

The Free Will Baptist.

Terms \$1.50 a Year.

LET BROTHERLY LOVE CONTINUE.

Payable in Advance.

Vol. 5.

New Bern, N. C., Wednesday February 3. 1886.

No. 43

POETRY

For the FREE WILL BAPTIST.
THERE IS NO RESTRAINT TO
THE LORD TO SAVE BY MANY
OR BY FEW.

BY REV. A. R. BRADBURY A. M.

There is no limit to God's power,
His love a roaring thundering shower.

When falls a mighty rain;
It often aids a righteous few,
Distilling like a gentle dew,
Upon the greatest grain.

God loves to show his mighty arm,
And to defend the weak from harm,
And keep them near his side,
If they will only seek his face,
And his compassions all embrace,
And in his love confide.

But when, from him, they turn away,
And never will his laws obey,
They'll feel his wrathful rod;
But when they mourn with inward grief,
And seek from him, his sure relief,
They'll find a gracious God.

Why will men turn to vicious ways?
And spend in sin their earthly days?
When Jesus is so near;
He blesses them, though they are
fear,
And keeps them from the rebel
crew,
And from all dangerous fear.

ELEVEN TALKS TO YOUNG
WOMEN.

BY REV. SMITH BAKER.

THE YOUNG WOMAN A FRIEND.
There is nothing more beautiful or
honorable than the virtuous love of a
young woman. It is as natural to her
as the fragrance of a rose. It should
be honored. He is a villain who trifles
with it. Friendship-making with
regard to marriage is one of the most
important periods in life; it weaves
the garments of destiny. Marriage is
as solemn as death, but is generally
approached with lightness, thought-
lessness and even recklessness, as
nothing else, and hence so many
marriages are sad, miserable failures;
so many lives are full of sorrow, and
so many divorces are decreed. The
solution of the divorce question is in
the prevention of improper friendships
more than in prevention of separation.
Reason, not impulse, must govern
young people in the formation of their
engagements. The fearful vortex into
which so many honest young women
are drawn, and by which they are
brought into a living death, begins in
unguarded friendships, continues in
false ideas of love, and is culminated
in unreasonable unions.

1. Do not think a single life is a
failure. No life is a failure which is
pure and useful; no life is unhappy
which is unselfish. There are hun-
dreds of young wives who wish they
were free from the wretched bondage
of a husband whom they love, but do
not respect; for love adds to their bur-
den. The more your love is disap-
pointed, the more miserable you are.
Never marry for the sake of being
married. Never marry unless you can
better your condition. There are
hundreds of noble, useful, happy, free,
single women who, in purse, brain,
heart, and all that makes life worth
living, are many times better off than
some of their married sisters.

2. Respect yourself, your woman-
hood, your character, your name. The
more a young woman respects herself,
the more she will command respect.
Enthroned yourself as a queen whose
hand and heart are worth all any man
can give; for unless you respect your-
self, no young man will long respect
you; and unless he respects you, he
will not honor you, and unless he hon-
ors you, he will soon love some one
else more than he loves you.

3. Never marry merely for love.
Never marry without love. But the
sentiment of love alone is no sufficient

basis for a life-long union. Love can
not live upon love alone. An old fa-
ther, when he first drank a glass of so-
da, said that it was like a great many
courtships—"sweetened wind." Re-
member that the flattering visits of
friendship are quite different from the
real work of life. Never think that
"love goes where it is sent," and that
you can not help loving. Know that
your affections are under your control;
that you can not withhold them; that
they are the richest gift of your life.
Do not throw them away. Keep them
locked in the chambers of your heart
until God sends some one worthy of
them.

4. Form no intimate friendship
with a man you do not greatly respect.
No matter how attentive or polished
or cultivated or amiable or even good
he may be, unless you respect him,
can in some way look up to him, ad-
mire him, unless he is in some sense
your superior, never marry him. I do
not mean that he should be educated
or great, but he must be manly and
noble; or, other matter how much you
love him, you will not be happy with
him. A woman can not for much time
enjoy life with a man she is ashamed of.
Such a one reminds you of "Whittier's
Maud Muller."

