THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

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Poetry.

From Temperance Chimes.

SATAN'S NEW AGENT.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"Oh dear!" cried he, who rules below,
And works his foulest treason,
"These Temp'rance boys have brought me low,
And I must know the reason;
For if on those I can't depend
Who once were thieves and liars,
My reign of sin with theirs must end,
And I can put out my fires!"

So then he stirred himself about,
And called his *friends* together,
And said, "we'll put this cause to rout,
In spite of wind or weather.
Since truth has stripped away disguise,
And men cry out for freedom,
I'll fix an ointment for their eyes,
And one of my imps shall lead 'em!"

On every wall and and fence around,
Where space is left for evil,
The beacon-lights of doom are found,
And few suspect the devil.
Oh, shun the lure that thus is spread,
Nor join the horrid pageant,
O'er Satan's path a light is shed,
With "Bitters" for his agent.

Oh, Bitter is the cup they drink,
And Bitter is their sorrow,
For those who "Bitters," take and think
They'll stop the dose to-morrow.
But "appetizers" grow to be
The food that men desire,
And "Bitters taken frequently
Is fuel that feeds the fire!

Away! whatever be the name,
"Domingo" or "Plantation!"
We will not prove such easy game
For Satan's approbation.
Then Temp'rance boys your banners wave
And whet your swords—you'll need 'em,
For Alcohol must find a grave
When men cry out for freedom!

Stories.

NOT A DROP MORE, DANIEL.

A RESOLUTION WELL KEPT.

Daniel Akin had become a common drunkard. So fully had he come under the dominion of his appetite, that he was perfectly miserable when he could not obtain the means of gratifying his thirst. He had neglected his family till his wife's father had taken her and her children to the parental roof. He had spent all his substance for drink, and was kept from the poor house only by performing menial services for his food and by the kindness of Thomas Edgerton, a member of the Society of Friends, who had known him from his youth, and had a strong hope that in the course of time he would see his folly and turn again into the right path. The leading merchants of the place had let him have drink as long as his money lasted, but would trust him no longer. He was loafing about the store one bright moonlight evening pleading with the merchant to trust him for a drink.—His reply was, "Not a drop more, Daniel." He remained a while longer and left. As the cool air of the evening fell upon him, he all at once began to give utterance to his feelings in the following strain:

"Not a drop more, Daniel. Am I drunk, or am I sober. I am sober.—Not a drop more, Daniel. Did Haskins think a drop more would hurt me? No! but my money is gone.—He has got every thing I had. He has got my Bible mother gave me.—He has got the shoes which my wife bought for Jennie, and paid for with her own earnings. Not a drop more, Daniel. Daniel, what say you to that? I say so too. I once had good clothes, and now have nothing but rags. Not a drop more, Daniel, till I have others as good as when Mray and I were married. I once had a good watch, that too is gone. Not a drop more, Daniel, till I have another as good as the one I pawned to Haskins for drink. I have seen the time when I had a good horse and buggy and could ride into the village in as good style as any man in the place. Not a drop more, Daniel, till I own another horse and buggy as good as I once had. I once had cows which furnished my family with butter and cheese, but Haskins has got them. Not a drop more, Daniel, till those cows or others as good as those are mine again. I once had this wallet full of bills, but now there is not a cent. Not a drop more, Daniel, till this wallet is well filled again."

By this time he had reached the place where he had formerly resided, and he leaned against the fence, and mused for a long time in silence. He viewed the desolateness of the scene by the light of the moon, and his eyes ranged over the house and barn once his own, which had become out of repair.

He then said, "Once I owned this house and farm. Here I was born.—Here my father and mother died. I was the pride of their hearts, but I brought down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Here I commenced my married life, and all that heart could wish was mine. Here Mary and I took comfort till Haskins came here and opened his rum shop, and now he calls it his. In that south room my children were born; and there my Jennie died. O, how sorrowful she looked when she saw me take the shoes and start for the store to pawn them for rum, while she lay sick!—And then how she begged me before she died, never to strike her mother again! And O, my wife, how shamefully I have abused you! It was not your Daniel that did it. No! it was that cursed rum that Haskins sold me. No wonder you were taken from me by those who loved you and would not see you abused. They won't have me in the house. They will not let me live with you. Not a drop more, Daniel, till this house is mine again."

He had become so much occupied with his thoughts, and spoke in a tone so loud, that he had not heard the wagon, which by this time reached the road, in which was seated the kind-hearted Quaker who has been mentioned. He stopped his horse, and heard distinctly the language which Daniel used. As he closed his soliloquy he turned and saw Thomas Edgerton, who said, "Daniel, does thee mean to keep thy vow?"

He answered, "I do."

"Thee has promised a great many times that thee would drink no more. What makes thee think thee will keep thy vow?"

