

THE FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE,
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Poetry.

A SONG FROM THE SUDS.

"Queen of my tub, I merrily sing,
While the white foam rises high;
And sturdily wash, and rinse, and wring,
And fasten the clothes to dry;
Then out in the free fresh air they swing,
Under the sunny sky.
"I wish we could wash from our hearts and souls
The stains of the wicked way,
And let water and air by their magic make
Ourselves as pure as they;
Then on the earth there would be indeed
A glorious washing day!
"Along the path of a useful life,
Will heart's ease ever bloom;
The busy mind has no time to think
Of sorrow, or care, or gloom;
And anxious thoughts may be swept away,
As we busily wield a broom.
"I am glad a task to me is given,
To labor day by day;
For it brings me health, and strength, and hope,
And I cheerily learn to say—
"Head, you may think, heart you may feel,
But hand, you shall work away!"
—L. M. Alcott.

Nouvelle.

JACK'S RESCUE.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

"What are you doing here?" asked Amelia Howard, as she and her younger sister were passing through the "House of Correction" on errands of mercy.
"Nothing, only sittin' on the steps, waitin'," said the boy, rather sullenly at first, as he did not understand the object of the inquiry.
"Yes, I see that you are sitting on the steps," Amelia replied, in mild tones that seemed to arrest his attention "but why do you sit there looking so forlorn?"
"Only 'cause they won't let me sit anywhere else, only here and in my cell."
"What is your name, my boy?"
"Here," the boy answered, "they call me Jack West, but my mother called me Johnnie Weston," looking up as if he had found a friend at last.
"But, Johnnie," asked Amelia, as she approached him, "why are you in this terrible place?"
"I don't exactly know," he replied. "I only know that the police officer brought me here about four years ago and that I am now here."
"But why did he bring you here?" Amelia asked in tones that assured him that she did not wish to injure him.
"Well, I will tell you, but nobody else," he answered, raising his hand earnestly. "My father drinks, you see, or did when I used to be at home, and he used to send me after rum for him. When he couldn't get any money, he used to whip me and make me go round the market and steal something and sell it to buy liquor for him. He whipped me awful hard one day, 'cause I didn't want to steal, and I went and stole some onions to sell Pat Malony for rum. The man saw me and ran after me, and then called the police, and he brought me here and I don't know what has become of any of them. I used to go to school when I could and sometimes to the Sunday-school, when father would let me. But I can't go now. I am dirty and ragged, don't know anything and can't be anybody. I want to work and go to school and be like other boys. But I can't get off without running away, as Bob Riley did last week, and that's too mean for me. Please, Miss, won't you try to get me out of this place? If you will, I will work for you ever so long."
"What can you do, Johnnie?" asked Amelia's sister.
"Oh, I can do almost anything and I will try awful hard to please you and will come real early in the morning. Please ask them to let me go."
"Can you drive a horse, Johnnie?" asked Hattie, the sister.

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"Yes, and harness one, too," he earnestly replied. "I used to drive Mr. Smith's coal-cart and work in his stable, too. I know all about horses, Miss."

"And can you take care of a flower garden, too?" she asked.
"I can learn he said. I will try awful hard to do just as you tell me, if I can only get out of this awful place."

"Well, Johnnie, we will wish a good boy at our house, just such a boy as you seem to be," said Hattie, taking him by the hand and raising him up.

"Oh, don't touch me," he said, "I'm so dirty and ragged. It will dirty your fine clothes, Miss. But if I can work and get better ones and be where I can keep clean, I shall be so glad, and will do anything for you."

The young ladies left, promising him that they would call again in a few days. Their father became interested in the description of the boy and soon made arrangements for his release. He ascertained that Johnnie's mother had died about one year before, and that his father had left the city for California and had not been heard from. They decided that Johnnie should become a member of their family, and that they would do well by him, if he proved worthy of encouragement.

One beautiful morning, not long after these "angels of mercy" left "Jack West,"—looking amazed and as much pleased and excited, they returned and found him in the same place, for he expected them and wished to be where they could easily find him. As they approached, looking encouragingly toward him, he arose modestly, though feeling bashful. Hattie approached and extended her hand, but he shrank from touching it, lest his might soil hers. She took his hand, however, and said, "Johnnie, you are to go with us and live with us as long as you please. We will give you good, clean clothes, and do all for you that we did for our brother, who died last winter. His name was Johnnie, too, and we shall be glad to help you. We have brought some of his clothes with us, and the keeper will let you go into his room and wash yourself and put on something better. You can leave everything behind."

Johnnie fairly jumped for joy, and danced around in fine glee, till he thought that it was not polite before such ladies, whom he had learned almost to venerate.