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest of these, 'It might have
been!'"
Among the saddest duties that min-
isters are called to perform, is to marry
a bright, clear-brained, warm-heart-
ed, energetic young woman to a dull,
coarse, low-minded, small-hearted
man. We had rather bury her. It is
a kind of missionary work that no
young woman is called to do. Unless
you can find some one whose good
name, whose honest character, and
whose ability and manhood, you re-
spect, then be contented to be a sister
of mercy to all humanity.

5. Before accepting the special
friendship of any young man, seek the
advice of some wise older person—
your mother or some one you would
trust as a mother. You do not know
the young man who seeks your hand
any more than he knows you. You
both deceive each other. You see him
in his best dress, his best manners, his
best speech, expressing his best ideas.
Every young man is a gentleman in
the society of the young woman whose
love he desires. You say that you
"have known him for months or a year
and he has told you his plans"; but
you do not know anything of his real
character or of his disposition. I do
not mean that all young men are dis-
honest, but the more dishonest a young
man is, the more honest he will seem.
No young man's word is to be trusted
at such a time. The more you love
him the less you know about him.
Therefore find out how he stands
among men for uprightness, what kind
of a son and brother he is. Be sure
that his record is clean, that men hon-
or him.

6. Form no intimate friendship
with an indolent man, a fop, one who
has prepared, or is preparing, for no
business. Wait for the young man
who is always going to do something,
but never does it, until he does it.
The young man who has no business
has no business with a wife. Marry
no man to support. If he is past thir-
ty-five, and has nothing ahead, let him
remain single; for such a one, as a
rule, is either a spendthrift, or "defi-
cient." Single independence is better
than double poverty. I do not mean
that you should marry to be supported,
but do not marry a man who can not,
or will not, support you; for a man
who can not lack brains; and he who
will not, lacks heart; you want neither.
When a man can and is willing, then
it is no one's business if you support
him.

7. Do not marry a man destitute of
ambition. By ambition, I do not
mean one who is seeking riches, great-
ness, or display, or is seeking to live
in fine style; but one who is not con-
tented to remain as he is—a young
man who wants to be somebody and
takes an interest in good and public
things. There are multitudes of young

men who are very religious for a year
or six months before marriage, who
will go to church three times each
Sunday and twice during the week,
and to all the sociables, but about
three months after marriage their re-
ligiousness ceases. Marry a man who
will be a companion for you after
marriage as well as before—who will
lead you, help you in all good things.

8. Marry a man who has the spirit
of self-denial. That is the best test of a
young man's love. He may be will-
ing to go with you to places of recrea-
tion, or to spend his money for pleas-
ure-riding because he has selfish en-
joyment in your society, and his atten-
tion at such times does not prove his
affection. The important question is,
how much is he willing to give, or sac-
rifice what he enjoys, to please you?
He asks you to give up your name
and your home for his. How much
will he give up to please you? For
instance, there is a habit of wine-
drinking—a little harmless habit, as
he thinks, and he laughs at your fears
—but it is not the question of harm or
no harm, but of self-denial to please
you. If he loves you one half as much
as he pretends to, and will not give up
his drink habit for your pleasure, then
he is not fit to be the husband of any
woman; for be sure that he who
has not self-denial enough for that be-
fore marriage will make a tyrant of a
husband after marriage. If you can
not refrain him when he is seeking
you, you can not after he is sure of
you. Such a man is selfish. No sen-
sible young woman will marry a young
man who drinks intoxicants any more
than any sensible young man would
marry a young woman who had com-
menced to eat opium. One is as
senseless as the other. There is too
much peril in it. Thousands of young
women have thus gone into a life of
misery, tears and a living death.
If he will not give up his cups to
please you, then withhold your heart
from him. Test his love by his self-
denial.