"I know, friend Edgerton, I have often vowed to drink no more, but now I feel different from what I ever did before. My heart is broken, and I feel my weakness and I believe God will help me this time."

"God grant it may be so. Daniel get in and take a seat. Thee must be hungry; go home with me."

On the way the Quaker drew out of him all that has been written; and he advised him to go to California. He told him to go to New York, and work his passage around the cape. He determined to do so. The Quaker furnished him with suitable apparel.

"Thee wants to see thy wife and children before thee goes."

"Yes, friend Edgerton, I do; but they have become estranged from me. If I went perhaps they would not believe what I say. It is better that I should not see them. Indeed it is better that they should not know where I am. I want to surprise them as I hope to do, by coming back a sober man, and with money enough to make them comfortable. I prefer that you and your wife should be the only persons in the place who shall know where I am and what I am doing."

Thus while riding toward the farm-house of the Quaker, the whole thing was arranged. When they reached the place, the horse was put in the barn, and they entered the house.—He said as they took their seats before the fire:

"Amy, thee may put on another plate; Daniel will stay with us a few days, then he will go to California.

The benevolent Quaker was confident that Daniel Akin would keep his resolve.

At length, when everything was in readiness, the old horse was harnessed and before daylight Daniel Akin was on his way to a railroad station. He had not been in the village since the night when the words, "Not a drop more, Daniel," were uttered. He was missed from his customary haunts but it was supposed he had gone off on a spree, and so nothing was thought of his absence. His wife's father lived in the adjoining town, and some thought he had gone there.

No inquiries were made, for all were rejoiced that he was missing, and cared not for his return

He had been gone somewhat more than a year when the Quaker was in the store of Haskins and remarked that he wished to hire a pasture for the coming season.

"I have got one I will let you have free of rent if you will put up the fences on the place."

"Where is it?" said the Quaker.

"On the Akin farm."

"If thee will let it at that rate, thee must have let it get out of repairs."

"It is indeed; I cannot leave the store to see to it. The house is poor, and the family that lived in it last were too shiftless to buy wood, and burned up all the rails. I had rather sell it than rent."

"What will thee take for it?"

"It cost me some $1,000."

"Yes, but thee paid it in goods, and charged thine own price on them."

"To be sure I did; Akin could not get trusted anywhere else, and I felt I was running a great risk in letting him have goods, and charged accordingly, just as everybody else would under the circumstances."

"Thee has not told me what thee would take for the place; I will give eight hundred for it, if that is any object to thee."

Haskins thought long enough to conclude that the interest of eight hundred dollars was far better to him than the farm, for the use of which he realized scarcely anything, and said, "You can have it."

"Thee can make out the deed to-morrow, and thee can have thy money. By the way, does thee know what has become of Daniel Akin?"

"No. He has not been in the village for more than a year. At any rate I have not seen him."

We may tell the reader what Haskins did not know. The Quaker had that day received a letter from Akin, stating that he was at the mines hard at work, and was sticking to his motto, "Not a drop more, Daniel," and that he had laid up a few hundred dollars—and desired him to inquire what the place he once owned could be bought for. Mr. Edgerton had taken the method above mentioned to find out Haskin's views. So confident was he that Daniel would come home a sober man, with money in his pocket, that he ventured to purchase it for the purpose of keeping it for him.

He wrote to Akin what he had done and about three months after he received a letter, stating that he had sent five hundred dollars in gold to a banker in New York, with orders to sell it and remit proceeds to him, to go toward the farm. Gold commanded a large premium; and the five hundred became more than eight hundred before it reached friend Edgerton's hands Akin requested him to draw a deed giving the whole property to his wife Mary, and have it duly recorded and left with the Register of Deeds.

In his letter he said: "If perchance I should ever break my resolution, I shall have secured a home for my wife and children; I prefer, however, they should not know anything of this at present. If I live to come home I will give Mary the deed with my own hands—if not you can do it. Now that the farm is bought you had better stock it, for I shall stick to my motto, "Not another drop, Daniel."

Another year passed. By this time friend Edgerton had stocked the farm with young cattle and sheep. The fences were all put in repair—and everything about the house wore a tidy appearance.

Another remittance came which paid for all the stock, with an overplus with which to repair the house.

Carpenters were busy, and the villagers who happened to pass that way found that extensive repairs were going on; still no one presumed to question the Quaker with respect to his plans.

These repairs all completed—furniture found its way to the house. A yoke of cattle were seen on the farm. The villagers were astonished to see the Quaker driving a splendid horse and riding in a new buggy.

He received this short note one day:

"I have arrived all safe and sound. Go and get Mary and the children."

He rode over to the adjoining town, and called at Mary's father's and invited her and the children to go home with him and make him and his wife a visit. They accepted the invitation and he took them home.

