rights to even vile a thing as tobacco, he puts up his dearly loved pipe and like a whipped cur, who, when punished, licks the hand that administered the blow, followed his employer into the house. Oh, you soft-brained idiot, spring to your feet and declare yourself a man; knock down your opponent or whatever else you choose, rather than ingenuously submit to a power no higher than your own. If you want to smoke and chew tobacco, drink whiskey and the like, do so boldly, in the face of the whole world but don't go whining about saying "I know these things hurt me I wish I could leave off my bad habits" &c.

If a man is determined to take poison and put an end to his life, let him do so at once it is better than to live twenty years and wish he were dead.

The next morning was the Sabbath and as usual after breakfast as practicable the subject going to church was introduced Mrs. Bowman was not strong enough to walk besides she was deeply interested in "Beulah" and must certainly finish it that day.

"You will have company to day George and I don't mind my remaining at home."

Willie Turner now nineteen years of age had never been inside a church. He had been "over the Bush," to a meeting in a school-house, when a boy, but all he could recollect of the event was being obliged to sit still three mortal hours with his hat off. George insisted Mrs. B. yielded and not from any desire to attend church but lack of spirit to refuse, he consented to go and set about making suitable preparation. His dress, when complete, was neither stylish or presentable, Mrs. Bowman's good taste made some changes and with the help of sundry articles from her son's wardrobe, he at last made quite a respectable appearance. Willie Turner was small in stature but his face had an old and

withered look often seen on persons of intemperate habits. Tobacco often stunts the growth of children and youth, making them boys in size when men in years.

George Bowman was in the full vigor of manhood, he had learned early to rely upon himself and be responsible for his own conduct. The proudest day of his life was when a short time after his father's death his mother had said to him,

"You are all I have now, George."

"Yes, mother, my father's mantle has fallen on me, and with its sacred folds I will protect you even as he has done, you shall never want while I have strength to work."

Willie Turner felt the newness of his position as he walked along the highway that led to the little church in the village of Pelton.

"What's the use of going to church and trying to be anybody? Father and mother never went, the Scrantons don't go; but I don't want to be like them. If I could be like George Bowman, I'd go to church or anywhere else, he makes me think of Mr. Warner, he walks like him, while I go shambling along like some old drunkard."

"You will please take a seat with me," said George to his companion as they ascended the broad steps that led to the vestibule of the church. Just then he paused a moment to speak to a gentleman near, giving our hero time to look around him and take a view of the surrounding country from this elevated standpoint. Alas! fatal moment directly opposite and the first thing that caught his eye was an old wooden building with this sign flapping in the wind:

"Lager Beer Saloon all kinds of good Liquors sold here."

Willie Turner hesitated, reason, judgement, common sense plead for the church, appetite, self-gratification, unsatisfied thirst, thundering in his ear clamored for liquor. Had he possessed a determined will he might have conquered these demons, but his weak indulgent nature gave way, and before his companion was aware of his absence, he had glided down the steps crossed the narrow street and was seeking admittance to an underground bar-room, where a red-faced dutchman, with uncombed hair and buttonless shirt, was dealing out the poison. The room was filthy beyond description. A few old men of uncertain nationality were lying about on benches and low stools smoking, black, clay pipes and muttering disconnected sentences in an unknown tongue. Willie's better nature had like to overcome his appetite and

he took a step toward the door, but the fumes of some well prepared liquor met his olfactories and he called for a glass of brandy. Just as the glass was raised to his lips a hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Don't drink that young man."

Startled beyond control, the glass with its contents fell to the floor and turning he saw George Bowman standing by his side.

"I—I, thought you were at church," he stammered, as he felt the strong hand upon his shoulder and knew the keen eyes were upon his face.

"There are other duties than church going. Will you walk home with me now, or shall we go into church it is early yet?" He did not wait an answer but taking "Lazy Bill" by the arm recrossed the street ascended the steps of the church, entered the vestibule and made not the slightest pause until they were both seated in the family pew.

What, force a man to be religious? Yes, if he wont be religious without. It is an established law of Philosophy two things cannot occupy the same space at the same time. You must drive the devil out, before the good spirit will come in.

Willie Turner listened with some interest to the sermon, though little of it was calculated to instruct and benefit a simple youth like him. George readily saw that the sound logic and well turned doctrinal points of the good old clergyman's discourse had made no impression on the dark, uncultivated mind of his companion and as they walked home, he told in a few plain and comprehensible words the story of the cross. The boy caught the main facts and a new light seemed to shine upon his hitherto darkened intellect. Late that night the two discussed the great question of Theology not as disputed by learned men, but as taught in the sacred Scriptures. Willie's early education had been so much neglected it was with difficulty he could read a verse intelligibly, but George never grew weary or out of patience. He devoted his leisure hours in teaching him not only how to read, but the advantages to be derived from reading and gradually as the time wore on, his pupil began to show signs of awakened energy and growing intelligence.

He drank no liquor and used tobacco but sparingly. He never again attempted to smoke while he remained in the family, though often might be seen sitting among the woodbine and honeysuckles discussing subjects of interest with his employer.

"Why do you spend so much of your leisure

time with that boy, he is quite beneath you is a great condescension on your part?"

"No matter how often we stoop to the object we seek is worth picking up."

As the fall and winter approached the books and papers were taken to the dining room where the evenings and wet days were spent in reading or profitable conversation. Mr. Bowman often found herself listening to the son's explanation of interesting passages of Scripture for the Bible was yet their text book always lay beside them on the table.

And now dear reader, I would, most heartily, I might leave this subject and draw my sword to a close but truth must not be sacrificed to false impressions sustained. As I have before mentioned "Lazy Bill," is no myth, the different families and individuals with whom he associated no imaginary creations. The circumstances and incident of his life, as here represented, no fiction, or ideal fantasy of an overtaxed brain. Go with me less than a thousand miles and I will show you the living sentient beings I have tried to describe though I may perhaps have introduced them by somewhat different names. Few persons, need go outside their own circle of acquaintance to find a "Lazy Bill" and some alas! have him by their fires if not in their own hearts.

But the particular individual of whom I write, did not always remain under the influence of George Bowman, he returned home after an absence of four years as related in a previous number of the "Golden Rule." Many persons whom he afterward met urged him to drink instead of trying to dissuade him from it, others sneered at religion and blasphemed God's name instead of teaching a sound religious doctrine, they, themselves, practiced. Amid it all, natural inclination combined with early training ruled the man and though now somewhat advanced in years, he leads an idle, dissolute life, too weak to resist temptation, too ignorant to succeed in business, too lazy to work.

I lay this down as an incontrovertible fact that though a child be naturally indolent, inclined to ease and easy tasks, if he have the proper training he may overcome the weakness and become a thorough earnest worker, or when the child has inherited industrious habits, though little pains be taken to teach him to work, may even be brought up in a family of idle subjects to their teaching and examples, yet good will crop out, work its way through the crowd of evil influences, and the child become an industrious enterprising man. But a child hereditarily indolent, constitutionally timorous,

spiritless, if brought up in indifference to ease and luxury, can never be but a "Lazy Bill."

HONESTY AND CHARITY.

has often been a question of great moment to charitably inclined persons how they might give their gifts without injuring the recipient and without giving to the undeserving. It is seemed to us that much of the poverty requiring assistance was occasioned directly, or indirectly, by the carelessness, sometimes amounting to dishonesty, by which small bills are left unpaid. To the mechanic or laboring man whose only means of livelihood is his daily work, and who, because he is poor, can get no credit, the prompt payment of the smallest bill is an absolute necessity. Too much carelessness is exhibited by the capitalists in this particular. The amount is to him a small one and he postpones the payment day after day, with any dishonest motive, but because the payment of so small a bill would not matter to him. If the poor creditor, driven by necessity like an earnest demand for the money, becomes persistent in his efforts to obtain it, the debtor is insulted, and either refuses to pay or so with the determination never again to pay by the workmen who mistrusts him. The result of this result keeps the poor man from satisfying his claim, and leads to sleepless night feverish days of anxiety and trouble. Much of crime and dishonesty has been occasioned by carelessness in not paying small apparently insignificant debts? Moreover whole series of debts are left standing for the payment of one. Discredit to the debtor results; his business is paralyzed, and his industry made of no avail. It is then he pursues the downward course. He had better to well the excuses by which to put off payment of debts, and he commences to deceive his teachers. Ruin for himself and family follows, and he, and perhaps others, become objects of charity. No one can say what other evils the first carelessness may have occasioned. It is thus in hundreds of cases, that the objects of our charity are created. Would it not be better to prevent rather than cure evil? Let us be really and truly honest in our dealings, and there will be less occasion for charity. Look back in your life and see whether you have not, unwittingly, permitted neglected to pay some bill justly due, or

postponed its payment to the great inconvenience of the creditor. Have you never taken advantage of another's ignorance or weakness to gain a percentage or a deduction? Although the world will acquit you of any dishonesty, even though you should answer affirmatively to our question, yet it amounts to little else. Charity is necessary now, because this injustice has been at work for years. Let us pay all debts, and pay them promptly—and there will be little need for charity in the future.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

We notice a disposition upon the part of some to lose sight of the moral and reformatory work of temperance. This in our estimation, would be a fatal mistake. Laws of a prohibitory nature, if we had them upon our statute books to-day, would be a dead letter unless backed up by the moral sentiments of the people. Now, if ever, is the time when every moral and reformatory influence possible should be brought into full play, and he who expects that in bringing the temperance question into politics he is to do away with the necessity of moral effort for the reclamation of the inebriate and the moulding of a correct sentiment through moral agencies, is blind to the interest of the cause. If ever lodges and divisions were necessary to the success of the temperance cause' it appears to us that *now* is just that time. With a live working lodge or Division in every school district in the State, the work of securing Prohibition would be comparatively short. Let those we already have die out, and the cause would receive a back-seat that it would require years of toil and struggle to regain. Every temperance organization is a school, silently yet effectually educating sentiment, and crystalizing that sentiment into action. This is clearly demonstrated by the state of the reform. Wherever a strong working temperance organization is found, there you find the people ready to take hold of the Prohibitory party; and wherever there is no temperance organization, there you find no united action in behalf of Prohibition. We are enthusiastic in the support of the Prohibitory party, but if it is to take the place of all moral efforts, we prophesy for it a miserable failure, and a necessity for going back and taking up the moral effort again. Let us not make such a blunder as this. But, on the other hand, let us, while we use the sentiment already created at the ballot box, continue the educational and moral means that have made

possible the creation of a political party based upon temperance principles.

THE PLEDGE.

"What good will it do me to join the Lodge?" says a young man, "I do not drink and never intend to. As to signing the pledge I do not see how that can ever save a man from becoming a drunkard."

"My friend I quite agree with you in thinking that the mere act of signing the pledge will not prevent you from becoming a drunkard. No one ever pretended that it would. It is something behind the act of signing; the noble impulse; the righteous resolutions, firmly persisted in, which first prompts you to that step, will prove your salvation. And whether or not that impulse will still govern your actions; and whether that resolution will still be adhered to depends on what manner of man you are. You are now free to drink or not to drink. You have not pledged yourself one side or another. You are, let me suppose, that you are thrown among friends at a social gathering, or in other places. The wine cup is brought in, or proposed, and, not willing to appear unsociable, or dreading the ridicule of your companions, you partake. And why should you not? You do not comprehend the moral aspect of the question. You see no harm in it; it is but one glass. You are your own master and can use your own pleasure. Nevertheless you are placing your self in danger. No friendly hand is reached out to draw you back. No friendly voice is raised to warn you. And even you are aware that the step may be taken which will place you beyond hope of rescue.

"But alter the case suppose yourself a pledged member of a Temperance society, placed in the same circumstances. You are tempted. Instantly your truthfulness, if you possess any, your honor, if you have any, your pride, if any such feeling exists in your bosom, and your respect for yourself and for those with whom you are associated, all rush to the rescue and assist you in maintaining the resolution which had been otherwise well-nigh forgotten. You seem to see a hundred hands outstretched to dash away the cup ere it reaches your lips; you seem to

hear a hundred tones of warning and exhortation, and yielding to all these influences you put the temptation far from you. Will it be not the fact that you have the presence of God and many witnesses taken upon yourself the vows of total abstinence? Who shall say that the pledge has not benefited you, and who shall say that it has not in like manner benefited thousands of others, and kept them from the drunkard's fate?"—[Good Templar.

[For the Golden Rule.]

LEANING ON A BROKEN REED.

In the September number of the GOLDEN RULE, a contributor writes enthusiastically concerning the recent action of the Temperance Council, and the Republican Convention at Saratoga. I cannot share his enthusiasm. I might attribute this solely to the fact, that he belongs to the Anti-Dram-Shop party, (which, as he truly says, does not endorse the Saratoga policy, *in reason*;) were it not true that many Temperance Republicans are also greatly dissatisfied. I certainly see no reason for anything but the deepest sorrow, in view of the sad subserviency of Temperance men to the dictation of party policy.

What does Republicanism pledge itself to for Temperance? I find *no pledge* recorded in its resolves. True, it says, that so long as the people of the *towns, villages and cities* have the right by law to license the sale of liquors in their localities, they also, by a majority vote, *should* have the right to prohibit such sale. Undoubtedly, this is a statement of a very plain principle of political ethics. But its force greatly neutralized by the fact that the Democratic party, now in power in this State, did, last winter, virtually enact the proposition into law? What great merit there in this stealing of Democratic thunder for political effect? As the case now stands Democracy has the best claim on temperance votes, because it has already *done* virtual what Republicanism says, *should* be done; and which it does not pledge itself to *do* when in power.

But admitting the Resolution to be a *bona fide* pledge. What does it bind the party to do? Simply to maintain Local option in *towns, cities, and villages, during the existence of an excise system similar to that now in force*. It does not endorse local prohibition in the abstract. All that a Republican legislator will have to do, in order to evade the force

is pledge to repeal the law now standing in the statute book is to resurrect the old law, vesting the license power in the hands of appointed county Commissioners of Excise, or more the Temperance question entirely, and give us free Rum. In either case, the people no longer having the right by law to license, can not claim the right to *prohibit*.

Nor did the Saratoga Convention accede unyously to the wishes of the Temperance Council, as your contributor implies. They say, in their manifesto, that they did not obtain all they could desire. The Convention did not exclude *counties* in its local option pledge. If acted in good faith toward Temperance men, why did it exclude them? Does not the evident reason for that exclusion appear at a glance?

Suppose *Counties* are allowed the right of local option. Then the rural villages and smaller cities would often be overcome by the vote of the towns, and their bars would be closed. Knowing this, Republicans dare not make that issue, because the liquor interests of the cities and villages would take alarm, and bolt the party. They did what it was apparently quite safe to do, (and what, as your contributor suggest, there seems to be no reason why the *Democracy* should not do,) gave the option to towns, villages, and cities, well knowing that enough of them would vote for license to enable their rum drinking adherents to obtain liquor with little trouble.

If it is true that the great Temperance organizations endorse this policy, it is a sad commentary upon their sincerity or their judgment. I say this sorrowfully, yet earnestly, I cannot, however, believe that they will endorse it. The Saratoga Council, as a matter of course, endorse it for it was made up of Republicans, who would vote the ticket, if, (as last year) ignores Temperance, and had a known anti-prohibitionist at its head. But many of our temperance rank and file; will repudiate, what they see to be a sham.

THE GOLDEN RULE speaks for woman, who think will yet do the work that men are unworthy or unable to perform. She will not vest Temperance interests in the hands of politicians who ride into power on Rum's waves. If Republicans use liquor freely as a campaign force, and hasten to assure rummies that their temperance plank is meaningless. And the N. Y. Tribune whines that the Republican party, has lost 20,000 votes that it might have had, if it had been suffered to ignore the Temperance question. Republican Temperance

voters! If *this* is the spirit with which your leading temperance politicians enter the canvass, you have reason for mourning instead of rejoicing! The temperance men and women of this land, combined in one party, can conquer the rum party in time. But it will be by no sinful "local option" compromise,—by no subservency to parties in power. Believing this, I vote with the only party that has a clean record, and an outspoken platform on this question, and I invite the GOLDEN RULE and its readers, to enlist under the banner of separate action *now*, for to it you will surely come at last.

A. F. BAILEY.

Canastota, N. Y.

HOW TO HAVE A LOVING WIFE.

A correspondent sends the following to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL:

If you would have a loving wife, be as gentle in your words, after as before marriage, treat her quite as tenderly when a matron as when a miss; don't make her the maid of all work and ask her why she looks less tidy and neat than when you first knew her: don't buy cheap, tough beef and scold her because it does not come on the table porter-house; don't grumble about squalling babies, if you can't keep up a nursery, and remember that baby may take after papa in his disposition; don't smoke and chew tobacco, and thus shatter your nerves, and spoil your temper and make your breath a nuisance, and then complain that your wife declines to kiss you; go home joyous and cheerful to your wife and tell her the good news you have heard, and not silently put on your hat and go out to the club or lodge, and let her afterward learn that you spent the evening at the opera or a fancy ball with Mrs. Dash.

Love your wife; be patient, remember that you are not perfect, but try to be; let whiskey, tobacco and vulgar company alone; spend your evenings with your wife, live a decent Christian life, and your wife will be a loving and true one—if you did not marry a thoughtless beauty without sense or worth; if you did, who is to blame if you suffer the consequences?

On the average there are at least twelve drinking dens in every large city and village for every church and school house. "We must educate public sentiment!" say those who are *not ready* for prohibition and the ballot. What a splendid chance "the schools of intelligence and virtue" have against "the schools of vice!"

A GAME THAT TWO CAN PLAY AT.

"Shades of the aborigines, what a name?" groaned my fastidious cousin Anderson Huggins.

"I never call her Pocahontas, only Poca. But 'what's in a name,' to any one as good and pretty as Poca Jones?"

"O, pretty is she?" said Anderson with a suddenly illuminated countenance. "Is she young?"

I resented the question for Anderson was five years my junior, and I could never see the bright side of thirty again. Of course to him I was only a fossil, and any woman, mature as myself, would be totally ignored by the exquisite as quite too ancient for his pretty compliments and killing glances. He was not the "flower" to "waste" his "sweetness on" such "desert air." So I deigned him no reply, but continued to read the letter in my hand. When I had finished the perusal, I put it in my pocket and turned composedly to my dinner.

"I say, cousin Rhea, when is Miss Jones coming?" presently inquired Anderson.

"She isn't—I began, then stopped suddenly stricken dumb by a thought.

"Isn't coming?" he persisted. "You said she was."

"Wait until I get ready to finish my sentence Anderson. She isn't coming until tomorrow."

"Is she a young lady, Rhea?" he asked. He put it that way to entrap me into telling how old she was. But "grizzling locks the brain doth clear," and I said "you can wait until tomorrow to learn that."

I glanced at the hand, shapely and white which was raising a glass of water to his lips. On the little finger blazed a splendid solitaire diamond ring "Anderson Huggins," I exclaimed in wrath, "have you broken with Mollie Fairchild?" An expression of intense self-complacency overspread his face, as setting down the tumbler he contemplated the ring.

"No Rhea" stroking his mustache, "she threw me over."

"There's a true heart," I said, and sighed.

"Mine cousin?" he said in an insinuating voice.

"Anderson." I answered sadly and solemn-

ly, "Mollie Fairchild will never be light-hearted again, never, never, and you have put the lead in her bosom. I grieved to see the pretty and loving little moth flying around the candle, but warning of mine would avail naught. I should have thought Sybil Green and Alice Hays would have been warning enough.

"But Rhea," he persisted pettishly, "I tell you she threw me over."

"I know what that means," I said contemptuously. "When you were tired of her and wanted your diamond again you began a series of petty annoyances and impertinences which even mild Mollie Fairchild could not misunderstand nor avoid resenting. O Anderson," I continued bitterly, "what business for a man!"

His face flushed angrily and rising quite hastily from the table where we two were dining alone, he left the room without a word.

Mollie Fairchild was the third young lady to whom this irresistible young man had paid his addresses during the short space of one year. He devoted himself assiduously to each in succession, gained her regard, pledged himself to her and sealed the compact with the diamond ring mentioned. That ceremony completed, he began to tantalize his victim by exhibitions of character entirely foreign to his nature, and the result of cool deliberation. Sometimes an insane jealousy seemed to take possession of him and the object of his affection(?) was tormented with suspicion implicating every man she addressed. Again his haughty exclusiveness forbade her nearly all her friends and old associates or an obtuseness of perception led him to wound her constantly in her most susceptible feelings, all the time professing the most ardent love and devotion. Wounded, angry at she hardly knew what the crisis soon came, and Anderson found himself again at liberty and ready to play the same role with another. Can one imagine any conduct more heartless and contemptible?

Sybil Green was the first of the trio who wore the diamond ring, although I shrewdly suspect it has done duty in a neighboring city, where my cousin read law. Sybil was a bright saucy brunette, whose numerous

firtations may have hardened her heart, for she showed no regret at the loss of the lover whose tactics she may have understood and very likely have practiced. But Alice Hays was harder to win, more constant and more womanly. When Anderson began to exhibit his unamiable qualities of character, a sorrowful amazement settled upon her, and she bore his vagaries with a patience born only of love. At length a light seemed to dawn upon her she scanned him closely, weighed him carefully and deliberately, and after an engagement of four months returned his diamond with the ironical information that "She had discovered that he was too good for her" and went South to teach the freedmen.

But Mollie, pretty Mollie would be less philosophical. Her whole heart was Anderson's, and she lived, moved, and had her being in him. I had been confined at home for several weeks with Uncle James, who had been quite ill, and had not seen Mollie during the time. I asked Anderson twice to bring her over to see us after Uncle was able to spend an evening in the sitting room but he put me off with some excuse. He was wounding, grieving and harassing the poor little soul, and a wholesome dread of Cousin Rhea's sharp tongue induced him to keep her out of the way. The news was not unexpected; in fact I had calculated upon it, but I was no less angry on that account. How the girls could be so infatuated with Anderson passed my comprehension. True he could sing; so could Jim Reeves—but the girls did not care for him. I did not think him handsome, with his auburn hair and beard, and eyes the same color, and quite too close together to suit my taste. True he, was a tall, well-grown fellow, but what of that? The biggest pumpkins are not always the best ones. But he had a way of looking at women which conveyed to each one the impression that in his opinion she was the only one worth looking at. I saw him bestow that killing glance upon these ladies successively, as we sauntered down town one afternoon, and each one blushed and simpered, all unconscious of the staleness of the compliment. I detested his duplicity and despised his weakness; but then I am past thirty, and young men would never

look at me in that way.

After Anderson went I put my elbows on the table, my head in my hands, and pondered long and deeply, and the result of my cogitation will become apparent as this story progresses.

The next day my friend arrived shortly after dinner, prettier, and brighter than ever. Fancy her roses, red and white, her beautiful golden hair, her deep blue eyes. She was in mourning for her grandmother, who had died recently, and that formed an excuse for declining invitations while she was with us. I lost no time in describing Anderson, and soliciting her assistance in giving him a lesson I was persuaded he sorely needed. She resisted coaxing threats and bribes, but when I described poor Mollie Fairchild, her winning ways, her adoration of Anderson, and her utter wretchedness, (for I had been to see her, and her woeful face haunted me,) it brought her over, and she determined to avenge Mollie's wrongs, even at the expense of some deceit on her part. Forgive her, she was naughty only at my instigation; and as for my part or the deceit I am quite willing to shoulder it, holding, in this particular instance, to a doctrine of the most ancient Church, that "the end justifies the means".

At tea time Anderson was introduced to Miss Jones, and bestowed on her a mild and guarded edition of his mild and irresistible glance, to which she responded with a delicate blush. I turned away to smile, but looked quickly at her, alarmed lest she had been guilty of the same folly. But no, her face was sweet and serious, and her gentle voice was admitting that the weather was very warm. I saw that before the evening was over that Anderson was struck. I knew he would be; he always was with new and pretty faces, whenever his diamond was in his own possession.

Poca could stay but two weeks, but much courting may be done in a limited time if the gentleman is anxious to improve the time, the lady willing he should, and the friends of both parties eager to promote the mutual exercises. After breakfast each day I disappeared to attend Uncle James, look after my household affairs, for I was and am house mistress, and leave a fair field to An-

derson. He occupied it fully, if I may believe the report of my ally, when we retired to my room at night to compare notes and lay plans for the following day. Poca sings divinely, and the mornings were devoted to the piano, duets of a sentimental character predominating. In the afternoon, to avoid arousing the suspicion of our victim, the duo became a trio, but instead of singing we rode or walked or played croquet, or sat in the parlor and read the "Idyls of the King," or Mrs. Brownings passionate Portuguese sonnets, or discussed in our deep metaphysical manner political and social topics.

Anderson is no fool although in reference to women he acts like one, and he acquitted himself creditably in these discussions, taking Poca's side when we disagreed, but looking a little nettled at her frequent reference to "Charlie" as authority, when he discovered from some incidental remark of mine that he was her cousin, and a fine young man in my estimation.

The time hurried by, and the last day of Poca's visit arrived. "Poca," I said anxiously, "will he come round?"

You should have seen her look of disdain.

"Rhea, you don't think I'd have him dangling after me with all the privileges of an engaged lover for more than one half hour do you? I might have had the ring three days ago, but I kept out of the net as long as possible. But to-night I'll get it and as I leave at five o'clock in the morning, the engagement will be no more than a dream."

That evening Anderson was entirely devoted to Miss Jones. I intercepted several most killing glances from his brown eyes on the way to her blue ones, and felt myself *de trop* with a most delightful sense of triumph. Presently Anderson went out on the piazza, and after a moment asked Poca to come out and smell the roses. She went, and on passing she shrugged her shoulders with a gesture more French than American, loud enough for him to hear, "Come Rhea."

"Oh, no," I answered I'll stay here and play that new music. If I wasn't so old I would play 'Come into the garden Maud.' But I'm afraid I have forgotten the expression."

A foolish speech, but I could not resist giving it air. But Anderson was so infatuated

with his Indian princess that he took no notice. I played with one ear open to their movements, and soon had the satisfaction of hearing them descend to the garden. I played softly for a little while, then went on the piazza and called "Poca?"

"Yes Rhea."

"Shan't I bring you a shawl?"

"I'm coming in immediately;" and she hurried in with a "good-night" to Anderson, and hastened me to my room. She took a towel, dipped an end in water, and standing before the glass, carefully wiped her left cheek.

"There's nothing on it, is there?" she asked turning toward me for closer inspection.

"Nothing whatever," I replied promptly.

"I couldn't help it," she replied ruefully, no one ever kisses that side. The other "side" had the prettiest of dimples in it. She held up her left forefinger adorned with the ring. The next morning start for home, Anderson escorting her to the depot. I made no allusion to his flirtation with her or the absence of his ring, pretending to be absorbed in anxiety about Uncle James who continued in feeble health. In a few days I received a letter from her announcing her safe arrival, and excusing the brevity of the epistle by the information that her mother had decided, at the last moment to accompany her father to Europe, and the whole family were in an unwonted bustle of excitement. All of which I read aloud to Anderson, being confident it was all the news he would hear of the lovely Pocahontas until he went in pursuit of her. Two, three, four weeks passed, and I perceived that he was becoming anxious. He scanned my letters closely, but asked no questions, and I maintained an imperturbable silence. Miss Jones might have been dead, buried and forgotten for all mention that was made of her.

At last Anderson came in hurriedly one day, and informed me that important business called him from home, and he might be absent several days.

"He's going to look after Poca and his 'portable property,'" I said to myself, and bade him an affectionate farewell.

His important business took him directly to the city, the street and the house where

dwelt my lovely friend. He rang the bell; inquired if Miss Jones was at home, and receiving information that she was, handed his card to the servant, who showed him in to the parlor. She was in the garden with one Mr. Charlie Jones, a far away cousin of hers, inspecting the ripening of a choice kind of gooseberries, when the card was handed her.

"Anderson Huggins," he read over her shoulder. "Well, what are you going to do now?"

"Why I'm going into the house to see him. We'll go up the back stairs and down the front into the parlor. Now you do just as I told you, Charlie, won't you?"

"Try me my dear."

So they went up the back stairs and down the front, a view of which was commanded from the parlor door, by any one anxiously watching for the coming of a beloved one and sauntered into the parlor. One of her hands was in his pocket, and one of his arms was around her waist, and they were chatting in the most innocent and confiding manner possible. So absorbed were they with each, that for a moment they were unaware of the presence of a third party, who stared at them in unfeigned astonishment. Great was their surprise on discovering him seated on the sofa.

"Why, Mr. Huggins, when did you arrive?" exclaimed Poca, and scarcely waiting for a reply, she introduced Mr. Jones, and informed him that Mr. Huggins was a cousin of the friend she visited in the summer. Then she made voluble inquiries, and regretted the absence of her parents, with whom his cousin Rhea was a favorite, and who would have been so glad to have met him.

At this juncture Charlie rose hastily, and telling Poca that he must "see to that dog," excused himself and disappeared—into the back parlor. There was a moment's silence and Anderson began:

"Miss Jones is Mr. Jones your brother?"

Poca, voluble, "O, no, my brother died in infancy. He's a relation, cousin Charlie. You must have heard me mention him." She looked down, confused and began twisting the diamond ring.

"A relation," said Anderson severely; "a near relation, I should think; rather too

near, considering your relation to me. A reasonable flirtation I am the last man to object to; but, really, this seems something rather more serious." He was getting angry to Poca's secret delight.

"Mr. Huggins," she said, with spirit, "I am beginning to understand you. I must be off with the old love before I am on with the new. Two at a time won't answer; but no matter how rapidly they succeed each other. You got well rid of Miss Fairchild before you began with me. Let me advise you to return to the true heart that is breaking for you, and above all, if you flirt with another strange lady, ascertain betimes if her cousin may not also be her husband, which, you will admit, is quite a near relation. I restore your ring with pleasure," handing it to him "and have the honor of wishing you a very good evening."

Anderson took the ring, bowed and retreated. He wrote home that he had an advantageous offer to go South, and should avail himself of it and spend the winter in Virginia.

Mollie Fairchild drooped and drooped and I began to think that the earliest violets would bloom over her when lo! in the dreary month of February she regained her roses, and by May, when Anderson came home, she was blooming as ever.

He looked dirks and bowie-knives at me when he first came home, but when I found that Mollie was wearing the diamond again, I bestowed a chaste salute on the corner of his mustache, (I am over thirty you know), and said, "It's all right between us now, Anderson," and he replied, "Cousin Rhea, took a pretty severe lesson to teach me that two can play at that game,"—[Rural.

A man sold to his neighbor a pint of rum, on which he made two cents clear profit. Crazed with the liquor, the man shot his brother-in-law, and the cost of that act to the county, in the apprehension, imprisonment, and execution of the murderer was over one thousand dollars, which temperate tax-payers must earn and pay. Is the liquor traffic a profitable institution in any community? Would you submit to such an extortion from any other source without a serious outcry and rebellion?

A woman has carried off the \$500 prize for the best managed farm in Oxfordshire, England.

ROAST GOOSE AND APPLE SAUCE.

"Did you ever hear, sir, how it was that Edward the mason gave up drinking?" said a working man one day to my father when he was talking to him about the evils of intemperance.

"No," said my father, "how was it?"

"Well sir one day Edwards was drinking in a public house with the landlord when the landlord's wife came to call him to his dinner."

"What's for dinner?" said the man.

"Roast goose," his wife replied.

"Is there apple sauce?" he asked.

"No," she answered.

"Well go and make some; *I won't eat roast goose without apple sauce.*"

When the woman had left the room to prepare this delicacy, Edwards was so impressed by the scene he had witnessed that for the first time in his life he began to think, and his eyes were opened so that he was enabled to see clearly what a fool he had been.

"Here's this man," he said to himself "can't eat his dinner of roast goose without apple sauce, while my poor wife and children at home are glad to get herring for their dinners, and very often can't have even that. Whose money I should like to know, provides this fellow with good things? Well what's done can't be undone. It's no use crying over spilt milk, but the fellow shan't dine off roast goose at my expense." And so he paid his reckoning and walked out of the public house never to enter it again.

This thing happened many years ago, but the same thing is going on now in thousands of public houses all over the country. The landlord and his wife and children feasted on the best of everything, and the poor dupes who pay for it having scarce enough to keep themselves from starving.

Every poor wretch who sits drinking away his earnings in the public house sees this going on before his eyes, but he is too stupefied with drink to apply the lesson to himself as that poor mason was enabled to do.

Reader, are you of that number? Thank God, if you are not; but if you are the next time you visit the public house notice the nice hot savory meal that is preparing for the landlord and his family, and then con-

trast it with the wretched food that is being prepared in your poverty-stricken home.

Suppose you were to be told that a family were coming to live in one of the most comfortable houses in the village, and that every man was expected to give a large portion of his earnings to the support of these people. Why, the whole village would be up in arms to resist such tyranny. Fancy the commotion there would be! Can you not hear the people saying, "We have scarcely bread enough for our little ones, and are we to be taxed to keep a parcel of lazy, idle vagabonds?" Yet you know perfectly well that all this time you and your companions are supporting two or three such families in this village, ay, and pinching yourselves, too that they may have all the luxuries you can give them.—[The Workingman.

HOW MANY WIVES FADE.

How many pale lifeless women you see in the West, and in the East too, for that matter. Young fresh-flooding women marry, and in five or ten years, you can scarcely recognize them, while their husbands look as well as on the day of their wedding.

One cause of this is complicated house-keeping. When a man undertakes a business, he finds learned men ready to assist him; he knows what there is to do and secures help accordingly. A young woman goes to house-keeping very often without any help at all, or perhaps with one awkward girl.

There are three meals to get every day—that means cooking; and then comes the dishes to be washed after every meal. It would take about forty-five pieces for breakfast and supper, and seventy for dinner for a family of five one hundred and sixty-five pieces to be carried from the dining room to the kitchen every day, washed and carried back. If you have six rooms in your house there is one to be thoroughly swept and cleaned daily, besides brushing up the others, making beds, bringing in wood and carrying water.

Twice each week there is bread making twice a week yeast-making, one day washing, one day ironing, all your pantries and safes to be washed out once a week, dairy work to be attended to, besides innumerable jobs in the

way of jelly-making, pickling, curing hams, putting down pigs' feet, looking over and nipping off your apples in winter, and making hogs-head cheese, mince meat, a thorough house-cleaning twice a year, then sewing on dresses, aprons, shirts, drawers, gowns, &c., by the dozen.

Then supposing the housekeeper has a baby—an average six months old baby that weighs about eighteen pounds. Suppose she has this child in her arms thirty times a day (a cross infant is taken up more frequently), and often she is obliged to work with the right arm whilst carrying the burden of a baby about in the left.

Who is it that says there is nothing in gymnastics equal to the endurance of a mother's arms? Even when the day's labor is accomplished, and she goes to bed, she still holds her baby, and does not sleep soundly for fear of rolling on it or its getting uncovered; she must attend to its wants several times in the night, and must be in a constrained position for fear of disturbing it.

I have heard women say they would give almost anything for a night of undisturbed sleep, "with no care on the mind." Then in the morning up and at it again. Don't you see why women get pale, and why sometimes a little cross, and how their husbands wonder why their wives, don't look pretty and dress well, and entertain them as they did before they were married?

The wife's don't reason; on the matter, they think it all the man's fault and then they turn cross, and so things go at sixes and sevens, and this is the place where woman's rights should be taken hold of. I don't think voting would help that very much; woman's labor should be made a study. In the first place men must realize that it is a great labor to keep house.

A great many women sink down under the weight; then everybody says:

"Poor thing she always was a weakly good-for-nothing creature;" and the "poor thing has been doing more for the past ten years than two women ought.

Gerrit Smith has purchased the only tavern in Peterboro, N. Y., and is going to see if he can keep a hotel. He bought it particularly on account of its fine bar-room, which he proposes to make over into a reading-room.

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.

Most people like to be handsome. Nobody denies the great power any person may have who has a good face, and who attracts you by good looks—paints and washes, and all kinds of cosmetics, including a plentiful anointing with dirty hair-oil.

Now not every one can have good features. They are as God made them; but almost any one can look well, especially with good health. It is hard to give rules in a very short space, but in brief these will do:

Keep clean—wash freely and universally with cold water. All the skin wants is leave to act freely, and it will take care of itself. Its thousands of air holes must not be plugged up.

Eat regularly and simply. The stomach can no more work all the time, night and day, than a horse; it must have regular work and regular rest.

Good teeth are a help to good looks. Brush them with a soft brush, especially at night. Go to bed with the teeth clean. Of course to have white teeth it is needful to let tobacco alone. Any powder or wash for the teeth should be very simple. Acids may whiten the teeth, but they take off the enamel or injure them.

Sleep in a cool room, in pure air. No one can have a clean skin who breathes bad air. But more than all, in order to look well—wake up the mind and soul.

When the mind is awake; the dull sleepy look passes away from the eyes. I do not know that the brain expands, but it seems to. Think, read—not trashy novels, but books that have something in them. Talk with people who know something; hear lectures and learn by them.

This is one good of preaching. A man thinks and works and tells us the result. And if we listen, and hear, and understand the mind and soul are worked. If the spiritual nature is aroused, so much the better. We have seen a plain face really glorified by the love of God and men which shone through it. Let us grow handsome. Men say they cannot afford books, and sometimes they do not even pay for their newspaper. In that case it does them little good—they must feel so mean while reading it. But men can afford what they really

choose. If all the money spent in self-indulgence, in hurtful indulgence, were spent in books and self-improvement, we should see a change. Men would grow handsomer and women too. The soul would shine out through the eyes. We were not meant to be mere animals. Let us have books and read them, and lectures and hear them, and sermons and heed them.

STRIKING A CHILD IN ANGER.

"What do you mean by such carelessness?" exclaimed John Doring to his son William, a young lad of twelve years. "Take that!" he added, striking the boy a heavy blow on the side of the head, "and that, and that!" repeating the blows as he spoke, the last of which knocked the boy over the plow that was standing at his side. "Get up now and go into the house," continued the father, "see if you can't keep out of mischief for a while, and stop that crying, or I'll give you something to cry for!" The boy started for the house, struggling to suppress his sobs as he went.

"It is astonishing," said Doring, addressing a neighbor named Hanford, who was near, and of course had seen and heard all that has passed, "how troublesome boys are! Just see these oats now, that I have got to pick up for that boy's carelessness," and he pointed to a measure of oats which William had accidentally overturned.

"And was it for that trifle that you assaulted your child; and knocked him down?" replied Mr. Hanford, in a sorrowful tone.

Doring looked up from the oats in surprise, and repeated—

"Assaulted my child and knocked him down! Why, what do you mean, neighbor Hanford?"

"Just what I say, Did you not knock the child over the plow?"

"Well—well—no. He kind of stumbled and fell over it," doggedly replied Doring. "Do you go against parental authority? Have I not a right to punish my own child?"

"Certainly you have," responded Hanford, "in a proper spirit, but not otherwise. Do you think that a father has a right to revenge himself upon his child?"

"Of course not; but who's talking about revenge?"

"Well, friend Doring, let me ask you another question: For what purpose should a child be punished?"

"Why, to make it better—to do it good, of course," quickly replied Doring.

"For any other purpose?" asked Hanford.

"Well, no, not that I can think of just now," replied Doring thoughtfully.

"And now, friend," kindly continued Hanford, "do you suppose your treatment to your son, a few moments ago, did him any good, or has increased his respect and affection? The boy, I venture to say, is utterly unconscious of having done anything wrong, and yet you suddenly assaulted him in anger and violence, and gave him a beating which no penitentiary convict can be subjected to without having the outrage inquired into by a legislative committee. But let me tell you a story. You know my son Charles?"

"The one that is now preaching in Charlestown?"

"Yes; you have probably noticed that he is lame?"

"I have noticed it," said Doring, "and asked him how it happened, and he told me he got hurt when a boy."

"Yes," responded Hanford with emotion, "the dear boy could never be made to say that it was occasioned by his father's brutality. But listen," he continued, as he saw that Doring was about to speak—

"When Charles was about the age of your son William, he was one of the most active and intelligent boys I had ever seen. I was fond of him, and especially of his physical beauty and prowess. But unfortunately I was cursed with an irritable and violent temper, and was in the habit of punishing my children under the influence of passion and vengeance, instead of from the dictates of reason, duty and enlightened affection.

"One day Charles offended me by some boyish and trifling misdemeanor, and I treated him almost exactly as you did your son, I struck him violently, and he fell upon a pile of stones at his side, and injured his left side so badly that the result was he was crippled for life," said Mr. Hanford in tones of deepest sorrow and remorse, and covered his face with his hands.