The story of Johnnie's progress and success is soon told, and is just what we might naturally expect. He proved trusty, industrious and anxious to make a man. He was sent to school, learned rapidly, excelled his associates, in part, because he wished to show his gratitude to his benefactors, and in part because he wished to wipe out the stain and disgrace of having been in prison, and he did it. Hereafter took the place of the departed Johnnie Howard and was worthy to take the place of such a good boy. He was beloved and respected by his associates and teachers, and finally became a good scholar, and more, a good man. He never tasted that terrible drink that had ruined his family and came so near proving his destruction. He soon formed a Band of Hope, took the charge of it and made himself very useful. He went to the Sabbath-school as soon as possible, became a scholar first, then a teacher and at last, the superintendent.

My young friends may like to know what became of "Jack West." Well, as you pass Weston Street, in the city of —, "out West," please notice a large sign at the corner of the street, looking something like the following: "JOHN WESTON, M. D., Physician and Surgeon."

Perhaps they would also like to know who mends Johnnie's clothes, etc., who is the mistress of that fine house and who cheers and encour-

ges him, reminding of the progress he has made. Well, one of Mr. Howard's daughters went West at the same time, one named Hattie, and her name now is Mrs. Weston. You must guess the rest.

THE MINISTER'S STORY.

When I was about fifteen years old, a minister began to visit our town, and to hold frequent meetings; and in this way became acquainted with our family, and often, with his wife visited us. He was a zealous advocate for temperance, and I have frequently heard him with tears in his eyes, warn the young men against the habit of social drinking. Said he, "Look not upon the wine when it is red, for at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." One day he told us his history. Oh, how the tears rolled over the calm and placid face of his wife, as her husband related his story. He had married at the age of twenty-two, a Christian girl of respectable connections; and their parents being in what is considered good circumstances, they gave the young people something to start in the world with. He had a nice farm, and it had a good house on it; and they made a very good show in the world. His wife knew nothing of the fatal habit in which he indulged whenever he went where the social wine-cup appeared. But not long could she be kept in ignorance; for so rapid was his downward course, that in less than a year he would come home drunk when he went where liquor was kept. His young and amiable wife never met him with reproach, but always with gentle kindness, which stung him as no harsh words could have done. "I was at the Mercy seat that she found her strength. She prayed for her husband as none but a heart broken wife can pray. Once he had promised to leave off drinking; but in a few months an old associate asked him to drink again, and he complied; and from that time he was worse than ever. But the devoted wife did not give him up; she prayed more earnestly than ever. When her husband would go where she knew there was danger, she would retire to her closet and commend him to God; and several times throughout the day would find her on her knees supplicating her covenant-keeping God. One evening, when he had been absent all day, she spread her snowy cloth on the table, and prepared her supper with care, and then retired for another season of communion with God. She must have felt as Jacob did when wrestling with God, and would not let Him go without a blessing. Suddenly, her doubts and fears vanished, and with the eye of faith, she saw her husband clothed and in his right mind. From that moment praise was in her heart and on her tongue; and when she arose from her knees, and went out to the door, her husband was just coming in sight. When he stopped his horse and opened the gate, he said:

"Asenith, you have saved me; your prayers are heard."
"Tis God, Daniel, that has done it; let us thank him together this night."

He told her after they went into the house, that he felt as if he must sign the pledge. Something seemed to tell him that he never would, if he didn't then.
"Now Asenith," he said, "I'm afraid to promise too much, for you won't believe it; but your God shall be my God. I have tried to leave off drinking in my own strength before; now I want you to teach me the way of life." That night Daniel Ball knelt beside his wife, and prayed for pardon as he never had prayed before. And ere long he found that peace which passeth all understanding and which fadeth not away. He now began to see the ravages time had made on his once blooming wife. Her hair had silvered, and her step had grown slow, and often faltering; her dry cough sounded to his ears like an avenging demon. But he grew happy at length; and no mother ever could be more tender and loving to her first-born, than Daniel Ball was to his wife, evermore. Yes, we may evermore; for they are still living; and not being blessed with children, their affections are all centered in each other. And he is often heard now to say, "Where would I have been to-day, but for you?"
"In God's hands, Daniel; remember that," she replies.
"I wish I had your faith, Asenith," sometimes he would say.
"Twill all come in good time," she answers.
May God bless them in living or in dying; for ever since that time, their lives have been one continual effort to do good. Twenty-five years have passed since I heard him tell this story, and they are just the same apparently, to-day as they ever were then.
—Good Templar.

AN HONEST LIQUOR DEALER'S ADDRESS TO HIS PATRONS.

Friends and neighbors! Having just opened a commodious shop for the sale of "Liquid Fire," I embrace the early opportunity of informing you that on Saturday I shall commence the business of making drunkards, paupers, and beggars, for the sober, industrious, and respectable to support.