The next afternoon he said, "Mary, I have to go over to the railroad station; but thee and thee children can stay with Amy." He went and got Daniel Akin and did not reach home till after dark.

He left Daniel in his own house, nicely furnished, to which place he had previously conveyed provisions, and left him to pass the night.

The next morning he said, "Mary, I suppose thee has heard that I have bought thy old place; I have got it fitted up and I want thee and the children to ride over and see it after breakfast. I think thee will like it."

They rode over and were surprised to see the changes which had taken place. They could scarcely believe their own eyes. They looked through the lower rooms first. Over the mantle in the sitting-room was a frame, and under the glass in large letters were these words:

"NOT ANOTHER DROP, DANIEL."

Mrs. Akin said, "O, if Daniel could have only said those words and stuck to them, this beautiful place might have been his."

The Quaker said, "Then thee don't know where Daniel is?"

"No, I have not heard a lisp from him for more than three years."

"Thee would like to see him?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Let us walk up stairs." As they went up the front stairs Daniel Akin slipped down the back one, and took his stand in the sitting room. When they returned, Mrs. Akin noticed a stalwart man standing in the room with his back to the hall door, and started back for an instant. The Quaker said, "It is a friend, Mary." Upon this Daniel turned round, and in the man with heavy beard and mustache, she did not recognize her husband.

"Don't you know me Mary? Have you forgotten your husband?"

We leave the reader to imagine what the meeting was. Friend Edgerton said, "I must go and get Amy. Mary, this house and farm is thine; Daniel has the papers for thee. Thee can stay here as long as thee lives.—Thee will live happy now—for that (pointing to the frame over the fire place,) 'NOT ANOTHER DROP, DANIEL,' is his motto now, and will be during life."

Four young ladies of Currituck county, says the Edenton *Transcript*, horsewhipped a man by the name of Jas. King, who was a mourner at the time, for using insulting language about them.

Another prominent and estimable citizen of Craven is dead. Wm. B. Wadsworth, Esq., died at his residence near Core creek, on Wednesday. Mr. W., had filled many important stations with fidelity and usefulness.

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WHAT IT COST HIM.

'What is the value of this estate?' said a gentleman to another, with whom he was riding, as they passed a fine mansion surrounded by fair and fertile fields.

'I don't know what it is valued at; I know what it cost its late possessor.'

'How much?'

'*His soul!*"

A solemn pause followed this brief answer, for the inquirer had not sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

The person referred to was the son of a pious laboring man. Early in life he professed faith in Christ, and he soon obtained a subordinate position in a mercantile establishment in the city. He continued to maintain a reputable religious profession till he became a partner in the firm. Labor then increased. He gave less attention to religion, and more and more to his business, and the cares of the world choked the Word. Ere he became old, he was exceedingly rich in money, but so poor and miserly in soul, that none who knew him would have suspected that he had ever borne the sacred name of Him who said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

At length he purchased the large landed estate referred to, built him a costly mansion, sickened and died.—Just before he died, he remarked, 'My prosperity has been my ruin.'

O, what a price for which to barter away immortal joy and everlasting life; yet how many do it. 'When I have finished this house,' said one man, 'then I will seek the Lord.' 'Years afterward,' said the narrator, 'I passed that way; the house was not finished, but *the man was dead!*'

'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'—Mark 8: 35–37.

Our Young Men.

They are the hope of the country, the expectation of the Church. In a very few years, they will be the active men of their generation. The present will be in the past, and the future will be in their hands. Among them are the coming rulers of the country, the educators of the people. The lawyers, the doctors, the preachers of the gospel, the men of influence and power in all public and private positions for the next thirty years, are among those who are just entering upon youthful manhood. Some of them may now be among the flocks like David, or with the herds, like Amos, or at their nets, like Simon Peter and Andrew his brother, or at the plow like Cincinnatus in the field; and we may know little of the specific destiny of individuals; yet we may have no doubt that in the ranks of these self-same young men stand those who are to bear the burdens of the coming generation, and to mould that which is to ensue.

It is no wonder they are objects of intense interest to all thoughtful minds. It would be strange if parents were not deeply solicitous for the welfare of their sons, even beyond the measure of natural affection.

For if the sons be not "as plants grown up in their growth"—give no promise of a prosperous and useful future—what hope is there either of support and comfort from them in declining age, or of well-being for society and the churches? In truth, we are shut up to the alternative of gloom and despondency (save in Omnipotency) if hope for the future cannot be derived from the character and conduct of the young men just ready to take our places!

How significant, then, are the growing distinctive qualities of these young men! How justly may good men carefully scrutinize their incipient habits and tendencies, as bearing upon that which is to come!

With what intenseness may they fix their eye upon the steps and motion of every young man within the sphere of their observation. Let no young man think himself unobserved.—*Vermont Chronicle.*