A short period of oppressive silence fol-

lowed, which was at last broken by Hanford saying:

"When I found that my boy did not rise from the stones on which he had fallen, I seized him by the arm and rudely pulled him to his feet, and was about to strike him again when something I saw in his face—his look—arrested my arm, and I asked him if he was hurt."

"I am afraid I am pa," he mildly answered, clinging to my arm for support.

"Where?" I asked in great alarm, for, notwithstanding, my brutality I nearly idolized my boy.

"Here," he replied laying his hand on his hip.

In silence I took him in my arms and carried him to his bed, from which he never arose the same bright, active, glorious boy that I had so cruelly struck on that pile of stones. But after many months he came forth a pale saddened little fellow, hobbling on a crutch."

Here Mr. Hanford broke down and wept like a child, and the tears also rolled down Doring's checks. When he resumed Mr. Hanford said:

"This is a humiliating narrative neighbor Doring, and I would not have related it to you, had I not supposed you needed the lesson which it contains. It is impossible for me to give any adequate notion of the suffering I have undergone on account of my brutal rashness to my boy. But, fortunately, it has been overruled to my own good, and to that of my family also. The remedy, though terrible, was complete, and no other child of mine has ever been punished by me, except when I was in the full possession and exercise of my best faculties, and when my sense of duty has been chastened and softened by reason and affection.

"I devoted myself to poor Charley from the time he left his bed, and we came to understand one another as I think but few fathers and sons ever do. The poor boy never blamed me for blinding so much happiness for him, and I have sometimes tried to think that his life's voyage, on the winds, that would have been had I not been taught my duty through his sorrows.

"Still, neighbor Doring, I should be sorry to have you and your son William pass

through a similar ordeal."

"I trust that we shall not," emphatically and gravely responded Doring. "I thank you for your story friend Hanford, and I shall try and profit by it."

And he did profit by it, and we hope that every parent, who is capable of striking his child in anger and petulance, that reads this sketch from life, will also profit by it.

WHAT RUM WILL DO.—Some years ago; in one of the counties of New York, a worthy man was tempted to drink until he was drunk. In a delirium of drunkenness he went home and murdered his wife in a most barbarous manner. He was carried to the jail while drunk, and kept through the night. Awakening in the morning, and looking around upon the walls, and seeing the bars upon the windows, he exclaimed: "Is this a jail?"

"Yes, you are in jail," answered some one.

"What am I here for?" was the earnest inquiry.

"For murder!" was the answer.

With still greater astonishment and earnestness he inquired, "Does my wife know it?"

"Your wife know it?" said some one. "Why, it was your wife you have killed."

On this announcement he dropped suddenly, as if he had been struck dead. Let it be remembered the constable who carried him to jail sold him the liquor which caused his drunkenness; the justice who issued the warrant was one of those who signed his license, and the Sheriff who hung him also sold liquor and kept a ten-pin alley.

OVER THERE.

BY MRS. C.

Just beyond that shadowy valley,
Where the dreaded billows roll,
There awaits a glorious future
For the weary earth-worn soul.

Just within the shining portal
On the other better shore,
We shall meet our own beloved ones
Not one lost, but gone before.

Where the flowers sweet and vernal
Crown the never-fading years,
There our hopes will bloom eternal,
All unshrouded by doubts and fears.

O day, day! that will guide us
Safely through the icy tide,
Till we stand with the immortals
Hand in hand and side by side.

MIRIAM GRAY.

BY KITTIE CANDID.

Farmer Grey stirred the fire drew a little nearer, and looked inquiringly over to where sat Mrs. Grey, his wife,—“Mother,” he called her. It was a cold afternoon in January and a violent snow-storm had set in, blocking the paths about the house and whitening everything. It did not fall softly, but pelted the roof as if it owed it a grudge for having withstood storm and time for so many years.

He stirred the fire again and then limped to the window and looked anxiously out.

“Well, wife, I’m sure I don’t see how little Miriam is to get home! Now if James were only here—and this lame foot! I never knew what a blessing two feet were, till since that pesky colt smashed up this one for me. Lay me up all winter and spring, very likely. You see the storm has come on harder since four o’clock, and a mile is no short distance for a little thing like her to walk. Do wish the master would keep them an hour later; but he’s paid till four, and it is not probable he’ll stay any longer. We might start our teams and bring ’em all home by that time.”

“Yes it worries me too, Father. I miss James so much such days as these. All the chance I see for her to get home is just here. If Ross Ellis is at school, never you fear, for he has been another brother to her ever since she was born; but I am afraid he isn’t at school to-day. Look here father; just you sit down and be quiet, and I’ll run over to Mr. Ellis’ and see;” so saying the good woman run hurriedly out.

“Oh, dear me!” sighed farmer Grey, “this is too bad a storm for father’s little pet to be out in. I’m afraid she started for home when it lightened up so: little Merrie in all this snow when father has brought her in his arms so many times—but this pesky foot!” and he really struck the poor dumb offender. “But if Ellis is there, I guess they’ll flounder through somehow, for he is pretty stout and plucky for a boy just gone o’ thirteen.”

“There father, don’t worry any more. He went to school this afternoon,” shouted Mrs. Grey, as the snow rushed in, in billows behind her. But he did worry till he espied the little red hood.

“Here they come! Ross has got her on his back. Guess the drifts got too deep for the sled, didn’t they Ross, my little man? and your pretty well tuckered ain’t you?” This

last was addressed to Ross as he deposited his pretty little burden on the door step. Brown laughing eyes, brown curls covered with snow and ice, and an honest open face;—just the boy to make a noble honest man—that was Ross Ellis. The girl a wee winsome thing of ten but not larger than children at seven. Great fathomless, black eyes, ripe pouting lips, rosy cheeks and low broad forehead; just the child to make a gladsome happy woman, or a proud cold one just as circumstances placed her; but now she was the veriest little blossom that ever bloomed on the verge of a snow drift, for Farmer Gray was sixty now, and this was the last of ten children. Eight little hillocks in the churchyard told how the angel babes had winged their way upward, ere the earth elods had soiled their baby feet.

Only James, a hardy, brown farmer boy of twenty, and this child Miriam were left the patient couple, who God-fearing and God-serving had meekly said “Even so Lord,” and covered the dear ones from sight.

Miriam seemed too long and harsh a name for such a gay little birdling as she, but years hence the sullen interpretation “rebellion” will fit these well. Proud now—bitter then. Glad some now—repentant then.

You see this little capricious pet just her way in everything. She ruled mother with her childish artlessness, led captive brother James, was all in all to father; the light of the farm-house and monarch over them all; and a Farmer Gray warned her purple hands, she began the history of the day, just as she always did, but wound up with startling intelligence to-night.

“I tell you it is really true. Mistress Clyde called in there this morning and gave Jenny of the prettiest necklace that ever anyone saw or wore. Great black, blue, red and white beads with little tiny, gilt and green ones mixed in. She says she must wear it because she has been such a nice little girl to pass there so often and let the fruit and flowers alone. Said there was another little girl who came that way, who deserved a testi—testi—something like testimony, papa. “Testimonial” suggested he,

“Yes that’s the word, so I know papa it must be me, because Jennie and I are the only little girls who have to go by there to school. Say mama, don’t you almost know that it is mine? and the little gypsy fairly danced with joy.

“Well, surely mother, if proud Mistress Clyde has unbent enough to call her children about her the “Mansion House” must be seeing new days. By the way, when is that son o’

her's coming home? Don't know eh? Now this sending boys off to school so young, and losing all their company isn't good. I couldn't spare James year after year no how. I really dread for the time to come when Merric must go, for even three months at a time. But she couldn't go to England as Grafton Clyde has, if I knew she would come back talking and acting like a queen; should she pet?" said the lovin' old man stroking the crisp black curls.

"Oh, well you know Allan, she never lost as many as we. Only that boy left, and since the Squire died she has nothing to live for but Grafton, she says. Let me see; he was home to his fathers funeral three years ago. Must be as much as sixteen now. She crowds him with English education, but what good will it ever do him, if he goes to the bad as his father did? His drinking and dying so, was a dreadful blow to her. It cut her pride as deep as it did her heart, poor soul! They say she spoke in prayer meeting one night last week, looking almost like a saint. Said something about conquering her pride, living for God and lots more, so perhaps, little Merrie, the necklace is o' you and no matter if father does laugh a little. Oh! I think every day of my blessings, Allen, and am afraid I'm not half thankful enough to have you so temperate and James too. Come, Merrie dear, eat your supper, and cut the necklace out o' your mind for maybe after all it's not for you."

But it was for her. Scarlet coral; long shining strings of it, with real gold clasps." Quite an improvement upon Jennie's. That was the first time that proud Mistress Clyde showed her preference for Miriam Grey but surely not the last.

One beautiful October evening, when the setting sun threw its crimson glories on rock roof and tree, when the western piazza of farmer Grey's time-worn farmhouse looked like a bow of beauty, bathed in the dying sunlight stood Miriam Grey, even more beautiful than her childhood had promised.

Eighteen now, tall and proudly erect, Pur-black hair ran in rippling waves from the white forehead till they were lost in the heavy curls at the back—the same fathomless black eyes, fine set mouth telling of willful pride. Heavy folds of lustrous black silk fell about her as she stood there, "Father's pet" and "others pride" still. Home from school now—accomplished, loving and winsome. Her hand grasped the vine wreathed pillar, and there gleamed in the uncertain sunlight,

one plain gold circlet—no other ornament.

"Ross" was the name inside. He wore its mate—"Miriam" marked there. They never have forgotten the child love, and when bold little Ross went on his first voyage, five years before, a bright little comelian sparkled there, and she cried for him just as she would if James had sailed away.

But just as he had left the stifling forecastle and grown used to the honors of mate—think of it? mate of a ship! (it sounded marvellous to the village folks.)—Farmer Ellis died and Ross at eighteen came home to a mortgaged farm and a trembling helpless mother. He put aside promised honors and gilded happiness, (for parental wishes were like angel's prayers to him,) and now at twenty-one, made prematurely old by the burden of care and debt, he could just see the beginning of the end."

Only a year before on such a night as this, he had placed the ring upon her finger and she had circled his hardened finger with its mate—and when the last cent was paid and the old house brightened up a bit, she was to go home with him a bonny bride. And so it might have been, but for the old demon of her pride that would not be exorcised.

As she stood there, the woodbine and ivy clambering in wild freedom o'er the house behind her, the vine clad pillars and fence, nodding maples and drooping willows on either hand, she made a pretty picture enough, but somehow she never seemed in keeping with such surroundings. She would never find her place till she walked a'm'd Oriental perfumes; till her dainty feet prest soft velvet carpets; till she ate from golden vessels.

Some blamed her—mother chided gently—father said "Pet knows best," and in a thousand ways her ambition was fed and pride fostered.

Ross saw only perfection; only his lovely promised wife. Standing now in his doorway he watched her, and felt a strange hunger at heart, and wondered in a vague way, how long he must wait; but when he put his arms around his trembling mother, he chided himself for his impatience, and made himself believe the prize was worth the waiting.

"Good evening, my love. Is mother in? because I fancied a chat with her might cheer me a bit, so with Grafton's arm to lean upon I walked over."

"I am so glad. Do come in. Mother will be delighted to have you. It seems an age since you were here." All this was real, for Miriam had been to the "Mansion House"

often since that day Mistress Clyde clasped the coral about her neck, and knew she was a welcomed guest there.

"Only since yester e'en child; but time flies fast sometimes, eh birdie? Miriam blushed and looked over toward where Ross stood and chid herself for it, but saying nothing, went over to where Grafton waited. Mistress Clyde's son, and a son to be proud of. Years ago, when they came from England, she had never meant for him to associate with the villagers, but now he had been home nearly six months, and oh! how many happy hours! and must we own it? Almost all, with Miriam near him and about him. Not that she meant to be untrue—I think she never thought of it at first—but could she do aught save to enjoy his cultivated presence? Manly, honest and generous—only one fault. He had inherited his father's love of strong drink. "Only a glass" but his mother shuddered at the thought of the future and tried to warn him. He only laughed at her fears, and would not touch a drop for a week, or a month; just to prove that he "could drink or let it alone," you know—and she—fond foolish woman believed him; kept the adder in the closets, the demon in her cellars, *because they had, there at her home in England.* When will we ever sacrifice custom to sense?

But while I have been describing him, his mother has made her call and come out again. The moon was silvering the tree tops and she thought as she took Grafton's arm, that there was a strange light in Miriam's eye. Perhaps it was the moonbeams, but she hoped not. Miriam said "goodnight" and hurried into the house. She gave each a hurried kiss—almost stumbled over the cradle that held the only grandchild—James' little Amy—and hurried up to her room.

"What has crazed the girl so?" said James' wife, who somehow felt as if the wonderful baby had been grossly insulted.

"Sir Grafton has been making love, I guess," ventured James by way of solacing her.

"God forbid!" earnestly answered Mrs. Gray. "Never a child of mine could I see go to that house. The Squire's dying yells and curses hang there yet. 'Twould bring her nothing but sorrow and woe; I know it. God forbid it."

Oh what a prophecy for you, Miriam!

"Land sakes, mother! don't borrow trouble, Merrie's all right I dare say."

Could they have looked in upon her they might have "borrowed trouble," for she sat by the window, crouched over as if hugging a new sorrow a new woe. The strange light gleamed

yet in her eyes. Her hair fell about her and its heavy coils seemed almost like serpents to her. She was on the battle field now—and for what?

He had told her "the same old story" that evening there on the piazza. She had listened and was dazzled—houses, lands, foreign education, travel, polish, position, a title awaiting him somewhere in England, white hands, velvet and linen, an aristocratic home, ornamental perfumes and golden vessels; all this set against what?—one meagre farm, still in debt, a ruinous old farmhouse, "common school knowledge," only two years of rough sailor travel, rough horney hands, flannels and homespun. You know how it ended. She said yes and he went home in cloud land; for he did love her in his selfish way. Such men never love deeply. A little thing will turn it to tyranny or hate. And now there was nothing left but for her to fight the battle alone with herself, but the contest lasted till the stars paled and the moon went to rest.

She saw it all—her wickedness and deception, James' sad look, fathers remonstrance, mother tearful eyes and Ross white face.—But she argued that she was no wife for Ross. She hated the drudgery of life, and a farmers wife must do it all. Proud too, Ross' mother never would like her, she knew, for she hated sick or women, and Ross didn't. She never meant to marry a man who even tasted wine—Ross didn't. But it was too late now; the fight was over and she buried her dead, hid the wounded, and threw herself down to sleep; but through her dreams came and went glasses filled with wine, and crawling venomous adders dashed their forked tongues over the brim at her. Then flagons of brandy borne by horrible demons who leered upon her. Whole armies of devils with flaming red banners dipped in wine. Uplifted hands as if to strike—a baby gleaming white and cold; torches ablaze, bright glares of flame, and Grafton Clyde amid it. So the panorama shifted, till her mothers cheery voice woke her from this awful dreaming. Year afterward she remembered it, and knew she had seen a vision that night.

I never can describe to you the wonder the row and the woe experienced at the farm when they knew it. Useless their prayers entreaties. Miriam rebelled. (The Hebrew interpreted her name rightly.) Miriam rebelled and it was settled.

She told Ross some way she never knew and he went home "burnt to the heart" mother said, but wedded anew to home,

and mother. He never forgot her such men remember long, and for ten long years, night and morn, from his hearthstone went up a prayer for misguided Miriam.

They were married. White satin, orange blossoms, pearls where the coral necklace had been, a long tour and an aristocratic home miles from her child-home. One, two, three years of perfect happiness for Mistress Clyde, Grafton, and Miriam, too, if it had not been for "the face that is always between." It is true he always had wines at table, but they "always did in England."

Four, five, six years; and Miriam Clyde had learned that she had married a tyrant, a drunkard and a glutton. Mistress Clyde wrung her hands and pleaded in vain. Miriam long ago pronounced life a curse, but her pride was unquenchable. If he accompanied her home his pride kept him sober there. She thanked him for that; her visits had grown more and more rare till now she solaced herself with letters only. She said she would not go there with her hollow face and meagre clothes. She dreaded their questions and—and—Ross. She owned it softly to herself and staid with him, pitied and loathed his mother, took his blows, his kicks, in silence, lest the world should know of her shame.

Seven, eight years; and then there came a cauteous boy; but with his first walk went out the soul of Mistress Clyde from earth-life. Once Miriam would have clung to her and begged to go too, but now a great love took possession of her, and amid her wretchedness she smiled gladly on him.

Nine, ten years; and the "beginning of the end" came again. He had squandered nearly only the house and park left.

"Little Ross," (she had secretly called him that,) was the one jewel in her earth-crown. With him to look upon, she choked back the tears and struggled on, never hoping for better than doing a wife's duty as best she could, till that day in January. Just such a day as she had struggled through the drifts with Ross so long ago. She remembered all such occurrences now.

He had been drinking worse than ever for a week, and that day he struck her. He had done that numberless times before, but he struck her darling too. Struck him a blow that sent the life from the sweet little body, and that naught but cold baby clay in the frantic others' arms.

That blow did what the sorrows of the long

years could not do. Her pride was swept away and ere the sunset, a foaming horse stood at Farmer Gray's gate and a frenzied woman knelt in the kitchen with a dead boy in her arms.

The next day the awful news came to them that the home she had left, the beautiful trees and all, were burned the night after she left; and later when she was stronger, they told her he was burned too. In his wine made madness he had lighted his own funeral pile. She said nothing but knew what that vision meant now. It had all come true.

Oh, well, it is fortunate for us all, that God is to judge poor sinning humanity, not we.

The secret of her sorrow was all out now. Ross only said, "She has needed all our prayers and more too, mother."

Villagers wondered, but all pitied, for none who looked on her haggard, humbled face and gray hairs at twenty-eight could blame.

She had atoned for her error, and one stilly night, when the stars kept their silent watch and the moon looked pityingly upon her, she lay dying. Only three months had she learned again how sweet home joys were; but the bitter woes of the past years had wrought their work, and now with the seal of Christ's forgiveness on her brow and a holy trust in her heart, she lay waiting the summons.

Farmer Gray stood beside her, bent and tottering. Near very near the "shining strand." Mother Gray sobbed wildly in another part of the room. George and his wife clung to each other as if fearing for themselves some of her bitter life woe. Ross' mother prayed by her bedside while Ross counted the feeble pulse and watched the life sands ebb slowly out. 'Twas a sorrowful group. "Father's Pet" going away and forever. Had suffered so much and alone—it was too much and he wrung his hands in anguish. But they watched there until the gray of morning, when she aroused and begged them to sing "Nearer Home;" and as that dear old hymn floated out, her breath grew fainter and fainter,

"Nearer the crystal gate,

Where we lay our burdens down,

Nearer dropping the cross,

Nearer wearing the crown,"

sang the sobbing group, and her soul dropped its earth-cross—there was a rustle of angel garments, and Miriam Gray had gone up to receive her crown while Ross Ellis went home with less pain at heart, than for ten long years; for he had closed the fathomless eyes to earth-sorrow and knew they would open in Heaven.

It is our own vanity that makes the vanities of others intolerable to us.

INTEMPERANCE.

BY KITTIE CANDID.

Don't snuff at the title now, nor put the paper down and look for something else. don't say you are tired of the old hackneyed theme and think there is nothing left unsaid. Just listen while I talk to you about intemperance in eating; for we are all of us more or less guilty of this grave charge. Yes I presume you are even now, smoothing the skirts of your garments contentedly, knowing that it is not you, but just wish Brown, Jones or Smith could see it, the gluttons! But I do not want you to wait for their arrival—the very eyes that are scanning this now, are just the pair of eyes that should finish it I presume.

We read daily of the death of little infants—physicians croak about “inflammation, congestion,” or some other convenient word at hand, while the real verdict should be, over fed.

Youths die—indigestion, dyspepsia at first; get worse and worse—the attendant physician pronounces some unpronounceable name over them—and they are buried.

Middle aged men and women, grandsires and grandams die—“apoplexy or “heart disease.” This is so common at the present date that it fails to excite comment. Our day laborers never think of dying of the apoplexy. Guess not; that name is reserved for those who are “called home” from the higher walks in life.

Now just look at it, just because the stomach is invisible and voiceless, we give it burdens to bear that we would blush to give a pack horse. These lawless burdens cause unpleasant sensations it is true; a little dizziness; perchance a headache or drowsiness. No matter for that; if we miraculously escape a string of convulsions, we are all ready for another meal, or a long visit to the pantry even before the dinner hour, and devour it with as much gusto as ever cannibal did his delicate morsel of roast or broiled humanity.

Great men die. “Apoplexy;” and that word fairly defined is, intemperance in eating and drinking, and lack of exercise, (those last three words standing for the old fashioned word *laziness*;) not at all popular now, but if you will so understand it, you have the

designation in full. Die in the midst of influence and popularity, just because the moral cannot say to the physical “Thus far shalt thou go and no farther.”

Solomon advised the glutton to put a knife to his throat. Of course he did not intend a literal translation of such advice, but if people would only do it; only remember that gorging the stomach cannot go to make up a useful life. If they would only remember that there is a brain above the palate; only be temperate in eating as well as in drinking many that now walk the earth, stupid and listless drones in the great busy hive of humanity, might become of some use. More healthful exercise among this class, and a wholesome temperance lecture from the various dishes at table might help to banish that spectre apoplexy from peoples homes and memory.

THE HOUR HAS COME.

When every one should know his duty there never has been a time since the world rolled towards the East when earnest, honest men were in so great a demand as now. The cause of Christianity and religion is curbed by the two frequent use of the license system. The human family, from the cradle to the grave, are beset with temptations. The political parties are to-day selling all that is good noble and true, for votes. The representative of the people sell and barter the principles of which they are elected. This is not to be wondered at, for the parties that elect them did the same thing in order to be successful. An honest, fearless, independent man, cannot be elected to office, because rings and cliques are against those who will not serve their purpose. The time, the hour has come, for reformation—a reform that will destroy the one—man power, cliques and rings that force only those on the people that will serve their purpose. The spark that ignited Bloomington, has extended to this country, and a call has been issued for a reform meeting to be held at this place early in September. We are in hopes to lay it before the people in our next issue. In the meantime, we ask of readers to wake up, for the hour has come for them to work.—[Gilman Star.

In giving alms, let us rather look at the need of the poor than his claim to our charity.

Life Sketches of Mrs. R. H. Spencer,

STATE AGENT AND NURSE FOR FIELD AND HOSPITAL IN THE LATE CIVIL WAR.

We had no farther trouble with the horses and arrived safely at Aquia Creek, and in time to take the steamer enroute for Washington. Mrs. Arndt (pronounced Arnt) seemed sad and gloomy during the passage, her former feeling of wild frenzy changed to hopeless despondency. She appeared to me to be really ill and I found afterward that I was correct in my conclusion, upon receiving a letter from her while convalescing the contents of which I will present to my readers before closing this chapter of Sketches, for the purpose of confirming my statement in a former number of the GOLDEN RULE, of the death of the son and his burial, connected with the other incidents that occurred at that time in which she was a participant.

As I was obliged to visit Washington frequently for the sole purpose of replenishing our stores when short, or get a new supply when entirely out, my passes were given to return the next day—giving me only time enough to do the business for which I was sent, as expeditious as possible, thus making my moments precious.

In parting from Mrs Arndt I had barely time to take her by the hand and pray our Almighty Father to sustain her in her great grief, and protect her on her passage home. We bade her farewell, perhaps never to meet again. She to bear the sad news to her family; Mrs. Ward and myself to fulfil our different missions.

By dint of tact and perseverance with a good share of assurance I succeeded in obtaining the supplies for which I was sent and in safety I returned to my charge, strengthened to continue and endure to the end.

Our tent was large, what was termed a hospital tent. On three sides, boxes and barrels, Sanitary and Christian Commission of goods, made an inner wall.

The place was thronged from morning till night with agents and visitors from abroad. And every few minutes nurse or ward master would make application for something. One for soft bread for his ward, the nurse for farina, beef-tea, or a soft cloth for dressing a blister, another for some berries, wine,

ginger, extract or soft crackers, another still, for shirt, drawers, socks, and again a pillow or blanket was needed, flannel for a bandage, a piece of butter for toast, a cup of tea, a little boiled milk and just the least bit of jelly for a man who had no appetite, a prescription for tooth-ache, with a wish that I would just step to the Ward to see if I could do something for a very sick one there.

And yet with this description of my daily life in the field, you will form but a faint idea of the patience, perseverance and good temper requisite to meet every emergency with a cheerful aspect and true christian charity. Sometimes faint and weary with long standing upon my feet, I would realize that my patience was clean gone, and that my indomitable will must yield by the force of circumstances to the demands made upon my over worked nature. An interim of rest however, would cause my strength to rally and with an increase of force take active service in the field again with renewed energy. You could hardly believe that all were supplied, yet they were, not only our own Division but Divisions in the other corps were furnished from the stores, with such luxuries as I was able to supply and procure from the different sources of contributions. None were refused what we could get for them. At the present time I have the happy consciousness of having done all my duty as I shall wish to have done at that last eternal day of Judgment, when all will have to render up their account of the minutest transaction of life to the All-wise Ruler of Heaven and earth, the God of justice and mercy.

Our Regiment had returned from the famous mud march of four days, where in the rain and clay they marched and counter-marched until they returned to the identical spot from which they started. They were destitute of almost everything conducive to comfort, having thrown away what they did not love, forgetting at the time when oppressed by the scorching rays of the mid-day sun, that the cool dews of night would make them repent of their rash waste of clothing. Many were sick, and a number

died from the effect of that unprofitable movement.

Mr. Spencer was sent from hospital with twenty-four men convalescent, only eight of those reported fit for service. The regiment now numbering but five hundred forty-two men able for duty the balance sick, discharged or having deserted.

There were but three tents left for officers, two hospital tents occupied by assistant surgeon, hospital-stewards and attendants. The men in the regiment living in little huts, and those huts covered by shelter tents, a single one not larger than a blanket, some of them built chimneys of sticks and mud, their fire-places, made partly under the ground, sometimes drew finely, but most of the time without draft and then the smoke was dense and suffocating. Most of the time their floors were damp with mud, their fires insufficient to bake or dry them. None can tell but those who tried it how much suffering was endured by our soldiers.

We sent over a blanket to one Mr. Green, a bag of soft bread, crackers, tea, dried fruit and sugar to Frank Beahr and young Shalkenbosh who were sick; another bag of necessaries to Col. Warner for the hospital, its attendants and patients.

Looking out upon the broad Potomac dotted with steamers and sails, and inland upon the vast hospital with the multiplicity of tents crowded with invalids, sick, convalescent, dead and dying, I think I fully realized the curse of a civil war.

On account of the depth of mud, and our close vicinity to the cattle yard, from which the cattle often broke loose, stampeding through the grounds so wildly that we felt in danger of our lives, it was thought best to remove the hospital to about a half mile distant upon higher ground. The great mammoth hospital was broken up, and Division hospitals again formed.

While we were pulling up tents and making arrangements for the comfort of our patients for the night we were apprised of the approach of more invalids brought us by wagons from their Regiments. Among the number we found Imley (step son to J. B. Edwards, Esq. of our city) he was weak and emaciated by disease, heart sick and homesick. I was not acquainted with him, neither

was my husband, but in taking down the names, Mr. Spencer found him to be related to J. B. Edwards, and we felt an extra interest in him on account of that relationship. Mr. Edwards was one of our respected citizens. Our home was bought of him, but not paid for, there was principal and interest due. When I spoke of going to the war, he offered to wait for the principal and gave all the interest then due (over seventy dollars) and said he would continue to do so while I remained working for my country, (I will here state that he fulfilled his promise and gave all the interest due for the nearly three years I remained in the army.) But to return, we found a place for Imley in the hospital stewards tent, and when he was recovered sufficient, we used our influence with the surgeon to employ him until he should become rugged and enabled to do soldiers duty again. Thus we endeavored to pay by extra exertion the kindness shown us.

We did not remain long in this location, again we moved our camp, and while here I received a letter from Mrs. Arndt, which I will now place before you. It is dated Almond, Feb. 19 1863., and addressed to Mrs R. H. Spencer.

WORTHY SISTER:—I suppose you think by this time that I have forgotten you, but it is not so, I think of you much. I arrived home on Saturday evening at eleven o'clock with hardly life to remove my things, I then realized that I was but human. I was prostrated with inflammation of the lungs and have been sick ever since, and here I lay trying to talk to you, and I hope you may be able to read this scroll. On Sunday and Monday my house was crowded with sympathizers. The blow was unlooked for. No one was expecting or prepared to receive the message I brought, and all seem to think they cannot have it so. It seems impossible to convince my youngest son that his brother George is dead, and when I received a letter from Washington from Mr. Stacy of the Christian Commission, he caught the letter from bearer, ran to his father saying here is a letter from George, it has just come from Washington, it is from my brother, he is not dead! he lives! For a moment I believed the child. Oh! vain delusive hope how soon it vanished to leave me to my despair. How often I think could he have been in Dr. Ward's care, to-day I should have had my son. Perhaps Dr. Blakema did all that he could, I make no reflection

But when I read the letter of that dear son, dated Jan. 29, and think of my arriving Feb. 4th to find death had wrought so great a work of destruction to my love and hope, I can hardly submit under the blow. He was not in Hospital one week. How could I expect to find him cold in death. This war, Oh! this dreadful war has done for me what and all it can. This was a sacrifice un-called for. I can write but little and then I have to rest, but I shall try to finish to-day. Tell me how is that man who was sick and raving with fever, in the tent next yours? Is he dead? How my heart goes out after those suffering ones. How are those who coughed so continually? My mind is constantly with you in your mission of love, and my prayer is that you may stand in your lot and place until your work is fully done, and may you never know what deep sorrow means, the heart felt woe that will abide with me through this journey of life. But I will not trouble you with the story of my mind now. When I write you again I hope I shall feel better and be more submissive to the hand that chastises me. I thought of seeing you again before I left Washington; when I came back to the rooms you were gone. Mr. Stacy proved a sure friend. I may have troubled him too much, I think perhaps I did, I was so confused at times that I do not remember distinctly only one feeling prevailed, I dreaded to be left alone. While life shall last I shall hold him in grateful remembrance for all his kindness to me in my severe affliction. Did you see your Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Chapin again before you left the city, and how was he? When you write please send me his address if you have it. It is just two weeks yesterday since I met you and Mrs. Ward on the boat. What would I have done if you had not returned at that time. But it seemed ordered that you should be disappointed, that you might turn back with me, to aid me in bearing my burden of grief. God knows that I needed some earthly friend, he saw fit to provide me with those whose memory will be ever dear to me, and whose kindness I can never repay.

Give my love to Dr. Ward and his wife and may she never have to drink of my cup of sorrow. Accept for yourself my warmest gratitude and love. Tell your dear! dear! husband I find no words to express my gratitude for his kindness to me. Your faces I see when I lie down and rise up, bless you all. Please answer this as soon as you receive and oblige.

Yours Truly,

SARAH ARNDT.

P. S.—About the box, Mr. Stacy thought it best to send a quantity of socks. We will do so and send it soon.

S. ARNDT.

We received a box of supplies from Mrs.

Arndt and her neighbors. which we distributed to the needy, The man of whom she made inquiry, died and was buried before I received her letter. I answered her letter, but I have never received news of her since.

We did not remain long in our last locality, but again broke camp and the 29th of February found us settled again. The different Division hospitals were scattered in all directions. We were now located south of Potomac creek, about two miles from the encampment of the 147 Reg., off by ourselves, on a small clearing where some day there had been a corn field or tobacco patch.

We had twelve hospital tents for the sick, two for the cook, one for the physician or surgeon in charge, one for the hospital steward two assistant surgeons and ward master, and one for the matron, seventeen in all.

My husband and I had a large hospital tent to ourselves, in which we were very comfortable. The boys upon our arrival appropriated pieces of boards and made me a nice floor. I had a cook stove and upon the floor two or three strips of carpet, a bed curtained also, borrowed from some one *I dont know who*. Only think of it, a stove, a floor, strips of carpet, and curtains, way down in Virginia, in camp where such things were seldom seen in army life.

I will try and describe our locality so as to give you an idea of our situation. In approaching our encampment the road terminates and nothing was to be seen but woods and forest, after winding through the thick underbrush for thirty or forty rods an opening appeared and the white hospital tents were seen pitched upon a round knoll, on three sides were deep gullies, in which were running streams of water. Hills and valleys, thickly wooded were in the distance.

On the peak of an adjoining hill, stood an old dilapidated house, where some Southerner had made his home. Although there was nothing homelike about it, at the time we saw it, and we could look and wonder where the owners of those old houses could be now.

The 1st Division of the army of the Potomac was encamped within a circuit of two or three miles of us. We had a snow storm,

the snow fell a foot deep, and after that the rain descended for a long time, and then the sun appeared, it was warm the birds sang and spring seemed about to open. How different from our February at home. I started a little garden.

On our removal to this locality, our sick were sent, some to their Regiment and others to Washington. This gave us plenty of time to prepare our hospital for sick or wounded. Tents were put up to accommodate ninety patients. We had a force of eighteen attendants. Dr. Ward was still our chief in charge. Drs. Hadden and Webb were the assistant surgeons.

March 1st my husband and I went to the Regiment and there met Mr. John Van Alstyne of Oswego, we were happy to meet him and hear "good news from home. His son Walter was a member of the Regiment. The poor diet and bad water was doing the work of destruction with his health and his father was anxious to get him in my care; I promised to do all I could for him and I redeemed my promise by getting him detailed to assist me in hospital duties. I often received visits from some of our regiment, when not able to come, if they wished for any necessaries they would write an order something like the following:

BELLE PLAIN, March 15th, 1863.

MRS. SPENCER:—Wilt thou help the needy. The Scripture saith "Ask and it shall be given," or "you shall receive." I have been very poorly, but feel much better this morning. If you can send me and not deprive another of what they need, I would like very much one pair drawers and one shirt.

Respectfully your friend.

L. D. POTTER.
147 N. Y. S. Vol.

I filled the order, feeling thankful that I had a supply to meet those demands at once and when they were most needed.

March 31st found us still in the same place. The 147 had been put in the second Brigade of the first Division, first army corps.

April 29th, the Hospital was again encamped in a new locality, within half a mile of the old camp of the great mammoth Hospital, and within one and a half miles of Acquia Creek. Instead of a Division hospital, it was now established a Corps

Hospital, containing the three Divisions. We had about twelve hundred sick, mostly crippled by rheumatism, but few dangerously sick, but such as could not or would not shoulder the musket and knapsacks for a heavy march. The 29th we could hear the guns. They were at some distance from us however.

Our army had crossed the Rappahannoc in three places, and as yet had only three men killed. Mrs. Dix stayed at my tent the night before. We had very rainy weather while getting this new hospital started. Imley was not dangerously sick. Morgan Hill of Oswego, was crippled by rheumatism. I received a letter from the Treasurer of the Ladies Society, Washington, showing a sympathy with us and for us. She writes:

WASHINGTON, Apr. 19, 1863.

MY DEAR MRS. SPENCER:—

I have been waiting to pack you a box and to write you at the same time, but have had no opportunity of writing until to-day. I have been thinking of you all the time, and asking myself if any one of us are doing as much as you. I have been down to the Christian Commission, to try and get them to forward a box to you, but they told me that they could not promise to get their own down. Mr. Stacy has kindly offered to hand you this. I hear from him that your hospital has been moved near Aquia Creek. I expect from what I have heard that you are doing a great work, among the soldiers. May God bless you in that good work, for the men around you. A female who can feel for them as well as work for them, should be blessed and sustained of God. In my experience I think there are but few who can or will work faithfully. I hope you will not hesitate to call upon our Ladies whenever you want any supplies, and if we have them we will forward them most cheerfully. I shall send the flannel and blackberry cordial as soon as I can get any opportunity. Mrs. Jordan is anxious to help you all she can. Mr. Stacy is waiting to take this, I cannot write you a long letter. Give my best respects to Mr. Spencer. I shall always be glad to see you or assist you.

Yours Truly,

JANE FARNHAM.

Dear readers, Mrs. Farnham is one of the first ladies in Washington; rich in this world's goods; she proves herself a faithful steward of the means God has placed in her hands. There seems to be a holiness in her name even. I never speak her name with

ut feeling a desire to say, "bless her." On, may she be blessed in her work, in her means, and last though not least in every member of her family. Oh, could you see her as I have seen her, kneeling at prayer in the morning with her family about her and in their midst the stranger to whom she opened her door and for whom she humbly and fervently desired God's blessing, you might imagine something of my feelings when thinking of all her charities, and pray that she might always be blessed.

[For the Golden Rule.]

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

BY LILLIAN.

Hydra-headed Intemperance sets forth his temptation even here where the setting sun throws his last rays o'er the beautiful prairie—where God's great works looks forth from grassy plains and mountain peaks, where wild flowers bloom in wanton luxuriance and where the Angels seem to whisper to the swift wind as it goes coursing over the beautiful world. Even here are Satan's minious dealings out the soul destroying poison to young and old. Men, the most intelligent, men, whose minds are as pure gold; men, with the stamp of Deity upon their brain, will taste of the devils beverage and sink so low in the social scale that even the swine may turn away in disgust at one who is beneath them, far beneath them. Where in all this glorious beautiful sphere can we find a place free from this evil. There is work for us to do, work without ceasing; work that the day of jubilee may soon come! Work! that we may all smile under the life giving reign of Jesus' divine minister Temperance. Let us be doing, that the West so gorgeous, the favorite West, may be freed from the gilded chains that bind it, and may "He who doeth all things well give us the victory. Amen.

Atchison, Kansas, Oct., 1870.

Dr. Chapin says: "Every human being has an instinct of God, of something higher. You cannot explain it; you cannot drive it out with alpins. So is it with the future life. There is a conception of it. Here is the instinct for the hopes, the desires, the aspirations. Here is the perpetual dissatisfaction of man, never completely resting; reaching forward, looking forward, illimitable."

A PRACTICAL RELIGION.

We want a religion that goes into the family and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late; keeps the wife from being fretful when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat; amuses the children as well as instructs them; wins as well as governs them; projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy hours like the Easter fig tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that bears not only on the sinfulness of sin, but on the rascality of lying and stealing; a religion that banishes all small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chickory from coffee, beet root from vinegar, alum from bread, lard from butter, strychnine from wine, and water from milkeans.

The religion that is to advance the world will not put all the big strawberries and peaches at the top, and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced bottles.

The religion that is to sanctify the world and pay its debts. It does not consider forty cents returned for one hundred given, is according to gospel, though it is according to law. It looks on a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks on a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand, with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar.

A hydrophobic war is being waged in most of the cities of these United States, and dogs enough are slaughtered every day to subsist a dozen tribes of Indians through a hard winter. It is a dreadful disease, and we can appreciate the terror, which the bare mention of it inspires. But *delirium tremens* is as frightful a disease as hydrophobia; and when one man dies of the latter disease, a thousand or ten thousand die of the former. Yet we do not muzzle the distilleries, impound the retailers, or feed poisoned sausages to the farmer who raises corn which breeds the serpent.

Who is your friend? The man who tells you to do right, to walk in the truth, to be faithful in good words.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK city, Sept. 12, 1870.

MRS. M. B. DICKINSON:

EDITOR GOLDEN RULE:—I am an old man now, threescore years have I lived in this world of sin, and I thank God from the utmost depths of my heart that I have never been a slave to drink; frequently have I been tempted, when a young man, by those whom circumstances forced upon me as companions, and from an innate fear of their ridicule and sneers if I refused. I have had hard work to resist the tempter, but in the hours of temptation I have always remembered the last words that my mother said to me when we parted at the gate of my country home years ago, and I would not drink. It was a long, long time ago when I left my boyhood's home, but well do I remember how my mother with tears in her eyes said to me as I was about leaving her, perhaps forever, "Theodore, keep away from evil, shun the wine cup or you will break my heart." And when I kissed her good-bye, and came to the great metropolis to seek my fortune I made a firm resolve that I would not be led a stray, and when my temptation has been great and I have been wavering between right and wrong, those parting words of my mother have been my salvation. I wish that all young men when they are tempted to drink intoxicating liquors, would pause and think of what may be the consequences of their act, think of the drunkards end, and not mind-ing; the sneers of their companions refuse to touch the poison.

T. A. L.

PROTECTION, Erie Co., Sept. 27th, 1870.

EDITOR GOLDEN RULE.—As one engaged in the great labor to redeem mankind, I have watched with the most earnest and prayerful solicitude the progress of your effort to establish the success of one pure Magazine. Oh! how much the world stands in need of a pure literature. Not one that shall present to view the grandeur of resplendent thoughts at a distance; but one that shall bring the law of God, as does the Bible, down through the distance tinged realms of imagination, the speculative fields of thought, where the finite mind roams till it is lost, the thoroughfares, lanes, and by-paths of human experience where material is gathered in the judgment halls of reason; and still nearer the spiritual understanding to the heart where lies the hidden springs of life, by which that truth may be worked up into human existence and *do* mankind good.

