

THE FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE.

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Poetry.

WOMANHOOD.

BY MRS. A. S. STEPHENS.

Like a water-lily floating
On the bosom of a rill,
Like a star sent back to Heaven,
When the lake is calm and still,
A woman's soul lies dreaming
On the stilly waves of life,
Till love comes with its sunshine
Its tenderness and strife.

Then hopes grow bright and glorious,
Her faith is deep and strong,
And her thoughts swell out like music
Set to a heavenly song;
Her heart has twin'd its being,
And awake from its repose
As a water lily to emblems
When its chalice overflows.

Then she feels a new existence—
For the loveless do not live!
The best wealth of the universe
Is hers to keep and give—
Wealth richer than earth's golden veins
That yield their blood to toil,
And brighter than the diamond lights
That burn within the soil.

Oh, her soul is full of richness,
Like a goblet of old wine,
Wreathed in with purple blossoms
And soft tendrils of the vine;
Its holy depths grow luminous,
Its strings are sweet with tune,
The visions floating through it
Are the roses of June.

Time counts not time by cycles
The day that she was born!
The time of a woman
Years be shown
In her happiness—
In her love—
In her womanhood
One above.

Temperance.

IS NOT A FAILURE

Is the Temperance Cause
Are its friends disheartened and discouraged? Do its enemies cease to fire their broadside against it? Have its various organizations been disbanded? Is there no pledge circulated—no society formed—no meeting held—no voice heard—no document printed to prove the vitality and vigor of the Cause? Has it failed to awaken the public conscience—to educate the public mind—to promote the public weal? Has it failed in the Sunday-school—in the Church—in the Council room—in the Lodge—in the Division-room—in the Tent, or in the Temple? Has it failed in its arguments to show that alcohol is a poison which poisons the thoughts and the lives of those who use it—that drunkenness is the prolific parent of vice and crime, and a disease more to be dreaded than the cholera? Has it failed in its facts and statistics to show that intemperance peoples the receptacles of crime, fills the poor-house and prison, and gives to the gallows its victims; while it turns the child from the school-house, bruises the innocent, and breaks the heart of the unoffending wife? Has it failed to drive the demijohn from ten thousand harvest-fields, and to make alcoholic potations unpopular at many of the raisings, and bees, and festivals, and other gatherings of the people? Has it failed to kindle a zeal which has blazed out in resolutions in conventions, associations, and other meetings of religious men and women?

The Temperance reform is a success, and not a failure. My witnesses are the drunkards that have been reformed—the moderate drinkers that have been weaned from their cups—the children gathered in Bands of Hope—the millions of men and women who have signed the pledge and joined the councils, the divisions and lodges in the land. Their word is a bond—their testimony trustworthy, and they speak out with emphasis and say that Temperance is a triumphant success—that it found humanity prostrate and bleeding, and that it is raising it tenderly in soft and loving arms, and is placing its feet firmly on the rock of absolute abstinence—hoping that its heart will beat with joy above the

clouds that sometimes hide the sun in our sky. Will any sane man pronounce education a failure because multitudes grow up in ignorance, or because there are truants? Is he not a fit candidate for the madhouse or the asylum for idiots who says piety is a failure because there are infidels and back-sliders? No good cause, no noble enterprise ultimately fails. Temperance may pass through its general phases—but it is born of Truth, and can not fail. It was first an emotion in some good heart—the heart palpitated with love for the human race, and beat a thought into some wise head; the thought crystallized into an idea, and the idea became an institution; then followed discussion and organization—the Cause continually gaining ground—from moderation to total abstinence—securing for its advocates not a few of the clearest writers and ablest speakers of the age.

If Temperance is a failure, why do the men engaged in the liquor traffic assail it with such vindictive bitterness? A dead cause can not harm them. A thing that is a failure can not change the law or the constitution of the State and make it difficult to get a license. The ghost of even a good enterprise can not scare customers from the bar. They oppose it, and raise funds to resist it, because it is a great and glorious success, making intemperance in some communities unfashionable, unpopular, and disreputable. Vast numbers of young men who had the courage to look down the cannon's throat, to march through hurricanes of flame over the works of the enemy, know no such word as failure; it is not in their vocabulary—not in their songs and speeches and passwords. Shall we put the seal of failure on a cause which comports with the truth of Scripture, with the practice of piety, with the laws of nature, with the light of science, with the tests of philosophy, with the dictates of common sense?