I shall deal in "familiar spirits," which shall excite men to deeds of riot, and robbery, and blood; and by so doing diminish the comforts, augment the expense, and endanger the welfare of the community.

I will undertake at short notice, for a small sum, and with great expedition, to prepare inmates for the asylum, the poor-house, the prison, and the gallies.

I will furnish an article which shall increase the amount of fatal accidents, multiply the number of distressing diseases, and render those harmless incurable.

I will furnish a drug which shall deprive some of life, many of reason, most of property, all of peace; which shall cause fathers to be fends; wives, widows; children, orphans; and all mendicants.

I will cause the rising generation to grow up in ignorance, and prove a burden and nuisance to the nation.

I will cause mothers to forget their sucking infants; virgins to forget their priceless innocence.

I will corrupt the ministers of religion, obstruct the progress of the gospel, defile the purity of the church, and cause temporal, spiritual and eternal death; and if any be so impertinent as to inquire why I had the audacity to bring such accumulated misery upon a comparatively happy land, my honest reply is, Money!

The spirit trade is the most lucrative, and Profiting Christians give it their cheerful countenance.

I have a license from the court, and if I do not bring these evils upon you somebody else will.

I live in a land of liberty.

I have purchased the right to demolish the character, destroy the health, shorten the lives, and ruin the souls of those who choose to honor me with their custom.

I know that the Bible says 'thou shalt not kill,' that it pronounces a woe upon him who giveth his neighbor strong drink; and I also read in the Divine Record that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven, and I cannot expect the drunkard maker to share a better fate. Yet what can I do?

Discoveries of rich deposits of coal and iron ore have been made in Monroe and Green counties, Indiana. The coal is the genuine block coal, and smelts iron without coking. The iron ore is hematite.

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ADVERTISING RATES:
A limited number of advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:
One square, one insertion, \$1.00
For each subsequent insertion, .50

Eight lines of text constitute a square.
Liberal arrangements will be made with persons wishing to advertise by the month or year.

The Day of Small Things.
Despise it not. The mightiest events have unimportant beginnings. This is the usual law of nature. The spreading forest trees that stand unhurt amid the storms of winter have come by slow growth from diminutive seeds. The majestic river, emptying vast volumes of water into the ocean, takes its rise in an unpretending mountain spring. The Apollo Belvedere grew from small and oft-repeated strokes of the chisel. There is a power in what seems to be trifles.

It is even so in morals and religion. Human character is the work and growth of years. Churches are not the offspring of a day, but of centuries. The anti-slavery sentiment of this country was a growth, not the creation of a moment. Such too is the temperance sentiment, whose prevalence and rule will yet be insured. Little acts are fine tests of character, and may become the prophets of great events. Luther, Calvin, Wesley, invested, each, but the labors of a single life; but widespread and well-appointed religious denominations are the result. Let all remember the importance of small things. Sow good seed; and the outgrowth will meet your grandest conceptions and most ardent wishes.

The Anstidity of Drunkenness.—It has become a sort of popular—almost national—faith that it is not possible to be truly happy unless you drink. Among certain classes—and they are by no means exclusively the lowest—drinking is the beginning and end of everything. The very name of liquor is held synonymous with enjoyment, and the dearer the liquor the more it is prized and coveted. Yet every man who is not a downright drunkard, is well aware that the pleasures of drinking are, beyond a certain point, a mockery, a delusion and snare. I put it to any one who has stood half the night in a club room, drinking, smoking, and bandying reckless talk, if the enjoyment of such an evening has been anything like that of a few quiet hours spent at home with a book or newspaper? The evil influence of pleasure on the health is too obvious to be denied by any one, and the illusory nature of the pleasures themselves would be undeniable, also, if the persons who indulge in them did not deceive themselves and put truth out of sight.

No one ever brought any good out of a drinking bout yet. It is a short feverish spasm of animal enjoyment, which leaves nothing but moroseness, regret, bad temper, self-reproach, and headache.

A Few Words to a Father.—Take your son for a companion whenever you conveniently can; it will relieve the already overburdened anxious mother of so much care. It will gratify the boy; it will please the mother; it certainly ought to be a pleasure to you. What mother's eye would not brighten when her child is fondly cared for? And when his eye kindles, his heart beats, and his tongue prattles faster and faster with the idea of going with father, does she not share her little boy's happiness, and is not her love deepened by her husband's consideration, so just and yet too often so extraordinary? It will keep him and you out of places, society, and temptation into which separately you might enter. It will give you abundant and very favorable opportunities to impart instruction, to infuse and cultivate noble principles, and to develop and strengthen a true manhood. It will enable him to "see the world," and to enjoy a certain liberty which may prevent that future licentiousness which often results from a sudden freedom from long restraint.

Rev. Z. B. Harrison has been expelled from the Virginia Methodist Conference, on charges of fornication and adultery.