Foremost in the ranks of supply for this need

stands the GOLDEN RULE, ordained and owned by heaven; it will, if true to its mission after the forty days of temptation and fasting be permitted to speak to the multitudes. Could it and the ADVOCATE, FAMILY GUARDIAN, and the HERALD of GOSPEL LIBERTY find their way where now the *Ledger*, *Days Doings*, and *Police Gazette* to say nothing of other publications, find their way, it would change the character of the whole nation, and that wonderfully, so potent is the influence of our literature.

God bless you in your noble effort, and though I am one of "earth's poorest poor" you shall have what help I can give.

Since the expiration of my first subscription you have very kindly continued to send me the Golden Rule. Please accept my sincere thanks and continue the obligation until you hear of my death. Please count me a subscriber as long as I live and the Good Templars Magazine lives.

I do not find it the easiest matter to introduce the Golden Rule or any like publication in some localities but I think I shall succeed in raising a club of ten.

Yours in F. H. and C.

LLOYD S. GIBSON.

"The Temperance Press," of Boston, an able Temperance Journal says of the GOLDEN RULE: Its contents are well prepared, high-toned, readable and useful. It is ably devoted to all the different sorts of "suasion;" neutral neither politics or religion. We like it for that. Of all the contemptible positions of which we read or hear or think, a "neutral" position is the most exquisitely so. We trust the GOLDEN RULE may be the rule of many readers in households.

"The Roman Sentinel" whose Editor was one of the Finance Committee of the Grand Lodge thus notices the GOLDEN RULE:

This is the title of an attractive magazine published at Olean, in this State, by Mrs. Martha B. Dickinson. It is devoted to the cause of temperance and morals, and is, we judge, well calculated to succeed in its mission. Mrs. Dickinson was one of the Board of Managers at the head of the Order of Good Templars of this State, and is an energetic, persevering, representative woman. She is one who believes that a woman may do something besides "housework" without unsexing herself; and judging from the work she is accomplishing we are constrained to admit she is right.

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Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Yours,

For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance;
For the future in the distance;
And the good that I can do.

THE POET'S CORNER.

For the Golden Rule.

OVER THE DEEP.

BY ANNIE HERBERT.

There is a bark on the billowy sea
 Freighted with more than the Indies to me;
 O'er the glad waves it went out from my sight
 Winged by a prayer to the God of the light:
 Father! while waters and winds are a sleep
 Lead the dear wanderer over the deep!

Fearful I list to the breakers' alarm,
 Praying the Father to shield him from harm;
 When the black wings of the tempest is spread
 Sweet arms of Mercy, encircle his head!

God of the storm! hush the waters to sleep!
 Lead the dear wanderer over the deep.

Down through our days, whether stormy or
 calm,
 Strike Thou the chords of Eternity's psalm;
 Whether life's gain shall be crosses or crown,
 Whether the sunshine or shadow comes
 down.
 Father till sorrows eternally sleep,
 Lead Thy dear wanderers over the deep!

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY ELLA WHEELER

Lifas its shadows and life has its sun,
 Sunshine and shadow all twined in to-
 gether;

I tried to single them out, one by one,
 Single and count them determining whether
 There was less blue than there was gray,
 And more of the deep night than of the day;
 But, dear me, dear me! my task's but begun,
 And I am not half way into the sun.

For the longer I look on the bright side of
 earth

The more of the beautiful do I discover;
 And really I never knew what life was worth
 Till I searched the wild storehouse of hap-
 piness over.

is filled from the cellar well up to the skies

With things meant to gladden the heart and
 the eyes;
 The doors are unlocked—you can enter each
 room,

That lies like a beautiful garden in bloom.

Earth has its storehouse of joy and of sor-
 row;
 But the first is so wide and my tasks just be-
 gun,

That the last must be left for a far distant
 morrow.

I will count up the blessings God gave, in a
 row,

But, dear me! when I get through them, I
 know

I shall have little time left for the rest;
 For life is a swift flowing river at best.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

A young Maid sat by her cottage tree,
 A beautiful Maid at the dawn of day;
 Her sewing fell idle upon her knee—

For her heart and thoughts were far away;
 When a sober old wooer came up the dell,
 A wooer whose hopes one would think were
 few;

But a maiden's heart is a puzzle to tell—
 And though old his face—yet his coat was
 new.

The wooer gave her a wistful look—
 And wistful, too, were the words he said,
 While merry she sang like a summer brook,
 Played with her needle and knotted her
 thread.

He spoke of the ring and the wedding chime,
 And he pressed her hand, and bended his
 knee!

And he begged and implored her to *fix the*
time,

No—go and ask my mother, said she;
 Oh, fix it yourself my darling, said he—
 No—go and ask my mother, said she.

Scarce into the house had the wooer gone,
 When a young man leaned o'er a neigh-
 b'ring stile,

And sad was the look that youth put on,
 And playful and gay was the maiden's
 smile;

Pray who is this earle that comes here to
 woo?

And why at your side does he talk so free?
 Must I ask your mother, dear Mary, too?

No, Harry, she whispered—you must ask
 me!

I'd better go in, your mother to see!

No, Harry no!—you must ask me.

[For the Golden Rule.]

BROWN-EYED DARLING.

BY MRS. GEO. D. HYDE.

Oh! brown-eyed darling, I love you so!—
 Thy mother's heart is loth to dream
 That the coming years as they glide along
 Will carry you out on the world's wide
 stream.

That my bright-eyed boy must drift away
 Like a leaf drifting out on an angry tide,
 Oh! brown-eyed darling! don't go! don't
 go!
 Stay where thou art by thy mother's side.

Cling close to thy mother's breast, sweet one.
 A sheltering love you'll ever find
 That nought on earth but "death" can change
 Then it would but change to love divine.

But God forgive me! for my faithless trust
 In him who is able to guide thy feet
 But darling! my eyes grow dim to think
 What you in future years may meet.

But I will pray, that when it comes
 This great world, love, for come it will
 I'll pray that o'er thy soul, it softly sweep
 And let thee love thy mother still.

And Oh! my Father to thee I bring
 In the young brightness of the morning
 hour
 Our brown-eyed, darling as an offering
 Ere the dew has fallen from the flower.

I ask of Thee to shield and bless him
 Guide his dear feet 'mong the lillies of life
 For the unseen future is full of snares
 And sore beset, with dangers rife.

Therefore with mother-love, I trembling
 come
 With brown-eyed darling to kneel and pray
 That thou wilt lead him gently by the hand,
 Oh! let thy blessed light beam o'er his way

[For the Golden Rule.]

THE DRUNKARD'S SOLILOQUY AND DELIRIUM.

CHAS. H. KILMER.

The lowest slave that cringes underneath
 The lash of his most cruel driver.
 Might proudly spurn me now.

Appetite is the master that holds me in a
 slavery
 More firmly than chains or bloodhounds can.
 Rum with the siren voice has lured me to her
 den;

Robbed me of health, and mind, and purse;
 Shut out the prayers of childhood;
 Quenched the lingering hope of liberty,
 And wrote instead a damning sentence.

Eight years ago, my dying mother,
 Breathed in the presence of God and man,
 Such loving admonitions in my behalf
 Then weeping by the death-bed, that, if heeded
 Would have led to virtue, wealth and happi-
 ness.

For four years were her words regarded,
 And her dying prayer the beacon light
 Which warned me from the shoals of crime;
 Then the wily tempter shut from my eyes
 The glorious light of that leading star,
 And I have fallen from my manhood,
 To revel where Debauchery holds her horrid
 orgies.

Oh Intemperance! Death's first prime-minis-
 ter!

The curse of all humanity and fit companion
 For thy kindred demons in thy native hell!
 Thou fiend whose unrelenting course
 Heeds not the widow's wail nor orphan's tear!
 How many youth hast thou destroyed?
 How many men reduced to beggary?
 Destroyed how many bodies? damned how
 many souls?

Oh, if yet there remains within thy form
 One thought of pity or remorseful pang,
 Back! back! to the lowest cell in Tartarus,
 And dwell for aye with all the monsters of thy
 train!

Where are the friends (?) that brought me to this,
 And painted in sparkling wine the dazzling
 future?

They have cursed and forsaken me.
 My wife? oh, the thought will drive me mad!
 I answer'd her entreaties with a brutal curse,
 Dealt her a fatal blow and fled.
 My children? the links that should have bound
 me

Fast in duty's path—gone! all gone!
 And thou? gentle guardian of my childhood days
 Could—ah! there! there! Was it a dream?
 I thought I saw them all in yonder halo,
 Resting, on clouds of heavenly light,
 Beckoning, and pointing me to Heaven.

Yes, I'm resolved to drink no more the beverage
 So full of woe. Only one more glass
 To quench the burning thirst within me.
 Oh despair! despair! all is lost!
 I stand upon a darkened cloud,
 That with convulsions reels and groans,
 Threatening at every throe to send me
 Headlong into the abyss beneath—
 Into the dark and fathomless ravine,
 Where fiery lightnings flash,
 And thunders drown the shrieks of fiends.
 Oh that I could escape this yawning chasm!
 But no! 'tis terrible retreating!
 Again that vision! I'm sick! faint!
 Give me brandy! give me brandy!

Here friends! don't leave me! take them off!—
 These snakes! Kill them with poison rum!
 Burn them in that sea of fire!
 No! no! I didn't kill her! 'twas rum!
 A thousand curses on the poison shops!
 Swift revolution! dizzy night! long despair!
 There they come to claim their victim!
 Hear how that monster serpent hisses
 With his venomous tongue! His slimy coils
 Are round me! I'm strangling! dying!
 Help! help! mercy! too late! too late

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GRAND LODGE.

The sixth Annual Session of the G. L. of I. O. of G. T., was held in Albany, commencing Sept. 20th and continuing through the 21st and 22d.

A goodly representation from the subordinate Lodges were present. Though hardly as large as the session of last year, the meeting had quite as much of energy and enthusiasm, indeed at times it was bordering on the stormy, yet was gently but firmly held in order by the wisdom, forbearance and dignified bearing of the presiding officer J. H. Orne R. G. W. T., whose invariable good nature and pleasing address was equal to every emergency.

The meeting of welcome on the evening of the first day of the session was a *grand success*. Tweddle Hall was literally packed. The different organizations for temperance, with their regalia, occupied the lower part of the building, while the galleries were crowded with attentive men and women.

At 8 o'clock Bro. S. F. Kneeland introduced the Hon. Mr. Wood, who was to preside. In a few brief and pertinent remarks he stated the relation which he sustained to the temperance question, and the duty as he considered it of all true men and women.

After music by the Band, Bro. A. S. Draper was introduced, who gave the address of welcome. This was earnest, forcible and eloquent, and was given in brother Draper's most happy style. The response by Bro. Ball G. W. C. T., was brief but earnest and impressive.

The Temperance Quickstep, dedicated by Sullivan's Band to the Grand Lodge, was worthy of our noble order. We hope to hear it many times more.

Bro. S. B. Chase, G. W. C. T., of Penn., and P. R. W. G. T. of, North America, was introduced and in a sound, comprehensive, argumentative and able address, delighted the audience. He was followed by Bro. M. E. Dunham in a finished and eloquent

address. A Miss Hewes from Albany delighted the audience by a rendering of the Poem entitled, "The Bells."

The chairman then introduced John Bennet Anderson, of the Grand Lodge of England, who in a lively enthusiastic address carried the whole audience with him as he sketched with no meager hand a picture of what was being done in England for the glorious cause of temperance. He alluded most happily to the 'stars and stripes' which, with the flag of England formed a festoon over the speakers stand, and to the mysticities of Faith, Hope and Charity, which were destined to unite more closely in fraternal bands two of the greatest nations on the globe. It has been only two years since our Order was introduced into England, and London has now 23 Lodges and England one Grand Lodge.

Miss H. L. D. Potter, then read, "The world would be the better for it" Sister Potter is a fine reader and a lady of much experience as an elocutionist, yet I would much rather have listened to some strong telling original temperance truths from her cultivated voice than to have heard her render the finest thing that was ever written.

The R. W. G. T., of North America was introduced. Just as he rose to his feet the Band struck up an air of welcome. The scene was worthy of an artists pencil. Seated in the back ground on the stage was a band of Cold Water Templars in regalia. The flags—the flowers pendant in wreaths and crowns from above—the whole brilliantly lighted—J. H. Orne standing there in all the majesty of a noble manhood—the music of itself sufficient to awaken enthusiasm—the scene was truly inspiring.

Owing to the lateness of the hour his remarks were brief, but apt and telling. The meeting was a grand success, complete in arrangement and perfect in execution.

To Bro. A. S. Draper, chairman of the Com., of arrangement, great credit is due

for the success which attended this meeting.

The duties of that committee have been arduous, but it must be a source of gratification to them to know, that they were performed to the entire satisfaction of those who were in attendance.

The second day of the session was nearly consumed in the election of officers with the following result:

G. W. C. T., Rev. Silas Ball; G. W. C., J. A. Vance; G. W. V. T., Mrs. Martha B. Dickinson; G. W. S., Wm. J. McKee; G. W. T., I. H. Sanderson. Board of Managers—The G. W. C. T., chairman, *ex officio*; G. W. S., Secretary, *ex officio*; Dr C. Boughton, A. S. Draper, J. A. Thompson. Regular Representatives to R. W. G. Lodge—A. S. Draper, Miss H. L. D. Potter, J. E. N. Backus, Rev. H. Ward. Alternative—Mrs. R. H. Spencer, J. N. Stearns, S. R. Pratt, R. E. Sutton.

Upon the whole the Grand Lodge session passed off harmoniously. Many pleasant acquaintances were formed, and a new inspiration and zeal infused for the continued prosecution of the work of saving the young and reclaiming the fallen.

We publish in this issue of the GOLDEN RULE an article called forth by the article in a previous number, entitled "Approximating a Policy." We do not hold ourselves responsible for the views of our contributors. Our columns are open to a generous and fair discussion of the principles and rules of action which are best adapted for the promotion of the cause of temperance. We believe that only by such discussion and agitation can the best result be attained. While believing this, we are free to confess that our whole sympathies are with that party which plants itself fairly and squarely on the great issue of the day and eschewing all other interests, makes the great moral question of total abstinence the lever by which to overthrow a traffic of such gigantic proportions. If all Good Templars and Temperance men of all organizations would only vote with the Anti-Dram-Shop party, and then having acquired the victory, would prepare themselves for a long, earnest and uncompromising warfare, to enforce the principles thus enacted into law, great, glorious and wonderful results might be accomplished. But while we hold that this is the path we would choose for all temperance

people, yet too well we know that this will not be done. Some truly earnest, good temperance men choose to vote with their party, hoping and expecting, to accomplish more in this way than in the other. If we cannot carry the whole state for prohibition, let us do what we can in the way of establishing prohibition in localities where the temperance element preponderates. Because our large cities vote for a traffic the evil consequences of which are wide spread and devastating, shall the rural districts be cursed by its evils until our towns and villages be as corrupt and detestable as the cities. If we cannot with one bound reach the utmost of our ambition, let us do the little that lies within our reach, knowing that by perseverance and energy the greatest results may be attained. Little by little, by precept and example, and by earnest, unceasing effort the goal will yet be reached. But not by idleness or inactivity is any good to be obtained. We must *act*, each and all of us as Christians, with Christ's mission to fulfill. As temperance men and women, who see, and feel, and understand the unmitigated evils which flow from licensed dram shops let us act with one accord, in the support and promotion of principles of temperance. Let no minor consideration for a brief moment swerve us from principles of right. Whether minister, doctor, lawyer, housekeeper, teacher, or day laborer, let us be living epistles of temperance, known and read by all men; let us whether praying, or preaching, or voting, do all with an eye to the advancement of the principles of total abstinence. Remembering, that while we are dilly-dallying by the way-side, discussing as to the best road to take to reach certain ends, the emissaries of satan are up and doing, and are daily dragging thousands of our dearest and best to the dishonored grave of the drunkard. There must be no precious time wasted, no energy diverted from the onward path. Remember your obligation not only when drinking and praying, but when preaching and voting. In this way only can we hope for a triumph of the right.

AN EXCURSION.

Dear reader were you ever so thoroughly annoyed, disappointed and vexed, that the bright sunshine, the varied beauties of an autumn landscape, and all the diversified witchery of hill and valley seemed like mockery and only intended to aggravate miseries which they should relieve. If so, you can appreciate the sensations of the writer, on the never to be for-

gotten 19th day of Sept., 1870. The morning woke gloriously, the hill and vale obscured by a fog, which only prophesied of bright glittering jewels which were only waiting the command of the king of day to dazzle the eye with their dancing brilliancy. All the omens of good, however if read aright only portended a series of disappointments, which were to follow each other in quick succession through the day. With baggage packed and excursion ticket safely in hand, we saw no possibility of evil, but confidently expected to reach Albany at 8½ o'clock in the evening of the same day to attend Grand Lodge. We soon encountered disappointment, No. 1, when the train was forty minutes late, but this, was only a slight exercise for our patience, we should surely make up the time so as to be able to make connections with the train at Binghamton for Albany; but alas we were doomed to disappointment. The Board of Managers meet in Albany at 9 P.M., shall not be able to meet with them, but will send a telegram, Ah! will you? No it is impossible. Telegraph Office in another part of the city, well! we take an accommodation train for Albany at 7 P.M. hoping to connect with an express train at Cobleskill and reach Albany before the opening session of Grand Lodge at 10 A. M. the following morning.

We had forgotten to mention that our disappointment and vexation was shared by a company of ladies and gentlemen from our own locality, which was the only alleviating circumstance attending the journey. Now we are dragging along at a snails pace, again we are standing quite still, darkness increases, also our anxiety. At Oneonta we are told we must wait three hours. We spend that time in thinking of the attractions of the locality at midnight and of the wisdom of R. R. managers in general. Train is to start at half past three, by dint of scolding and working the conductor gets started at half past four o'clock. A long weary distance stretches between us and the station at Cobleskill, will we reach there in time to connect with the express? Conductor says if he has'nt too heavy a load possibly he can; but a strong doubt is implied in his manner, we breathe with relief to find that the train is actually in motion, but alas we are too hasty! On taking observation we find ourselves at a sudden standstill on a high embankment, what's the matter? we are assured that we are not thrown from the track and plunged headlong down the embankment for here we are, perfectly immovable. The Iron horse who proudly leads the van, snorts and puffs as if quite as impatient as ourselves,

but fails to make any progress, we are told that the dew has wet the rails and it is impossible to move; so we conclude. Another half hour drags along while the train is divided, a part taken on to a station an imaginary distance in advance and left, when the engine returns and again with renewed courage we are in motion. The morning advances; we are now assured that it is utterly impossible to connect with train at Cobleskill; we resign ourselves to our fate, too much annoyed to enjoy nature or to read a newspaper. From this time forward for the space of an hour we are enabled to possess our souls with some degree of patience, being conscious that we are slowly but surely nearing our destination; when lo! another halt, again an anxious inquiry and we are told that the load is so heavy the engine is not able to take it round an up grade curve, and must go back ways and start with more force; back we go and try again; again we failed, and for four successive times are we taken over the road. The gentlemen get off and gather apples by the wayside. It is doubt-by some that we should ever have been able to have conquered the up grade had not some of the enterprising go aheadative passengers "gone behind and pushed." It was at this point that an indignation meeting of the passengers was held and Hon. Judge Davis of Painted Post called to preside, with the writer of this chosen as secretary. A fellow passenger in distress offered the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted and ordered published in the Golden Rule:

Resolved, That the management of this road and this train, is, in our judgment without a parallel for its ability to annoy, disgust, and vex the righteous souls, and disappoint the reasonable expectations of passengers, who, ignorant of the wretched conduct of the road commit themselves to it for a passage.

Resolved, That if we ever have occasion to visit Albany again, no argument, persuasion or necessity, shall induce us to undertake this road until abundantly assured of its entire and thorough reformation in the management of its accommodations.

After which (the train just then starting) the meeting adjourned until the next halt.

Many stories were told, many remarks made which were far from being complimentary to the management of the road, but we were riding on an excursion ticket, and concluded that it was intended that we should have the full value of money paid. We left Binghamton at 7 o'clock Monday evening, reached Albany at 2½ o'clock, on Tuesday afternoon, having been 16½ hours accomplishing the journey. Dusty and weary with the most tedious ride we ever

experienced, we were nevertheless thankful that no more evils had befallen us, though at one time we felt that we would almost welcome a slight accident as a relief from the monotony of a snails pace or utter immovability. We are happy to be able to add here that our return over the same road was very pleasant and the speed quite commendable. We only hope that those who were our fellow passengers in distress enjoyed as pleasant a return trip as did we. The scenery along this line of railroad is truly magnificent in many places. The gorges and hillsides covered with varied tints of ripened foliage and lit by the beams of the autumn sun shone resplendent with golden hues, and wooed the mind to solemn thought and earnest purpose, and we almost forgot—at least forgave the annoyance of the previous journey.

COLD WATER TEMPLES.

ALBANY N. Y. Sept. 22nd 1870.

To Grand Lodge I. O. of G. T.

Your Committee appointed to examine the Ritual and unwritten work for Cold Water Temples, very respectfully report that they have performed that duty and offer the following recommendations:—

1st. That it be adapted.

2nd. That the work of organizing and superintending the system of Cold Water Temples of the State be consigned to the care of the G. W. V. T. Subject to the control of the Board of Managers of this Grand Lodge.

3rd. That the G. W. V. T. be authorized to publish and keep for sale at her office all charters supplies and papers necessary for the working of such Temples.

ANDREW S. DRAPER,
MRS H. D. L. POTTER, } Committee.
MRS. W. H. EVANS.

The above recommendations were unanimously adopted. The Ritual is now in the hands of the printer and that, with supplies will be ready for delivery by the first of November. We urge all Cold Water Temples, now working, to procure the new ritual at once and secure a Charter. Bros. and sisters the work of instructing our youth in principles of total abstinence is one that demands our most earnest attention. Every subordinate Lodge should see to it, that a C. W. T. is instituted in connection with the Lodge. Recommend some suitable person, one who is a live earnest worker with heart in the cause and send for a Commission. All applications for Commissions must be signed by the L. D., W. C. T. and supporters, W. V. T. and W. C. of subordinate Lodge or a majority of them, recommending some suitable person for instituting Temples. Full sets of supplies including Ritual, Ode cards, Charters, &c

kept at the office of the G. W. V. T. Mrs. M. B. Dickinson, Olean, N. Y. to whom all applications for Commissions, Charters and Instructions in the work must be addressed.

“THE GOOD OF THE ORDER” is the attractive title of a work by Bro. S. B. Chase, P. R. W. G. T. of N. A., and present G. W. C. T. of Pa.

This is a Book that speaks right to the point upon every subject that is likely to cause difficulty in the lodge room. It has a practical word of advice for every occasion, and as such its value is incalculable to every true, earnest worker in our noble order. It should be in every Lodge room, as well as the individual property of those who aim to make our order a true home to the tempted. The price of this work neatly bound and sent by mail post paid, is only 50 cents. Send to Bro. S. B. Chase, Great Bend, Pa.

All articles to gain admittance to the columns of the GOLDEN RULE must be accompanied by the true name of the author. Not necessarily for publication, but for the satisfaction of the Editor. Several really worthy articles have been received, but because unaccompanied by name or address, found their way into the waste box. This is an invariable rule with all Editors.

Bro. W. S. Williams, R. W. G. C. of N. A., has our thanks for a copy of the prize essay on Intemperance, its evils and their remedies, also a copy of the proceedings of the Canada Temperance Union. These are valuable, showing as they do the work which is being accomplished, by earnest devoted laborers in the Queens Dominion. May the blessing of Heaven rest upon their efforts to abolish the greatest curse of the age and nation.

The Good Templar at Boston, has changed its name to the TEMPERANCE PRESS. It is no less an organ for Good Templars however. It is a bold and uncompromising advocate of the prohibitory party for that State. Success to it in its efforts to make intemperance and vice illegal. We welcome the Press as one of our best exchanges. May it meet with that success that its merits so justly entitle it to. Published weekly, by C. C. Roberts, No. 24 Congress St. Boston.



SAVED BY SACRIFICE;

BY LEWIS GARDNER.

Few laboring young men were better situated than Chester Wilton. He was a good mechanic, frugal and industrious. His wages sufficient not only to support his little family respectably, but also enable him to deposit something monthly in the village Saving's Bank. His young wife was a help-mate indeed to her husband; adding by her thrift and good management, no inconsiderable sum to his yearly savings.

Two children blessed their union. Bright, intelligent, and lovely they were, as ever gladdened a parent's heart.

Wilton lived just outside the village limits in a home of his own. Somewhat old and dilapidated it is true; but there was a look of rural quiet and seclusion about it, charming to behold. A pleasant lawn stretched way in front, dotted here and there with young beaches; while two or three quaint oaks of half a century's growth, made a genial shade for the children in summer time. On the right of the graveled path leading through the lawn, was a space devoted to the culture of flowers, strawberries, and such other beautiful and useful plants as women, and men too, love to cherish.

Chester Wilton had always admired the place and purchased it on credit, shortly before his marriage. It was paid for now, and with what improvements he had made from time to time, had nearly doubled its value. Both Chester and his young wife were fond of books. Quite a little library adorned the cosy sitting room, a window of which opened into the flower-fragrant lawn. Here, after the labors and cares of the day, Ches-

ter was wont to sit with his wife, listening to their children's innocent prattle, or reading to Carrie from book or periodical.

A prettier home scene could not have well been imagined. But alas! the demon of intemperance stole into that happy household, bringing discord, misery, death!

There had been a time when Chester Wilton never craved any strong drink; never tasted it, and had positive convictions against its use, even as an occasional beverage. He had never joined any society having for its particular object the promotion of temperance principles. Not that he doubted the good that such a society might do among the weak and faltering, or for those already fallen; but ignored the idea that himself had any need to join such a body, or take a vow of total abstinence.

Carrie, his wife took a very different view of the matter. She had almost perfect faith in her husband's strength of purpose; yet having seen some of the results of intemperance in her own father's family—having seen a brother, who had thought himself strong, drawn in the vortex of dissipation—she felt that too many safeguards could not be used to protect society and individuals from the allurements of strong drink.

At times the wife discussed these matters with her husband; urging the expediency of his identifying himself with such a body, that he might induce others, less strong than himself, to follow. But Chester met such reasoning with arguments, plausible, if not convincing. She surely did not doubt his strength of purpose. He could never been-

trapped into the snare she feared, while under the influence of his own loved home circle. And so far as "example" was concerned, was not his life, his well known character for sobriety, a sufficient example?

Carrie did not divine the principal reason which deterred her husband from identifying himself with a temperance order. He did not tell her, in fact, he hardly acknowledged it to himself. But the truth was, he allowed himself to be influenced in the matter by the reason and example of others. The cause of temperance was not so popular then as now. It might do for those who had no mind of their own," but it was unnecessary for him. Talk of the influences of association—what was it, except in the minds of imbeciles requiring to be led?

And so Chester Wilton, deferring to the views of others, allowing foolish pride to govern him in the matter, pursued his way, confident in his own strength. The warning of one of old—"Let him who think he stands, take heed lest he fall," if it met his eye, did not cause serious reflection.

By what subtle process he came at last to imbibe, he hardly knew himself. As we have said, he was a good workman, and being faithful, he at length became master mechanic in the shop of his employer. As such he was often sent to a distance from home to superintend the setting up and arrangement of difficult pieces of machinery. He was thus thrown more or less into circles, highly respectable, and whose members thought wine of a respectable vintage, very respectable.

Here was a new subject for consideration—or rather an old one in a new aspect. Should he refuse to take a social glass in the company of his peers? Would not a refusal of the refined beverage, rich, sparkling and mild, seem uncourteous? Would not his scruples be laughed at? And, after all, could he not trust himself in so small a matter? These men used it—they deemed it a harmless beverage. And so for form's sake, he was persuaded to partake with them—to defer to others in the matter, even as he had before deferred to those who ridicule the idea of joining a temperance order.

"Wine is a mocker."

The first break thus made in the line of his convictions, was soon followed by another. Almost imperceptibly his views became greatly modified on the subject of temperance. The occasional glass of wine aroused generous impulses—generous views. And generously he allowed the enemy to enter, till the occasional glass became frequent and its contents stronger.

Carrie was the first to notice the change in her husband as the habit gained upon him. She sought as a true woman might, to divert him from the dangerous course upon which he had entered. But he had acquired a taste which furnished him, as it does many, a sort of inspiration to defend the demon makers on temperance principles! 'Twas the abuse—not the use of—the demon, which caused the evil. Just as any other good thing might be abused. Was he to be held responsible for using temperately that which afforded him necessary stimulus, because some would make fools of themselves? As well be held to account for using certain kinds of food, because others in using it would suffer in health.

And thus Chester Wilton resisted his wife's counsel, laughed at her fears, and went headlong into danger.

Five years passed.

A great change was visible in that once happy home.

The sad eyes and clearly traced lines on Carrie's pale face told, better than could any words, of the cares and bitter sorrow that were weighing down her life;

Her husband still worked at his trade, but naturally had lost his former position in the shop.

Not now could Carrie meet him as of yore, for too often were his steps unsteady, his brow unclouded, and his breath reeking with the vile smell of rum.

And so the evil process went on. He became so dissipated that he was turned from the shop, and his place supplied by one more steady and reliable.

Then the sorrow and care of the wife increased. The work Chester occasionally performed, here and there, amounting to little more than enough to supply his appetite for strong drink. Carrie's exertions were redoubled to keep another demon from

their door—hunger. She never desisted from trying, by tender, sorrowful appeals, to stay her husband's rapid, downward course, though not curses, alone, but often blows were the return from her rum maddened husband. Sickness came. debts accumulated, creditors became clamorous, till at last their little home, encumbered with mortgages, was advertised for sale by the sheriff.

And even this was not the end of their calamities.

The time at which they were to leave their home, and seek another in the low haunts of destruction was near. The miserable Wilton, his will and strength of purpose overcome by the rum demon, could make no effort to turn from his career. Not yet had he lost all sensibility, and the wan sorrow stricken face, of her he had once vowed to love and protect, increased his misery. And so he indulged more freely, seeking to escape the harrowing thoughts, and thus evade the calamity yet coming upon his little family.

It had been a rainy dismal day. As night approached the rain ceased, and the weather grew colder. Heavy leaden hued clouds shut out the sky. The aspect was one which often produces an unaccountable gloom, even in the spirits of those otherwise happy. How then must it have affected the soul of Chester Wilton's wife, already oppressed with so many troubles and sad forebodings.

She had stood for some moments at the window, looking upon the gloomy prospect, and involuntarily contrasting the present with the past.

At last she saw her husband coming up the walk, his steps unsteady as usual. She turned with a deep sigh, and began to prepare the table which was to support their scanty meal. The fire was burning low, and she sent their little boy Willie, for wood to replenish it. There was a few logs in the yard, but none were chopped for use. At that moment Chester came up, and taking his axe began to chop, while the little boy stood by, watching the process with childish interest.

But his father had been drinking deeply that afternoon. His blows were careless and unsteady. Suddenly the axe glanced, strik-

ing the boy in the side, and the little fellow dropped moaning.

With a cry of horror Chester Wilton sprang forward, grasped the boy in his arms and bore him into the house, meeting Carrie on the way. She did not lose her presence of mind on the trying occasion.

As soon as the bleeding was partially assuaged and such restoratives applied as were at hand, Chester, now fully sobered, hurried with his utmost speed for the doctor. The latter was soon there and examined the wound. Wilton looked on, the very picture of despair. The little fellow had regained his senses, and his head lay in his mother's lap. The wound he had received was pronounced fatal.

"Oh God, doctor!" unsay those words; don't let him die, my poor innocent little Willie! Save him, save him or I shall be a murderer!

And the wretched man, kneeling beside his wife, sobbing wildly, calling on God to save his child!

It was a scene never to be forgotten by the few who witnessed it.

The kind hearted doctor, having done everything possible for the sufferer, essayed to sooth the wretched man's grief; but all efforts in this direction seemed, for a time, worse than useless. The ravings of the man were terrible, heart-rending.

But we will not attempt further to describe the scene. Its horror may be imagined.

Kind neighbors were not wanting who did all in their power to send rays of consolation into the hearts of the bereaved parents. But the one overpowering thought, that he by his course of life, by his use of that poison which had brought his family to destruction, had been the direct cause of bringing his child to death, did not for a moment leave Chester Wilton's mind.

His poor wife tried to comfort him, and this was the most touching picture of all.

"Yes, Chester, yes; I can forgive you, I do; oh, my poor husband, let us try to hope yet!"

"My poor wronged, long suffering wife and children; oh, if you can forgive me, will God? Will God?"

"Yes, Chester Wilton, He will," said the

doctor with deep emotion, though, you must begin even now, at this solemn time. The past cannot be recalled, but in future there is hope. Say here and now in the presence of these witnesses, before the life of your little boy goes out, that you will never again taste nor touch the accursed cup' Say it now Chester Wilton, it will help relieve your soul!"

And there, in the presence of an awed and sorrow stricken group, did the wretched man on bended knee, make his vow to man and God.

In the middle of that night little Willie died. A short time before the solemn moment, the little fellow opened his eyes and looked around, in full possession of his senses. He gazed up into the tear dimmed face of his mother, and tried to clasp his little arms about her neck. She raised him so that he could do so, and their lips met in a kiss. She turned him to his father, embraced him tenderly, unable the while to suppress his terrible heart-sobs. He eased the boy back upon his mother's lap.

"Don't cry, papa," he said brightening up and gazing tenderly upon the weeping man. "Willie knows you didn't mean to. I'm so glad you ain't going to drink any more, an' make mamma cry, cos I heard you say so. When I get well I shall have some better clothes an' go to Sunday school like Eddie Blanchard does."

Poor little fellow! The faint smile which illuminated his face soon merged into one more heavenly. He had gone to a Sunday school far more glorious than any upon this earth, where the poor unfortunate of this world bask in the sunlight of an Eternal Father's presence and love.

It was a terrible awakening to Chester Wilton. For many days thereafter the sad, wretched man could do little except mourn for his child in the grave. The wife clung to him during all these days of darkness and grief. Her brave spirit bore up, for there were no stings of conscience to torment her. She tried to forget her grief for the dead in her fruitless endeavors to save and comfort the living.

Nor were her endeavors fruitless. Kind friends showed their sympathy in that, they treated Chester Wilton like a man, and

spoke words that went to his heart, and assisted him in his work of reformation. Though he carried a heavy heart, he resumed work again, employment being given him at the shop where he had formerly labored.

Light began to break through the clouds. Every one sympathized with the wretched man. They knew the load of sorrow he carried. Not only for his sake, but for the sake of his long suffering wife, his creditors consented that the contemplated sale of his little home be deferred and a chance given Chester Wilton to redeem it.

And he did. It took many long months, but at last all debts were cancelled, and once more the household began to assume something of its former cheerful look. But the deep melancholy occasioned by those dark days never entirely disappeared from Chester Wilton's face.

Years passed. The cause of temperance made great progress not only in that village but in the surrounding country. A tall dark man was wont to be called upon to preside at temperance gatherings in the village, and also received frequent calls from different parts of the country to lecture. And it came that large audiences hung upon his words; and were thrilled by his powerful eloquence. The advocates of license were silenced by his logic, trembling before his denunciations, and were often moved to tears when the lecturer painted, as he sometimes did, a life picture from his own experience.

That man was Chester Wilton.

If a company of men should band together to sustain each other in the promotion of disease, pauperism, crime, discords, quarrels and murders; how long would they be tolerated in society? Such an act would be attended with such a feeling of alarm as would arouse all good citizens to the most strenuous efforts for the breaking up and punishment of the band. And yet there is just such a band in various communities—the band of associated liquor dealers. It is true, this band avows no such purpose; but the result of its business is not changed by such lack of avowal. Whether its members intend it or not, the result of their business is the promotion of disease, pauperism, crime, discord and murder. What, then, is the duty of every good citizen? Evidently to seek by all lawful and honorable means, to break up this band and to destroy its business.

[For the Golden Rule.]

PEARL DRINKERS.

BY S. A. MOTT.

Cleopatra's beautiful barge floated upon the Cidnus. To the sound of music its oars of gleaming silver were plied, by the perfume wafted from its silken sails its approach was announced, while upon its deck made resplendent by the brilliancy of the sun, flashed back by its golden adornments, reclined the Queen of Beauty, At Tarsus Marc Antony was waiting to receive her. He as a conqueror had ordered her to visit him. She had determined to pay that visit, yet not as the slave, but as the mistress. She would conquer the conqueror by her magnificence, and by the force of her beauty, as he might conquer by the superiority of his armies.

At Tarsus the rivals met the Roman Triumvir, the Egyptian Queen. In feasts which surpassed in magnificence and grand display any ever spread before or after, they alternately entertained each other.

At last at one of the feasts, to such an extent had folly and lavishness been allowed to gain the ascendancy, Cleopatra, taking a pearl of great price—a piece that would have fed hundreds of hungry mouths,—dissolved it in vinegar and thus making a drink in costliness fit for a goddess, quaffed the strange mixture as though it were but a common beverage.

Poor fool! what height of folly! what crime—thus to destroy that which had taken the sweat and strength of her subjects to procure! What wantonness—thus to gratify the foolish whim of the moment!

Such have been the decisions of every true man and woman, and thus has history ever judged of the boastful action of Cleopatra. Yet despite these condemnatory verdicts, the world always has been, and is to-day, full of Cleopatra's who consume, daily, not by one draught, but by many, pearls of great price.

Here is a young man just out of parental control. See the flashy clothing, see the white fingers, unstained by honest toil. Look at the perfumed hair clinging so tightly and smoothly to a head, the face of which already shows signs of dissipation.

His companions are other young men of equally glaring characters; his resorts are the bar-room, the billiard-room, the race-course, the bagnio. Is he not drinking the goblet of pleasure, with the pearls of life, health, happiness dissolved in its ruby depths? Friends say, "he is only a little fast!" But how long will a life last that is hurrying on so rapidly, that is being trifled away so wantonly?

Here is a young lady. She is dressed in the height of fashion. Her face is pale with the *rouge* of the perfumer. Her eyes are heavy with dissipated nights. Her mind is belittled by entertaining no thoughts beyond that of the latest *mode*. Her conversation is diluted "small talk" and expanded giggles. Not a single noble, elevating idea is ever entertained by her, nor a lofty ambition ever dreamed of, for it is too hard work for her to think, and it would take too much time from the pleasure of the hour to realize a noble life. Is she not drinking of the goblet which contains the dissolved pearls of her future usefulness and happiness, and that of her husband and children which yet may be her's?

Here is a young business man. Not content with the slow routine of buying and selling as his father was, not content to commence at the foot of the ladder as his father did, and to rise slowly, steadily yet surely. See him rushing into all manner of wild and dangerous speculations; It is naught to him that all around are wrecks of men who have strode on at the same reckless pace as he, and brought ruin to themselves and distress to their friends. He can steer clear of all the hidden rocks that destroyed them, he thinks, and so, on he goes. At length comes the crisis! There is a grasp at illegal means—there is a forgery, and like Ketchum, ruined and disgraced, he is lost in the gloomy cells of the prison. Dissolving the pearls of character and business reputation in the cup of business dissipation, has he not quaffed the costly drink to the very dregs?

One more picture! See that middle aged yet old, decrepid man. Life is swift and fleeting to him. His friends travel fast, he must keep pace with them. His brain must be active, his thoughts must be brilliant. Care and sleeplessness and over strained

nervousness must not restrain him. Hence the stimulant is resorted to, wine and brandy and morphine must aid. And what is the result? His life of three score and ten is lived in a score and a half. He falls. His brilliant meteoric light goes out suddenly in darkness. His friends would cover his sins with the wealth of charity. They speak of his brilliant genius, cut off before its fulness of days had been lived, of what a noble soul his was, of what a loss his death is to the community and to the world! Vain babblers! But for them he would have been spared. He had dissolved his pearl in the cup of a brilliant reputation for them! They, standing like Marc Antony's had encouraged him on in his work of destruction! They ought to receive the curse of humanity, instead of the victim, for robbing the world of its genius!

Is this last a fancy sketch? By no means. The early deaths of our Poe, and Halpine, and Ludlow too well testify to its truth.

We might bring up innumerable other instances to exemplify our assertion that Cleopatra was not the only pearl drinker. The politician, the minister, indulging in "gin and milk," the college student undermining his constitution and planting the seeds of destruction, which springing up shall destroy this life even while he is preparing to live it the more successfully. All these are but additional examples of fools quaffing for appearance the goblet of ruin!