Even the Excise law of New York City, though not up to the standard desired by Temperance men, is such a success that the liquor dealers intend to carry their cause to the ballot-box in the hope that corrupt legislation will enable them to again deluge our great commercial center with rum on the Sabbath. The purchased eloquence of an ex-Governor of Massachusetts did not prevent the triumph of Temperance in the Legislature of the Old Bay State. Michigan, speaking through the lips of her State Convention, asks the people to decide whether or not prohibition shall be incorporated in the Constitution of the State.

During the war we had our hands and our hearts full. We had as much as we could do. Now we can renew our Temperance war. Let us be so deeply in earnest—so hopeful of the future—no one friend or foe will dare to say that we fail, or that there is a shade of a shadow of failure in our work.

We must not fail to contribute generously of our means; not fail to work zealously inside or outside of our organizations; not fail to be promptly at the post of duty; and if there be a post of danger; not fail to hasten to it like kings to a coronation.

Prohibition is not a failure. In Maine it closed all the grog-shops in the State. Some of them were reopened during the war, but they are being closed now by the untiring efforts of the friends of Temperance. If a Temperance ticket is not always elected, that does not prove that prohibition is a failure. Some person said that "one with God is a majority." Is He not on our side? Who can defeat Him?

This hissing and squirming of fail-

ure is caused by the fact that the Herculean giant of reform has put his feet upon the head of the serpent, and it fears the club of prohibition which is swinging in the air. Charles the Fifth boasted that his empire saw no setting sun—that his national escutcheon bore two globes and the pillars of Hercules, with the motto "More beyond." Our territory is not marked by State lines—not marked by geographical distinctions. The world is our field, and more beyond. We have two worlds in view in our plan of work. Temperance marches to the music of progress, and will carry its flag across the continent and around the globe, with faith, love, purity, and fidelity, hope, and charity inscribed upon it. Under its folds we see even now vast armies of Friends and Sons of Templars, and Daughters and Rechabites, and Washingtonians and Old-School Temperance men, and Father Mathew men and Bands of Hope. The earth trembles under their tread—the welkin echoes with their songs of victory.

Talk of failure in an age when railroads net the States and telegraphs annihilate distance and bring the nations in a group! Why, we will run down the monster intemperance with locomotives and strike him with lightning, and if, like the swine of old, he runs into the sea, he will not be safe, for the submarine cable will reach him with its strands of fire.

The thunder all around the Temperance sky indicates earnest, unremitted fighting against the common enemy. There never was a time when the victory which Temperance has won is afraid of its victory which Temperance has won. What an old writer said of sin, we may apply to the rum traffic. The Methodists are good pioneers, and they will drive it from their stations and circuits—the Presbyterians and Congregationalists will rescind it from their jurisdiction—the Episcopalians will read it out of their dioceses—the Baptists are the spiritual navy, and will drown it beyond resuscitation.

GREELEY ON TEMPERANCE.

If alcohol is a deadly poison, then our position is right; if it is not, then we are wrong. How shall we determine that? If a child of five finds a bottle holding a gill of gin, or brandy, or whiskey, and drinks thereof it dies. Why? Not because of the quantity; but it is the quality of the liquid that kills. If a man drinks a pint of brandy on a wager, and falls dead, what kills him? It is the poison of the alcohol that destroys him. Why is it that men still drink it? They say, others have drunk it for fifty years, and it has not killed them. Yes; because it is a slow process of poisoning, like that of the chelver of opium or arsenic. The human frame can adapt itself to any necessities. Poison may be taken slowly, as it was by King Mithridates, to guard himself against assassination. You see a man lying in the gutter, and one asks, "What's the matter with him?" Another says, "He's intoxicated," that is to say, he is poisoned. An excess of liquor makes a man deathly sick. Nature is kind, and it sends a merciful relief to save his life. If a man says, "I can drink half a dozen glasses and not feel it," he should beware. It were better for him that nature should reject one or two glasses. A friend of mine who had never been drunk, and whom I had never known even to drink, fell dead in the bosom of his family, because nature would not reject the poison.

Old men who drink freely are spared monuments, one in a thousand, whose friends and boon companions have dropped off one by one. Young men who drink freely and don't get drunk, you should be doubly fearful,

for the poison remained in your system.

This, then, is our first position, that you may take poison under pretence to save life. To take it into the system, save to counteract some other poison, is a deadly mistake; and every shop that dispensed this poison should be under the strict control of the law. Suppose a man wants to deal out prussic acid to those who ask for it—No, you say, it is poison. But, says he, those who are going to take it do not know that. So much the more reason, you answer, a thousand times the more if they do not know it, that they should be protected. They put strychnine into the alcoholic poison, because they can produce more alcohol in this way. Poison is put into all wines that are being daily manufactured out of that which never came from the grape. They are always concocting wine—and wine-drinking is only the drinking of poisons of various strength. As to law, put all in the law that public sentiment will sustain, and try to make public opinion wiser and better. Take what laws we can get, and see that they are enforced. Take our license law, and do all that we can with it.