9. Lastly, give yourself in friend-
ship to him who sympathizes with you
in all your higher nature, who will
help you in the life to come. Let
there be not only the sentiment of love,
but something for love to grow upon.
Does he enjoy the society you enjoy?
Does he love the kind of thoughts you
love? Does he sympathize with you
in your religion? Or will you, though
married, be alone in these things?
Not when social life, mental life, or
spiritual life are in harmony, then love
is no transient dream, no vapor of the
morning, but it grows deeper and
stronger and sweeter as the years pass
away, and it becomes a type of the
eternal love of Christ and his children.
If a young man is pure, temperate,
honest, industrious, manly, and you
can respect him, and if he sympathizes
with you in all good things, and you
love him, then no matter how humble
his circumstances, it is safe to secure
his friendship, and Christ will come to
your marriage, as he did of old, and
your life will be a perpetual unguing
of hearts in joy and hope.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
WASHINGTON, January 26, 1886.
I saw "the Queen of the Lobby"
the other day. I've read about her
in novels, in stories of Washington
life, and in the letters of correspon-
dents who write fanciful lines; but
although I've been around the capitol
for a dozen years or so I never
saw the lady before. While I was
sitting in the marble room of the
Senate a bridal couple came in un-
der the escort of a guide. He de-
scribed the room to them, told the
story of its construction, pointed
out Senator Logan and Senator
Hapton, who were receiving constitu-
ents, and then in a melo-dramatic
whisper exclaimed:
"Do you see that fine-looking
and richly-dressed lady over there,
with the paper in her hand and a
bunch of roses in her bosom? That's

the Queen of the lobby! You've
read all about her, of course. She's
got more influence in Washington
than the President himself. Con-
gress will do anything she wants.
She secures legislation for railway
companies, gets big claims through
Congress, and is in all the big steals.
She lives in a fine house in the
north part of the city, gives
big dinner parties to Senators and
Congressmen, plays poker with
them, and gets her schemes through
in that way. She gets bigger fees
than any lawyer in Washington."
"How much?" gasped the awe-
stricken bride.

"There's no telling; but she
won't touch a thing for less than a
thousand dollars, and I suppose she
often gets as much as fifty thousand
dollars. She's paralyzed the old
man there; see how she works him!
He can't resist that smile; I sup-
pose that paper she has in her hand
is some big railroad subsidy, and
it's pretty certain she's got him to
support it."

The couple looked with all their
eyes. The handsome temptress they
had read so much about was right
before them—the woman whose
business is to juggle with legislation
and give smiles for votes. The
bride didn't overlook a wrinkle in
her dress, and the groom was im-
pressed more than by anything he
saw before or after in Washington.
The mental photograph they will
carry home with them will be that of
the president of the Home for Desti-
tute Colored Women asking Senator
Mojill, of Vermont, to introduce a
bill exempt that institution from
taxation.

It is surprising how many things
happen in Washington that the
newspapers do not get hold of. As
an instance of this I may mention
that army and navy people have
been gossiping for a week at a lively
rate over the fact that a retired offi-
cer of the Navy was elected to rep-
resent that branch of the service at
the first state dinner at the White
House. Of course Admiral Porter
was first invited, and he being too
sick to attend Vice Admiral McRo-
wan was the proper person to have
filled his place. At any rate, no re-
tired officer was officially eligible
for this invitation so long as there
was anybody, even a naval cadet,
on the active list who could accept
it. The Army officers are inclined
to make little fun at the expense of
their brethren of the Navy over the
fact that an officer whose active
service long since ceased should
have been called upon to represent
it upon this occasion.