And what shall be the remedy? What shall cure this age of this fearful waste of life, energy, and usefulness! Only when we as a people shall show that we regard a thorough, well founded, though laboriously and tardily acquired fame, as of more consequence than the collapsing bubble of rapidly obtained reputation; only when it shall be a better passport to society for a young man to have the clear skin, ruddy cheek and elastic step of health and moderation, than the pale, wrinkled face and lagging foot of the debauchee; only when it shall be a greater credit to a young lady to be what our mothers were, strong, healthy, enduring, with a grand physique than the exotic puny plant of the superheated ball room; when modesty shall take precedence of wantonness and simplicity of intrigue,

can we hope for a restoration of that state of society which shall do away with foolish, maddened pearl drinkers.

MR. BEECHER ON TOBACCO.

I exceedingly dislike tobacco, and I still more dislike bad tobacco; and I have been polite enough to say to men that were smoking; "I have no objection to your smoking a decent cigar: but the smoke of a pipe that has been used for a generation, is fumigation I do not need." Yet, if you will smoke such a pipe and such tobacco, I must submit. I think that smokers are the nastiest things that God lets live on earth. When I go into the cars or boats where they are and see what puddles they leave I feel as though, if I had the liberty of doing by them as we do by poodles, I would take them by the neck and rub their noses in their own filth! They have what they call 'Gent's'rooms. That is right. The name ought to be cut in two. They are not gentlemen. You would think in going through a 'gent's' car, that you were going through Tophet. It exceeds my imagination of Tophet. Of all dirty holes, that is the dirtiest.

It is complained that on the boats gentlemen will not go into the 'gent's' cabin instead of going in on the ladies' side. I won't go in on the side that was intended for 'gents.' I am a gentleman not a 'gent.' The filthiness, the nastiness of these places, after 200 or 300 men have smoked and spit, and chewed and squirted, is beyond belief. I pity the woman that mops up. I have thought of writing an article—and I will yet—on that very subject. The snail that goes about leaving slime in his track is a clean animal compared with one of those men who has no sense of anybody's comfort but his own, and selfishly smokes or chews his tobacco, and smells scarcely less strong than a pole cat, and spits wherever he goes, and dirties the dress of every woman that comes near him (though I do not pity the women that wear long dresses,) and makes everybody around him uncomfortable. Such men often profess to be good Christians Abominable fellows! We examine men for membership on drinking. For my part, I should like to see them examined on smoking and chewing.

A man in Oxford was bitten by a rattlesnake seventeen years ago, and he is still drinking whiskey to cure the bite.

IN A THIRD AVENUE CAR.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

In this great and busy city the Book of life lies wide open. "Millions of surprises." await those who keep eyes and hearts attentive, for God takes many a text by the wayside still, and churches are not the only places in which a sermon may be heard or a lesson learned. No one would be likely to call a Third Avenue car consecrated ground, unless the care and sorrow and patience which have passed in and out have hallowed it; yet a few nights ago a little incident occurred in one, which may well make us all reflect how often Opportunity and Duty ordain us priests, and we ignore or reject the dedication.

Any one to whom space and comfort have a recognized relationship, would have said this car was already too full; but the patience and complaisance of the New-Yorker is remarkable, and no one grumbled when the Conductor stopped, and took in a little troop of young girls, evidently just released from toil and confinement, and full of laughter and conversation. One soon learns, in New York to accurately classify the social status or occupation of the people whom we habitually meet, and there is no difficulty at all in identifying the girls either as manufacturers or saleswomen. As a general rule, they are bright and pretty, with a wide awake bearing and a quick intelligence, which argues "brains to the finger ends," and these girls were fair representatives of their class.

Presently the car stopped again, this time an old woman, heavily loaded with basket and bundle, and utterly tired and exhausted. Seeing no seat for her among the crowd she said wearily:—Let me out; I am too tired to stand, and I will wait for the next car." Instantly a gentleman, sitting near the door arose, saying pleasantly, "Take my seat madam." He moved a few steps forward, but was surprised to see the woman for whom he had made the sacrifice turn round and walk out with an air of submission to adverse circumstances which is perceptible on the faces and in the gait of thousands who have virtually abandoned the struggle with evil fortune.

A keen quick glance backward revealed to him at once *why* his kindness had been una-

vailing. One of the young girls, before alluded to, immediately on his vacating his seat had slipped triumphantly into it, and she looked up with a saucy, defiant air into the grave, reproving face, which mutely questioned her right. She evidently considered she had done a "smart" thing, and the tittering admiration of her companions supported her for a few moments, even under the steady fire of the bright, searching gaze that was gradually confounding and humbling her. The gentleman, defrauded alike of his seat and his effort to do a kind action, leaned now against the closed door, and steadily watched the countenance of the usurper. She moved restlessly under this inquisition; her bravado failed her completely, and "Consideration like an angel came dyeing her cheeks with shame, and making her seat as intolerable as such seats of repentance generally are. Perhaps if this silent reproach had lasted long there would have been a reaction; but this judge of human nature knew *just how far to go*, and when he saw the eyes bright with unshed tears and the faint trembling around the mouth, indicative of hardly suppressed emotion he stooped down and said, in gentlest accents, "Little girl, I am going out now; but I cannot do so until I tell you how sorry I feel for you to-night."

No response—only a glance half deprecatory and half indignant.

"Because I know just how mean and miserable you will feel when you come to think over what you have done."

A moment's silence, then he spoke again more cheerfully:—"But I know it is the *last time* you will have to reproach yourself for this fault;" and with a smile that was a benediction he passed quickly out.

I think that young girl will never forget her lesson, and very likely she may live to repeat it to children and grandchildren, for no action ends in itself, but is the germ of infinitely extending influences and responsibilities. Who, then, dare say that the text was trivial or conventional, and the sermon not obligatory?

If we could look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not."
then we might decide on what faults were important and what duties were imperative. Opportunity is a little angel, and her call

the voice of God; and blessed is he who, "In the morning sows his seed and in the evening withholds not his hand?"

"Of course the gentleman was a clergyman?"

Scarcely; there were no traces of band or cassock, either physical or mental, about him. He was "a noticeable man, with large gray eyes," and I am sure there is one person who will never forget the mute eloquence of their appeal and reproof. And to such ministry as this every one has "a call." The world is the church. "The Lord has given the Word, and great is the company of Preachers," if only each one would take the text that Providence provides them."

[For the Golden Rule.]

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

It was the great design of the all-wise Creator of the Universe, that every thing which he created, should fill the station for which it was made. This is a law which is as immutable as its Maker, and which cannot be changed only by his will. We see the fulfillment of this great principle in everything animate and inanimate, celestial and terrestrial. He made the sun to give light by day, the moon and stars to give light by night; he gathered together the mighty waters and decreed their bounds which they should not pass, and for thousands of years the sea has rolled back and forth, thus far and no farther, save only, when in his fearful wrath, the Almighty made it an instrument in his avenging hand to sweep away all the wicked inhabitants of the earth. He made the beast of the field, the fowl of the air, the fish of the sea, and lastly man, created in his image endowed with knowledge, spirituality, power, and gave him dominion over every living thing that moved upon the face of the earth. Hence we see that from the beginning to the end, from the first to the last great crowning work of his hand, that each and every thing was designed to fill its appropriate sphere.

And now let us ask what is woman's sphere? Simply that which God designed her to occupy. The sacred historian informs us that the Lord God saw that it was not good for man to be alone, and he made a "helpmeet" for him, one that should be not superior, nor inferior, but his equal, his companion in short a part of himself.

Yet in fulfilling the great law of his existence each has appropriate duties to perform, dutise

which specifically belong to each, and the woman who would endeavor to controvert those laws, sets up her own will in opposition to that of her Maker. Most emphatically was she created to be a *mother*, and our great progenitor called his wife Eve, because she was to be the mother of all living. The great want of this present superficial age is *MOTHERS*, true women of taste, education and refinement, realizing the true position they occupy and not ashamed to fill it. And the woman who most faithfully performs the duties of wife and mother has a record that will far outshine the heroic deeds of man, and win for her the complacent smile of her heavenly Father,

Occasionally we see one here and another there, disdaining to walk in the path set before them, scorning to lose their identity in the name of another, shining forth like some erratic comet traversing the unknown regions of space or like the resplendent Meteor that for the moment dazzles to blind and then is gone leaving but a momentary trace behind.

A man's home should be his Paradise below, his Heaven on earth, the place where of all others he will most delight to be, where love and affection shall reign supreme and the woman who succeeds the best, in thus making home cheerful, happy and attractive to her husband, herself and her children, thereby pointing them to a far more glorious home, eternal in the heavens, has fulfilled the great and glorious mission for which she was intended.

O, woman seek not a destiny for which you were never designed, for

"Aspiring to be Gods, angels fell
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel."

Seek not for rights which would mantle your cheeks with shame, but seek the right to love and to be loved, the right to train your children in the way they should go, to educate them to be true men and women, to realize that they are living for immortality, that at the last it may be said of you, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

LUHALE.

—The above essay on "Woman's Sphere," no true man or woman would or could object to. But why limit her sphere to the one occupation of wife and mother. Just as consistently you might argue that man's mission and sphere was only to be the kind and tender husband and father. While you admit that woman was created the equal of man you must also admit that capacity is the only limit to sphere for either sex. Let us hear from the other side.—[Ed.]

A DAY.

BY MARGARET BOURNE.

I wonder what the trouble is with some days. For instance, last week one morning rose balmy as Spring; a "tender mist lay like dissolving amethyst on the hills; the pure air seemed new-born, all traces of a past being banished. One wondered that the robins were silent; and looked instinctively for violets on the green banks. But this new birth was for the air alone: earth bore the impress of a summer lived through. Fallen leaves rustle as the breeze passed over them. The trees wore their "robes of praise"—vivid greens, reds, and yellows flashes in the sunlight. Insects chirped their contented monotone; fruit hung ripe upon the trees; harvests lay ready for the gathering.

There was a bound of the heart at waking to such a day. How full the hours will be of delight, we said. The charm that enfolds Nature will enclose us too. We, also will forget that our past has been parched,

But the ecstasy was short-lived; languor stole over us as the mist over the mountains. Breakfast was delayed; and, when at last it came, each dish wanted its usual relish. Not being hungry, this did not grieve us much; for the time saved would take us sooner out under the trees, where we were impatient to be. This was our thought: to spend the morning watching the lights on the hills, the clouds, the flocks of birds turning southward; indifferent to the caterpillars who would make us instrumental in their measured progress upward, or to the wasps, who buzzing about our ears, dallied in the sunshine, their gauzy wings spread like sails, their long clumsy legs dropping for ballast.

This was our thought; but one of the party, more energetic, or at least far less lazy than we, suggested a drive. Certainly it was a lovely day for that or any out-of-door diversion. Anything would be pleasant but the shelter of a roof. So we assented.

"Is the horse gentle?" we asked, since a lady was to drive. Oh, yes; Jack was never known to overstep the bounds of horse-decorum. Satisfied of safety we gave it no

further thought; but jogged on, chatting happily, enjoying lovely views which stole upon us with a gradual growth of wonder, or which startled as some sudden glimpse was revealed by a sharp turn in the road. Oh, what views those were of river and mountain—the onflowing stream, which always seek its sea; the firm, immovable hills, which stand as bulwarks of strength and power?

Suddenly Jack began a gentle dance upon a hill-slope, which before many seconds passed into something more formidable. Uninfluenced by soothing words or by an application of the whip, he refused to advance, but assuming most displeasing attitudes on his hind feet. How large and unmanageable he looked, as we sat helplessly behind him. Perhaps it was owing to the calm pervading all things that we were not much alarmed. Possibly it was only the natural heroism of woman; but, however that may be, we allowed ourselves to be backed into a ditch, knocked against a stone wall, and almost overturned, without any very perceptible increase of pulsation. Fortunately, the opportune man did not fail to present himself, according to custom; and we were soon safely seated on the porch of his cottage, while he examined various straps and buckles to discover the cause of the accident. The breeching was broken; but whether that was cause or effect of the dance cannot be determined. Jack ought to have the benefit of the doubt; for his past bore a record which forbade suspicion.

Although not frightened (indeed, our companion assured us in confidence that her strongest feeling was one of mortification lest her qualifications for driving should be questioned hereafter), we reached home tired and heated. Things had not gone well there during our absence. A case of alarming illness had occurred in our healthy community; and the poor little children were crying in that fretful way which indicates nothing wrong in special, but everything in general.

At last, comfortably ensconced on the bed, we look for rest, and awaited the arrival of the mail, which had been so kind to us for several weeks. We were justified in having no distrust on this particular day. Surprised,

we repeated the words "no letters," but in full faith extended our hand for the newspaper. No; even that had failed on this particular day.

We tried to read but the charm had vanished from our favorite books. Where has it gone? What was the spell over everything? The novel was common place—"A Sister's Story"—too gentle and sweet. "The Man who never laughed again" wound his adventures through such intricate labyrinths that we had not patience to learn the cause of his loss of that distinctive attribute of man, but saw no room for incredulity regarding the fact.

Literature had failed; we were wearisome company to ourselves; would any friend come to our deliverance? A card was brought to us; but, like the other events of the day, only to prove aggravation. A friend it was, certainly; but one who was too much a stranger either to be admitted to the dishabille we were indulging in or to be kept waiting, even had strength been ours to correct it. So the necessary apologies were sent, and we resumed our *ennui*.

But I forgot. The servant returned with a letter which our friend had brought. It had gone by mistake to the wrong address. One pleasure remained to us, for we were quite sanguine that this letter would confirm our anticipations of a visit from a friend. Another day this would doubtless have been the case; but on this one, no. "A change of plans, recently made, would render impossible," etc., etc.

At last the day closed, and soft darkness fell upon the world. It gently shut from view that which had been so beautiful in the morning light; but which, though it cheated and entranced us by its blandishments, proved to be a soundless delusion, a thing of sense only. We were glad to look out upon the quiet night and see only peaceful, constant stars in the sky; glad to lose the glamor of the hills in their witchery of mist and color. Katy-dids and crickets chirped to us. A low wood fire blazed upon the hearth, for chillness came with sunset. And we said to ourselves, How much better is the truth of evening than the promise of morning.

DIED OF TRIMMINGS.

BY FANNY M. BARTON.

A cemetery is the last place where one would go to find the truth; if this were not so, we should see on many a marble slab the above inscription.

I crossed a ferry the other day, and opposite to me sat a faded, wornout woman, one of the "bony, scraggy" sort that according to innocent Bohemians compose all the gatherings of the great strong minded. There was no freshness of tint, no roundness of contour; the skin was drawn tightly over the brow, the cheeks were hollow, the lips thin the expression painful. The dress of this woman was wonderful for elaborateness of trimming. Scallops and points multitudinous, rows of braid innumerable covered the suit that enclosed this bloodless body.

Now, there are certain struggles that ennoble or refine a man or woman—that give them strength and spiritual insight and the beautiful seal of these trials is set upon the face to be seen and admired of all men. But the struggle with trimmings is not one of these, the martyr to trimmings dies ignobly, and neither deserves nor receives canonization. One has respect for a woman whose blood is drained by her children, whose freshness turns to pale over sick beds. We all remember dear faded mothers, whose wrinkles are far more beautiful to us than any perfection of form. But this tolerance ceases when the cause of the wrinkle is less noble—when we know that the woman has lost health and strength in a vain struggle to compete with her richer neighbors in the matter of trimmings.

Do we realize the immense disadvantage at which women put themselves by this devotion to trimming? A woman is the wife of a man whose whole income is a thousand dollars. There are three or four children, estimating moderately, to look out for—that is to feed, to clothe, to educate, to influence. During their early years the mother, if she does her duty, must impress herself on these children—must expect them to absorb from her spiritual force; for the mother is not, in the true sense, delivered of the child till he is strong enough to make his way successfully among all the evil forces of the world. But in her devotion to trimming this woman with the narrow income, is not satisfied unless her pretty little daughters wear many yards of ruffling, and as much embroidery; unless her boys are as dainty in their baby hood; unless she herself is glorious in as many

frills and flourishes as her neighbor who keeps a seamstress the year round and employs a fashionable dressmaker at will.

Her neighbors praise her dress and her children and she says with pride:—"I did it all myself, every stitch of it; I sat up every night last week till twelve o'clock, for I was determined that the children should have their new suits to wear to Sunday school."

But what of the days of querulousness after the nights of sewing? What of the impatience, the weariness that defrauded the little ones of their rightful claim on mothers resources of heart and brain? If children possess any right, the most natural is that which gives them the tenderness and patience of their mother in the relations of moral and intellectual growth. The mother, of all others should understand her child; his little sorrows should be soothed in her bosom; his first reaching after truth should be answered in the tender mother dialect; and all this not primarily for the present happiness of the child, though that is important, but that his soul may so grow to his mothers soul that no temptation can wrest him from this anchorage.

This cannot be where trimming reigns. Be content to be plain outwardly, so that you and your children may have the greatest inward riches, and be one to protest against the fearful sacrifice of time, health, strength, morality even, that is involved in the prevailing devotion to trimmings.

TEMPTATION AND VICTORY.

To day we have listened to a recital of incidents in the life struggles of a beautiful woman, who is yet in the bloom of youth. No person with truth and purity in his heart, could look into her face or listen to her voice and doubt her integrity.

Orphaned in childhood, in New York—a superficial education that did not qualify her for school teaching above the primary departments, a weary waiting for that—time, changes and hopes drifted her along, about four years ago to Chicago. She hired a room and took in sewing—made shirts at ten cents each. This was better than nothing, yet the pittance she brought with her, all in dime and five cent currency pieces, were gradually diminished. "I lived" said she, in my own room, on bread and fruit, and lived on bread alone. I begged the privilege of doing my own washing at the stove of a woman that lived on the same floor."

She sought a position as sales woman, an-

swered advertisements for clerks. Time after time, the rude gaze or ruder words of clerks and partners would burn into her consciousness a sense of danger from their gross nature, becoming stronger every moment, she remained in their presence, until she would flee to her desolate, lonely room to weep and starve.

"Why did you not seek a place as nurse maid?" we asked.

"After I had no work at sewing," she replied, "I walked miles; anywhere everywhere I could hear of a place. But I had no references; perhaps I did not know how to ask. I was, in every case refused.

"What could I do? I knew that, pale and frail as I was, I had beauty, and that for beauty there was always a market of shame. I had but to stand in the door and wait. One night I crept to the door and partly opened it. Hearing a footstep approaching, I closed it and crept to my room. But I was hungry, my last cent was gone. My next month's rent of the little room was due. I had walked all day looking in vain for work. I was tired, faint, starving. Again I went to the door and opened it wide. After standing a few moments, I saw some one turn to approach me. With a cry of terror I shut the door in his face, fled to my room and cried myself to sleep.

O! woman, man, reading this, think of it—alone in a great city, no home, no wood, no fire. Well dressed women spurned her, when she asked for work; sent her along empty-handed and heavy hearted.

"In the morning the thought came that I could wash a few pieces with mine at my neighbor's stove. I went to the store where I had traded and asked for washing. The proprietor was there himself, "Why bless you, child," said he, "you can't wash, but you can have anything you want." "No, sir," said I, "if you will let me have some things, and charge them, and let me pay in washing I will take them."

A poor Irish woman, from her poverty, looked out upon her tearful face and said "Sure child and its sorrowful you are," and when she learned the circumstances, she said, "come along then to my house." "Shure, and ye'll not hurt the tubs, and the fire that keeps us warm will hate the water for ye, and when the washing is done ye can hang them in the upper room to dry," Here was a gleam of sunshine.

"Now child," said the kind hearted woman, "don't be after troubling your heart about the work. It's the ladies over there who are a bit wild, and have a deal of company. They'll

give you work and pay you well for it. I'll get it for ye, and ye need not see thim at all. It's once they were pure, too, poor things."

In three days she had earned eight dollars, and, as she received the money she wept for joy. She was saved from a life worse than death. An angel mother could yet love her child:

She renewed her tattered shoes, replaced her dresses. Other changes came, and she is in San Francisco. She is intellectual, brilliant, and growing to be a strong, grand, glorious woman."

"Sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously."

Sister mine, reading this, in your affluence, you know not the temptations that beset the path of those who in youth possess only poverty and beauty. Turn not a deaf ear to those of your sex who ask a respectful hearing. There is not a woman or girl of all our acquaintance, who would call on a stranger to sell a book, solicit a subscription, or ask for work if she knew what else to do to earn bread and save her soul from sin.

WHEN YOU'RE DOWN.

What legions of 'friends' always bless us
When golden success lights our way!
How they smile as they softly address us,
So cordial, good humored and gay.
But oh! when the sun of prosperity
Has set—then how quickly they frown,
And cry out in tones of severity,
Kick the man, don't you see he is down!

What though, when you knew not a sorrow,
Your heart was as open as day,
Your 'friends,' when they want to borrow,
You'd oblige—and ne'er ask them to 'pay.'
What tho' a soul you ne'er slighted,
And you wander about through the town,
And your 'friends,' become very near-sighted
And don't seem to see you while down.

When you're 'up,' you are loudly exalted,
And traders all sing out your praise,
When your 'down' you have greatly defaulted,
And they really 'don't fancy your ways.'
Your style was 'tip-top' when you'd money,
So sings every sucker and clown,
But now 'tis exceedingly funny,
Things are altered 'because you are down.'

Oh give me the heart that forever
Is free from the world's selfish rust,
And the soul whose high noble endeavor
Is to raise fallen men from the dust,
And when in adversity's ocean
A victim is likely to drown,
All hail to the friend whose devotion
Will lift up a man when he's 'down.'

CRUDE NOTION OF SELF-DENIAL.

Many persons say, "I ought to deny myself." They are getting along very happily and do not perceive any particular reason for changing their course, but they have read that a man must deny himself, and they say to themselves, "What shall I deny myself in?" wish I knew how I could deny myself." And they go to work and invent modes of self-denial.

One person says, "I will not eat any butter." So he denies himself.

Another person says, "I enjoy a good coat as well as anybody else; but, being a Christian, my duty is to deny myself; so I will get linsey-woolsey, and let the broadcloth go." That is his self-denial.

Men have no idea what self denial is. They are floundering after something, they do not know what. They are searching after an opportunity for self-denial, not understanding that to deny one's self is simply to put down a lower feeling, in order to give a higher feeling ascendancy. You have an opportunity for self-denial, every time you see a man. If you see a man that you dislike, put down that hateful enmity of soul. That will be self-denial. When you see a person in misery, and you shrink from relieving him, then relieve him. That will be self-denial.

Do not say, "I am so busy I cannot stop to see that little curmudgeon in the street." But stop. God says, "You are all brethren," and, ragged and dirty as that child is, it is related to you in the largest relationship of the eternal world, and you must not be so busy as not to have time to care for him.

If your selfishness says, "I cannot stop; I do not want to be plagued with these littleruffians of the street," and a diviner element of the soul says Stop! Neither business nor pleasure has any right here." If you obey the dictates of that divine element, then you deny yourself.

In honor preferring one another."

In Sangamon county, Ill., there resides a young girl only seventeen years of age, who, by her own labors on a farm of twenty acres, has for the last four years, supported a blind mother and six young children. Her crops this year will net over \$600, and she has only paid \$20 for help since the farming season began.

THE house that does not open to the poor shall open to the physician.

THE TEMPERANCE PAPER.

BY HARLAND E. WARD.

"Oh! I guess Squire Green would take your paper. He's one of the leading temperance men in the town."

"Where does he reside?"

"Over there, in that big stone mansion; but you'd be more apt to find him at his store at this time o' day. Its the new brick one."

Following this direction, the weary canvasser who had only as yet obtained *one* subscriber to his really excellent paper that morning, crossed the street, and presented himself before the desk of this 'leading, temperance man.'

The squire looked up with a bland smile at his courteous good morning, and inquired with the greatest suavity: Well, friend, what can I do for you to-day?"

"I am agent for the _____," his visitor responded, mentioning the name of a sheet well worthy of patronage, and I called in the hope of securing your subscription."

A change appeared to come over the spirit of the squire's dream.

"Hem!" he said shortly, "I don't know as I want it."

"Do you take any temperance paper?" asked the agent a little doubtfully.

"Well, no not exactly. But I have the Boston Journal, and Harper, and the Congregationalist, and that is about all I can find time to read."

"Why do you take the Congregationalist?" persisted the agent.

"Because it is our denominational paper."

"And why do you take the Journal?"

"Well, I'm a Republican and of course I want a party paper."

"I should think then that as a *temperance man*, you would also like to have a temperance paper."

"Well," he said in a deprecatory tone, after an awkward pause, "I would take one if I could afford it; but the times are hard, and I have so many calls for my money that I really cannot see my way clear to subscribe to-day. I'll think of it however, and let you know in a couple of days."

But he well knew that by that time the solicitor would be gone from the place.

"I shall not be here, then," rejoined the still more discouraged agent; "but if you will look at the paper I will leave a copy, and you can forward the subscription yourself."

The squire took it, and as soon as the canvasser was gone threw it carelessly on the

counter, and thought no more about it. And there it lay until little Tommy Wilson came for some candles, when the clerk took it to wrap them up in, and it found its way to the drunkard's squalid home.

"Oh, ma!" cried little Tommy, entering the room where his mother sat wearily sewing by the faded light of day, "here's the candles, and the man did them up in a nice new paper. I'll bet it is chuck full of just such stories as you read me out of that paper you borrowed down to Mrs. Niles' the other day. Oh, do look and see."

Mrs. Wilson laid down her work, and taking the package removed the candles, and sitting down by the table, began to peruse it.

Her eyes soon filled with tears.

"Why, Tommy," she said, "this is a temperance paper, and ——" here her utterance became choked, and for some moments she said no more, while little Tommy cried in sympathy.

At last commanding her tears, she examined the paper and soon found a simple story of an inebriate's home, a story in which deep sorrow and pathos were blended, ending with the glorious joy of a full and complete reformation, and this she read to little Tommy.

Her voice was wavering with deep emotion, and more than once she paused to wipe away the tears, for her heart could realize the fearful truth of the dark picture; but when she could not share in the glad triumph depicted, although she managed in faltering accents to read it. Then with a prayer that the joy with which it ended might some day be her's, she laid the paper away and put Tommy to bed.

But she had a listener to the reading of that story, of whom she little dreamed. James Wilson himself was lying upon the cot within the small bedroom opening from the room, and having slept off the effects of the drunken stupor in which he had lain nearly all day, distinctly heard every word.

At first, when she began to read, he seriously thought of rushing out and snatching the paper from her. Then as the narrative deepened in interest, he began to listen more intently and forgot his purpose. His eyes filled with tears that were not maulding, and when she finished, his heart had been thrilled to its profoundest depths.

For a long time he lay in solemn reflection. It almost seemed to him that the writer of that article must have known of that home, and drawn his picture from that. But no, it could not be, for he was still a sot.

"It is a true description. any way," he said

to himself at last; "and whoever wrote it must have known whereof he spoke. But, Oh God! I never realized it before."

"Then he thought again, and his cogitation soon culminated into a resolve which, could his poor wife only have known, would have made her sad heart sing for joy.

"I will do it," he cried; "yes I will do it! Our story shall have as bright an ending as that, for if I live until to-morrow I will *sign the pledge*."

When his wife retired, he pretended to be asleep; but strange to say, his own joy at having made the manly resolution was so great, that it seemed impossible to slumber. It came at last, however, and bright and early in the morning, he hastened to put his resolve in practice.

Two hours later he communicated the joyful intelligence to his wife.

Then there was a happy time in the household, and in the grateful prayers that arose from the rebuilt family altar, temperance papers were not forgotten I assure my readers, however much the professed advocates of the cause may ignore them. And the first act James Wilson did after he had received the money for his work the next week, was to send his subscription to the paper through whose instrumentality had come the great blessing.

And he has continued a paying subscriber ever since, and has never for a moment yielded to the temptation to return to his former evil habits. His wife is happy, his home is peaceful, and little Tommy has grown to be a tall handsome youth, who can read the 'stories' for himself. And in the light of this great change, who shall say that temperance papers ought not to receive the support of every true friend of the cause?

GOLDEN WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.

It is safer for me to abstain than to drink. If I should indulge in drink I am afraid I could not stop at the line which many call temperance, but should become a slave to the habit, and with others of stronger nerves and firmer purpose go down to a drunkard's grave. If I indulge, I am not safe. If I abstain, my child will not be cursed with a drunken father. We talk of purity and dignity of human nature, and of relying upon self-respect for security; but there is no degradation so low that a man will not sink into, and no crime so hellish that he will not commit, when he is drunk. There

is nothing so base, so impure, so mean, so dishonest, so corrupt, that a man will not do when under the law of sin—of appetite. Safety is to be found in not yielding ourselves to that law. But if it could be proved conclusively to my own mind that I could drink, and never be injured, yet with my view on the subject, it would be my duty to abstain. I could not be certain but others, seeing me drink, might be influenced to drink also; and being unable to stop, pass on in the path of the drunkard. My example would, in that case, be evil. But I ask, am I my brother's keeper? Yes, I am responsible for my influence, and lest it shall be evil, I am under a high moral and religious obligation to deny myself that which may injure him. If I neither taste, nor touch, nor handle, nor countenance them, my example will not lead others to become drunkards."—[Gov. Buckingham.]

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

The following vivid description is from one of John B. Gough's lectures,

"I once knew a man that was tormented with a human face that glared at him from the wall. He wiped it out—it was there, perfect as before. He stood back some paces and saw it again. Maddened to desperation, he went to it and struck it again and again, until the wall was spattered with blood, and the bones of his hand were broken—all this in beating out a phantom. That is the horror of *delirium tremens*. I remember when it struck me—God forgive me that I drank so much as to lead to it, although one-half so much as some who drink with me was as fire to the blood; the second was as concentric rings in the brain; the third made me dance and shout; the fourth made me drunk, and God help me, I drank enough to bring upon me that fearful disease. I remember one night, when in bed trembling with fright. Something was coming into my room—what it was I knew not. Suddenly the candle seemed to go out. I knew the light was burning; I struggled to get to it, and would have ueld my hand there fiercely till burned to the bone. All at once I felt I was sinking down; fearful shapes seemed gathering round, yet I knew I was sitting in my bed, no one near and the light burning. *Delirium tremens* is a dreadful disease; but, God pity us—men are dying from it every day. I saw one man die, and shall never forget his look, only in his twenty-third year, and he died mad."

WORKERS.

BY KITTIE CANDID.

Workers—not *Waiters*—that is what we need, and that is what we must have. Society needs them; lodges, schools, temples, churches, home and nation needs them, and until more of our drones are metamorphosed into whole souled workers, we may expect to see the great wheel of progress continually hampered with these troublesome breaks—the listless lookers-on.

Did we work and work earnestly, everything good would receive an impetus such as we have only dreamed of before. Trace every enterprise, whether good or bad to its origin, and you will ever find that Work, not Wait, started it. Read all the histories the world ever produced, and can you find one plan consummated, one project completed, without *action*, whole-souled and vigorous, on the part of its originators and followers?

Did Columbus, after the "three ill-conditioned vessels" were fitted for its use, rather his men about him in the cabin and wait for the "New World" to come to him? *Action* helped him to the important discovery which followed—it must do so now. If Fulton and his successor had *waited* for his first model to take itself to the water, would we enjoy the easy steamboat travel of to-day? If those who first began to work for the suppression of intemperance, had sat supinely down and *waited* for rum to banish, brandy to evaporate and "lager" to exterminate itself, would the world count one the less runkard, to-day? If the originators of our various temperance organizations had been content to wait only, could the recording angel have written the names of countless others reclaimed, brothers redeemed, and sweet records of wives' and mothers' heart rejoicings, and sisters' grateful melodies that were born on seraphic wings to the heavenly cathedral above? No reader;—then why are we content to give up the work of social reform to those who stand high in office? many of them so corrupt at heart that water alone cannot quench their thirst—only the devil's drink can do that.

Had the common people been earnest toilers for right, would such men hold office

now? Not all are base—thank God some whole-souled men stand in high positions, or where should we be now? And if we want the remaining offices filled with worthy men, you that can vote, must not be content to stay at home and let the rum ticket be cast; or a vote to please a friend, that will eventually swell the army of intemperance won't do—you had better do right than gain the admiration of a dozen friends, or secure a king for a *confidante*.

Or, if you go to the polls on the days that are near at hand, don't vote a ticket that you know has a whiskey bottle behind it. Neither go there with no definite knowledge of whom or what you are voting for. If you have not political knowledge or sufficient good sense to know, stay at home, and before another election, kindly ask your mother or wife to inform you. For this election, even, if you have not time to study into the matter, you that are blessed with understanding Christian wives, mothers and sisters, just vote as they tell you, and you will be quite sure to be near the right.

'Tis true, like maniacs, slaves and idiots, women have not the *legal right* of voting, but somehow, the majority of them get at the right of the matter, pretty generally. Knowledge or reason does not aid them of course, but "intuition," "chance," or some such vagary helps them to arrive at very just and apt conclusions, sometimes. So brother, if you don't know what ticket to vote and you have a practical, temperance, Christian wife, mother, or sister, ask them; and sister as you cannot vote with your own hand this year, just vote through those who do go. Invisibly there, 'tis true, but you can do it if you traverse the political field over with eye and reason, in a way that shall be sufficiently tangible to yourself. Do not sit helplessly down to mourn over an exaggerated tyranny and magnified deprivation, and *wait* for woman's emancipation; *work and work now*, in the best way that you can.

In our Lodges, Divisions, Bands of Hope and various similar organizations, is just the place to labor. Stir the drones to action, lift high the temperance banner; write prohibition on every fold, and swear eternal enmity to the foe that lurks wherever Satan can find a strong hold that total ab-

stinence has deserted. Do not be contented with weekly meetings alone; make them so pleasant that they shall interest all within the walls and cause them to turn their footsteps there, because they love it, and not because it is a change only. Then go out into the highways and hedges and gather them in. Make your own armor bright that they may see what to imitate. Do this every one of you, and you can afford to wait after you have gone over the river. Shake off your listlessness, languor and apathy. Work like valiant soldiers, till God calls, and then we can go rejoicing home, and with heart and lip give him the glory.—[Tem. Press.

THE TWICE RESCUED.

"Sir," cried a boy bolting into a gentleman's office one morning, "father's going to sign the pledge, and will you come and see him?"

The gentleman was deep in a law case, but when he found it was Mark Ranny, whose father was fast going to ruin, he felt willing to be interrupted in order to help the child in his efforts to save his parent. The gentleman laid aside his papers, put on his hat and walked off with the boy. "O, sir" said Mark, "it was a good while before he would agree to it, but he did at last; and won't it save father?"

"If he keeps it, Mark" answered the gentleman.

"Keep it, sir," cried the boy, "he'll keep it fast enough; father always used to be as good as his word; and you'll talk good to him, sir, won't you?"

They soon reached Mr. Ranny's house. In the kitchen sat the husband and father, a large man in the prime of life bitten by the sin "which biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." On a table near him lay the family Bible and a paper with the pledge; his pale wife was hushing the cry of a sick child, while two little girls stood by with sober and wistful looks.

"Here is Mr. Davis, father," said Mark in a cheerful tone.

"Well, sir," said the man "you see I've 'bout come to the point, but,—" he stopped and stammered; I don't know as it will do much good."

"Oh, it will father."

"See how they trust me," the tears blurring his eyes; "I wish I could trust myself; but you see, sir, the cretur' is all round, and will be

tempting me. Have I strength to fight him? That's it. I think I wo 't drink—I say I won't, I pledge I won't; but what's my think, and my say against an appetite that can be gratified?"

The mother and children looked troubled, but hopeful, and strove by every encouraging and affectionate word to strengthen his fainting heart. At last the pledge was solemnly subscribed to, and the young lawyer knelt down with the weeping yet grateful family, to pray for that divine strength which can alone deliver the weak in the hour of strong temptation.

Two or three months passed away, and Mr. Ranny was looked upon as a rescued man; the pledge was considered the means of restoring to society a worthy citizen; and to an affectionate family a good father. But one cold stormy night he was found by the side of the road drunk. The shame and grief, and the family sorrow, who can describe it?

"It's no use," said the man gruffly, after a night's rest; I see it; I smell it; it is offered me at every corner, and I'm gone forever. I know I'm doomed to ruin; don't talk, it's no use."

Six years passed by, and the prohibitory liquor law had passed our legislature. Men engaged in the traffic of ardent spirits were of course against it. Some good men shook their heads and doubted about it. Joseph Ranny staggered up to a knot of these one day; he was sober but enfeebled by his excesses.

"Sirs," said he, "the prohibitory law has got at the gist of the thing. For God's sake don't be in doubt about it. Sirs, there is no motive in heaven, or earth, or hell, that can crush a man's love of strong drink, when that drink is to be had. Take it away! it is a deadly poison to soul and body: put it out of his reach; don't let the appetite be indulged; don't let it be created; cut off; stop the supplies root and branch; then there is hope even for me;" and though the poor fellow sunk down on a bale of goods overcome by his emotions, he did not sink down to hopeless wretchedness.

Ranny has now been some three years with no means of gratifying his appetite—that appetite is fast losing its power; and he is slowly but surely gaining his lost ground.

The secrets of good health are few and simple. They are:

1. A good constitution.
2. Good physical habits.
3. Good mental habits.
4. Good moral habits.

Life Sketches of Mrs. R. H. Spencer,

STATE AGENT AND NURSE FOR FIELD AND HOSPITAL IN THE LATE CIVIL WAR.

May 27th 1863, the 147 Reg., in connection with some other Reg's., adjoining in the same Brigade, were required to be ready to march at an hour's notice, with three day's rations on hand and the same in the supply wagons. In the morning the orders were received to prepare for a march with baggage packed. At three in the afternoon the orders were countermanded, and at five o'clock the same day fresh orders were issued to strike tents and be ready to move at sundown. The instructions were obeyed each time on the receipt of them, but some day's had intervened and the Regiments were waiting the immediate and last command to forward march.

Our hospital was continued in the usual round of duties. Men were sick and dying, and convalescing soldiers were being sent to their Regiments while others were sent in from the Regiments by Surgeon's orders, as patients needing care and medical treatment. Miss Dix came to us with supplies of oranges, lemons, and many other delicacies suitable to invalids in the field hospital. She furnished her nurses (who were attached to our Division) with abundance of the same for future distribution, and previous to leaving the camp she presented me a small pocket Bible, a few lemons and a cake of fine soap for washing the hands, for all of which I was very grateful. We had been located where we now were for sometime with the prospect of remaining a while longer. The Hospital was situated on an eminence above the Pier or Dock from which we received our supplies for Hospital use, and from whence the forage was issued to the horses and mules employed in the service.

When pitching our Tent I selected a place where the bushes were not thick enough to prevent the growth of garden vegetables. On three sides of this patch of ground, the trees were thick to which we fastened poles by withes thus making a complete fence. The fourth side overlooked the river, and was protected by the perpendicular rocks bordering the stream, which rose to a number of feet, meeting the foot of our ground that sloped gradually to them. To make my garden pleasant and picturesque, and still have it harmonize with our surroundings, I with the assistance of others leveled the earth a few feet and then dug steps for descent

to the next bed. In this way we formed a succession of terraces, and where we found vigorous beautiful shrubs, like the Laurel bush, we drew the soil about it, forming an oval, square, round or diamond shaped mound, thus making our tent more like home, and pleasing to the eye even before vegetation started in the different beds, which we had planted and sown with seeds of various kinds. When we first located our hospital on this pleasant spot, and before we were fairly settled, we were visited by a Mrs. Briggs of Washington, whose husband was clerk in the House of Representatives. Her curiosity was great to visit the field Hospitals, so much so that she ventured to ours. My tent was her stopping place and in return for my hospitality to her, she proposed to send me a lot of seeds for my garden and also forward my horse and saddle, both being then in Washington. I accepted her kind offer most gratefully and a short time after her return I received them all. The seed was planted in my garden, and the horse found quarters through the favor of the officers in charge of transportation at forage dock. The warm sun and soft showers with the mild weather brought forth the vegetables in our little garden. In one part the corn and potatoes were ready or nearly so to hoe for the first time, the beans reminding one of porridge hot, my lettuce was quite large, the onions tall, the beets giving promise to furnish a mess of greens, my bunches of shrubbery some in blossom, others in bud, all around us pleasant and beautiful, and promising to supply our tables with vegetables, and flowers to cheer those sick ones pining for home scenes.