Educate men, women and children into believing that we stop liquor selling for some hours out of the twenty-four because it is poisonous. We mean to show, by a few years' practical closing of dram shops, that it will be better to close them all some Saturday night and never open them again. We have the Excise law in force, and it is a great source of blessing. Excise law repealed? No, they do not spend as much for rum; and they are benefitted by this law. Every drop the rumseller does not sell leaves more money to buy bread, and is so much gained for the health and morality of the people. Now let us faithfully enforce this law for a few years, showing the people the good results of it. Then we can ask the people to go on, and on, until liquor, like every other poison, is kept carefully by sober, good men, to be doled out under sober, conscientious physicians, like any other poison. We may not do it to-day; but let us rally on the glorious truth that every human being is on our side until he goes over to the enemy, and educate the community up to the freedom of temperance. The children belong to us. Let us keep what we have and gain all we can, until New York shall be a temperance State.

FAMILY PRAYERS.—"Nothing," exclaimed a young friend, "nothing comes over me in the whirl of thoughtless pleasure like the memory of my father's prayers. A hundred times have I been ready to rush into forbidden gratification, and successfully silence even the voice of conscience when those prayers, and that family altar, around which we were all gathered in the silent hour, would come to me like an unseen but mighty hand, suddenly arresting the career of folly and bringing me to a stop. Not an inch forward can I move in the forbidden path, if that vision of love but once more visit my soul. Those prayers—how often have they subdued our wild sports, softened our little asperities of temper, and melted all hearts into one. I never think of home without connecting its strongest endearments and sweetest associations with that altar of love. There was a strange mystery about it. How it was that my father could so unite our hearts with his own tender and holy aspirations, I know not. It seems to me I can never go far in the road to death while the memory of those prayers so entrances, and, as it were, paralyzes, my soul."

Touch not, taste not, handle not.

Youths' Column.

FATHER IS COMING.

BY MRS. J. E. MCCONAUGHY.

"Father is coming home." What joy those words bring in your household, when some little watcher announces the fact to the happy fireside group! But it brought no joy to the hearts of little Belle and Rosy Hunter.

Poor things! they were so glad when the sunshine stole down their dark alley, warming up their old doorway. Then they could creep out from their dreary home with its dusky walls, and amuse themselves as best they could with their few playthings. Mother was almost always sick now, so she could give them but little attention. There was no money to replace their scant, tattered garments with new ones. Poor Belle's shoes were worn out long ago, and little Rosy's bare toes peeped out from hers all through the coldest winter. Once they had a sweet, papa home in the country. Once papa loved to take his little girl on his lap for aid call her his "little Blue Bird" rose-her violet eyes. He thought his baby bud so sweet as his red-lipped pet.

I think you have guessed the cause of the change. It was announced out to the little ones never to come home meet their father. They covered in at nightfall. The way of his drunkness might be out of coming home so much blows and a night? His step

"He's got a basket on his arm, Belle. Oh, I hope there's some bread in it! I'm so hungry."

"Well, there isn't, Rosy. We'll have to go hungry to bed again, you may be sure."

"Come in, children," said the father, in an entirely new tone, "I've got some supper for you."

The poor broken-hearted mother looked up wonderingly, half fearing she was still asleep.

No. There was the old table set out, and two big white loaves upon it, a plate of butter, a paper of clipped beef, some cheese, and cakes, and—oh! how the children's eyes danced—a quart of great red strawberries.

A good temperance brother had met John Hunter and reached out a friendly hand to him. He urged him to shake off his hard master, who was fast binding him down with cable ropes, and be a man again. At last John yielded and put his hand to the blessed pledge. Now his earnings came home to feed his hungry children and to buy comforts for his poor fading wife. The roses came back to her cheeks again. The ragged home was mended, and little Belle and Rosy used to bound down the path with happy, joyous faces when either one cried out, "Father is coming!"

A striking illustration of the force of a mother's love for her child has recently been exhibited in Iowa. The circumstances are reported in noticing the pardon, by Governor Merrill, of a woman, Catharine McArdle, who had been sentenced four years ago to the state penitentiary for life. She confessed to the murder of her husband, and was sentenced to be hanged, but her sentence was commuted by Governor Stone. It was afterwards found that she was entirely innocent, and that her son was the guilty person. To save him she had avowed that she was guilty of the crime.

London has been languishing under a heated term of almost unexampled intensity. The thermometer reached 83 in the shade. We should call that cool weather here.

He that would reprove the world, must be one whom the world cannot reprove.