The office of comptroller of the
currency is a sort of kindergarten
bank presidents. In resigning his
official duties to enter into banking
Mr. Cannon is only following the
example of those of his predecessors
and he has only had four. While
his resignation embarrasses the
President, Mr. Cannon can scarcely
be blamed for leaving a position
which is always a target for political
attack, and whose tenure rests upon
the will of a President with whom
he is not in political sympathy for a
permanent, independent place; or
for leaving a \$5,000 salary for one
of \$15,000, with plenty of opportu-
nities, to make money out side. The
comptroller of the currency is pro-
hibited from holding an interest in
any business; he is simply tied down
to his salary, and the Government
cannot expect to keep a good man in
this place for that pay. One who is
capable of filling this position can
get a larger salary in any sort
private business, and a cheap man is
not wanted. There are plenty of
candidates for Mr. Cannon's shoes,
but I understand that none of them
are considered quite up to the re-
quired standard, and that the Presi-

dent has directed a search for an-
other \$15,000 man to fill this \$5,000
place.

I see by the "Confessional Direct-
ory" that the Senatorial windmill
from Nebraska has forgotten the
day of his birth. His autobiography
reads: Charles H. Van Wyck, of Ne-
braska City, was born at Poughkeepsie,
N. Y. on the—day of No-
vember, 1824. Two of the Senators
do not give their ages—Logan and
Spoonner. Logan is 60 in the shade,
and there is a rumor that Spoonner is
the youngest man in the Senate.
Kenna was born in 1848 and if any
one knows when Spoonner came into
the world he can answer this coun-
drum.

CATHARINE LAKE.

There are many places of interest
in our State, comparatively un-
known, which if otherwise, would
gain universal celebrity for their
natural beauty and attraction. This
sheet of water 60 acres in area is
situated in Onslow County and the
following lines were written through
inspiration of its charms by a friend:
Fair lake, upon whose bosom calm
The drowsy sunshine loves to dwell,
Far from the busy world's alarm,
I tread the shores I love so well!

How fresh at morn, at eve how
bright!
How tranquil neath the noon day's
gleam!
And through the silent watch of
night
How fairy like thy beauties seem!

Upon thy breast the lillies bloom,
Along thy banks the song birds sing
And o'er thy peaceful waters come
The wandering night winds mur-
muring.

The night birds song, the sighing
wind
Such weird supremacy maintain,
That brooding sorrow here might
find
Harmonious presence—thy domain.

Along thy shores, like watchers
grim,
The whispering pine trees weirdly
cast
Their shadows to the waters brim
To dim the moon-lit wavelet's crest.

The owl's loud call from out the
wood
Unbroken silence now relieves—
The grey moss sways in troubled
mood
And chilling night airs stir the
leaves.

The day now breaks, the patridge
cries,
The white mists roll in clouds away,
And brighter grow the eastern skies—
Londer the sounds of opening day.

Lit with the glow of new born day,
Resplendent now thy glories shine,
Spirits of gladness seem to play,
Along thy shores of clustering vine.

'Tis evening now and gentler mood
Enfolds thee in a holy peace,
Like last looks of the past and good
Ere rebel nature's struggles cease.

Fair lake upon whose bosom calm
The snowy lillies sleep away,
My heart returns with feelings
warm
Unto a distant vanished day.

I minds me of a cherished form
And ah! her memory shall endure,
Whose blush was like the roses'
bloom—
Whose heart was like the lillies pure!

Back from the mute bushied past
there seems
To come through yonder sun set
sky,
Faint murmurs from a land of
dreams
My spirit sees in its ecstasy!

GRAND

CLOSING OUT

SALE

OF

FALL & WINTER

GOODS

—AT—

H. B. DUFFY'S

BARGAIN

STORE

New Bern, N. C.



In order to MAKE

ROOM FOR MY

SPRING STOCK,

I WILL SELL MY

LARGE

AND

ATTRACTIVE

STOCK

FOR THE

NEXT 30

DAYS

AT

REMARKABLY LOW PRICES

COME TO SEE ME

RESPECTFULLY,

H. B. DUFFY,

Proprietor of the

NEW BERN BARGAIN HOUSE

25-611