When lo! and behold the scene changed the orders are received to break up hospital. Dr. Herd, the medical director of the 1st Army corps made his appearance as I supposed to visit our hospital. After going through the Wards, he came to my tent for a cup of coffee, and while at table during general conversation turned to me and asked if I thought I could dress wounds upon the battle field, and continued, "you will probably have the opportunity soon." I replied that I thought I should be equal for any emergency. He left the ground, and soon after Dr. Ward our Surgeon in charge, came to the tent and proposed that I

should go over to our Regiment the 147th and ascertain if I could have comfortable quarters there, as he was about to return us to the Regiment, preparing to breaking up Hospital.

By making inquiry of him, I found that I was the only female nurse who would be sent from there to the field, the other women were ordered back to Washington, until a change of programme:

The next morning I mounted my horse and rode over to the Regiment, which lay near Fal-mouth, not a great distance from us. On arriving there I was greeted heartily by all but Hospital Steward Paddock, he received me in his usual consequential, overbearing, sulky manner, in effect the same as if he said I wish you would stay away *I do not want you here*. His manner of feeling made no difference to me however, as long as the regiment with the exception of him and the cook who was obliged to submit to him or lose his place, and the Assistant Surgeon Stillman, (the man who refused with oaths to get up from his bed to aid Fuller, a dying soldier,) were all anxious that we should return, and you would not wonder why, if you could have seen the condition of the sick in that Hospital. The men lay there looking like a lot of mulattoes, instead of white men, and respectable citizens. The perspiration, thickened with sand and dust had formed a coating which obstructed the pores giving strength and facility to the disease, now preying upon their constitution.

After looking at them a moment and receiving their thanks for my presence, I rushed out to find Dr. Coe, fortunately he had just arrived from Brigade Head Quarters. I remonstrated with him, and indignantly complained of the treatment our men were receiving, I repeated to him the filthy state of the Hospital and its inmates, and its injurious effects upon the sick ones, he allowed the truth of the suggestions, and told me to come over as soon as possible with my husband and take charge of the patients. He said the Regiment needed our care, and he was thankful that we were coming back.

While talking with the Dr. I cast my eyes around and nearly opposite to where we were, I noticed a tent with a floor for a bed, raised a few feet from the ground. In the door of this or between the partings of the tent which formed the entrance, a man was sitting, or partly reclining; with his feet hanging down outside from the floor or bed. He was very much emaciated, his eyes looked large and very wild

as they seemed fastened upon me, his strained look riveted my attention. At first I did not recognize him, but in a moment after looking at him steadily I saw in him one of my neighbors from home. I forgot the Dr., with whom I was conversing and rushing forward, I exclaimed "why! Mr. Snell is it possible that you are in such a state! how sick you look!" He had not moved since I first looked at him but now when I spoke he clasped his hand together and broke into sobs, while the tears streamed down his cheeks. In a little time he governed himself sufficiently to say "thank God for hearing my prayer, in all my life, Mrs. Spencer I never prayed for any blessing as earnestly as I prayed God to send you to this camp to help us, and to-day when I saw you enter the Hospital, my heart went up to God in thanks, but when you came out and commenced talking to Dr. Coe, and did not look toward me, I felt to pray God to make you look at me and recognize me, or I should go crazy, and that was what made me stare at you so. I did not dare to move for fear I should lose sight of you, I can scarcely stand upon my feet, and knew if you started away I could not overtake you" and he again clasped his hands and sobbing for joy thanked his Maker.

I turned from him and calling to the Dr. said, "here is Albert Snell, and if he is not cared for immediately he will die. The Surgeon said "why Snell you should have gone into the Hospital for treatment why didn't you." Snell replied, "I did go, but Paddock ordered me out saying, I was a dead beat, and when I begged for tea instead of coffee I was refused by the cook with curses, and at last my only hope lay in Mrs. Spencer's coming and I prayed God to send her to us again," here he broke down with sobs, covering his face with his hands. The Surgeon's eyes were suspiciously full of moisture, and seemingly to cover what most men consider weakness, he spoke up briskly and sternly saying, "do not make a baby of yourself Snell, but go right into Hospital, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer will both be there to care for you; I will see that you are admitted, and not sent out again until you are able for duty.

The Dr. gave orders that Snell should be admitted and bathed and the Hospital cleansed and proper food given the patients. While he was present his orders were obeyed, though grudgingly, but when he left for Brigade Head Quarters, the instructions seemed to be forgotten. After seeing Snell comfortably established and cleansed as all the others were be

fore I left the ground, we returned to our own Hospital to prepare for our removal to the Regiment. In two or three days orders were received to pack Hospital supplies and make all ready for a march. On our return to the Regiment, we found our sick lying in mid-day in open field with the burning rays of the sun pouring down upon them with no protection from its scorching heat, the Hospital Tent had been packed with the other supplies in the hospital wagons. The faces were again begrimed with perspiration and lust, they lay panting for breath. I could not see them suffer thus, and be idle. I found rubber and woolen blankets and with the aid of convalescents and attendants, I pinned and tied the corners to the bushes until every man had a shade over him. I then asked Paddock for cups and wash basins to bathe their hands and faces. He refused me, giving as a reason that they were packed in the wagons, and he was not going to unpack them for any one.

The soldiers who had been assisting me in making the shade, proposed to fetch water in canteen's if I could wash them in that way. I said that I could. They then ran for the water, and I for cloths, and when the canteens of water were brought me I turned the water upon a piece of cloth until it was well saturated and applied it to the burning face and neck, until I observed the heat in a measure subdued and then went to the next, until all were cleansed and appeared more comfortable. We remained that day and part of the next, and concluded to erect our tents again, leaving the wagons packed. We could hear of some skirmishing and a part of our army had been across the Rappahannock for two days and had taken a number of prisoners. Snell was better. We had now twelve sick in the hospital and several in quarters.

I went over to Fitzhugh place to see some of our sick ones there. There was Washington, home, where he cut the tree with his hatchet.—A noble house with immense grounds surrounding it. The present house was built in a different location from the old homestead. It was built of wood, large and square with a wide hall running through the center; two large rooms upon each side of the hall, and the chambers finished in the same fashion. The grounds had been handsomely laid out at some time and all their beauty was not destroyed when I saw it. Down from the house near the highway was the place of the old garden and where the tree stood that for so many years bore the marks of the little hatchet.

There too he had a little spring bubbling up between the roots of an old tree, from which he watered his garden. Among other flowers (as Mrs. Fitzhugh informed me) he had a hardy perpetual rose, which he named for his mother, calling it "Mary Washington,"

From this old garden the present proprietor had removed the shrubbery to the garden situated in close vicinity to the more recently built dwelling. Most all traces of the Old Home and garden were obliterated. The rose bush "Mary Washington" had increased in strength and circumference since its removal to the new garden, and it was enclosed by a railing and cherished as a precious relic of the past. I did not get this history on my first visit to Fitzhugh place. I received it at a subsequent time after forming an acquaintance with the owner of this grand old Home.

On one of my visits to the Hospital Dr. Whitney, the surgeon in charge requested me to try and gain admittance to the other part of the house occupied by the family owning the premises, as no one had been admitted since the hospital was established there, neither had any of the females ventured outside. He said he realized the necessity of having some one go in and urge the ladies to walk in the garden for the purpose of inhaling the fresh air, if they would do so he would promise that they should not be molested or intruded upon in any way by the soldiers or hospital attendants. He said that Mrs. Fitzhugh was very kind in sending milk, and flowers to the patients, and as he remarked before, neither herself or family had been outside to visit them or even to take the air and he was sure if they continued much longer to inhale the impure air of the hospital without change, their health must suffer materially. He said we have tried to approach them for the purpose of persuading them that they will be benefited by exercise every day in pure air, but have failed in our attempts each time, for their feelings are so bitter toward the North and the Union soldiers, that when our Band from some of the Regiments come over to refresh us with music, they close the doors, and shut the blinds of the windows and remain closed in that manner until after the band leave the Hospital—now if you can find an excuse and gain an invitation to enter their rooms you will succeed beyond my expectation.

I promised the Dr. I would try my best to get an admission and thought I should have success. A lady whose son was sick in the hospital promised to give me an introduction to

Mrs Fitzhugh—said she “I have had many conversations with her at the door, but have never been invited to enter the house, with all the hints I have given to that effect.

The Dr's Tent where he took his meals, was nearly opposite the outside door of the part of the house occupied by Mrs. Fitzhugh. A little before noon of that day, the lady of whom I spoke came to me and said come quick, she is now at the door giving instructions to one of the servants; I will give you an introduction before she goes in, and then you will have to manage the rest yourself. We accordingly approached her and the lady, introduced me as Mrs. Spencer, who was aiding the soldiers in field and hospital, to Mrs. Fitzhugh of Fitzhugh Place. As she spoke the name, I said, “Fitzhugh, that name is very familiar to me, it is the name of one of our old residents in Oswego, my home.” Her interest seemed awakened at once, and she asked if she understood me to be from Oswego.” I answered, “Yes madam.” “And allow me to ask” said she “if the gentleman you spoke of is named Henry Fitzhugh? I answered, “it is madam. “Why, he is a relative of ours,” she returned. Just then the Dr.'s Orderly came to call me to dinner I bowed to Mrs. Fitzhugh and said, “excuse me for a few moments and as soon as my dinner is over I will come in and tell you all I know of him.” She hesitated, the red blood mounting to her face, and then she said “well do if you please.”

I hastened to eat my dinner and then went to the door and sought admittance, which she very pleasantly gave me, proffering me a seat, and taking one herself, commenced the conversation by inquiring about Henry Fitzhugh, saying that he was her husband's cousin, and that he had visited them sometime before, and asked if he was a resident of Oswego. I answered her questions according to my best knowledge, informing her that Mrs. Fitzhugh of Oswego was a prominent member of the Ladies' aid Society, now organized there, for the purpose of sending relief to the sufferers of the army.”

Our conversation now turned upon the war of the present day. She informed me that her feelings and sympathies, and that all her family were with the South, that her husband was Quarter-master in the Southern army, in which also he had two sons. She had a daughter in Richmond, who had with her some of the most precious relics of Washington. She said she inherited this place, (Fitzhugh Place) by will from Washington, that her mother and

Washington's mother were sisters, that Washington willed the Homestead to her father, as the nearest of kin, and she being an only child descended to her. She asked me if I could get permission for her to go to Washington for supplies of clothing, thread, needles, pins, &c. I finally, before leaving delivered the Surgeon's message, explained the urgent necessity of listening to his advice. She promised to consider the matter. I then left her to get permission for her to get supplies. The liberty was not granted, but I was allowed to give her anything that she needed, that I had or might get for her. I had taken out with me, muslin dresses and several articles of clothing, that could be made over for her younger daughters. She had two of them. Those articles of clothing I did not use or need, I had also a quantity of thread, needles, and pins, buttons and combs, which I could spare. Mr. Spencer had summer clothing that he did not use, that would answer for the son remaining at home. We filled a large bag with the clothing and other articles, and then went with it to her place.

She met me like an old friend, but did not invite my husband in,—on account, I think, of his being a Union soldier, and wearing the clothing of one,—but she received him at the door, asked him to be seated in the shade and then sent him a server, with a plate of Southern biscuit and a pitcher of milk with a goblet in which to drink it; and chatted with him in a friendly manner, while he was employed in eating and drinking. She expressed her gratitude to me many times, and regretted that she had not some old relic that I would prize that she could give me, I replied that “she had a memento of Washington that I should prize above all other presents, and that was the root of the rose bush which he named for his mother.” she said I should have it most willingly, and sent the children to the garden with me to dig it up. I received the bush and many thanks from her and returned to the Regiment, feeling well paid for the little I had done for her. I saw her only once again for a short time. Our interview was pleasant, and when returned to the regiment, they were preparing to move.

June 12th, we left camp for somewhere. I rode my horse Charley, on the march. We passed over many old battle fields, among them was Catlets Station. From there we moved to Centerville, which we reached the 16th, here we cooked a good palatable supper, and after nine o'clock took it three-quarters of a mile to fe

our sick. Next day we moved from Centerville to Herdon's Station, on the Alexandria and Leesburgh Rail Road. The track of this road was partly torn up, and the bridge at this place was burned so badly that it was useless. We remained here one day.

On the 19th, we marched five or six miles and encamped on Broad Run or Creek, ten miles south-east of Leesburgh Va., having marched over one hundred miles since we started. We encamped just where the Leesburgh and Alexandria Rail Road crosses. We got our tent up and kept dry notwithstanding it rained hard all night. We were in the 2d Brigade, 1st Division. 1st army corps, Gen. Reynolds, commander of the Corps, Gen. Cutler, commanding Brigade.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

"Is drunkenness incurable?" is a problem of the deepest interest to all good citizens, and anything that promises to aid its solution is worthy of notice. A writer in Putnam for August proposes as a cure for the appetite for liquors, promide of potassium, saying:

"There is no 'tapering off with the devil. Either he has got you, or he has not got you. The first part of the medical treatment in this physical disease requires the immediate removal of the patient from all disturbing influences, of whatever nature. There must be no noisy children about, no quarrelling women, scandal mongers pouring out their distilled venom to jar upon his nerves and disturb his spirit. He must have absolute quiet repose. He must take a two week's holiday and go to bed where nothing can trouble him or get at him but one faithful friend.

"Having obtained twelve twenty-grain powders of the promide he takes one, and after a conflict the sedative wins the victory, and he sleeps. When he wakes the struggle against the taste for liquor begins again, and another powder is taken, and so on, until at last perfect success and glorious victory are attained. The desire for drink will be completely eradicated, and its return will not be likely to occur. During the treatment food should not be taken, unless urgently desired, and then it should be of the most nutritious character. Broths of fowl or beef steak, and such other meats as are best calculated to preserve the tone of the stomach, are to be preferred.

ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

A TRUE TALE.

BY MRS. C. C. WRIGHT.

The whole little village of H—— was astir. Groups of young girls, nodding and smiling with their lovers were walking rapidly toward St. Ann's Church, and carriages filled with superbly attired ladies and venerable men turned in the same direction.

It was the perfection of an evening in that most perfect of months—rose-brimmed June. The air was laden with the mingled fragrance of the tea rose, the luscious honeysuckle, and the pure hearted lilly. It was a night when the moonlight and flowers combined to break wise resolves and make the impassioned love words (held more easily in control in calmer months,) break over the lips and flood the heart.

St. Ann's no longer looked sober, for the moonlight flickered among the tall elms which surrounded it; silvered the ivy which clung to its old stone walls, and started out into surprising brightness the cross which surmounted the tower. But most dazzling were the streams of light which poured through each window and from the open door, whence issued the rich melody into which the organist had deftly woven a few of the simple old ballads, which had been and always would be associated with the pure voice of Marian Heath, the fair young girl whose entrance as a bride the eager crowd were awaiting.

At length the whisper ran through the multitude "She comes!" and every face was turned toward the door. The good clergyman arose from his chair and approached the chancel rail; and slowly up the isle came the white robed bridesmaids, the calm, proud bridegroom in his military dress, and last on the arm of her venerated father, clothed in shimmering satin and costly pearls, with a snowy veil shading her young happy face from every rude gaze, *the bride* the woman whose life history that hour began.

I do not propose to describe the ceremony. It is the fact, the marriage, the new life of Marian Tracy, with which I have to do.

Most novels end at this point—the point where most of life, most of experience, and often most of the tragedy begins.

Marian Heath was the beloved daughter

of a not rich, but still well-to-do lawyer, who was honored through all courts. She had had a happy, free-from-care girlhood, in a charming home, where her bright face made constant sunshine. Every advantage in the way of education and social position was hers; and added to this although she was not really handsome according to any standard of beauty, was the loveliness of perfect health the ease and grace of good breeding, and an irresistibly winning vivacity, joined to a childish simplicity.

Not a sorrow had ever darkened her brow; not one anxiety checked her girlish laughter; and to complete her happiness, the course of true love with her *did* run smooth. Captain Tracy, of the Regular Army, fell deeply in love with her; a sentiment which she as fully returned.

He was a gentleman a scholar—irreproachable, so far as could be known, in character; and possessed of both sufficient means and social status to continue to Marian all the comforts she had ever enjoyed. And so, though loth to part with their idol, her parents gave her up; and this June evening beheld Marian Heath Mrs. Henry Tracy.

Then followed an extended tour; during which letters overflowing with praises of her husband's kindness and devotion, cheering her parents in their loneliness.

"I am so happy," she wrote; "so happy, I sometimes fear it cannot last! I tell Harry so, but he laughs at the idea; and asks me what there is to make a real love-match, like ours unhappy. And indeed what is there?" this was when she had been married two months, and the parents smiled at her loving enthusiasm, and remembered their own honeymoon days, and did not notice that *that* was the last letter that spoke in quite the same strain.

When in a later letter she spoke of her longing to see them; that it seemed very long since she was with them, and it would be so pleasant to be home once again, the good couple were pleased and said, "She has not forgotten her home and still loves us as dearly as ever, notwithstanding her entire happiness."

They did not—how could they—discern the cloud in the sky as yet "no larger than a man's hand," but destined to darken and destroy every joy in life.

Neither did she wholly discern it; her innocent unsuspecting nature, and devoted love and trust in her husband, prevented her believing it possible it should ever increase in its proportions.

Still she sighed wearily, gazing out of the window of her luxurious room at the hotel upon the tumultuous waters of Niagara.

They were on their route home, for they were to stop for a few days at her father's—home she still called it—before going on to the post where Captain Tracy was ordered. The remembrance pleased her, and yet she sighed to herself:

"Oh, if it should ever happen again—and there before them—it would kill me! Oh! Harry, dear Harry, why did it ever happen! Was it—could it have been my fault in any way? He says it was not. His aunt told me it was not. But if it should be—if after all I am not the kind of wife he ought to have! If I cease to have any influence! Oh Harry, Harry how could you!"

She was weeping bitterly by this time, and longing for her mother. Yet had her mother been beside her, how quickly would the tears have been concealed; how proudly would she have insisted that she was perfectly happy; how warmly defended her husband from even a whisper of censure.

Yet now knowing, he was called away to be absent two hours, there was nothing to compel her self-control, and her grief had full sway. She agonized herself recalling that first dawning of the truth—that fatal first moment, when dimly she began to see that she had "made unto herself an idol and found it clay."

"Yet in all other things" she reiterated to herself, "he is perfect—only this! but he has promised me solemnly—*vowed it*—it shall never be again!"

And so poor young thing, just stepping with shrinking feet into the deep waters which overwhelm so many wretched hearts, she tried to reassure and comfort herself.

This had been the sorrow she would not put in words even to herself.

Visiting his relatives, who met her with kindness and affection, she was in the height of enjoyment when a certain *fete* occurred which her husband with his male cousins, attended. She was very reluctant to spare

him for even the necessary few hours; but seeing how desirous he was of going, she concealed her feelings and urged him off.

He did not return until evening; and when he entered the drawing room preceding his cousins she did not at all comprehend his situation. She had never seen anyone except coarse vulgar men in the street (even a little) under the influence of liquor; and though she saw his aunt and cousins exchange glances and even the lady-callers look confused, she did not see the truth until in a roistering manner wholly unlike his usual conduct towards her, he approached her calling her some familiar, endearing name, and placed his arm roughly and heavily on her shoulder. As he leaned over her she caught the odor of liquor: she saw his dull bewildered gaze, and in one flash divined all.

How she ever controlled herself sufficiently to excuse herself to her guests, place her arm within his, and assist him up stairs to their room she never knew. Enough she did so, and when she stood beside him as he lay half stupified across the bed and bathing his face and head, and tried to restore him to consciousness, who can blame her that she asked herself with a feeling of strong contempt, "Is this—*this* the man I so honored, so respected, so loved?"

Let me tell you, husbands who think nothing of appearing in the presence of your wives in this condition, that when they look at you under the influence of spirituous liquors, no matter how they have respected you before, they despise you! No matter how truly they have loved, and may, in a lesser degree, love you again *at that time* they loathe you utterly.

Remember, a mother, a sister, a friend, can make their escape and leave you to become restored to your senses; but a wife, obliged by the very closeness of the relation, to see your condition in all its most disgusting details—must sicken under the stifling odor of the mingled spirits and tobacco with which you saturate your pillow, must realize how little of a man, and how much of a brute, you are capable of becoming.

So Marion, the love of her wifely heart fighting against the horror and disgust which would overpower her, as she waited

on him and tended him through all the different phases of drunkenness, felt as any other woman feels in such a case.

Once asleep she left him—left him for the first time without a kiss on his brow as a seal of her quick returning, and crouching down on the floor in a dark corner of the verandah, upon which her room opened, she sobbed out the bitterness of her heart:

"Oh, God, I cannot bear it! I loved him so! Oh, I cannot help loving him yet! But I did *respect* him so! I cannot, cannot bear it!"

Alas, how many young wives have made this bitter moan, and yet, *had to bear it!*

While she was sobbing and weeping thus his aunt came to her, took her in her arms, and tried to comfort her.

"Marian, dear," she said, "I know all about it; and my heart aches for you, poor child! But I do not believe, truly, he will be guilty of it again. He loves you devotedly, and I hope his love for you will save him. Do not think in any way it is your fault—one is so apt to think so—for he had the failing before he ever saw you, and we all hoped his attachment to you, and your influence, would be the means of his entire reformation."

Marion shuddered. She knew Harry loved her, but at the same time she knew he was obstinate and self-willed in the extreme, and she could never influence him against his own wilfulness.

Still there was comfort in the kind aunt's words; and she gradually grew calmer, and resolved at least not to let her parents, or the world, *imagine* she had any cause for anxiety, to put on a cheerful face and be happy if she could.

"Happy if she could!" Married only two months, and making such a resolution as that! What would it be when the months were years, and the lover-like devotion of the bridegroom had settled into the cool indifference of the husband?

Fortunately, she could not see the future. It would be unfolded step by step, and God grant her strength to bear it!

But when long, after midnight, she laid herself still dressed, down on her pillow beside him, she fell into a troubled sleep, the only comfort of which was the repetition of

his aunt's words, "He will never be guilty of it again."

And when the next morning, awakening perfectly himself, he implored her forgiveness, and vowed, with God's help, it should never occur again, she tried to believe him, for she loved him yet, and she tried to go back to the ease and security of those first happy days. In no way even by look did she reproach him. Mortified as she was to face his relatives, and the friends who had witnessed his disgrace, still she assumed a calmness which concealed it, and was careful in no way to allude to that evening before them or him.

But the bitterness of her grief, the pain of the blow stung still; and even though he returned evening after evening sober, and all that was desirable, and though their visit with her parents was full of pleasure, so that they did not divine but that she was the happiest of women, still the cloud hung over her head; still she could not forget that scene, or cease to fear its recurrence.

When the time drew nigh that a little babe was to bless their home, she thanked God for this additional inducement to him to be all a husband and father ought to be. He was a great deal from home during this time—pleaded business engagements which she was unsuspecting enough to credit; and when, at length, her trial hour came upon her, he was nowhere to be found. And when he was finally aroused enough to understand that he was the father of a puny little boy, only just alive, and that his wife was not expected to rally, then he cursed fate, providence, that innocent babe, everything but himself and the wine-cup (the only true cause), as the source of all their wretchedness.

She lived, but she was no more the smiling, winning, gladsome Marian of yore. She had been too near death; she had seen too clearly the truth, to be able to cast her sorrow behind her; she could conceal it from the world, although its impress was on her face, and she did. But her ardent love for her husband waned as respect failed, until her only idol was her boy—a boy so like his father in temperance and appearance, that she clasped him in her arms tremblingly and closed her eyes tightly to his possible future.

Making an excuse that his wife did not need his society, now she had that of the child, Captain Tracy absented himself more and more from home; the card-table and drinking saloon were his nightly resort, and evening after evening she watched at the open window, long past midnight, for the sound of his returning footsteps.

Time went on, and with time matters grew worse. Her parents died, and she had no one to look to for protection. Her father's property had become involved, and there was no resource for her in that direction; and yet she saw before her, in the darkening future, poverty and perhaps dire distress. So surely does intemperance dissolve even the fairest fortunes.

Two more children had been added to the troubled household; a boy, whose gentle, affectionate ways gave her hope of some consoling love in return for her many griefs, but who lived only long enough to become necessary to her happiness, and then, just before the advent of the little girl, left her desolate.

Yet she could not pray that he might live. She felt how much kinder it was in God to take him than to let her keep him and have him follow in the footsteps of his father.

"From the evil to come," she repeated; and from her heart thanked God that he was safe.

But she hoped when her baby came, that, being so near the door of death, God would have compassion on her and take her and the new-born babe home.

And she wept bitterly when the doctor assured her that "now she would do well." She was grievously disappointed, and could not at first even feel much interest in the pretty, blue-eyed daughter in her arms.

She was wholly broken down by her sorrows and ill-health, and the neglect which she suffered at her husband's hands. Then, too, the ungovernable, because half-unconscious, rages into which her husband would fall on every trifling occasion with Archie, their oldest son, was ruining the boy. He made every excuse to get away from home when his father was likely to be there; and once, with a violent burst of tears, he confessed to his mother.

"I hate my father. He is not like the

other boys' fathers. And I am ashamed of him, too! I am, mother—I can't help it! The boys see him come home sometimes; and then, when they want to make me angry, they go staggering about the playground and call out to me, 'Halloo! Arch Tracy; here goes your old dad.' Oh, mother, I could kill them, and kill him, and kill myself when they do so!"

How could she comfort the poor boy, so much worse than fatherless? There was no comfort for her or him. There was nothing but patient endurance, the only way to bear disgrace.

Once she said to him in tears:
 "Will not this trouble, this example, be a warning to you, my son? Will you not avoid, even as you would avoid pestilence, the slightest approach to it? 'Taste not, touch not, handle not;' 'Look not upon the wine when it is red.' For sometimes, aye, often with such nervous, irritable temperaments as yours, lacking vitality and resolution, even to look at it, proves a temptation too strong. Remember that the Bible says: 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven; and remember, also, that you inherit this fatal tendency, and therefore will need more of God's grace, and more firmness and resolution to resist than another might. And oh, my child, how much sooner would I see you dead now in your youth—much as I love you—than see you live to blast all your hopes for this world and the next.'"

Alas, poor mother, her fears were prophetic. The inherited craving for stimulants, together with a naturally feeble constitution, made him an easy prey to the tempter. Ere he had reached manhood his health was so destroyed that a severe cold, taken in one of his revels, ended in quick consumption; and a few months saw him laid beside the little grave of the infant son she had so sorely mourned.

At this time her cup of woe seemed indeed full to the brim, but it was destined to overflow.

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

THE GUILT OF THE TRAFFIC.

EXTRACT FROM PRIZE ESSAY BY REV. W. H. WITTHROW M. A.

We should allow no morbid sympathy with the agents of this traffic to prevent us from arriving at just conclusions as to its enormity and heinousness. It is one that is essentially dishonest. It gives no equivalent for the hard earned money of its victims, and it brings the wolf of want howling to their door. Like the arch enemy of mankind it barter with men for their very souls, and pays them in the devil's coin, that burns the palm that touches it. Its agents, like human ghouls, fatten on the blood and lives of their fellow men. They pile up colossal fortunes on the ruins of others. They rear their houses on a pile of victims bones. Their gold and their silver is cankered. Gouts of blood are on every coin. The palaces they build are haunted with the spectres, of the souls they have slain. No crime can equal this. To injure our brother in any way is wrong. To injure him in his person, or his property or reputation, is an offence of which the law of the land takes cognizance, but to destroy his soul, where shall we find words to express the enormity of that sin? It is one compared with which the darkest crimes of earth "show white as a shining angels, 'gainst the blackness of the pit." No malice, no wickedness, not even the infernal ingenuity of the arch devil himself, can go further than this. And then the doom is irretrievable. It stands unchangeable while time and while eternity endures. Even the sacrificial death of Christ and his atoning blood are rendered of no avail; and the man who thus destroys his brother is the earthly agent and personification of Apollyon, the great destroyer, the universal murderer of souls. This traffic bears the curse of that righteous God who says, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, and putteth the bottle to his lip to make him drunken." The venerable Wesley in characterizing iniquity of this calling, rises into unwonted vehemence of denunciation. "All who sell these liquors to any that will buy are poisoners general. They murder his majesty's subjects by the wholesale, neither do they ever pity or spare. They drive

"Can any one deny that thousands have died drunkards, who would not have so lived and died had their parents brought them up in the principles and practice of total abstinence."

them to hell like sheep; and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who then would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them; the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves—a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there, the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, were stained with blood! And canst thou hope O thou man of blood, though thou art “clothed in scarlet and fine linen and farest sumptuously every day,” canst thou hope to deliver down the field of blood to the third generation? Not so, for there is a God in heaven, therefore thy name shall be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed body and soul, “Thy memorial shall perish with thee.

To the manufacturer and the seller of intoxicating drinks we appeal, if you would avert the awful malediction of God, if you would escape the pangs of a guilty conscience during the endless future when the memories of the victims, done to death by the liquor you have made or sold, gnaw at your heart with the horrors of despair, and their pallid ghosts shall haunt your fiery couch of pain, abjure forever the accursed traffic.

To the wretched victim of Intemperance we appeal, by all the ties of social life which you are sundering, by all the joys of heaven which you are periling, by the judgment day to which you are hastening, by the unutterable woe of the deep and dark damnation that awaits the drunkard, by the memory of the innocent days of your childhood, and the fair vision of your early youth, by the thought of the mother that bore you, of the wife of your bosom, of your happy offspring who are growing up to feel what a fearful blight it is to be a drunkard's child—by the God who made you, who now watches over you and ever loves you, by the blood of Christ which you trample under foot, and by all holy adjurations we conjure you to leave your loathful habit and begin to serve God in newness of life.

To the reformed drunkard we appeal, by the perils you have escaped, by the horrible pit and miry clay from which you have been

raised, by the eternal burning from which, as a brand you have been plucked; that you be steadfast in your resolve of virtue and that you seek to rescue your fellow men from the awful fate from which you have been saved.

We appeal to the professed followers of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. What is your attitude toward the question? Is it one of calm indifference, of cold and haughty contempt or of warm and active sympathy? Can you, without blood-guiltiness, see your brother for whom Christ also died, go down to the awful perdition of a drunkard's hell, and make no effort for his rescue? Can you behold him bound hand and foot, the slave of Satan, with the fetters of this vile habit, and rivet those fetters by your example and your influence, or will you rise to the sublimity of a Christian heroism and resolve to abjure forever that which makes your brother offend or stumble or be made weak.

We appeal to those who minister at God's holy altars, that they give no uncertain sound on this momentous question, that they prophecy not smooth things concerning this Hydra-beast, but boldly launch the denunciations of God's law at its accursed head, that they clear their skirts of the blood of souls, that they reason of Temperance as well as righteousness and the judgment to come, that they have no complicity—even the passive complicity of silence—with this traffic in the souls of men, above all that they shrink as from the jaws of perdition from defending the accursed thing, as some of the priestly office. O shame! Where is thy blush! have done! Canonize Judas Iscariot if you will, offer sacrifice to Moloch, call darkness light, and evil good, but cloak not with the garb of morality the heinousness of that, worst of vices, which betrays Christ with a perfidy viler than that of Judas, which betrays more lives than did ever the horrid service of Moloch, and which is the worst form of evil and the blackest shade of moral darkness.

We appeal to the civil magistrates and judges, to those who make and administer the laws, that they be not recreant to their holy trust, that they throw not the pall of their protection over this baneful trade,

but rather extend the eags of their power for the defense of the worse than widowed wives and worse than orphaned children of the victims of Intemperance.

We appeal to you, fathers, if you would not have your sons grow up pests of society, and sink into early and dishonored graves, and to you mothers. If you would save your daughters from a death in life, far worse than death itself, let them not see this deadly adder coiling at the domestic hearth, let them not learn from a parents example to drink the draught that sears the conscience; stupefies the brain, and kindles fires of unhallowed passion in the soul.

We appeal to you, young men, if you would not bring down a father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, nor plant a dagger in a mother's hear, that you at once and forever forswear the use of intoxicating drinks and give your influence to the cause of temperance and God

To you, young ladies, we especially appeal. A potent influence is yours. You are the true regents of society. To you is committed a fairy wand of magic influence whereby you may bless or ban mankind and effect for weal or woe their eternal destiny. Oh, then by the love you bear your fathers, your brothers or it may be

A nearer
One still and a dearer
One yet than all others,

we pray you give no countenance to the drinking usages of society. Throw not we conjure you the witchery of your smiles around the cup, nor beguile by the blandishment of your beauty, immortal souls to endless ruin. Become not we beseech you, the fair temptresses it may be to perdition, of those you love dearest and best. Be rather the guardian angels of their lives, to counter work the evil charm of temptation. Thus shall you shine forever, beautiful and star-like in their souls, and your memory enshrined within their heart of hearts shall be as a talisman in life's trial hour—a potent spell to keep our souls from sin.

Finally, to every good patriot would we appeal, if you truly love your country, this fair and goodly land o'ershadowed by the road free banner of England—long may it

wave!—if you desire its prosperity, if you would see

“This nation young, and strong, and fair,
To the full stature of its greatness grow.”

and take its place as peer among the foremost nations of the earth, cast in your influence on the side of God and of humanity, in the conflict now waging with the direst foe by which our country is cursed, and sans this great national sin and shame, and bane, shall be banished from our land forever.

SIMPLE TEST.

Dr. McCulloch gives the following test which perhaps, may be innocently tried by all, who are skeptical as to the prejudicial effects of alcoholic drinks on the constitution:

“Hold a mouthful of spirits—whiskey, for instance—in your mouth for five minutes, and you will find it burns severely; inspect the mouth, you will observe that it is inflamed. Hold it ten or fifteen minutes, you will find that various parts of the mouth have become blistered; then tie a handkerchief over the eyes, and taste for instance: water, vinegar, milk, or senna; you will find that you are incapable of distinguishing the one from the other. This simple and easy experiment proves to a certainty that alcohol is not only a violent irritant, but also a narcotic; for in this experiment you have objective evidence that it has inflamed and blistered the mouth, and for the time being paralyzed the nerves of taste, and to a certain extent, those also of common sensation. Now this is not an experiment or fact upon which any doubt has ever been or ever can be thrown; and I ask you, can you believe that the still more important internal organs of the body can be less injuriously affected than the mouth?

“Even the moderate use,” says Dr. Wilson, “of such liquors, if long continued, and grown habitual, cannot fail to have ultimately a prejudicial effect upon the health, while it may be confidently asserted that there are no circumstances, of ordinary character, under which it can be justified as beneficial or necessary.”

A man in New Jersey has invented a stove which will consume its own smoke. Now, if he will devise a method whereby tobacco smokers can consume their own smoke, he will be entitled to the thanks of all the ladies in the land.

THE POET'S CORNER.

THE OTHER SHORE.

When the tangled years have tied
A knot which mortals may not sever,
And I stand beside the tide
That parts me from that strange forever,
Will the loved ones gone before
Meet me on the other shore?

When for me life's setting sun
Dippeth slowly to the West,
When the day of life is done
And comes on the night of rest,
When the river I have crossed,
Shall I find the loved and lost?

Love dieth not when dear ones glide
Beyond our sight through death's dark portals;
It's glittering chain still spans the tide
And binds us to our lost immortals,
So I shall find the loved and known,
Nor shall I vainly seek my own.

Then when from off the other shore
A boatman cometh o'er the tide,
Parting with his mystic oar
The waters, till he reach my side,
Beside the shining Jasper sea
I know my loved ones wait for me.
LODI, WIS.

[For the Golden Rule.]

LONGING FOR HOME.

BY A. C. P.

Longing for Heaven, 'Tis just over the River—
The River so narrow, the glimmer I see
Of its bright pearly gates,—its mansions eternal,
Where loved ones, with Jesus, are waiting for me,

Waiting, they watch me as onward I hasten.
Hastening onward I wait on the strand,
Watching the ebb tide, to bear my barque over
Deaths surging wave, to the glorified land.

Home of my soul! Not long would I linger
A stranger and pilgrim away from the fold,
Shepherd, O list to the cry of the wanderer,
Rescue thy lamb from the pitiless cold.
Weary and faint, naught but thorns for my pillow,

Dark gleams the past and present to me,
My Future resplendent with glory is beaming.
Oh, mother and Heaven, I'm longing for thee.

"Not yet" can I enter those bright hallowed
portals,

Then *patience* impart—let no murmur arise
Gird me with strength in Thy vineyard to labor

Be *duty* my pleasure—*Thy* glory my prize.
Longing for home. Ah, tear drops are falling,
Poor heart, will thou never grow stronger and brave?

Hush thy impatience, thy Home thou art nearing,
Haste, labor for Jesus, His vintage to save.

Now quiet my spirit. In *patience* I linger,
Silenced each *longing* but *waiting* so lone,
While Faith points the way with her glory-tipped fingers

Where Jesus and mother make Heaven and home.

I am *learning* to wait as I stand by the River,
Still *waiting* to learn a kind Father's behest.
Soon shall I list to the oar of the Ferry-man
Sent by compassion to bear me to rest.

LIZZIE THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Oh! fierce are the winds of Winter,
And cruel and sharp the sleet,
As it falls on the face of Lizzie,
And pierces her bare cold feet,
As goes she forth in the Winter snows,
Over the frozen street.

Down to the low, foul beer shop;
And she pauses and enters here,
"There is a dime—our last, sir,
And I'll take it all in beer,
Pa said I *must*, though we've never a crust,
And mamma will die I fear.

"And hurry, oh! please sir, hurry,
For pa is wild to-day;
And he threatened to beat and whip me,
If I lingered upon the way.
This dime is the last—but hurry fast,
And fill up the pail, I pray,"

Then into the street she hurries,
With her dark eyes wide with fear;
And I know in the eyes of the angels,
In heaven there shimes a tear.
Ay, they weep, I know, for the child below,
Who carries her pail of beer.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THANKSGIVING.

Word of comprehensive import, yet with thoughtlessness how often met and carelessly passed by. What visions of home comfort it suggests! What welcome gatherings it pictures to the mind, of children gathered once again, from far and near, around the loving and honored parental hearth, to partake again of a father's and mother's loving counsel, and happy greeting. Is it not a day for which to be thankful, a bright oasis in the desert of this selfish world? And ah, is it not above all other days, a day noted for its selfish pleasures. It is perhaps meet that we as a nation should set one day of the 365 apart especially for giving of thanks for the mercies which crown the other 364 days, not that in the busy whirl of the events of active life, as a nation, no thanks are offered to the Gracious giver of our daily blessings, but that we publicly acknowledge our dependence upon an overruling Providence. This is well, it is a time honored custom,—meaningless, only to those whose empty cupboard affords no plum puddings—to those only for whom no parental roof is spared to welcome the dear ones to a glad reunion. To these the memories of past days will furnish a repast sweet, but *so* sad. But is there not another class to whom the proclamation of Thanksgiving brings no pleasurable response, only a dim foreshadowing of evil, only too real because of past experiences.

Oh how my heart yearns for these to whom a holiday only foreshadows gloom, sorrow, fear and agony. I could almost wish there were *no holidays*, if only this fearful tide of evil and wrong might be stayed which on these days gathers fresh impetus and madly, recklessly hurls new victims down the road to hopeless ruin. To-day I sit recounting the mercies of the past and present, all the manifold loving kindness of Him who has so bountifully spread peace and happiness on

me and mine. Yet through all these innumerable mercies there comes a wail of sadness for the many thousand homes robbed of their sunshine, where the demon intemperance sits enthroned and rash usurper as he is has banished all the blessings of life. In my home surrounded by loved ones, warmed and fed, cheered and happy I see the drunkard reeling past, I hear the smothered curses and the black cloud from the desolate home to which he goes, casts its shadow athwart my fire-side and I see only the shadow and the gloom, and I say, better were this a day of fasting and prayer for the redemption and conversion of those who lie in wait to destroy the souls and bodies of their brother men. As a nation are we not in a measure responsible for this evil which runs riot in our midst, and which casts a pall of gloom over our brightest days of rejoicing? Yet as a people we throw the protecting arm of the law around the destroyer, and then with the victims of his work all around us, we appoint a day of thanksgiving and in our closet on bended knee, or in the congregation of the mighty, we acknowledge our thankfulness that "we are not as other men are," while we are dumb and deaf to the wail of agony which goes up from the thousand desolate homes, made desolate by *unjust legislation*. How Long, Oh, Lord, how long shall these things be?

CATTARAUGUS COUNTY LODGE.

Catt. Co. Lodge held its last session with the Ischua Valley Lodge Franklinville N. Y.

This meeting was well attended by earnest men and women. It is a cause for deep regret that *all* the Lodges in the County are not represented in our County Lodge councils. More especially is this so now that three-fifths of the tax of the County comes back to the County Lodges, to be expended under its direction, for the good of the Order in the county. If our Order now is not prosperous in the several counties, the

county is responsible; ample provision has been made by the Grand Lodge for our encouragement and success, but if we do not, and will not rally to the support of our noble Order, and by combining our efforts and by wise and judicious counsels dispose and arrange our forces, so that the enemy is ours, upon ourselves alone must rest the stigma of defeat. At no time in the history of our Order was the need so great of earnest combined effort, never was the enemy so determined in his opposition to the forces of Good which society and public opinion are creating against him. Now, if ever must the friends of temperance and virtue consider well their mission and carefully yet with energy and decision prosecute their work. That the Co., organization furnishes the best means which has been yet devised for the successful operation of an exterminating policy, we fully believe. If it does not accomplish all that it should in this way, it is because some local prejudice, or a lack of interest on the part of its friends, hinders its work and retards its progress. Let us have at our next meeting a delegation from every Lodge in the county, composed of our strongest, ablest and most determined men and women, and Cattaraugus Co. would make such a record of Temperance work accomplished, that "others seeing our good works should glorify our Father in Heaven" and with renewed courage go forth to battle for God and the right. We would that all the brothers and sisters of the Order in the county, could have been present at our last session, could have heard the words of deep feeling and earnestness which came from those dedicated to our noble Order, could have felt, as did we, that a spirit was pervading that little company, a spirit that will not be quelled until humanity shall be rescued from its slavish adherence to the tempters cup, a spirit that will not be quenched until those who deal out death and destruction to our brother men, shall be deprived of the protection of law, and, until man can walk freely forth, unattacked by hissing serpents, that hide their venom beneath the glowing wine. The reports from the Lodges represented, showed no lack of prosperity, but generally increasing interest and usefulness.

The public meeting in the evening was a glorious success. The address of welcome was given by Brother Geo. Varnum, (which we publish below) the response by H. C. Young, C. C. T.; after which short, but spirited addresses were made by Bro. Wardell of Hinsdale; Bro's Varnum, Torry and Prof. Benson of Franklinville Academy. The Glee Club of Ischua Valley Lodge, favored the meeting with excellent music. After which names were solicited for membership and 26 were obtained, 15 of which were initiated the following morning.

The open Temperance Love Feast to which the public were most cordially invited to be present, was full of interest and good cheer. All felt that Franklinville was a good place for a temperance meeting. The people have the cause at heart, their's is no child's play, but earnest, energetic, patient; labor, may God bless their efforts for a suffering humanity. All returned from the meeting experiencing a degree of encouragement seldom felt, and with a renewed dedication to the cause of truth.

The next meeting will be held in January, at Allegany, at which time the annual election of officers will take place.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Mr. Chairman, and members of the I. O. of G. T.

In an address of Welcome, there must be, of necessity, something in common, to both parties, of feelings of interest, and sympathy. These mutual interests, and objects must effect both parties in the same direction, having for their aim, one and the same end.

With us, there is a perfect recognition of each other, as members of a great organization, whose aim and object is one, viz: The wellbeing of our race. This object is sought, under the most inoffensive, yet most potent of all emblems, The Insignia of Faith, Hope and Charity.

1st, *Faith*, Because of the justness of our principles, based upon an abiding knowledge of the eternal nature of justice, which gives faith its *living, acting* force. This makes us believe that our principles will ultimately triumph, because they are right. All men do concede that it is wrong to injure another. And all equally as well know that the rum-traffic is the embodiment of *all* social evils. Like Slavery

"the sum of all villainies," simmered down, and double distilled.

Hope. Because the object of our hope is *one*; and faith makes it sure, to-wit: The destruction of this fell destroyer of our race. We expect to see his sceptre broken! his throne demolished, and the reign of Temperance, benignly swaying its sceptre over all. This we hope to see, and for it we toil, and plan, and pray.

Charity. We are also a unit in the manner, or way of accomplishing this desired effect, namely: under the mantle of charity. When the victim of the subtle enemy, is conscious that he is pitied! that a hand to help him, is extended, there is hope kindled in his own heart, which lends its rays to ours, and makes it shine more brightly and surely.

Believing that this meeting of the "County Lodge of I. O. of G. T.", will tend to secure this object, and strengthen us in our work here, we can do no less than welcome you among us, as those who seek the wellbeing and happiness of our citizens, and the prosperity of our village. We welcome you to our Lodge. We welcome you to our Temple of Worship, and we welcome you to our homes, and if you should be assigned places, where there are no members of our order, you may rest assured, that they welcome you, for the *object sought*; although some might differ with us, so far as the "modus operandi" is concerned, yet they are in sympathy with the principles of the order to which you belong, as primary in their nature. Receive then our assurance that you are welcome here, with *faith* in the triumph of our principles, and a hope that we shall see all opposition to them crushed, and all men become united by the golden chain of charity in the principles of *Temperance, rightcouness and peace.*

During the long winter evenings, the Lodge meetings are increasing in interest. The spirit of consecration to the principles of our order seems to pervade those who have pledged at our altar, and though our numbers may not be as large as they have been at some previous time, yet the working element in the order is not diminished. Grand, glorious results are yet possible in the way of man's redemption from the wine cup. Let patience, perseverance and energy be added to our motto, F. H. and C. and we shall march steadily on to victory.

Jonathan Robart, was killed on the West Jersey Railroad, on the 29th inst. He was seen lying on the track, but too late to stop the train which passed over him, killing him instantly. In his pocket was found a bottle of whiskey. Who killed that man? Ah, the foul deed was done by one of those men, possessing *good moral* character with which every community in our civilized land is infested.

At a Conference of the M. E. Church, lately held in Vancouver, the following resolution was discussed and finally unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the presiding Bishop be requested hereafter to ask every candidate for admission into this Conference: "Do you use tobacco in any form?" and no person who will not pledge himself forever to abstain from its use, shall be admitted.

We have received two Temperance Dramas, in response to the prizes offered for Temperance Drama's. These are to be placed in the hands of competent judges who are to decide upon their merits. They are both well written, by earnest, active Good Templars, and in due season both will appear in the GOLDEN RULE.

We shall delight our subscribers by the publication of a Christmas story, written by a talented author, especially for the GOLDEN RULE. This will appear in the December number.

Subscription to the GOLDEN RULE \$1,50 per year with premiums, \$1,25 without. Agents wanted for the Good Templars Magazine.

The Good Templars have nearly 50,000 members in Scotland, and the order is growing rapidly in England. The movement meets with bitter opposition, but is winning a noble triumph.

The PATRIOT comes out in a nice new dress, plain, but very neat and becoming. It is filled as usual with wholesome and highly interesting Temperance Literature. A new serial story from the pen of Annie Herbert is soon to commence in this paper. This will give it a still greater attraction. As a writer Miss Herbert has few equals. The Temperance Patriot, is an 8 page weekly, for only \$2,00 per year. Published at Utica, N. Y.

“DERRY'S LAKE.

This is an interesting work by Mrs. S. B. Chase. It is replete with practical truth woven into an interesting story, which cannot fail to amuse and interest, while it impresses the most wholesome lessons upon the mind. Hear what Bro. Orne R. W. G. T., says of it:

“I have read ‘Derry's Lake,’ and most heartily do I thank its gifted author for this timely contribution to our temperance literature. It should be in every home and carefully read by every parent in our land, for these pages most truthfully describe the shame and sorrow that so often flow from parental indulgence, indifference or bigotry. The youth earnestly striving to pursue that course which shall win earthly happiness or heavenly hope, will here find words of encouragement which shall strengthen his noble resolutions; and the wayward prodigal will here listen to voices which *may* lead him back in penitence and humility to paths of peace and happiness again.

“The book will do good, and its eloquent defence of our Order, as an agency for a high and holy purpose, deserves the gratitude of every earnest Good Templar.”

It is a book of 211 pages, 16mo., price 90 cts. Sent, post paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. Orders for the books may be sent to S. B. CHASE, Great Bend Village, Pa.

ARTS OF INTOXICATION, by J. T. CRANE.—

This is a book of 264 pages printed upon heavy tinted paper and nicely bound. It treats upon a subject of vital importance to this age and generation. It deserves and should find a place in every Library. If parents value the well being of their children, such books as this will be eagerly sought in place of the light foolish reading which too often finds its way to their tables.

CARLTON & LANAHAN Publishers, 803 Broadway, N. Y.

READING AND ELOCUTION, by Anna T. Randall is superior as an educational work, and has been adopted as a text book by many of the leading Institutions of the land. As a work for the home circle it is invaluable containing as it does the *finest* selections from our best authors. Price only \$1.40. Published by Ivison Blakeman Taylor & Co. N. Y.

THE WEEKLY RESCUE.—Published at Sacramento, California, an able temperance paper, comes out in a bright, new dress, with an increase in size from a four to an eight page weekly. The Good Templars of California are an enterprising, go aheadative class of people, they deserve prosperity and

they will have it. Their paper is worthy of them.

The present is the season of preparation for the yearly supply of useful reading, and we invite attention of our patrons to prospectuses herewith of several of the most valuable leading publications of the day, with most of which we have special arrangements for clubbing with the GOLDEN RULE to the great advantage of subscribers.

Cold Water Temples should be instituted in every community. Where there are Lodges of Good Templars, they should take measures at once to institute these organizations, for the instruction of the young, in principles of temperance. Where there is no Lodge of G. T., let the friends of temperance and religion see that the work is done. Any wishing information upon the workings of this Order, address,

MRS. M. B. DICKINSON, G. W. V. T.

Olean, N. Y.

“Steps Upward” the last and best story written by Mrs. F. D. Gage, can be obtained at the office of the GOLDEN RULE, price only \$1.50 Sent post paid.

Mrs. A. B. F. Ormsby, has our thanks for the present of a beautiful Grand Lodge Regalia. Mrs. Ormsby manufactures Regalias of all kinds, from the finest Grand Lodge Regalia to the most beautiful ones for the Cold Water Templars. “Evergreen Lodge of C. W. T.” Olean, have just purchased a set for their Officers which give great satisfaction. Her work cannot be surpassed, either in quality or for low prices.

Some subscribers have received the GOLDEN RULE from its first publication, from whom we regret to say we have not received the corresponding subscription price. We would most cheerfully furnish every G. T., and friend of temperance with the GOLDEN RULE gratuitously, were our pockets sufficiently large and sufficiently full to warrant us in so doing, but unfortunately the facts are to the contrary, and contributors must be paid, the paper manufacturer must receive the cash for his supplies while ink, type and everything in fact, even time commands and must receive the money. Brothers and sisters, pay up old scores, renew your subscriptions and ask your neighbors to subscribe for the only Good Templars and Temperance Magazine published. Do this and we will promise you a periodical of which you shall not be ashamed,



Golden



VOL. 2.

DECEMBER, 1870.

NO. 12.

HOW PHIL CHANGED HIS MIND.

BY MARION C.

We were all in the kitchen that evening, about the little round table, playing jackstraws—Phil, Rob, Grace, Kittie, and I.

It was Thanksgiving. There wasn't another time in the whole year when we were all together; for Phil and Kittie had a home hundreds of miles away in the West, and Rob and Grace lived only a little nearer to us, in a home which a father's love had provided for his now fatherless children.

Phil had just beaten us all for the third time. It was never of any use to play with him; he was sure, in some mysterious way, to draw off all the officers, as he called them, and leave only pitiful little privates for the rest of us.

"I'll give you one more chance to distinguish yourselves," Phil was just saying, as he gathered them up for a fourth game, when Uncle James came in with a heaping dish of apples—beautiful Balwins, round and red, and fair, golden greenings—and another dish full of walnuts and butternuts, with a generous sprinkling of grandma's raisins among them.

"There," he said, setting them down, "you had better stop playing awhile; these girls look faint and hungry." He pinched Kittie's cheek till it was as red as the apple he tossed into her lap. We sat chatting and laughing and counting the seeds in our apples, when Phil said all at once. "I wish we had some first-rate cider; that's all that's wanting to make the thing complete."

"I am sure I don't want any," said Grace, "I don't think it is right to drink cider."

"Fewer mouths, the better fare," laughed Phil. "Nobody will make you drink what you don't like. Grandma, isn't there some in the cellar, all ready and waiting for us?"

Grandma looked up from her great green arm-chair, and smiling said, "I guess you can find some if you look sharp, and it is just at the best now."

"Splendidous!" cried Phil. "Come, Rob, take the candle, and we'll get a pitcherful."

"I don't believe, boys, it's the very best thing for you," spoke up sweet Aunt Sue. "I haven't much faith in cider myself."

"It's just as bad as rum," said Gracie hotly. Grace had just joined the Good Templars, and was waging testetel warfare with more zeal than reason, her mother said.

"O you dear little innocence!" said Phil; don't I beg of you, swallow the juice of your apple! You'll certainly get tipsy. But, seriously, Aunt Sue, what is the harm? It is just the apple juice pressed out—"

And fermented," interposed Rob.

"Yes; fermented a little. That only carries off the impurities, and gives it a fresh sparkle."

"But men do get drunk with it," urged Grace.

"O fudge! nobody ever did or could get drunk on such cider as this. Perhaps some old toper, soaked up in gin and whiskey already, might possibly get drunk on old strong cider; but that has nothing to do with us; it never hurt sober folks. Dr. Brand says cider is the very best kind of tonic; and he's a temperance man."

"Go and get some, dear, if you want it; I'm not a bit afraid," said grandma, "Your grandfather and I have used it all we wanted for more than fifty years, and it never hurt us a mite. You won't always think as you do now, dearie," she said to Gracie with a loving little smile; "but while you do, you are right to stand by your principles."

"You're the grandmother for me!" cried Phil, flourishing the pitcher triumphantly. "Come, Gracie, don't look so solemn. I'm thorough going temperance I assure you. Wouldn't touch a drop of rum any more than I would poison; and didn't even take wine at cousin Moll's wedding. You wouldn't be so cruel as to deprive me of a glass of new cider, I know." And off he went, humming the old air gayly—

"Here's to glowing cider—drink it down;
Here's to foaming cider—drink it down;
Here's to sparkling cider, it couldn't hurt a spider,
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down,
down, down.

It was Thanksgiving Day a year later, and we were all there again; Phil and Rob a little taller and with voices a little more manly; Grace a little pale from the weary sickness and dear grandma with wrinkles a little deeper, and her smiles a little sweeter.

The chestnuts were roasting cosily in the ashes, and the long, flickering shadows were dancing up and down, the walls, and a merry little cricket by the hearth was singing its "old, old story," as grandma opened the door and said, "What! are you all here in the dark yet? You had better come into the sitting room with us; and boys, you must crack the nuts—and draw the cider," she said smiling.

"I suppose you're all ready to do that Phil?" said Bob.

"All but the cider part," Phil replied quietly, the least little flush rising as he spoke.

"Why Phil?" cried Grace and I in a breath.

"I've changed my mind about that, and shall never drink any more cider," said Phil.

"Do tell us how it happened," said happy, eager Gracie.

"Well" said he, slowly, looking into the fire, "you know I went back to Graham last spring, and one evening my chum said to

me, 'Phil, some of the fellows talk about starting a temperance club; what do you say to our turning in?' I said, 'Agreed,' and the next night eight of us met in Billings' room, drew up our pladge, and chose our officers. Queerly enough, they made me president. We meant to do something, and not be a dead set, like some temperance societies. So we talked till late, and planned and arranged. Somebody said what will we do with cider?" And we all agreed that it was straining a point too much to forbid that. Fred Fitch said new cider never could intoxicate; he never knew anybody to get drunk on old, but he had known lots of people to drink it and not get drunk. At any rate, new cider is harmless everybody knows. Grey Thorn said he was afraid that if we were to forbid such a little thing as that, it might prevent some from joining us and signing the pladge, which included intoxicating drinks and wine, who would sign it if we didn't forbid cider.

"That seemed to be a strong point, and we voted to leave cider out."

"About five weeks after that, one afternoon, Fred and I went down to Mrs. Dill's, (our wash womans;) she was a bright pretty little woman, always humming and smiling, and so neat and cheerful. You may believe that we were surprised enough to see her sitting right on the floor, with her apron up to her eyes, crying as if her heart would break. The door was wide open, and we couldn't help see. We felt awkward enough for a minute, then we stepped in quietly, and Fred said, 'Mrs. Dill, can't we help you?'"

"She looked up quickly and said, 'Oh! sure, you're the best boys in the world, but it's no help at all that ye can give me.'"

"Now, may be we could," urged Fred.

"Oh! it's only Jerry himself can mend matters now. My heart is quite broke with the cross words he's said," she sobbed out.

"Why we thought Jerry was about the pleasantest man around!" said Fred in astonishment.

"And he was truth, till Mr. Flynt gave him so much of the drink every day."

"What rum?" I said, for I never thought such a thing of Mr. Flynt.

"No sure; it's the worse drink than that to make a kind man cross, and put all the temper into him. *Its cider, sure,*" she said, with great sobs.

Fred never said a word. He stared right straight at me, and I at him; and Mrs. Dill went on.

"There's drinks that make men drunk more, and Jerry, dear, is a steady man, and never drank; but truth, of all the wicked drinks, the devil never put so much cross and ugly into any as into cider; and the worst of all, he's getting the taste, and where'll he stop?"

"Then it don't make him drunk?" said Fred faintly.

"No, truth; there's many and many a man it does; but may be this ain't hard enough, or may be 'twould take a stronger drink to throw Jerry. But sure, sure, there's no comfort for me. It's broke my heart intirely." And she threw her apron over her head again, the most forlorn woman in the world.

"We didn't say a word of our errand, but turned round and went home, without a word to each other, till we reached the great gate; then Fred grabbed my hand and said: "I say, Phil, let us call a meeting to-night." And we did and such a meeting! I wish you could have heard Fred. He told the boys the whole story; and he clinched his fist and said, "Boys, let's hate it root and branch, and put it into the pledge. New cider is not harmless. It leads right straight to the old. Nobody ever knows when the old begins. It was easy enough for us to talk when our eyes were all shut up; but we are put right face to face now with misery and trouble, that we know comes from it. It won't do; and if our grandfathers and grandmothers have used it, and keep good and sober all their lives, let us fight it for the sake of those who can't. We don't want any body to join us who isn't brave enough to face the truth and take the whole step."

"You can guess what the upshot of it was. We didn't argue the matter much. Mrs. Dill had done that for us. There did not seem to be much left to say. We were all ready for action; the vote was carried, and the pledge changed.

"Fred went to Mr. Flynt and told him all about it, and begged him not to give Jerry any more; and Flynt, who is a capital fellow after all, did stop, little by little, though he hadn't quite courage enough to break off at once and own up."

"And Jerry?" said Kittie.

"Oh! we're pounding away at Jerry to make him sign the pledge. He'll get to it, by and by. Mrs. Dill has gone to humming and singing again, and our society has had six additions. That is all my story, I believe."

"A splendid 'all' too," said Gracie. And she stole up behind his chair and kissed him, and then went back and kissed him again.

Rob said he knew that last kiss was meant for Fred, and Grace only laughed.

Just then the cricket, who had stopped as if to listen, commenced to sing again, and grandma, from the sitting-room, called,

"Come, children, come!"

HE DRINKS.—How ominous that sentence falls! How we pause in conversation and calculate—"It is a pity!" He was a nice young man, walking down one of our principal streets. How his mother hopes he will not drink when he gets older; how his sisters persuade themselves that it is only a few wild oats that he is sowing! And yet the old men shake their heads, and feel gloomy when they think of it. Young men, just commencing life, buoyant with hope, don't drink! You are freighted with a precious cargo. The hopes of your parents, of your sisters, of your wife, of your children, all are laid upon you! In you the aged live over again their days; through you only can that dear one you love obtain a position in society; and from the level in which you place them must your children go into the great struggle of life.

"MY MASTER IS ALWAYS IN."—Johnnie," said a man, winking slyly to a lad of his acquaintance, "you must give me extra measure, your master is not in."

Johnnie looked solemnly into the man's face, and replied.

"My Master is always in."

Johnnie's master was the all-seeing God. Let every one when he is tempted, adopt Johnnie's motto: "My Master is always in." It will save him from many sins.

[For the Golden Rule.]

RETRIBUTION.

BY R. H. S.

John Carroll owned a small Farm in one of the central counties of the Empire State. By hard labor and strict economy he had paid the last dollar on his contract and received his deed. Without pecuniary aid and by his own untiring energy, he had accomplished the purpose of his past life, and now he was relieved from the burden of debt and began to accumulate a small surplus.

About this time a branch Rail Road was being built along side his farm and a Depot, was to be located to accommodate a neighboring village a little off the line of the road. There was a contest for the location of the depot,—as there were different cross roads leading to the village intersected by the Rail Road in the vicinity. This strife for location was finally settled by a proposition made by Carroll and others owning the adjoining lands, to build the depot, and present it free of cost to the road. The proposition was accepted, and the depot built. To pay his share of the cost, Carroll had expended all his means, and made another debt, and now he bethought him how he could remunerate himself for this expense.

Most of the passengers who took the train at this station lived one and a half and two miles from the depot. They generally came with their teams, and during the winter months when the track would be covered with snow drifts, would often be detained for hours. Some evil genius suggested to Carroll that a country tavern would be needed, and it occurred to him that this was his opportunity to get his money back with interest, and profit, by the favorable location of the depot.

To raise the money necessary to build an addition to his house and sheds, suitable for a tavern would require a mortgage on his farm. He did not relish the idea of a mortgage and incurring another debt; but there was no alternative and to add to his perplexity, his wife was opposed to the project and decidedly refused to sign a mortgage. She would not consent to participate in the sale of intoxicating liquors, believed the traffic demoralizing and wicked, had no faith in the success of the enterprise, firmly believed that the final result would be debt and disgrace. She pleaded and remonstrated in vain, her husband threatened to sell the farm outright, subject to her right of dower and she was forced to yield.

After the tavern was built Carroll had to de-

pend entirely upon his help to work the farm, and the avails were by no means satisfactory. He soon acquired a taste for the liquors which he sold, and became a toper, some of his neighbors, heretofore frugal and industrious, spent much of their time and most of their means at the tavern. Among the number, Job Turner, the blacksmith was a constant visitor, all that he earned at the forge, was spent at the bar.

Job's wife came to Carroll in her distress and besought him to sell her husband no more liquor. She plead for her little ones at home without bread, and showed Carroll the bruises on her arms, where Job had beat her, in his drunken frenzy. Poor broken hearted woman, like many an abused wife and helpless mother before and since, she pleaded in vain.

One night in November, but little more than a year after the tavern was opened the setters around the bar-room stove had a protracted session which lasted until after midnight. It was snowing and blowing half a gale outside and the company, dreading to go out in the storm, had lingered until Carroll told them he must close up for the night. Job Turner, the last to leave the house insisted upon one more glass to keep out the cold. He had been drinking all the afternoon and evening and was full of bad whiskey.

Carroll fearing he had no money told him he had had enough. Job refused to leave the premises without another drink. Carroll, just drunk enough to be reckless, and quarrelsome, threatened to kick him out. Job straightened himself up and for a moment seemed disposed to assert his manhood, but his brain too muddled, he lit his pipe and walked out and Carroll bolted and barred the door behind him.

The cold winds penetrated Job's threadbare coat and chilled him. He looked about for a shelter from the storm. His cold and cheerless home was half a mile distant, he hesitated for a moment and started for the barn. After groping about in the dark for a while, he found a pile of straw and chaff and crawling into this soft warm bed, he went to sleep with his pipe in his mouth. How long he slept he never knew, he awoke nearly suffocated with smoke and with a stinging pain of fire on hands and face and found himself surrounded by flames. With a spring he gained the door and open air. His hat and pipe were gone. He was perfectly sober now, and all his faculties awake. The missing pipe explained the origin of the fire, and his first reflection was that he would be accused of setting the fire.

Without stopping to give any alarm he start-

ed on a run for home. The wind was still howling. He heard it not; the blood was surging through his veins and arteries with such velocity he felt no cold. His great anxiety was that he should not be discovered about the premises, and well he knew there would soon be light enough to illuminate every nook and corner on the farm.

Mrs. Carroll was the first to discover the fire, and it was some time before she could rouse her husband sufficiently to comprehend the danger. The fumes of liquor still clouded his intellect.

By this time the barn was enveloped in flames, and the fire had reached the wood-shed adjoining the house, and the wind was carrying the blazing shingles of the barn all over the premises.

Nothing was saved, the inmates barely escaped to the depot, which fortunately was to windward of the fire, with their clothing hardly put on and what they could carry in their hands.

After daylight the few neighbors in the immediate vicinity assembled to witness the ruins. The first question was, "how did the fire originate?" "Who was last to leave the tavern?" "Who was last seen on the premises?"

Job Turner, as usual was the latest departing, and he had been heard humming the song, "We'll not go home till morning."

Where was he? No one had seen him this morning, and forthwith a delegation started for his house. They found him with hands and face burned to a blister, his whiskers, eyebrows, and the hair about his temples singed, and his clothes badly scorched. He was suffering much pain, while his wife was applying such antidotes as she had, to relieve him.

On the arrival of his neighbors. he was evidently alarmed with the idea of being arrested as an incendiary, as he well knew that his appearance was proof positive that he knew something of the fire and had been there.

He told them all he knew, protesting his innocence of any design or malicious purpose. No one doubted his story, his own suffering and narrow escape from death corroborated his testimony.

Carroll remembered Job's lighting his pipe the last thing before he left the bar-room, and acknowledged the probability of that pipe setting fire to the barn. He remembered also the remonstrance of his wife, and the tears of Mrs. Turner. He realized that his persistence in furnishing Job liquor, had made him the in-

strument of his own destruction. He was now homeless, his farm heavily mortgaged, his wife destitute and he hopelessly in debt. Was it not a just retribution? "Whosoever putteth the cup to his neighbors lips."

TO PARENTS.

Are your children safe? Say, sober, respectable men and women; are you certain your own dear children are safe? Look at that drunkard. He is in tatters, His eyes are bloodshot. His features are distorted, His breath is like the hot air from a furnace. His touch is pollution. From him the very brutes turn in disgust. The poor remnant of mortality was once a sweet and pretty child. He was as fair and as lovely as the infant who, it may be, now sleeps in the cradle at your house. His mother washed and dressed and nursed and kissed him—she played with him when he was awake, and watched over him with fond affection, when he lay asleep.

His father took him in his arms and with hope and pride folded his baby boy to his bosom. And friends came to that happy home circle, petted the child, with sincerity congratulating the happy parents. Who for a moment then fancied he could ever be in such a plight as that in which we behold him.

Oh! can you fail to learn and heed the lesson? If you would not witness your children transformed into such loathsome objects, but would have them grow up like thrifty plants, and stand as symmetrical and substantial columns in the temple of State and the sanctuary of God, you cannot begin too early to teach them total abstinence.

IS IT NOT STRANGE—That in spite of all the wretchedness of drunkard's wives, young women are continually willing to marry men who indulge in the social glass? Ladies often refuse the marriage of young men because they are too poor, or of too humble a family, or too plain in their person or their manners. But only now and then one has good sense enough to refuse to unite herself with a man who will not pledge himself to total abstinence! We never pity the woman who marries a moderate drinker, when she finds herself the wife of a sot.

The best evidence that legal prohibition is right, is the fact that the liquor interest fight it as they fight nothing else.

ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

A TRUE TALE.

BY MRS. C. C. WRIGHT.

[CONCLUDED.]

Nora, her only daughter, was now fifteen years of age; remarkably interesting and pretty, full of intelligence and vivacity. She inherited the same excitable, nervous temperament, and was easily moved to smiles or tears.

Her mother, by the most watchful care, had kept from her the knowledge of her father's disgraceful life. She felt that she was so delicate, that the knowledge of the stigma resting upon him whose name she bore, would be more than she could endure. She remembered her own joyous girlhood, and longed to shield her child from every sorrow.

They were very poor now, even hungry sometimes, for there were days together when bread alone was all the food they had. Nora thought the cruel injustice to her father which had obliged him to resign his position in the army, the cause of their loss of fortune, and she pitied his misfortune, and tried to bear these trials cheerfully for his sake.

He was always a gentleman when he was himself, and when he was not, the mother managed that Nora should neither see nor suspect it.

She bore in silence her terrible burden, lest her daughter's smiles should cease. Mistaken kindness! Like all deceptions, even kind ones, fatal in result.

Nora knew that her mother was worn out, and weary with doing all their household work, even heavy washing, with her delicate hands, and did all she could to help her. She saw her mother fading day by day over her constant sewing, the only means of support they had; and she did wonder sometimes "why poor papa could not get something to do to help meet the expenses." But, never suspicious, she never dreamed the truth.

Only once it came near being revealed. Mrs. Tracy was within two months of her fourth and, Heaven be praised, last confinement. Poor woman! this grief of giving birth to children who could not fail of feeling the effect in either a physical, mental or

moral form, of their father's sin, was sorrow enough of itself for one life, but added to her other trials, was beyond patient submission.

All those trying months when this sorrowful expectation was before her, her husband never came home one night sober. He did not come until very late—she was thankful for that on Nora's account—and as she always sat up for him, and even after his coming, had little opportunity for rest or sleep—she was more nervous, more unstrung and more feeble than ever.

Of course, this mental strain, together with the horrible scenes of stupor or frenzy which she was obliged to witness, could not but impress the unborn child. She felt it must be so, and the fear added to her terror.

She hurried Nora off to bed one night, and sat, long past midnight, patching up some old clothes, when she heard her husband stumble against the front door and fall. Hastening down to his assistance, she, with difficulty, succeeded in helping him to rise and get safely into the hall. There he clung fast to her to steady himself, but a sudden faintness seized her; her firm grasp relaxed, and she caught the bannister for support. Enraged at her for failing him when he was so uncertain on his feet, he struck her a fierce blow, and she sank with a moan upon the stairs.

A torrent of incoherent oaths were poured out upon her, but she heeded them not; she was past caring for anything, or would have been if her quick ears had not caught the pater of Nora's feet in the hall above. At once she aroused, and leaving her husband on the floor from which he was unable to rise, she ran up the stairs, and gently taking her daughter by the arm, said:

"Nora, I implore you, if you love me, go quickly back to your room. Do not come out again, my child. Do as I ask you, wont you, my daughter?"

Nora had never seen her mother so strangely excited. By the dim candle-light she saw her pale face and wild eyes, and the hand she held in hers was cold and damp.

"Mamma," she cried, "I know something has happened. I am sure I heard you fall. I think I heard you groan; and oh, I know

I heard papa talking in a very angry tone to you. Is he in bed? Shall I go and call him? I am sure he can't be angry *now*, when you are hurt. Oh! what were you down stairs for, and in the dark?"

Longing so for comfort, for sympathy, for the help of affection, how hard it was to refuse these boons as she did!

"My child I pray you do not question me any more. Your father was angry—yes! I had to go down stairs; and yes, I did fall! and now go to bed, darling for my sake."

Nora was about to comply, when in laying her hand upon her mother's shoulder to kiss her good-night, she felt her shrink:

"Mamma!" she exclaimed, "I cannot, will not go to bed unless you come in my room and let me see your shoulder."

The weary mother complied. She knew from the stillness that her wretched husband was asleep where he had dropped, and she felt it best to go with Nora.

The gentle girl bared the delicate shoulder, and shuddered as she saw the fearful purple bruise her father's hand had given.

But when it was bathed, and her mother had become quiet and fallen asleep, Nora's youthful heart composed its self, and she was soon in the sweet slumber of innocence. She did not hear her mother, before daylight, arise and go down to the assistance of her somewhat sobered husband.

Then the indignant wife said, in the calmness of repressed feeling, to him whom she was bound by law to "love, honor and obey,"—three things impossible under existing circumstances, to do.

"The last time you struck me. I told you I would never bear it again—that I would leave you. The law will not free me because you are guilty of a crime against me and your children, as terrible in its effects upon us and our happiness as any unfaithfulness could be, but I will free myself. I give you the choice, I will go away with Nora, and leave you in possession here, and you shall never see our faces again, or you may go, anywhere out of town you may prefer. I will continue to support myself and children, and will pay your board wherever you may be; your board only, however; I will not supply you with money to steep your soul farther in sin."

He agreed to her terms. Bade Nora farewell that day, telling her he was going to St. Louis to look for business, and actually took his departure.

For three years he had led an idle, dissipated life, depending upon his hard-working wife for support, but doing her the kindness to absent himself from home.

Meanwhile, how was she, the unfortunate heroine of this true tale, passing her life.

In hard work, day and night, to "keep the wolf from the door." In constant devotion to her children—helping Nora in her studies, for she was anxious to fit herself as a teacher; and worrying, with a heartfull of anxiety, over her boy, Bennie. He certainly was a singular child, both in appearance and manner. No life, no brightness, very affectionate, but lacking ordinary intelligence.—At length a physician broke the painful truth to her, the child was a hopeless imbecile.

It seemed she must sink under this blow, and she was for days ill with a nervous fever, during which, while the quiet tears trickled unceasingly down her cheek, she made the constant moan:

"The sins of the fathers upon the children! Oh, Bennie! poor little innocent Bennie!"

Probably nothing would have aroused her from this apathy, and she would gradually have sunk into her longed for grave, had not an appeal to the strongest of all emotions, her mother-love, awakened her to life.

Nora had been studying too hard for so delicate a girl; her brain and nerves had been overtaxed; then came the sad news about Bennie followed by her mother's severe illness. A sudden cold seizing upon her relaxed system, was successfully battled with for a day or two, but at length she was compelled to submit, and for weeks was in a critical condition with typhoid fever.

During this period, a neighbor, who mistook meddling for philanthropy, wrote to Captain Tracy, telling him that "his boy had been placed in the idiot asylum, his wife had just recovered, and his daughter was in great danger," and "certainly he could see he ought to come."

Only too glad of an excuse, he suddenly added to his wife's despair by reappearing in their peaceful home.

He did seem a little conscience-stricken, and for a few weeks was sober, attentive and kind.

But when Nora was about again, although pale and weak and deplorably nervous, he little by little, fell back into the old ways.

And through this relapse into his great fault, came the final death-stroke to Marian Tracy's happiness.

Nora as yet was ignorant of her father's intemperance. Therefore one day when she sat by the window sewing, and alone (her mother having gone to return some work,) her heart stood still when she saw two men come in the gate, bearing in their arms the body of her father. Rushing to them, just as they reached the door, she shrieked frantically:

"Is he dead—is papa dead?"

They bundled him unceremoniously down on the floor, and one rough man answered gruffly:

"Better for you, miss, if he was! But he has only been at his old tricks again—getting dead drunk!"

She sank to the floor in a prolonged faint, and thus her mother found her.

The sudden shock was too great for her overworked brain and anxious heart. At one time melancholy and moping; at another excitable and full of spirits of the wildest sort. The inherited taint began to show its poison, and in less than six months the winning, charming, lovely Nora Tracy was an inmate of the insane asylum.

And did not this check the father in his mad career? Ah, no! With that strange blindness which drunkards always possess, he could not, or would not, see himself as the real and only cause of all this misery. He cursed his "fate" and his "unlucky star," when, if he had cursed himself and his demoniac appetite, he would have reached the truth.

There seemed no longer any object in life of sufficient interest to keep Mrs. Tracy alive. Little Bennie had died in the asylum, and Nora's case was pronounced hopeless.—She failed day by day. Her work, to support herself and worse than idle husband was too much for her in itself; but, added to this, the fearful scenes she had to endure from her husband's frequent attacks of delirium tre-

mens, made sad havoc with her strength.

She must have died, but that, after twenty years of torment, the heavy rod was lifted!

In one of his fiercest attacks, her husband died. She mourned not for him, for all love, all respect, were long dead, and she abhorred him as the author of her misery and the murderer of her children. She mourned for her lost faith, her desecrated love, and the years, forever gone, when, if her husband had not been a drunkard, she might have been so happy.

As time went on, some of her old strength returned; and, though her smiles never came back, nor could the now silvered locks turn again to their glossy brown, still, when, eighteen months after Captain Tracy's death, Nora was pronounced so much better as to be able to return home, her heart overflowed with thanksgiving.

She left the home where so many sad associations clustered, and taking Nora into a quiet country place, she passed the remaining years of her life in peace.

Nora did not marry, though much sought.

"I dare not," she said, "after my mother's sad experience. I dare not run the risk. The man I love is not an intemperate man now; still, he believes in being free to abstain or not, as one chooses. What if troubles should come, or my influence fail? I should live in constant terror lest the wine-cup should prove his refuge. Ah, no; I cannot forget my dying mother's words:—"My child, safety alone is with that man who resolutely refuses, at all times, in all places, to touch a single drop!"

"Touch not, taste not, handle not!" There is the surest safeguard.

Good, kind, true, holy words dropped in conversation, may be little thought of, but they are little seeds of flower or fruitful tree falling by the wayside, or borne by some bird afar, happily thereafter to fringe with beauty some barren mountain side, or to make glad some lonely wilderness.

Oaths are vulgar, senseless, impious; like obscene words, they leave a noisome trail upon the lips, and a stamp of odium upon the soul. They are inexcusable. They gratify no sense, while they outrage taste and dignity.

BUSINESS TRAINING FOR WOMEN.

BY H. C. INGERSOLL.

A business education, such as the Simmons' Bequest proposes, seems to us the one which in this day woman most lacks. It is very sad to know how many women who pass for "intelligent" are ignorant on matters of business. They have had so little to do with the money of the world that when they happen to find themselves possessed of some they know not how to take care of it. An old English authority says "they are generally kicked or kissed out of their patrimony!"

Sometimes "a little story" is the best argument, and I will here relate an instance which came to my knowledge about a year since, which I think, illustrates the need of business education for women. A major-general in our late war was killed, leaving a young wife and child. There were some circumstances which caused delay to the widow in receiving the back pay and pension to which she was entitled, so that when it did come the amount was several thousand dollars. Meanwhile she had sought and obtained a place in the Departments at Washington, whereby she maintained herself and child. Among those whom she considered friends at Washington was a gentleman and his family, who seemed very kind to her, The gentleman was head of a Bureau (in Johnson's time), and inspired confidence in her by loaning her, before she got her pension, money to the amount of \$100 without interest. When her own money came she paid the debt, and went North to recruit the health of herself and child, taking with her the sum she supposed she would need, and handing the rest to this friend, to be left in his safe until she should call for it. He accepted the trust, and Mrs. ————

went North, without even taking a receipt from him to show that he had her money. She was just so ignorant of business as that! Nor do we suppose she is the only young woman of twenty-three as ignorant.

But her want of knowledge of business did not stop here. She went to one of the hotels of Boston (called "first class"), and after she and her child had regained health she called for her bill, intending to pay it, and return to Washington. The amount was much larger than she had anticipated, much larger, probably, than it would have been if she had not been an unprotected woman, and had made a definite business-like bargain beforehand. She had not enough money with her to pay the whole of it, and wrote to Washington for more, and receiv-

ed for an answer from her *friend* (!) that he had been hard-pressed, and used the money; was extremely sorry but he could not send her any. Mortified in the extreme to be unable to pay the whole of her bill, she paid a part, and then proposed to leave a trunk containing nearly \$1,000 worth of clothing, the whole of her silks, laces etc., which she had before she went into mourning—such a wardrobe as was suitable to her condition in life as wife of a major-general. So, leaving the whole of this value behind her, instead of such a part only as would have insured the landlord against loss, she returned to Washington to find that of all her money in the *friend's* safe she was not likely ever to get a dollar, and that the only way she could redeem her trunk, was by going to work in the Departments again.

Her child was taken sick, and it was many weary months before she had saved enough to liquidate the bill. Meanwhile she was informed by friends that she left at the hotel, that the landlord had opened her trunk, and his daughter had been wearing her elegant silks and laces to all the balls and parties of the winter. Upon learning this, Mrs. ———— objected to paying the whole bill in order to redeem her trunk. She consulted lawyers, and they at first counseled resistance to the landlord; but after seeing him, and finding that he was one of the ineffably mean men who, in case of a suit in court, would endeavor to mitigate damages against himself by insinuations against the character of the lady, they advised her to accept the compromise he offered, which was to keep the trunk and pay about one-third of its value! They advised it, they said, "because she was a woman, and it would better for her to submit to imposition than to incur anything so disagreeable as to contend with a man in court of law who would throw out insinuations against her character as a lady." Lawyers are not always "knights-errant," and there was little money in the case for them, and thus they advised. What could such a woman do but submit in despair? But does not every other woman who hears her story ache to have women better educated in business matters—better able to defend themselves against injustice? This lady would have been called an intelligent, charming woman of society anywhere. She wrote an excellent letter. Would that she had known how to write a receipt! Would that she could have made a writ in law, or that there had been some woman-lawyer who would have gone into court, and protected her helplessness! Speed the day when such helples-

ness and ignorance shall be no longer possible among intelligent women.—*The Revolution.*

WHAT ONE GIRL DID.

BY MARY E. B. BROWN.

About seven years ago I became acquainted in Ohio with a young girl who possessed none of this world's goods except the clothes she wore. She was not strong in body, and yet she was obliged to earn her living by "working out" in kitchens where there was always much hard work to be done.

The one great desire of her heart was to obtain an education. For one who was so poor this seemed utterly impossible. Her outlook in life was dreary enough, but she had a brave heart.

After earning clothes enough to last her one term, she went to O——— to work for her board and go to school.

She soon began to show considerable skill in penmanship. Her teacher observing this very kindly gave her extra lessons in this branch of study. Sarah began to hope that with her pen she might yet earn more than with a broom or a mop.

She left school in a few months, and went into a country school-district to try and get up a writing school. It was hard work enough, but she still kept up her courage. Finally she obtained a dozen pupils, and earned more than she would have done in a kitchen. Then off she went to another district, and visited from house to house, and again she had a dozen pupils for another course of lessons. After a few months she was able to return to school again.

About that time I left Ohio, and for years I heard no more of Sarah. The past summer I visited the town where I became acquainted with Sarah. Much pleased was I to learn how successful she had been.

She has become an intelligent, useful woman. For several years she has been in a postoffice in the city of C———. She does the writing for the foreign mail, for which she receives sixty-five dollars per month. She has bought herself a farm that she hopes sometime to live on.

She will, I hope prove a successful farmer. If she should ever marry, it will probably be all for love, and not for the sake of getting a husband to support her.

A Vigilance committee has closed all rum-shops in Williamantic, Conn.

"MUST SUPPORT MY FAMILY".

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

How are you, Aleck? It's an age since I saw you! What are you doing for a living old fellow?"

"Well a little of pretty much every thing. I've been a marker in a billiard saloon; then I went up to Snake & Wolf, as sort of clerk, and now I've settled down in business for myself. Call in and see me."

"What business? Where do you pitch your tent? What kind of business is it?"

"Oh, it's the universal supply business."

"What's that?"

"Well—it's selling liquor."

"A grogshop? That's a pretty business for your fathers son! Snake & Wolf keep a gambling den, don't they?"

"Yes—though they call it a Saloon of Fortune."

"Why, Aleck, what's got into you! You used to be above such things! You are going straight to the devil."

"Fact. I think so sometimes myself. Should like a better business, but it pays. *A man must take care of his family.*"

We suppose that this excuse for wicked practice is as old as the Flood. It is probable that there never was a villainous course that had any money in it, that men have not justified themselves in practising it on the ground of "supporting their families."

But what kind of support is that? Has a father the right to prostitute his integrity for the sake of his children? What sort of bringing up will children get, whose bread is earned at the expense of their parents' good name? If the children turn out ill, then the parent will have corrupted himself for the sake of destroying his children. But if, from some kind overruling providence, the children grow up to honest manhood, what a shameful legacy is their father's name!

Food and clothes are very important, doubtless, but they may be bought at too dear a price. "Man shall not live by bread alone." No man has brought up his children kindly who has cared only for their animal wants. Children need a fathers instruction in morals his example in following all goodness, and his succor when over-tempted. Young people will have enough to tempt them, without having a father as an example of evil-doing.

No. No man supports his family well who earns his children's bread by wicked practices

If a man may keep a dram-shop on the plea that his family must be supported, he may with equal propriety keep a gambling den, or pander to passionate immoralities, or even steal and rob. There is no moral evil which may not be committed if this plea is sound. But the plea is unsound. It is a disgrace to make it, and still more disgraceful to follow courses which require one to make it. No man would like to eat the bread that Judas would have bought with his thirty pieces of silver. But to betray morality, to undermine the virtues of society, to pursue a course that degrades one's self or one's fellow-men, is to betray Christ in the person of the poor and weak. No man can afford to take home the wages of corruption. Men will perjure themselves; will defile their consciences; will commit petty frauds without number; will consort with men that are pests to society, and then carry home the wages of their iniquity to feed a tender wife or sweet little children thereof. He would be a monster who should feed his children on carrion. He does worse who earns their bread by his own corruption.

STEP UP HIGHER.

BY C. M.

Step up higher, brothers, higher,
 Leave the murky paths of sin,
 Leave behind all vicious habits
 Try a virtuous life to win,
 Good, and evil lie before you,
 One of them you'll have to choose,
 One will bring you peace and comfort,
 One your happiness will lose.

Step up higher, sisters higher,
 Idleness will never do,
 If you wish to join the conquest
 With the virtuous and the true,
 You will have to work in earnest,
 Work and give your powers scope,
 Leave behind the yoke of bondage,
 Then new fields to you will ope.

Step up higher, fathers, higher
 Good examples for your son
 Are better than the wealth of India's
 Wrong and vice to overcome
 Work in earnest God will help you
 Work for principles that's right
 Work and guide and guard your children
 From those things that tend to blight.

Step up higher, mothers, higher
 Next to God you have a trust
 Let no power take it from you
 Trampling it into the dust,
 Work! improve those powers given
 Work! your children need your aid,
 Work! and God will crown your efforts
 By his power you'll be repaid.

MORAL SUASION AND THE SERPENT

"I know very well why the temperance reform does not make better progress," said a gentleman a few days ago. "Its because its advocates use such harsh language toward those misguided persons who sell intoxicating drinks. Moral suasion is the only means that should be resorted to. Reason with them; convince them that they are doing a great injury to their fellow beings, and we can accomplish more than harsh words, or prohibitory legislation ever will."

Would you reason with a serpent, which, with burning, fascinating gaze and deadly fangs, was preparing to fold its hideous coils around a dear one? Would you reason with a wild beast that had torn from your very arms, and devoured in your sight, some darling household pet and was springing forward to seize and devour still another? Would you reason with the assassin, who, with a bullet would deprive you of the existence God gave?

No! but with all your manly might and strength you would strike for life and loved ones.

More deathly than the serpent's fangs, more terrible than the wild beast or the assassin's blow, is the traffic in that fiery stream of death; for they can only kill the body, while it gives to man

"A ruined frame and tarnished name,
 A sunless and desolate even,
 In return for his life, his home, his frame,
 His God and his hopes of heaven."

One familiar with the late famous Artemus Ward, thus says of him:

I think I ought not to conclude this article without letting the reader know why this bright and genial spirit is no longer here to add to the world's harmless amusement. Well, this was the reason: Wherever he lectured, whether in New England, California or London, there was sure to be a knot of young fellows to gather round him and go home with him to his hotel order supper, and spend half the night in telling stories and singing songs. To any man this will be fatal in time; but when the nightly carouse follows an evening's performance before an audience, and is succeeded by a railroad journey the next day, the waste of vitality is fearfully rapid. Five years of such a life finished poor Charles Brown. He died in London

in 1867, aged thirty-three years; and he now lies buried at the home of his childhood in Maine.

He was not a deep drinker, He was not a man of strong appetites. It was the nights wasted in conviviality, which his system needed for sleep, that sent him to his grave forty years before his time. For men of his profession and cast of character, for all editors, literary men and artists, there is only one safety—**TEETOTALISM**. He should have taken the advice of a stage driver on the Plains, to whom he once offered some whiskey; and I commend it strongly to the countless hosts who see this paper every week:

"I don't drink. I won't drink! And I don't like to see any one else drink. I'm of the opinion of those mountains—*keep your top cool*. They've got snow, and I've got brains; that's all the difference."

[For the Golden Rule.]

LITTLE THINGS.

BY S. A. MOTT.

The very small things of this world exert no inconsiderable influence. Their minuteness however causes it often to be unnoticed and under estimated. We are far too apt to scorn the "day of small things" though its results may checker a life time with evil or hinder a soul from attaining heaven,

Originally all things were small. Even man, who walks the earth "Lord of Creation" was once wrapped in swaddling clothes and turned but a few pounds in the balance—a very small bit of purple humanity.

Resolving the earth, the sea, and all their denizens into their original parts we find them composed of very small particles or atoms. The philosopher informs us that even these particles of matter can be divided till man's naked visions can no longer distinguish them; and even then by the aid of mechanism they are still divisible.

Yet these atoms preserve the equilibrium of the Universe. Combined they present a surface upon which forests grow, over which rivers flow, out of which spring the grass, the golden grain, and all which supports animated nature. Joined in one form, they sparkle as the diamond, in another they blush as the ruby, still another, and they give out the pure cold rays of the pearl. Here as the adamantine rock they resist the lightning's stroke and the pitiless storms through ages;

and again, breathed upon by the breath of life, they walk the earth as sentient beings.

It is in the union of the particles that their strength and power lie. Conceive the ocean resolved into its original drops and you could roll it over land separate the earth into its atoms and the smallest pigmy of Lilliput could toss it into the air.

As the atoms of matter make the world so do the atoms of time and their attendant events make our life. We live not in hours not in days, but in minutes. Each clock tick and each heart-throb, are distinct parts of life. But as the atoms differently united diversify the earth presenting here mountains and there plains, here beauties and there deformities, even so life moments have crowded into them events which make the mountains of life. Yet as in the diversity of the earth we see its unity preserved, so the diversities of life serve to maintain its unity.

Man, as an artist is ever building a beautiful statute out of his life. His materials are days and hours and hours and minutes. But unlike the sculptor, who clips away a particle of the marble here, and a particle there till at last he produces the complete statue, man is adding continually, a part here and a part there. Yet the result may be the same, and just as the artist produces the perfect work of art, so man, if he but have the artist hand, may produce the perfect life.

At a meeting of the "Syracuse Temperance Union," held at the City Hall, October 2 instant, the following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted and ordered to be sent to all the pastors in the city, and published in the city papers:—

Whereas, In the judgment of this Society the use of intoxicating liquors, even of mild quality, and in moderate quantities, at remote intervals, tends to create or renew an appetite for excessive indulgence, and when practiced by Christian congregations, tends especially to retard the temperance reform; therefore,

Resolved, That we do most respectfully and earnestly solicit the pastors and officers of all the churches in our city, to discontinue the use of fermented wines for sacramental purposes.

J. B. TALLMAN, President.

V. G. EDWARDS, Secretary.

Whisky is the key by which many gain an entrance into prisons and almshouses.

"SAVED IN TIME."

Golden Rule Prize Drama.

The following Temperance Drama, has been awarded, by the Committee the 2d Prize, offered by the Publisher of GOLDEN RULE.

Persons Represented.

MAUD SELBY,
BLANCHE SELBY, *Sisters*
GERTRUDE WEST, *a friend of the Sisters,*
BIDDIE O'MURRY, *formerly a Servant of the Selby's.*

HARRY HENDERSON, *Cousin to the Sisters,*
ALBERT MERTON, *Suitor to Blanche,*
MR. FORD, *Hotel Keeper,*
PATRICK O'MURRY, *Irish Laborer.*
BENSON AND OTHERS, *Loungers at Hotel,*
BOY, *Errand boy at the Hotel.*

Costumes.

MAUD, *Neat and tastefully dressed,*
BLANCHE, *Stylish and Expensive.*
GERTRUDE, *Fashionable and becoming,*
BIDDIE, O'MURRY, *Gay Calico,*
HARRY, *Fashionably attired,*
ALBERT, *Stylish and foppish,*
MR. FORD, *Good and becoming suit,*
PATRICK O'MURRY, *Coarse, but clean suit,*
BOY, *Plain Cheap suit.*

SCENE I.—*A room in Mrs. Selby's home. Three young Ladies seated near a table, one with an open letter in her hand in an apparently thoughtful mood.*

(Speaking with marked seriousness.)

BLANCHE. Now Maud I should think you might condescend to enlighten us poor mortals prone to curiosity, as to the precious contents of that wonderful missive—Oh! you do hear.—Well please tell us who your letter is from, confidentially of course.

GERTRUDE. Yes, do, Blanche and I have done nothing this half hour, but yawn alternately watching you. Have we Blanche?

BLANCHE. Of course not, for its not every letter one receives throws one into such a brown study. Come Maud confess, tell us. We'll promise you more sympathy than you can reasonably desire. Why, my eyes are filled already, and Gerty is searching for her handkerchief.

MAUD. I confess that of nearly all you've said I failed to hear but enough to know that you are both curious about this letter.

This letter (*holding it up*) is from Aunt Henderson, who writes that she fears cousin Harry is in great danger, from the influence of his associates, who are mostly of that class usually known by the term of "fast young men," and

that the society of Meadville is anything but radical on the Temperance question and——

BLANCHE. Oh! a Temperance lecture is it? I thought really it might be a letter from your beau. I'll excuse you from farther revelations, anything but a dull temperance lecture even in a letter.

GERTRUDE. But what about Harry? I met him once at a party while at Meadville, and came near falling in love with him, he was so handsome, perfect gentleman, and a splendid dancer. Can't be possible that he drinks!

MAUD. Aunt fears he may, if the dreadful habit has not already commenced forming links of the deadly chain which drags so many down to ruin, and feels as only a mother can for her only son. But to save Blanche from listening to a temperance lecture, I will only add, Aunt writes that we may expect a visit from cousin Harry very soon.—He will start, (*Glancing at the letter.*) Why girls he will be here to-night, (*Rising.*) Will you excuse me I shall be obliged to go and assist in making preparation for his reception. (*Exit Maud.*)

GERTRUDE. I hope he will arrive to-night. Wonder if he will remember me, (*Humming.*)

Can I forget thee, no, oh! no!
As soon might yon star with silvery glow,
Forget to shine o'er earth and sea,
As I should cease to remember thee.

BLANCHE. I've been thinking what a splendid time we might have while cousin Harry is here, but for one if in the way.

GERTRUDE. One if, pray what do you mean—explain yourself?

BLANCHE. You have seen Albert Merton?

GERTRUDE. Yes. Saw you out riding with him yesterday.

BLANCHE. Did you, indeed! Didn't we look stylish! Such beautiful coal black horses, in their new girth harnesses. He always engages the very best equipage the Livery contains at A——. His father is one of the wealthiest men in that town.

GERTRUDE. But what about that terrible if.

BLANCHE. Oh, they say Albert Merton, imbibes sometimes too freely, and my very temperate sister is greatly opposed to my receiving any attention from him. But I will, I tell you Gerty, when I do go, I'll go with a fellow who goes in style.

GERTRUDE. I always admired Albert, he's

so genteel. What a pity that he drinks at all.

BLANCHE. Oh of course it is—that is if he drinks enough to harm him. I don't believe he does. But Maud is such a *radical*. Well if it was'n't for *her* we might have a splendid time. I've just thought of something. (*Rising.*) Come go with me.

GERTRUDE. (*Glancing toward the door.*) Wait there comes some one.

BLANCHE. Oh! its only our Biddy, our girl who was married a few months since. She's coming in here.

(*Enters Biddie.*) Good afternoon Miss. Blanche, and where is that swate sister of yours. Is yere kind old mother well—the dear lady, and the rest of the family enjoyin the blessins of health an prosperity an the likes?

BLANCHE. All quite well Biddy—sit down. It's been a long time since I've seen you. You are very happy I presume houskeeping for yourself now?

BIDDY. Happy did ye say, an wasn't I happy whin I was living here with yers own dear selves, shure and I was happy as any ra onable quane might hope to be, taken she liked to cook the dinner and clean the knives an spoons as well as meself, Sorry the day when Patrick came along.

BLANCHE. Why, sorry, I thought you wanted Patrick.

BIDDY. Wanted him! no indade! 'twas him wanted me. Shure and I'd bin the last one who'd went to the praste wid him, if it hadn't bin for his continnaral tasing of me to have him, an his hanging around the kitching winder, talking wid me when he ought to of bin sawing the wood and the like, spendin his time whin he oughter of bin to work. Oh, if you'll belave me I married him because I—

BLANCHE. Wanted him I guess, Biddy.

BIDDY. No indade! an I tau'd him that same this blessed day, when he struck me over the head with his whip stalk.

BLANCHE. Struck you over the head, the brute.

BIDDY. An did ye say BRUTE, sure an I'll not have Patrick called *brute*, strike me over the head or not. Am I not his own wife. Oh, he's not a *brute*, he's my own Patrick, only the worse for the crayth-r he's drunk.

BIDDY. Intoxicated! I should rather think he was all that an a leafle more. I tell ye for sacred truth if you'll belave me he was *drunk*. Dye think he would have marched up to the table an saf down an just becase there was no

praters on the table, when shure there were none in the house, take his knife and break ivery plate on the table. My old mother a sittin there too, *poor old crater*, she's most crazy she is, not another plate in the house.

BLANCHE. As it offends you to have me express my thoughts concerning Patrick's proceedings, I hardly know what I can do for you.

BIDDY. If you'll only lend me a few plates, a cup for my old mither to drink her tay from.

BLANCHE. Oh, certainly. But will not your Patrick break others when he's in liquor again?

BIDDY. No, I'll see to that meself that I will, an Miss Blanche, Patrick with all of his faults, though its meself who says it, is no worse than many of your fine jintlemen aye, and a sight better. They go to work gradually, takin their wine an breaking the heart of the poor wife, I'd rather have a Patrick who'd break the dishes.

BLANCHE. Perhaps he'll break your heart yet Biddy.

BIDDY. Niver ye fear that, he'll have to break the head of Biddy O'Murry first that he will.

BLANCHE. Well Biddy you'll find my sister in the dining room.

BIDDY. I'll go to her the swate crayter many's the time she has helped me with a kind word too, whin I felt sorrier than I do this blessed moment, an thats saying a good deal, that it is. (*Exit Biddie.*)

BLANCHE. Isn't she a funny creature?

GERTRUDE. Strange she can like that drinkin husband of her's.

BLANCHE. Yes. She knew he drank before she married him. Are you ready? (*Exeunt.*)

SECOND SCENE.

Bar Room, at Fords Hotel. Three persons in the room. One behind the bar, one in front of it, and another seated at a little distance, exhibiting signs of intoxication.

PATRICK. Its whiskey I'm wanting, the rale crayter that niver saw water at all at all. Ah, its Patrick O'Murry was niver meant for a fish. (*Drinks.*) It'll do very well Ford, to start me along. (*Handing a bottle*) Fill up me bottle will ye? I'll come in when I come back, I'll be havin the money then fur the work I'm to do fur the Deacon, an shure an I'll nade some to carry me home.

FORD. Here it is, as you always pay we're not afraid to trust you. You can do an extra job on that. Its the very best *old rye* we have. Call in when you come back.

PATRICK. Ah that I will fur shure. (*Exit, singing*)

I will not be slighting my friends here at all, Nor passing them by without giving a call, I'd rather be drinkin' their health when I'm dry And have a good bottle fur company by.

(Enter Harry Henderson.)

FORD. (Very Politely) Good afternoon. Fine day for traveling.

HARRY. Good afternoon, Yes very, Yet I can't say that I regret having nearly arrived at my place of destination. Heigho! I'm duiced tired though. I'll take a glass of beer and a cigar and see if I can't get rested before I proceed further, (Glancing toward Albert Merton.) Why, bless me! the last person I thought of seeing here. Albert Merton as I live! How d'y do! (Albert arising and awkwardly extending his hand, staring stupidly.)

ALBERT. You've got the hic-'vantage of me, can't re-cog-nize you, e-a-n-t pon honor.

HARRY. My name is Harry Henderson. Have you forgotten the fishing excursion of last year, at Meadville?

ALBERT. Fishing'scursion dy'e say? hic—oh yes, how dy'e do—glad to see you.—C me Ford, get us some of your prime, I must d-r-i-n-k to the health of my hic—my old friend here. You'll take a glass for old acquaintance, won't ye?

HARRY. Some other time Merton, I'd be most happy, but now I—

ALBERT. No excuse hic—we're old friends you know. Come take a glass—come—

HARRY. (Hesitatingly.) Well seeing it's you I will. (Both drink.) Are you on your way home?

ALBERT. Guess not, I—that is—I was going to call and ask Miss Blanche to hic, go out and ride this evening—but hic—you see I can't, I've hic—I've hic—head ache—I'm s-i-c-k, (Staggers toward a chair, hits it and falls over, Ford and Harry assist him to rise.)

FORD. I'll show you to a room, you must remain with us all night,—Will see that you have the best of course.

ALBERT. I believe I will. Harry, you said your name was Harry di-di-n't you. Well do-n't tell Blanche will ye? I'm dr—k, head-ache, will ye? maybe she wouldn't g-go with me any more you know,—Sick, I'm sick!

HARRY. No, no! I won't tell her. Call over when your well, I'm going there you know. (Exit Albert and Ford.)

ALBERT. [In the distance] Sick I'm sick, sick.

HARRY. Merton's taken a little too much. Strange, one can't know when to stop. I should'n't have drank with him, seeing

his condition; if I had not feared to offend him. He's a capital fellow so generous, always has plenty of money, never thought he made very good use of it, but in his case 'twould have made it all the worse for us.

(Enter a boy hurriedly from an adjoining room, from whence is heard a noise and loud talk as of a fuss.)

BOY. (Calling excitedly) Mr. Ford, Mr. Ford, (Glancing around) I thought that Ford was here.

HARRY. He went out a moment since—will be back directly. What's the trouble? I should judge by the noise they are having quite a row somewhere.

BOY. Oh! that fighting. Dick has got pretty tight, and wants to fight. He swears Benson cheated him in the last game. Benson is a player I tell you. He beats more in a game of cards, than any one of the whole lot who come here to play. Wouldn't I like to know how to play as well as he does though. Such a pile of money he won from Al. Merton night before last. Guess its mor'n his father has given for charitable purposes in many a year. He always beats Al Merton, I don't see why Al plays with him at all, and I don't believe he would if Benson didn't commence by asking him to drink with him, so smiling and oily like. Oh, that Benson is a sharp one let me tell you.

(Enter Ford.)

BOY. Mr. Ford, fighting Dick has got tight again and wants to fight.

FORD. Kicking up a row is he? I'll tend to his case presently, I guess he will find who's master here. (To Harry.) Dick is a real good hearted sort of a fellow as a general thing, sometimes when he's pretty well corned he's quite noisy and pugilistic, we have a time with him then.

HARRY. Well I must start, (Drawing his watch) It's later than I thought. I'll take some more cigars. (While making change) See that Merton has the best of care.

LARD. (Thanking him) We do that. Merton is from one of the first families of A——, a fine fellow too, gets slightly exhilarated sometimes. Sowing his wild oats. His father was just like him, at his age, they say, and is now noted for his sobriety.

HARRY. What does he say to see his son walking in his own footsteps, "Chip of the old block" ha—

FORD. Well, I hardly know, he ought to, that's a fact. Al never goes home from here

while in the condition you saw him. His father has forgotten his youthful days I presume, they say he goes against license now, so we know but little of him personally. As you are to remain in town, call down.

HARRY. I will. Good day.

FORD. Good day. (*Exit Harry.*)

SCENE THIRD.

(*Mr. Selby's parlor, Maud, alone.*)

MAUD. Oh, that the hopes which Aunt Henderson so fervently expressed in her letter, may not be destroyed! Though Harry may leave his associates of Meadville for a time, yet the habits he may have formed, cannot be as easily sundered, and there is much danger in this town, although boasting of its great morality. There is Albert Merton of A——, he has many associates of like character in this village and even my thoughtless sister Blanche appears to think very much of him, and he has access as yet to the very best society. Glad as I shall be to meet my cousin I cannot but anticipate the anxiety I shall have in his behalf. Oh! that his eyes may be opened, that he may no longer be deceived and led blindly in the downward road to ruin. May heaven help him now—May he be saved in time!

(*Enter Blanche and Gertrude.*)

BLANCHE. Has cousin Harry arrived yet?

MAUD. Not yet.

BLANCHE. Don't you think Mrs. Brown has not yet finished my dress. I gave her a little piece of my mind, I apprehend by this time she's found I'm not one who's going to be put off forever.

MAUD. Blanche you're so hasty, I presume Mrs. Brown was really excusable.

GERTRUDE. She looked very pale, and Willie, she said was quite ill, and had been for several days past.

BLANCHE. Was I to blame for that, she ought not to have made promises when she knew she could not fulfil them. I tell you Gertie when I have a dress made I want it made in time.

MAUD. Mrs. Brown knew not of course that Willie would be sick, therefore I can't see any reason for your displeasure, I've often seen her, bending over her work, when my heart ached for her. She is a widow, her health never the best, and now striving to do double the amount of work one could expect from a strong healthy woman maintaining herself and child. Willie is a noble little fellow and will soon be of great help to her.

BLANCHE. Oh! Maud please don't give us a lecture I didn't abuse Mrs. Brown, I only wanted my dress when I did want it, and she promised to send it Thursday sure. Wasn't it a beauty Gertie. Its to be made and trimmed in the latest style, everything to match. Won't I look splendidly? (*Bell rings.*) There's the bell! Is my hair arranged nicely? I done it like Miss L's, she's from the city. Doesn't it look stylish?

GERTRUDE. Beautiful!

(*Enters Harry Henderson, having been announced. After cordial salutations are exchanged, all are seated.*)

BLANCHE. You came near taking us by surprise cousin Harry.

HARRY. Did I? Wish I had, Mother said something about writing or had written the other day.

MAUD. For some reason the letter was delayed, I only received it this morning.

BLANCHE. We should have been wonderfully prepared if we had known sooner, but no more pleased, *ie*, we couldn't be. (*Maud goes out, returns immediately*)

MAUD. Tea is waiting. We thought we would not even allow you to partake of your first repast, solitary.

HARRY. Thank you cousin Maud, for your thoughtfulness. I'm not partial to solitude, when I can have agreeable company. (*Allezit.*)

SCENE FOURTH.

(*Mr. Selby's parlor. Harry, Blanche and Gertrude present.*)

HARRY. Has cousin Maud deserted us for more congenial society?

BLANCHE. Oh, no! the society must be anything but congenial where she is. You must know Maud is a sort of Missionary in her way.

HARRY. An "angel of mercy," I think she would be a very good one.

BLANCHE. I'm sure I don't know, and I've no taste for such things. She's gone now to see, nobody knows who's child, that has the measles and has carried, *dear knows* what to it. I don't understand how she can endure the tobacco smoke she'll find there, when she abominates it so.

HARRY. Does she? some ladies affect to like the odor of cigars.

BLANCHE. I don't dislike it, and I think it is genteel for a gentlemen to smoke. But Maud is as radical on that as she is on anything else pertaining to temperance, *total abstinence* is her motto.

HARRY. She's a radical is she? And what

are your (to Gertrude) views Miss West upon the use of tobacco &c.

GERTRUDE. Although the odor of tobacco is not so very offensive to me, yet I can't say that I really approve of the use of it. I never have spent much thought on the subject, therefore you must excuse me from taking part in any discussion, if you premeditate starting one.

BLANCHE. I don't think there's much danger, Harry and I agree, Do we not? You smoke cigars?

HARRY. Ye-s, but still I think it's a foolish habit.

BLANCHE. You're a funny fellow I must confess. Keep smoking, and keep thinking it's foolish to do so. But if that isn't Biddy, I hope she'll come in *here*, she usually does "save ceremony.

(Enter Biddy.)

BIDDY. I cum right in Miss Blanche, for shure I'm in the greatest hurry that iver I was, (seeing Harry) Oh; an I didn't know that there was a jintleman here, or I'd been the last one to cum in.

BLANCHE. It's my cousin Harry Henderson, you need not be afraid of him, Biddy.

BIDDY. Niver a bit of that for sure, I only thought it might be your beau. No! Biddy O'Murry is the last one to fear a man, though the Devil went down his throat in the whiskey he's drank, an I told Patrick that same thing this blessed day.

BLANCHE. How's Patrick to-day, Biddy.

BIDDY. How's Patrick d'yesay. It's where's Patrick it is. He's gone, whiskey and all, whiskey and all, so he has.

BLANCHE. How's that? Tell us Biddy.

BIDDY. Well Patrick had worked for the Deacon, and the Deacon paid him the money he did, for I had his own word for it. An what do you think Patrick brought home?

BLANCHE. What did he?

BIDDY. Well I can tell you Miss Blanche, Instead of the tay or the sugar, he brought home nothing but a bottle of whiskey. Patrick said I, where's the tay! "THERE, said he looking no where's at all. "An where's the sugar? said I," "There," said he. "Where? Patrick" said I. "There" said he, looking no where's at all." "Patrick said I, do you love me?" "Faith, an I do Biddy" said he. "And do you like whiskey?" said I. "Ah, yes," said he "I do that same." "Well" said I "Patrick an which do you like the best? And what do you think the crayter said.

BLANCHE. What did he say?

BIDDY. Said he, "Biddy" said he "my darling it's you I love best, faith an I do. But oh! Biddy I wish you were a bottle of whiskey!

HARRY. Ha, ha! That last question was a poser to him.

BIDDY. I don't know what you mane by a poser, but I know he went out quick as iver he could, takin the crayter he's drank, and his whiskey bottle following soon after; may be as it came flying, he thought *that* was a poser.

(Exit Biddy.) (Quick Curtains.)

SCENE FIFTH.

[Bar Room at Ford's Hotel. Vacant room. A good deal of noise. Loud words heard from the adjoining room. Soon the report of a revolver, and a man is seen rushing across the stage, revolver in hand, followed by several others in close pursuit.)

(Men speaking at the same time) Catch him! Don't let the villian escape! Its meself that will follow him! Can't you hold him! Snatch away the revolver! What, are you afraid? For Heaven's sake don't let him get clear!

(Rushing out of the room. Boy in the rear, halting a moment at the door.)

Boy. *There* he's gone—But their close to his heels—Don't believe the whole posse of them can catch him though. Hurry! He's springing to his carriage! Lucky for him he left it there. He'll be off before they can get a warrant, catch him or find anyone to arrest him. I'll off to see how it comes out.

(Exit boy.)

(Enters Ford, glancing around.) Where's the boy,—gone of course when most needed! (Looking toward the inner door.) Bring him through this way gentlemen, It's the nearest way to the back sitting room. A surgeon will be in attendance directly. This way!

(Several gentlemen enter carrying the apparently lifeless form of Albert Merton, among the number is seen Harry Henderson.)

FORD, I think he has only fainted. The wound may prove serious enough, but I can't believe that it is fatal. (All exit. Re-enter boy.)

Boy. (Excitedly.) They've got him!

(Enter Harry.)

HARRY. Who?

Boy. Benson, the gambler. But not till after his horse rushing at such headlong speed, had run over Widow Brown's boy and killed him!

HARRY. Killed him!

Boy. So they say, and his mother has nearly gone crazy. Is Merton dead?

HARRY. No.

Boy. Glad of it, hope Benson'll catch it. I'll off and find out more. (Exit boy.)

HARRY. (With much feeling.) Oh! that I had kept clear of this place. I feel as though I too am a participant in crime. I have drank from the same glass, and of the same *dammning* liquor.—Have sat at the same table. Handled the same cards, taken part in the same game. Albert drank more, played more—risked and lost a large sum of money, and with brain on fire, commenced bandying words with the smooth tongued, deep dyed, villain who has reached the verge of the precipice of his dark career. Albert lies in your room a victim. Not so much a victim laid low by Benson's revolver, but a victim victimized by the effects of his own folly. Why do those words come so freshly to my mind and with such power. "Taste not, touch not, handle not the unclean thing!" I've often heard my mother repeat them. She knew their meaning, I never felt it till *now*. But now realizing its truth, I here pledge myself, in this Bar-room. The school where many a young man takes his first lesson in the shortest road to *destruction*, to abstain from all that can intoxicate, and from all the connecting vices. Not for a stated period of time, but for LIFE. And to do all in my power to awaken others to a realizing sense of their deadly influence over the youth of our country! May Heaven register, and help me to keep my vow.

(Curtain falls.)

SCENE SIXTH—Tableau and song. "Willie Brown."

Good by mother, Willie's going where the happy angels are,
No more sorrow, all is over, freed from every earthly care,
Though your darling, and your only, *one* in Heaven is now your own,
In your saddest hours 'twill cheer you, Willie there awaits you home,
All temptation darkly lurking, trials all, are not for him,
Though on earth no child to bless you, you have none in *haunts of sin*.

Though your way seems very gloomy and the night soon coming on,
Stars will rise you'll see them shining, Hope and Faith's begun to dawn,
And you'll wait for that bright morning to be gladly ushered in,
When you'll clasp again your Willie, Angel Willie free from sin,
Good by mother Willie's going where the happy angels are,
No more sorrow, all is over, Happy Willie waiting there.

(The above can be arranged according to the taste of the actors.)

SCENE SEVENTH.

(Parlor at Mr. Selby's. Blanche, and Harry Henderson, present.)

HARRY. I go home to-day—go home to commence a new life. I trust I shall be saved in time.—In time to do *some* good. I have a word to say to you my dear Cousin, which I hope may be received in the same spirit in which it is given. I am well aware that advice is seldom received or acted upon that is gratuitously offered from however pure motive, and therefore it is with great diffidence that I now speak. I allude to Albert Merton, First may I ask? Are you engaged?

BLANCHE. (Rather nervously.) No, we're not. Don't you like him?

HARRY. Yes, and *no*! I like him as a general sort of a companion, when he's altogether himself. Very many traits of character I admire. But as the future husband of my cousin Blanche, I should say No most decidedly. No woman should dare trust her happiness in his keeping. I thought the scenes of Thursday night have effected him for lasting good. But this very day I met him coming from the Hotel, his arm in a sling, and *he* the worse for liquor! I only exchanged salutations with him, He appeared to wish to avoid me. Back to the same den, where he came near receiving his death wound. Little Willie's grave, covered yet with its garlands of fresh flowers, twined by loving hands. His stricken mother, alone with her sorrow in her darkened home! Oh! Blanche promise me that you will *never* unite your destiny with this man, who is so firmly bound by the demonical bands of Intemperance. Will you my dear cousin?

BLANCHE. (Uneasily.) Why Harry, we're not engaged, and I don't know as we ever shall be. I don't think he was at all to blame in that affair at the hotel. Mrs. Brown sent Willie with my dress, when he was not well. That Benson ought to be hung for running over him. You and Maud ought to go together lecturing upon *cause and effect*. Its too deep for me.

HARRY. I'll deliver only this one to you, Blanche. "Marry Albert Merton, the effect would be a Drunkard's wife! and all the accompanying sorrows." Do not be offended. It has been an unpleasant duty for me to speak to you as I have. I will not say good by now, as I shall see you again before I leave.

(Exit Harry.)

BLANCHE. Oh dear! how they pester me!
"The course of true love never did run smooth."
Well Shakespeare knows, and I am learning.

(Bell rings. Enter Albert Merton. Blanche rises extends her hand, receives him very cordially. Both are then seated.)

ALBERT. Has your cousin returned home?

BLANCHE. Not yet. He takes the evening train. Do you wish to see him. I think he went down town.

ALBERT. Not particularly. Met him this morning. Thought he looked as though he had become a Deacon or Sexton, Ha, ha, ha.

BLANCHE. He is becoming quite serious minded. Has quit smoking, and I don't believe any one could possibly induce him to drink a glass of wine. 'Twas a sudden transformation.

ALBERT. Ye-s, (Drawingly.) He was terribly frightened they say, when that fellow fired his revolver. I received the whole charge though, (Raising his arm.) so he'll have nothing to pay. Not much *spirit* in your cousin, is there?

BLANCHE, (Laughing.) I should judge not, He's very sober.

HARRY. Ha ha ha! Well it's a beautiful day, I thought of proposing that we go over to the lake—

BLANCHE. I would like very much to go.

ALBERT. I'll call in about half an hour. There's a boat at the lake, a splendid one.

(Exit Albert.)

BLANCHE. I'll go. He certainly looks as though he'd been drinking. I don't care now I *like* him. He goes in style. If he proposes I'll accept him in spite of Maud, Harry or any one else.

(Enter Maud. Blanche about to leave the room.)

MAUD. You're not going out Blanche? Cousin Harry will be back presently.

BLANCHE. Yes, I'm going over to the lake.

MAUD. *Over to the Lake!* That is five miles away.

BLANCHE. I know that. But I'm going. I'm going with Albert Merton *too*. You needn't look so *dubious*, I promised to go, and I WILL go.

MAUD. How can you?

BLANCHE. How can I. Why just as anybody could, if they had a nice offer, accept it of course.

MAUD. Have you forgotten Thurs—

BLANCHE. I don't think there's much danger, I'm reminded of it so often. (Exit Blanche.)

MAUD. What can I do! I feel utterly powerless. To speak to Albert would be folly, and what influence I have ever had with her, is entirely lost in this case. She'll do as she pleases. My sister become the wife of a fast growing inebriate!— (Enter Blanche.)

BLANCHE. Oh, Maud don't be foolish. One would suppose you thought Al., had committed murder, and I was an accomplice going to *execution* with him. (Exit Maud, sadly.)

BLANCHE. (Singing carelessly.)

"Let Maud and Harry talk as they will,

"I'll be gay and happy still"

And while they're worrying for my sake,

I'll merrily sail across the lake.

Tra la la &c (Exit Blanche.)

(SCENE EIGHTH.)

(Mr Selby's parlor. One year later. Maud, Harry, Gertrude, present.)

HARRY. Coming here again recalls so vividly to my mind the scenes I saw enacted last year. If I could only forget, and yet that terrible scene at the Hotel and little Willie's death, were the means of awakening me. I have great cause to be thankful that I was saved in *time*. It would have taken but a short time ere I might have formed habits which would have held me as firmly in their iron grasp as they have Albert Merton. By the way I believe he resides in this town?

MAUD. Yes, but I seldom meet him. Blanche has never appeared the same since her marriage. I am well aware that she is very unhappy, but *too* proud to have us know.

HARRY. I understood it was an elopement.

MAUD. It was.

GERTRUDE. She used to say, she meant to elope, for it was quite the style in some places. (Glancing toward the door.) But there she comes.

(Enter Blanche. Maud and Gertrude speaks to her very cordially.)

HARRY. (Aside.) Can it be possible that *that* can be my cousin Blanche. (Advancing and extending his hand.) Cousin Blanche, how do you do? I was intending to call down to-day, but am very glad to meet you here.

BLANCHE. I learned this morning that you were to deliver an address on Temperance in the Hall, this evening. I am happy to meet you, if only for a moment.

MAUD. Stay, why must you be in haste. Do stay, we'll send for Albert.

BLANCHE. Thank you I only called for a moment, I have errands which will admit of no delay. I hope you will have a large and attentive audience at the Hall to-night cousin Harry.

HARRY. You will be present and—and Albert.

BLANCHE. It will be impossible for me to attend.—I must go, Good by.

GERTRUDE. She did not ask you to call.

MAUD. I knew she would not. She's very proud, and her home is a sad one, very unlike the stylish one of her bright anticipation I knew in her heart she would bid you "God speed" in the cause you have taken. But if there isn't Albert.

(Enter Albert, in a state of intoxication. Dressed quite shabbily.)

HARRY. (Aside.) And can that be the Albert Merton of one year ago!

(Maud arises and offers a chair.)

ALBERT. Don't offer me a chair, hic—can't sit down. (Turning toward Harry.) Is that you Harry, hic, your a hic Temperance Lecturer eh. Wouldn't dr-hic-ink with a fellow now would ye. I thought I saw Bl-Blanche come in here. (Looking foolishly around.) Where's Blanche? I'm de-ter-mined to follow her. She ain't here, I'll hic find her. I'll follow her. (Exit Albert. In the distance.) I'll follow her, follow her.

MAUD. Oh! my poor sister, what a fate is her's! (Weeps.)

GERTRUDE. How very sad.

HARRY. Albert appears to have drowned his wits in the glass. But there may be some hope for him yet.

MAUD. Oh! if there might be! If God would bless our united efforts to reclaim him.

HARRY. I trust He will. We must be hopeful and prayerful, and if we do not meet with success in his case or others of similitude, it should deter us not, but rather incite us to renewed action in the good and glorious cause of Temperance. But if there isn't our old friend Biddy O'Murry.

(Enter Biddy, Wearily sitting down.)

BIDDY. Good afternoon to you all. I only stopped in to rest a bit on my way home. Ah, me thinks washing every day of the week saving Sunday, don't make one feel as young as they once was, that it don't.

HARRY. Why I thought you had a husband Biddy.

BIDDY. You've spaked the truth in saying that, ar so I have, an the dear little Blanche has a husband too, and a sight of the heartache besides, so she has.

GERTRUDE. Does Patrick drink as much as ever?

BIDDY. As iver? If drinking ivery time he can git the crayther is it, I should think he does. He spends most ever penny he arns, at the Tavern.

HARRY. Ford has License then?

BIDDY. Yes indeed, so he says, and said he to me when I was plading to him not to sell Patrick whiskey, said he Patrick WILL drink, and if I don't let him have it somebody else will. I repated these words to him which I composed for the occasion.

GERTRUDE. You, Biddy.

BIDDY. Yes, (Rising.) I niver knew I was a Poit afore. Said I:

Oh. Misther Ford, if 'twas my dying worred,
I would say you are a mane man fursooth,
For what a man can pay, you will nibble all
away,

And bite him at last with your tooth,
When you know Patrick's cum for whiskey or
for rum,

Doant you call a toad a fish, and sarve him in
a dish

Nor the Eval One sell in disguise.

Though you laike not what I've said by the
shaking of your head,

Biddy O'Murry won't be iver kaping still,
She will spake what's in her mind that iver
you will find,

If she don't—Why somebody else will.

(Exit Biddy.)

HARRY. Good for Biddy.

MAUD. Biddy is alway sprepared with something.

HARRY. (To Gertrude.) What were those lines you were speaking of this morning?

GERTRUDE. Those! Oh! "The Appeal." I will get them, perhaps we can sing them. (Going out returning presently.) There they are, we shall have time I think.

HARRY. Ample time. I do not intend commencing before eight. (Visitors could be present and aid in singing.) As these lines depict our sentiments, so faithfully, we can sing them feeling that our united voices will but give expression to the sublime and harmonious principles of Faith, Hope and Charity.

SONG—THE APPEAL.

I have read that o'er the altar, vowed young
Hannibal, the child,
To Rome eternal hatred in an oath both vain
and wild,
But to RUM eternal hatred will we vow in
terms more wild,
Yet strange and true as Heaven.

Will you help to save the fallen, though in
depths of want and sin,
By repeated acts of kindness to the ways of
virtue win,
Guide the footsteps of the erring where the
paths of peace begin,
Forgive as you'd be forgiven.

Will you help to rear a structure which Heav-
en shall smile upon,
Not a shaft of soulless marble standing motion-
less alone,
But one which future ages will arise and add
thereon
Beauty and strength and power.

Composed will be this structure of human
hearts and hands,
Firm and earnestness of purpose in Love's fra-
ternal bands,
Not voiceless nor yet music heard like that on
Egypt's sands,
At the early sunrise hour.

Ah no! for prayers arising will wend their way
to Him,
Who can open eyes now blinded, who can
cleanse the heart from sin,
Sweet the orisons outpouring in Faith trium-
phant hymn,
He will hear and will award.

While Hopes celestial numbers on buoyant
wings will soar,
Charity her sweetest blessings on every breeze
will pour.
As himself he loves his neighbor, will be
graven on each door,
'Tis him who loves the Lord.

(Curtain.)

[For the Golden Rule.]

DRAINING THE WINE GLASS.

C. H. KILMER.

We introduce the reader to the home of Arthur Gardner, in the village of L—— not a thousand miles from Albany. It is Christmas night and the biting, whistling wind, in its mad gyrations, piles higher the drifting snow.

"A bitter cold night," says the man who is warmly wrapped in furs, overcoat and overshoes. But does he realize the depth of those words, as does the shivering mendicant wandering in the street, or as does the wife of Arthur Gardner, as she sits shivering over the last embers of the last stick of wood, in a house once her own, and handsomely furnished, but now comparatively a hovel? She is thinking of the past. Oh, what a dark cloud the past ten years have rolled upon the bright sky of her youth.

At twenty a devotee of the ball-room and the giddy pleasure of the world; heeding not the good angel's warning. At twenty-one, a bride. At twenty-two, rejoicing in happy maternity and a husband rapidly gaining eminence in profession of the law: but a dark cloud hung like a midnight pall over her path. At twenty-five the wife of a confirmed drunkard. Then the years of tears, entreaties, unrequited love, shame and remorse, and now he who ten years since, led her, a happy bride to the altar, swearing to protect, is an abandoned profligate, gambler and licentiate. Her boastings that she could reform Arthur after marriage had proved to be idle words.

Where is he to-night? Tears came to her eyes with the thought, and she wept. She thinks of the little grave up in the cemetery, covered with snow. She weeps for the child before her in the crib, fitfully breathing amid feverish dreams and hungry cravings. She thinks of her father who disowned her, yet he worshiped that which had destroyed her happiness. He thought his table barren unless he saw on it the sparkling wine. He is amassing a fortune, building upon the ashes of his unfortunate fellow-mortals. We wish that while he rides in his gilded equipage an ocean of tears from mother, wives, children—from a *daughter*—might overwhelm him as did the waters the hosts

of Pharaoh. She weeps and thinks of Mary Livingston, whom she had derided for her prudish notions, and because she married a dirty mechanic. She now sees Charles Livingston occupying an eminent position in life. Remorse for the unredeemable past comes to her mind and she tries to fathom the hidden depths of the future.

Where would these scenes of misery end and what the life of her little boy before her? If like his father! Ah no! She vowed to save him from such a life—vows that her life shall be devoted in keeping him from the wine-glass. She prays for strength to sustain her in all trials and while in the attitude of prayer she hears staggering footsteps at the door. She knew them to be her husband's. He enters and curses her for not opening the door. She utters: "Father in Heaven deliver me from this wretchedness!"

He advances toward her. She does not see the wild glare in his eyes—the drunken madness that nerves his arm to strike the blow that renders her insensible. Then in his frenzy he piles the scanty remains of his scanty furniture, lights it, and goes out leaving his wife and child to perish in the flames.

The light of the burning dwelling aroused the adjacent neighbors who gave the alarm. Charles Livingston was first to enter the house. The hot flames and smoke stifled him but he pressed on and found the mother and child, unconscious of their danger. He bore them in his arms to the window, where his terrified neighbors met him and assisted him out with his burdens. The efforts to save the house were unavailing and the dawn of day revealed the blackened and charred skeleton of a ruined home—ruined by the wine glass.

The deference of public opinion forced Mr. Bradford to take his daughter home, contrary to his will. Mrs. Livingston took the baby to her home, and by good nursing and food it was soon restored to health.

Agnes Gardner still unconscious, was taken to a room in the servants apartment, which, had she been conscious, she would have preferred to the luxuriousness purchased with the Devil's coin.

Mr. Bradford ordered his housekeeper (his

wife had been dead ten years) to appoint a servant to attend to the wants of his daughter, and then dismissed the subject from his mind.

Dr. B——soon arrived having been ordered by Mr. Livingston, who feared there might be something serious in the case of Agnes. The servant had aroused her from her swoon, but the Doctor found her mind wandering and feared an attack of fever. She talked of Eddy, and Arthur, and of her husband. It was a pitiful sight to see that crushed spirit and bruised body, moaning with feverish delirium, crushed and bruised by the wine-glass. By the aid of opiates she was quieted, and in the morning the doctor found that his medicine and the faithfulness of the servant had subdued the fever, but the wildness still remained—*she was insane*. One, two, three, four weeks and the same insanity remained. The Doctor could find no clue to the cause except a bunch on her head, which suggested the possibility of an injury which had disturbed the brain. He mentioned the fact to Mr. Bradford and thought it best to make a surgical examination, but Mr. B., laughed and told him that the bunch had been there since her childhood. "I shall send her to the Insane Asylum to-morrow," added Mr. Bradford; which astonished Dr. B——, but he said nothing.

Twenty years have elapsed and Agnes Gardner is still at the Asylum. What has the life of these years been to her? Twenty years of blankness. Twenty years of life with beings worse than brutes. Twenty years, shut from the world, yet living in the world—a living death caused by the wine-glass. Will the mornning never come? Yes it is dawning, but through the darkness of a horrible night.

Charles Livingston has been living in a flourishing town in Michigan nineteen years, having remained in L—— but one year after the opening of our story. On the evening of Aug. 16th, 18—, an engagement party was assembled at his home. It was a pleasant party, and the many friends of the family wished Laura Livingston and Edward Gardner, much happiness in their new relation of life. All seemed pleased with the affair. Mr. and Mrs. Livingston

did not conceal their approval. Edward is their adopted son. Adopted from a home destroyed by an inebriate father. That they are not unreasonably proud is asserted by the handsome and intelligent features, the noble mind, the gentlemanly bearing, and christian character of Edward. He bears a close resemblance to his father in his young days, but how wide the difference in their moral character. A *wine-glass* spans the gulf between them.

That Edward is not unreasonably proud is asserted by the intellectually handsome features and ladylike beauty of Laura. Laura's brother Frank, joyously congratulates his sister and intended brother-in-law. The party dispersed at a late hour satisfied with the enjoyment of a pleasant occasion.

The next morning at breakfast the family noticed that the usually happy features of Edward were clouded. They guessed the meaning and pitied him, but strove to divert his mind with pleasantries.

Frank playfully asked if the prospect of a wife darkened his joy? to which Mr. Livingston added: "If so I will take back my Christmas present." (They were to be married the next Christmas.)

Edward assured them it was something of an entirely different nature and proved it by the loving looks given to Laura.

After breakfast and prayers, the family dispersed to their several duties. Edward went to his office, and as he sat there he thought of his last night's dream. He dreamed he saw his father upon a scaffold. The fatal rope was around his neck and he knew it was his father although his face was covered, Skeleton human-beings danced upon the scaffold, and one more hideous than the rest sat upon a coffin. He heard the clatter of their bony joints and jaws as they danced and yelled. They dipped their glasses in a sea of liquor and mockingly drank to the health of their victims. Above the sound of rattling glasses he heard a quick rushing sound, and in a moment a huge winged serpent appeared and drew the bolt. There was a crash and he awoke.

He could not drive out the thought of his horrid dream. He intuitively felt that the dream was in some way connected with the face of his father. Where is that father?

Is he an outcast villain or does he fill a drunkard's grave. He felt that the dream was also connected in some way with the man who was to be hung the next Friday, for the murder of a clerk in one of the stores, six months since.

Mr. Livingston had spoken of the slight resemblance of Woolworth and his father and if such might possibly be the case, the features and general bearing were so changed by a life of crime that they completely disguised the fact. Then came to Edward the thought: "Why did the murderer refuse my services when offered and recommended as the first lawyer in the country?" He then regretted that he had been obliged to be away during the trial. Then he thought of his mother, whom he had never seen since old enough to remember, in a far off State, growing old with a destroyed intellect. How many homes hast thou and wilt thou destroy, O Intemperance with thy ruthless hand!

Here the entrance of Mr. Livingston interrupted his thought, and started him with the following announcement: "I received a few moments since a note from Woolworth requesting an interview with you and I at our earliest convenience."

"What can he want?" asked Edward, half-divining what the interview was to reveal.

"We will see what we'll see," answered Mr. Livingston solemnly. They started immediately for the jail, and having secured permission were admitted by the jailer to Woolworth's cell. Woolworth sat upon his bed when they entered, in an attitude of abandoned despondency, and did not look up until Mr. Livingston said. "Well Mr. Woolworth we are here!"

"I thank you gentlemen, and you will soon know why I have requested your presence. I am fast nearing the end of life, and criminal and abandoned as my life has been there is a small vestige of humanity remaining. You will soon know Edward why I declined your counsel for my defense. Although I plead not guilty I am guilty of the murder, but it was rum that nerved my arm and stimulated my wicked thirst for money. Charles Livingston you were the friend and companion of my youth

—start not sir, I will soon explain;—intemperance and crime have erased all traces, but my memory is left me still. You often warned me, but your injunctions were not heeded." Here the condemned man paused a moment. You knew Agnes Bradford in L—— who married Arthur Gardner?"

"Yes she is in an Insane Asylum."

"Insane? My God! that terrible truth has clung to me like a phantom! That cruel blow! that terrible night! My lost Agnes!" Woolworth sank back upon his bed exhausted.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Edward and Mr. Livingston simultaneously, staggered by the revelation they half expected, as they approached him and seized his hand.

"Touch not that polluted hand" said Woolworth, as he jerked it from them. It is stained with the blood of humanity! It has blasted the life of a loving wife! That blow upon her head is the cause of her insanity! Perhaps it may be cured." Edward again approached.—No! no! my soul is stained with untold crimes, the pollution of hell is upon me! I am all that remains of Arthur Gardner!"

Edward covered his face and wept, but he soon recovered, as he remembered the condition of that father.

"Father, the vilest sinner may return."

"I have committed the unpardonable sin.

There is no hope, Leave me alone."

"But you will permit me to pray for you?"

"No, you may call to-morrow. Leave me!"

"Mr. Livingston thought it best to leave and call again the next day.

"It is as I dreamed" sighed Edward as they emerged into the street.

"Yes, it is as we all half feared, but your mother will, I hope soon be restored to you."

"How?"

"The blow from your father caused her insanity. Dr. B—— spoke to me of it, but his opinion was overruled by your grandfather. The Doctor then thought that if correct in supposition as to the cause of her insanity, a surgical operation would restore her to sanity. I shall leave for L—— next Monday. Get Dr. B——, go to the Asylum and return with your mother."

"God grant it!"

Here they parted, at a street corner. Mr. Livingston to return to the Bank, and Edward's heart grew heavy, as he thought how Laura might take the fact of his being the son of a murderer. This was one of the trials that taught him the fact that she possessed a true heart. He told them all. They pitied, but none scorned.

The following morning the city was startled by the report that Woolworth was dead. The cause of his death was never known, but supposed, that he in some way was his own executioner. Mr. Livingston explained the case to the authorities who permitted him to have the body buried in in the public cemetery in the night, and the new-made grave with a headstone bearing the simple inscription, "Arthur Gardner," caused much wonderment among the visitors.

This affair hastened Mr. Livingston's mission to the East. He arrived at L—— Friday and found Dr. B——, who was still a skillful surgeon and practitioner of medicine, but growing gray in the service. He had not forgotten the circumstances, and was eager to know the sequel.

While on their way to the Asylum, Mr. Livingston inquired about Mr. Bradford, and was surprised to learn of his death.

"They say" said the Dr., "that he died of typhoid fever, but it was *delirium-tremens*. His immense wealth was found to be a bubble. He was another victim, sir, to the damnable liquor traffic. He ruined thousands, and drank of the wine-cup until it sent him to his eternity." "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink," added Mr. Livingston.

They arrived at the Asylum in the evening, explained to the officers the object of their visit, and were conducted to the room of Mrs. Gardner. They found her sleeping, and immediately administered chloroform and proceeded with the operation. A piece of bone was found to have penetrated the skull. This was removed, the wound carefully dressed, and they waited developments. She soon awaked, as from a swoon and suddenly exclaimed, "Ha! they've come to murder Eddy and me!" They began to think the case hopeless until after casting her eyes slowly around she said:

"You are the father of Dr. B——?"

It was the first dawning of reason. The awakening from a long wild dream. The first sane words she had uttered in twenty years.

"I am Dr. B——" replied the doctor scarcely able to conceal his joy at the prospect of the success of his operation.

"And you?" she said looking at Mr. Livingston.

"I am Charles Livingston, formerly of L——."

"I cannot understand! I!—and she sank back exhausted.

"You are in an Insane Asylum," said Dr. B——

"Insane? How? When?"

"Twenty years ago. A blow from your husband who had been drinking was the cause."

"And where is Eddy?"

"He is a young man now," said Mr. Livingston.

She placed her hand upon her forehead as if her enfeebled mind could not penetrate the veil.

"And my husband?"

Mr. Livingston hesitated to speak until assured by the doctor of no harm.

"He is dead."

She sank back and wept. "Can I see Edward," she said after a pause.

"Yes, he is in Michigan, at my home.

After this she said but little, her feeble mind needed rest, after the long prostration. They started for Mr. Livingston's home, the early part of the next week, and the scene of the meeting of mother and son I will not attempt to describe. It was the morning of a new life.

The next Christmas eve, there was a happy party assembled at Mr. Livingston's, to witness the union of two hearts already beating as one. Edward was made doubly happy by the presence of his mother. Her mind wanders back to that sad Christmas day, twenty years ago. She thanks God for her present happiness.

After the bridal tour they all returned to L——. Mrs. Gardner visited but once the grave of her husband. She lives with Edward, who owns a handsome residence that sits upon the ashes of her former home.

Her benefactor Mr. Livingston owns the former residence of her father. Made to drink of the bitterest dregs of the wine-glass, and redeemed by the severest trials, she is an effective temperance worker, and is waiting for the summons of the good Angel.

[For the Golden Rule.]

WOMANS' SPHERE.

In the GOLDEN RULE for Nov., Luhale admits the equality of man and woman but restricts her to a round of household duties, in other words the sphere of wife and mother.

We are all familiar with honest noble women who earn their own and others support outside of this narrow field who deserve and command the respect of all. The capacity of women varies the same as man's and needs the same unlimited sphere of action.

The great necessity is not the franchise, but the change of the customs and opinions now prevalent, that deny her the privilege of seeking suitable fields for the exercise of her various abilities. Good things come slowly, and the ballot will, more than any other one thing help to change in her favor deep rooted prejudices and efface old landmarks that confine her to a sphere which is too much like a cage for a wild bird that gives no freedom for the exercise of God given talents.

The need of greater liberty is manifest, for there is and always will be a large number who must battle with the ills of life hand to hand. Not because they choose it always, but because circumstances which they cannot control force the necessity upon them. The avenues of remunerative labor being closed by the rude sneers of the world and the coarse insults of associates, and the means of support otherwise available being inadequate to supply the daily wants of life, has driven many who dearly loved virtue and loathed vice, from the pure path.

Men often find themselves engaged in a business unsuited to their abilities and change for another. Why not give woman the same liberty? "That" some one answers "Would destroy the sacredness of the home circle." It will not! They are not all adapted to the discharge of household duties which thereby renders them restless and discontented. Countless homes, are homes only

in name, because the wife and mother is totally unfit to be the companion of children or for the control of domestic affairs, who, could she come to them from a vocation that by its fitness, tasked neither her nerves or temper, would be to her husband a well-spring of joy and delight.

The care of very young children necessarily devolves upon woman, otherwise she should seek congenial employment. Her capacity in many branches of business is already proved. Cases innumerable are on record where her wisdom, coolness and sagacity succeeded where men failed.

Was one half of the world endowed with talents simply to be forever restricted in the use of them? No! surely not, and no woman should be ashamed to stand before the world in the exercise of any capacity with which nature has endowed her. The difficulty and the remedy lies chiefly with themselves. Educated for a state of dependence, taught certain limits beyond which they must not go, they are timid and backward in assuming rights which only public opinion now forbids. For this purpose strong capable women must be found that in the cause of right are steadfast against the storm of public opinion which will subside at their success. Then in the "good time coming," we shall find them in the true sphere that of filling any and every position for which they are adapted, the equals of men in rights and privileges as they are by nature.

CLARA POTTER.

[For the Golden Rule.]

A SHORT PLEA FOR THE JEWS.

BY LILLIAN.

We read the thrilling account of Jesus' suffering and death, and our hearts throb with pity and indignation; pity for the son of God so maltreated, so abused; indignation, towards the Jews who could so cruelly treat so good a person (even if they did believe him an impostor) for was he not all gentleness and love and goodness? We exclaim against the extreme wickedness of that time and in our self complacency say: "We would never have done so. We would have loved and revered him and respected his teaching." Be not too sure oh! wise heart! We are fallible and prone to evil, we are apt to denounce as impostors all who may start a new creed. We will speak with great scorn of a new thought (only I do believe be-

cause we did not first think of it ourselves) and stubbornly declare it is false even after we are convinced it is true. I think of all that was at stake when Jesus came among the Jews. He made laws and assertions directly at variance with the great laws of Moses. He instituted new forms and customs, He done away with all their styles of worship and inaugurated new. To be sure as we look at it to-day we can see that the new way is better, simpler. But place ourselves in the Jews position. Let our cherished customs be attacked. Let some one, whom we know not, attempt to set aside our great law giver and what would we do? We might not scourge and crucify (because we are more enlightened than those ancient dwellers of Jerusalem) but methinks in our way we would treat a reformer as cruelly as they. Thinking of all this I cannot hate the Jews. I pity and respect them. Moses to them was great and good, They loved him and believing his laws to be written by inspiration, they rejected the man whom they thought would overthrow all his teachings. Are we so perfect that we need to draw our clothes of self righteousness around us, away from the polluting touch of a Hebrew; saying: "Stand thou aside, I am holier than thou!" "Judge not that ye be not Judged."

ATCHINSON KANSAS.

AN INCIDENT.

E. Z. C. JUDSON, (NED BUNTLINE.)

A few days since, I met a young man whom I knew years ago as a bright and intelligent boy and in whom I felt a deep interest. Since the close of the war, I had lost sight of him, and when I met him, naturally inquired what he was doing and how he prospered,

Glancing at the emblems on my breast, he said while a blush suffused his face,

"I am in a business of which you do not approve—I am in the liquor-trade!"

"Why do you blush?" I asked.

"Well, I know of no man on earth whose good opinion I would rather have than yours," he answered; and I know I cannot have it while in this business!"

"It is true," I answered; "had I met you with a street-sweeper's broom in your hand, or a rag-picker's bag on your shoulder, I would have warmly grasped your hand, or offered you aid to find a more pleasant occupation. I shook your hand just now as that of an old acquaintance; but I did not think that I was touching the hand of a destroyer when I did so or I would have shrunk from it."

"A destroyer! What do you mean?"

"That you fill the cup of madness; that you make wives and children weep; you take from the laborer his strength; from the man of reason his sense, his self-respect, his honor and his truth. That you hurry men to dishonored graves, incite men of honor to deeds of blood—" "Stop, stop!" he cried. "I know it is a mean-business, a cursed trade; but I *must* make a living."

"Make a living by entailing woe on others? Make a living by doing that which brings the blush of shame on your young cheek? Better take an ax and go into the dense forests of the north, and fell the mighty pines and live on coarse food and the drink God distills and gives to all his creatures? Better take the pick and delve in the deep bowels of the subterranean mine; better labor in the harvest field, or furl canvass to the rising storm—do anything but help to swell the army doomed to perdition eternal; for if no drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven, think you a just God will do better for the drunkard maker?"

His eyes flashed with rising anger; but soon his better nature conquered, and there was moisture where fire had been sparkling as he said,

"I will get out of the business. I never liked it. I will get out of it. Will you receive me as a friend when I do?"

"As a brother, with love and honor!" I answered. "As one rescued from a fearful peril and the shadow of a great sin!"

We parted, and I look anxiously for the hour when he will come and say, "Brother, I have sinned, but with God's help I will sin no more!"

There are thousands this day engaged in the fearful traffic who do not realize the work of destruction to soul and body in which they are engaged. May this incident reach their eyes—~~ay~~ their souls, too, and cause them to turn from that which works woe to others!—[Temperance Advocate.

SLANDERERS.—Let no one suppose that by acting a good part through life he will escape scandal. There will be those even who hate them for the very qualities that ought to procure esteem. There are some folks in the world who are not willing that others should be better than themselves.

Gluttony is the source of our infirmities, and the foundation of all our disease. As a lamp is choked by a superabundance of oil, a fire extinguished by excess of fuel, so is the natural health of the body destroyed by intemperate diet.

THE POET'S CORNER.

[For the Golden Rule.]

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

BY S. A. MOTT.

I.

Hearts are breaking with deep anguish,
Souls in sin and sorrow languish,

While the days are going by.
Then will you not speak out one word,
That in their lives hope may be stirred,
And they from sin may be deterred,

While the days are going by?

II.

Here's a fellow creature following
Down the steps of Hell appalling

While the days are going by.
Ho! then extend a helping hand
To break the tempters silken band,
That he once more a man may stand
While the days are going by!

III.

Here's a woman in her shame—
Man was more than her to blame—

While the days are going by.
With heedless eye, then pass her not
Lest she should choose Death's peaceful lot,
Should charge you with each awful spot
When the days are all gone by.

IV.

There's sin and folly everywhere,
Foul spots upon the earth so fair,
While the days are going by.
Then strive to work with heart and brain
To cleanse away each filthy stain
That world and life may shine again,
While the days are going by.

[For the Golden Rule.]

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

BY MRS GEO. D. HYDE.

Sat the drunkard's wife at midnight,
Brooding o'er her life of woe,
While the pitying stars shone softly
Lighting up the streets below.

Two pale children slept beside her,
Straw and rags their only bed;
"Father! take them home," she pleaded,
"Take them home! or give them bread.

Hark! what was that, Angel's voices?
No; 'twas in the street below,
"Home, sweet home,"—we used to sing it,
In the vanished long ago,

Over a cottage, vine embowered,
Singing birds about the door,
Sunshine streaming through the window
On our dainty Cottage floor.

There my husband—freed from toil—
With our merry Elfs would play
As they joyous, ran to meet him,
In their childish, loving way.

Once he loved us—ere the serpent
Lured him with his fatal glow,
Ere he turned to hell, the heaven
Love made for us, long ago.

"Home, sweet home," how sweet it sounded,
Bringing memories strangely sweet;
Like the bow that spans the heavens
"Where the rain and sunshine meet."

Through this rain of sorrow, falling
O'er my waste of blighted bloom,
Beams the days of old before me,
Lighting up my cheerless room,

"Home, sweet home," we used to sing it!
It was once our evening song,—
"And shall be yet! God helping me,"
Spoke a voice up, clear and strong.

"Home, sweet home," I heard them sing it
Thoughtless songsters in the street,
But it brought my heart to tears
For visions of our home so sweet

Came before me, and the song
That we used to sing at even,
Broke the tyrant's spell that bound me
And new light and strength were given.

"Home, sweet home," once more we'll
sing it
In our little cottage home.
It shall wafted be to heaven,
On the summer breeze along.

Now that mother's heart runs gladly
In a happy joyous beat
And her tears make joyous tinting,
For the rain and sunshine meet.

Now she humbly prays "Our Father
Give us still our daily bread;"
Then gently kisses smiling faces
Sleeping soft in trundle bed.

[For the Golden Rule.]

LAKE COMO.

BY LUCY E. MACKLEM.

*There's a distant spot, where the foot hath been,
And we dream and muse and dream again
As we wander now, where we wandered then.
For we hear the song of the whippoorwill—
And we list to the night winds, blowing, chill—
We stand again by the beautiful Lake—
Where the pale old moon will a vigil take—
For the stars will all-night-long, keep 'wake—
O'er the Lake—the Lake—the beautiful Lake,*

*There's a distant spot where foot hath been,
And we dream and muse and dream again
As we wander now, where we wandered then.
Ho! the leafy boughs of the forest trees,
Are gently stirred by the passing breeze,
And the stars their deathly fingers twine,
O'er the ebon cliffs, in the pale moonshine,
As over the waters, swift and slow,
The midnight "Fairies" come and go—
Oh, ho! what a dance—how wildly they dance,
As over the waters, the "Fairies" prance.*

*There's a distant spot wherethe foot hath been.
And we dream and muse and dream again
As we wander now, where we wandered, then.
Just over yonder, over the hill—
There comes the sound of a bab'ling rill—
And the night-winds each blow a little horn,
That swiftly shakes the silken corn—
As down on the meadows far below,
The greensward's waving too and fro—
Oh, ho! what a dance—how wildly they dance
As over the greensward "Fairies" prance.*

*There's a distant spot, where the foot hath been
And we dream and muse and dream again
As we wander now, where we wandered, then.
Not, all the sighs of the passing breeze—
Not all the leaves of the forest trees—
Not, all the stars on the welkin, high—
Nor, all the "Fairies" dancing nigh—
Compare with the music, here below,
As Friendship's voices—come and go—
Oh, ho! how they dance—how wildly they dance
As o'er Life's ocean, Memories prance.*

WHAT WE SHALL BE.

What we when face to face we see
The father of our souls, shall be,
John tells us doth not yet appear:
Ah! did he tell what we are here?

A mind for thoughts to pass into,
A heart for love to travel through,
Five senses to detect things near,—
Is this the whole that we are here!

Rules baffle instincts, instincts, rules;
Wise men are bad, and good are fools;
Facts evil, wishes vain, appear:—
We cannot go—why are we here?

O! may we for assurance sake
Some arbitrary judgment take,
And willfully pronounce it clear
For this or that tis we are here?

Or is it right, and will it do,
To face the sad confusion through,
And say—it doth not yet appear
What we shall be—what we are here?

Ah yet when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head;
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us receive;

Must still believe for still we hope
That in a world of larger scope,
What here is faithfully begun
Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we
That ampler life together see,
Some true result will yet appear
Of what we are, together, here.

ABIDE IN ME.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

That mystic word of Thine, O Sovereign Lord!
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.

Abide in me—o'ershadow by thy love,
Each half formed purpose and dark thought
of sin;

Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as Thine—calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own—

So when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it
thrown.

Abide in me; there have been moments pure
When I have seen thy face, and felt thy power;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons, beautiful and rare;
Abide in me—and they shall ever be;
I pray Thee now fulfil my earnest prayer,
Come and abide in me, and I in Thee.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

In our childhood's days, when, to our vivid imagination, Santa Claus was a veritable being of Fairy-like proportions, but sufficiently tangible to bear generous gifts to good little children, we remember the wonderful mystery which shrouded Christmas morning. Why was it a "Merry Christmas? When the stocking which hung by the old fashioned fire place was filled to overflowing with gifts of the mysterious "Santa," we were more than usually happy. This, however, was not essential to happiness. Christmas morning never dawned without the heart being pervaded with a glow of peace; perhaps the greeting of Merry Christmas was cause ample for this peace, so true it is that little words, even tho' carelessly spoken, have a wonderful influence upon the heart, either in promoting its happiness or casting a cloud over its sunshine. Later in life, now, when the story of the birth of the gentle Nazarene, and his mission "of peace on earth and good will to man" is so familiar, we wonder not that the day which witnessed the Saviour's birth should be one of rejoicing. All the good which, on that day was made possible to humanity—who can compute? or who can, or shall dare imagine what this world would have been, had Jesus, the personification of the Father, never appeared to wrest the benighted world from its heathen superstitions, and bring to light, through his life and resurrection, the exalted mission, and the incomprehensible possibilities of the human soul? Yet, one Christmas after another comes to greet us—the usual salutations are interchanged and we pass on as before, little realizing the depth of solemn meaning with which each returning holiday is fraught—little heeding the lessons that are unfolded as the pages of life are turned one by one—unmindful of the duties, small and unpretending, which, faithfully performed, assist in making each returning anniversary

of the birth of our Saviour a genuine Merry Christmas. It is a pleasure, not unmingled with pain to contemplate the happiness and peace which would crown earth's children, could the truths which Christ exemplified in his life and death, become not merely in profession but in actual, practical possession of all whom he died to save. To see Faith in God exemplified by a faith in man not liable to betrayal.—To see the hopes which we cherish so fondly for ourselves, sufficiently broad and high and strong to envelope all humanity.—To see the Charity which we crave for our own imperfections so ample and exalted that its arms of mercy should encircle in a loving embrace all the creatures of a Kind Fathers watchful solicitude.—To find the rule by which men squared their lives, to be none other than the Golden Rule of Love.—Would not this be joy? Would not this be the millennium!

Place what *might be* by the actual *is* and the contrast is painful.

Would that the greeting "Merry Christmas," were but an echo of an earnest purpose to which each and all had consecrated their lives; that of promoting the good and therefore the happiness of others. None can so truly appreciate the Merry Christmas as he to whom the greeting comes as a plaudit from his Master for duty well performed. To him, who earnestly strives to *be good and do good* this salutation is far from meaningless or mysterious. The golden beams which break the dawning of that day that gave a Saviour birth, also renew within his heart new hopes, new aspirations and more intense longings to see that day approach which shall herald the coming of that Saviour's kingdom in the earth. For this he prays, for *this* he labors; and in doing this lies his great reward.

Brother and Sister Templars and friends of Temperance, Christ's Kingdom is one of peace and good will to men. It has no sympathy, no part or lot where discord and

contentions dwell. Therefore, His Kingdom can never come "and his will be done in the earth" while Alcohol, the enemy to all peace and good will, shall have a habitation here. Then as we love our Saviour, as we hope for the blessing of his approbation, and the peace which he alone can confer, let us resolve that our Merry Christmas greeting shall be a sincere, a life long effort to promote his cause, and prepare the way for His coming, by seeking to banish intemperance, and its accompanying evil, from the land. That wisdom and energy and, above all, will and determination may be given to each of us to prosecute this work to its final accomplishment is our earnest prayer while we wish each of you a most hearty and most sincere "MERRY CHRISTMAS."

COLD WATER TEMPLES.

The education of the young in strict principles of temperance, is, if not the most important, certainly, a very necessary step in the accomplishment of the grand and glorious work in which all temperance people are enlisted. The best method to be employed in the prosecution of this education is to be decided by actual experience, or without an opportunity for this, from our judgment of the needs and nature of the young, their capacity for understanding and appreciating the principles to be taught. Little by little, by precept and example, their tender young minds are being impressed and molded, either in beautiful and symmetrical proportions, or, distorted by contaminating associations and evil communications, are becoming so dwarfed, disfigured and bent that the golden rays from the celestial city can hardly penetrate to the immortal gem hidden beneath the rubbish of accumulated impurities. That these golden opportunities should be unheeded and unimproved by those who are rightfully the guides, the directors of these young immortal minds, it is fearful to contemplate. And yet all unconsciously this is being done. The little hungry, starving waifs, cast out upon the sea of life, without rudder or compass, deprived of parental love and watchful care—home but another name for misery and debauchery—the street affording only a different phase to the same sad humiliating story—the little

ones starving in body and famishing for that love which we thoughtlessly squander on filthy lucre or the flippery of fashion and dress. Are these not all about us?—To take these little ones from the depth of degradation which circumstances have made their native element. To raise them out of this mire and filth; to paint to them the beautiful life which abstinence from evil and a course of virtue and honesty insures to its followers, is the mission of the Order of Cold Water Templars. Nor to these alone does it open its doors to warm and bless. There is not a child, however fortunate in the possession of friends and fortune, who would not be benefited by a membership in this Order.

Intemperance is an evil which, irrespective of family, home or friends, snatches its victims from all classes, and to all proves equally destructive. All, therefore, require instruction in principles of Total Abstinence. Neither your son or my daughter are safe from the power of the tempter. And it were folly and presumption to refuse any safeguard which love or wisdom could throw about them to shield them from its evil. Therefore, we plead for the education of the young in temperance principles, before the tempter shall weave a net of habit about them which shall prove their swift destruction.

The revised Ritual adopted by the Grand Lodge of this State, at its recent session in Albany, requires by its pledge total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, tobacco and profanity. The rules and regulations of this order are simple and easily understood by the children. These Temples, while being a Juvenile Department of the I. O. of G. T., can be instituted wherever desired, as all, after attaining the age of eight years, are eligible to membership. This order thus becoming a lovely and delightful temperance home for the young and old. The unwritten work of the order has an attraction for the young and subserves a useful purpose.

We believe that in no other way can the object desired, be so surely attained as by instituting these Temples in every community. Incredible as it may seem, many, too young to enter a Lodge of Good Templars are becoming addicted to the use of alcoholic drinks, and unless something shall be done

to reclaim them, a few years hence they will be found filling drunkards graves. If these are left to their ways without an effort in their behalf, upon whom will rest the responsibility. Let it *not* rest on those who have given a sacred promise to do all in their power to banish intemperance.

The following which we clip from an exchange, we commend to the careful attention of our readers. It contains solemn truths which we earnestly wish might be universally heeded.

WOMAN AND WINE.

AN APPEAL AGAINST A NEW YEAR'S DAY CUSTOM.

Woman has never been associated with wine without disgrace and disaster. The toast and the bacchanal that, with musical alliteration couple these two words, sprang from the hot lips of sensuality, and are burdened with shame. A man who can sing of wine and women in the same breath is one whose presence is disgrace and whose touch is pollution. A man who can forget mother and sister, or wife and daughter, and wantonly engage in a revel in which the name of women is invoked to heighten the pleasures of the intoxicating cup is, beyond controversy and without mitigation, beast. "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cake and ale?" Ay, cakes and ale, if you will, but let it be cake and ale. Let not the name by which we call the pure and precious ones at home be brought in to illustrate a degrading feast.

Of the worse foes that woman has ever had to encounter, wine stands at the head. The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the lives of more women—ruined more hopes for them brought to them more shame, sorrow and hardship—than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens of thousands—nay, hundreds of thousands—of women who are widows to-day and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are hundreds of thousands of homes, scattered all over the land, in which women live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because these whom they love, love wine better than they do the woman they swore to love. There are women by the thousands who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to reel

under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain, while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink.

There can be no exaggeration in any statement made in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth, and no pen is capable of portraying the truth. The sorrows and the horrors of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization of hell as can be reached in this world, at least. The shame the indignation, the sorrow, the sense of disgrace for herself and her children, the poverty,—and not unfrequently the beggary—the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering life-long struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse wine, and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy of their sex.

And now what shall we see on the New Year's Day, 1871? Women all over the city of New York—women here and there, all over the country, where like social customs prevail—setting out upon their tables the well filled decanters which, before night shall close down, will be emptied into the brains of young men and old men, who will go reeling to darker orgies, or to homes that will feel ashamed of them. Woman's lips will give the invitation, woman's hands will fill and present the glass, woman's careless voice will laugh at the effects of the mischievous draught upon their friends, and having done all this, woman will retire to balmy rest, previously having reckoned the number of those to whom she has, during the day, presented a dangerous temptation, and rejoice over it in the degree of its magnitude.

O woman! woman! Is it not about time that this thing were stopped? Have you a husband, a brother, a son? Are they stronger than their neighbors who have, one after another, dropped into the grave of drunkards? Look around you and see the desolations that drink has wrought among your acquaintances, and then decide whether you have a right to place temptation in any man's way, or do ought to make a social custom respectable which leads hundreds of thousands of men into bondage and death. Why can there not be a festive occasion without this vulgar guzzling of strong drink?

Woman, there are some things that you can do, and this is one; you can make drinking unpopular, and disgraceful among the young. You can utterly discountenance all drinking in your own house, and you can hold to su-

every young man who touches the cup. You know that no young man who drinks can safely be trusted with the happiness of any woman's society. Have this understood; that every young man who drinks is socially proscribed. Bring up your children to regard drinking as not only dangerous but disgraceful. Placemattemptation in no man's way. If men will make beasts of themselves, let them do it in other society than yours. If your mercenary husbands treat their customers from private stores kept in their counting room, shame them into decency by your regard for the honor of your home. Recognize the living, terrible fact, that wine has always been, and is to day, the curse of your sex; that it steals the hearts of men away from you, that it dries up your prosperity, that it endangers your safety, that it can only bring you evil. If social custom compels you to present wine at your feast rebel against it, and make a social custom in the interests of virtue and purity. The matter is very much in your own hands. The women of the country, in what is called polite society, can do more to make the nation temperate than all the legislators and tumultuous reformers that are struggling and blundering in their efforts to this end.

With this number the GOLDEN RULE closes its second volume. How true its course has been to the mottoe it has chosen, its Friends and Patrons must judge. Many difficulties have been met, many obstacles have been encountered unswerved from the path of duty marked out for us, we have earnestly and conscientiously striven to do our duty to our fellows while piloting the child of our adoption (the GOLDEN RULE) safely through the wind and weather of another year. That we have failed to make the GOLDEN RULE all that we had fondly hoped and wished to do, we are frank to admit. Who yet has ever undertaken any good work, but that their ideal was placed much higher than it were possible to reach at once. Patient effort will alone enable one, after long striving to reach that ideal. We are not discouraged, we are just sufficiently egotistical to believe the world has need of a magazine with the objects and aims of the GOLDEN RULE. Believing this, we shall struggle on, putting our best efforts into this work, determined to do what we may to

stay the tide of woe that is deluging our land. Thanking most heartily those who have so kindly assisted us by their cheering words and efforts, we still appeal to them and others who love our cause to give us of their timely aid, and assist in making the GOLDEN RULE worthy of the cause it advocates

Our thanks are due J. Norwood Clark G. W. S., for copy of the proceedings of Grand Lodge of Iowa.

Cold Water Temples for children are being organized in all parts of the United States. No more promising field for labor presents itself than among the young. We are almost daily in receipt of letters from those earnestly engaged in this good work. Some complain bitterly of the lack of interest taken in this work among the children, by those who are otherwise active temperance people. This is to be regretted. If we wish to rear a monument to temperance effort take the young, and a little self sacrifice, a little labor shall go far towards accomplishing this object. Brothers and sisters let us "not weary in well doing."

SOBER YOUNG MEN WANTED AT TIPTON.— What the crying sins of the young men (rather should we not say rowdies) of this Indiana town are, may be inferred from the statement that thirty-two young ladies of that place recently met in council and passed the following resolution:

"That we will not accompany any young man to church or places of amusement who use tobacco in any manner, and that we will discard all young men who play billards, eucere, or poker; and that young men who indulge in profane language need not apply; and that we will not by 'hook, look, or crook,' notice any young men who indulge in lager beer or whiskey; and that we will not harbor young men known to keep late hours."

Alleghany County Lodge and Cattaraugus County Lodge, hold their regular Quarterly Meeting, in Jan. prox, the former at Friendship, and the latter at Alleghany. We trust that the Good Templars of these Counties will give these meetings a liberal attendance and ensure their best success.

