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THE REV. DR. WILLOUGHBY AND HIS WINE.

CHAPTER I.

"PARSON WILLOUGHBY IS IN HIS STUDY."

There are foolish shepherds (Zech. xi. 16.) There are shepherds that feed themselves and not their flocks (Zech. xxi. 2.) There are hard-hearted and pitiless shepherds (Zeph. xi. 3.) There are shepherds that instead of healing, smite, push, and wound the diseased (Ezek. xxxiv. 4, 21.) There are shepherds that cause their flocks to go astray (Jer. i. 6.) And there are shepherds that feed their flocks (Acts xx. 28.)—JOHN BRYAN.

"The fact is, brethren," said Dr. Willoughby, "I have for the most part stood aloof from all these works of moral reform. I have no taste for them. In my view, they interfere with the simple preaching of the gospel. I have made it my business to preach 'Christ and him crucified,' and I believe that in showing men the sinfulness of their own hearts, and their need of a Savior, the whole ground is covered. Cleanse the fountain, and the stream will be pure. Let a man's soul be renewed, and his outward life will take care of itself. I believe all works of moral reform are superseded by the preaching of the gospel."

The speaker was a man past middle life, of a dignified presence, a lofty, impending forehead, and a keen black eye under shaggy brows. He spoke in a clear voice, with great deliberation, and as one having authority. Grouped about him in the arm-chairs and comfortable lounging-places with which the room was abundantly furnished, sat a dozen clergymen, in the easy attitude of men whose day's work was done, and whom a good dinner had left comfortable in body and mind.

"You express my views exactly, doctor," said an elderly man with a double chin, and an immense white necktie. "In my judgment the mistake, modern reformists make, lies just here. To accomplish any special work they substitute a human instrumentality for the gospel. Yes, sir, the force of man's weak resolution is put in place of the power of divine grace. I have no patience with the mistaken zeal of these fellows, in the ministry or out, who go bellowing through the world, Reform! Reform! throwing open the door of fanaticism, and, with a lighted fagot in one hand and a drawn sword in the other, cut and slash in the name of philanthropy and charity. We ought as ministers of Jesus Christ to oppose fanaticism in every form, and for my part I glory in the name of a conservative, taking the ground of conservatism enlightened by the gospel."

"I believe it to be the only safe course to pursue," said Dr. Willoughby; "and in regard to this temperance movement, to which some allusion has been made, it has so re-note a bearing upon the great object for which the ministry was instituted, is so delicate and impracticable, and in the hands of wire-pulling demagogues has become so mixed up and befogged and interwoven with politics, that I have no disposition to meddle with it."

A young man sitting on the outside of the circle manifested great uneasiness during this conversation, and now, bending forward, seemed about to speak, but was prevented by a brisk, little, black-eyed man, a professor in the neighboring theological seminary, who eagerly responded to Dr. Willoughby's remarks.

"You are right, brother Willoughby, quite right," he said. "We must let these outsiders alone. In all our works of philanthropy and charity, we are, in my opinion, safe just so long as we keep to God's appointed way. The church is that way. All these outside workings, this joining hands in a work of moral reform as a 'hail fellow well met,' with the worldlings and the sinner, is daubing ourselves with untempered mortar. Brethren, it's like forsaking the fellowship of God's chosen people, leaving the road that carried the patriarchs and prophets to the celestial city, with the Holy Spirit to fire our engine,

and the Lord Jesus for our conductor, and jumping aboard a fast train on another track, with strange fire in the engine, and the ruff-suff of the streets, the ring-streaked and the speckled, in the cars. My Bible gives me no direction to join a teetotal society. Let us keep within the pale of the church, brother Willoughby, and we shall in all our endeavors to benefit our fellow-men have the Master's approval, and what measure of success he sees fit to bestow. The two go hand in hand."

And a pale young man at Dr. Willoughby's right hand, "have you trained your people so well, that they suffer you to hold this position in peace?"

The tones of his voice were peculiarly soft and musical, and Dr. Willoughby's face assumed its most benignant expression as he turned to reply.

"Why, as to that, Louis," he said, "there are uneasy spirits in every community, men who have their pet schemes, and whose zeal for the time being is narrowed down to a single issue; who ride their hobby and dwell on their one idea, till they come to think their way is the only right way. I have such in my church, good Christian men, whose hearts are better than their heads. I have a high respect for them. I believe they are actuated by the best of motives. They come to me every now and then, clamoring for some new measure. They want the pledge circulated, or a popular temperance lecturer procured, or some new organization started, and I treat them with great courtesy, and gratify them when I can. I do this conscientiously, for I agree with them in the main. I acknowledge the force of all they say concerning the great and growing evil of intemperance in our midst. I lament it as they do, and we only differ as to the ways and means of eradicating it. As brother Nash has very justly remarked, they put too much confidence in human instrumentality."

"They try to improve on the gospel, sir," said the gentleman alluded to. "They propose to do for the poor victim of sin what only the almighty grace of God can do. And they are tools, sir, in the hands of wire-pulling politicians, miserable demagogues, who, under the specious name of temperance, have raised themselves to power by pandering to the passions of zealots and fanatics. They break up the peace of churches, sir; they sow dissension, and set brethren at variance. They march in the ranks of political strife, and light the fires of fanaticism on our very hearthstones, and in our Christian assemblies."

The young man who had before manifested a disposition to speak, now addressed Dr. Willoughby. He was of manly proportions, with a fair, open, and rather florid face, a clear gray eye, and a profusion of light-brown curly hair. He was a stranger to most present, having been lately installed as pastor of the Congregational Church in Grantley, a manufacturing village some thirty miles distant.

"Dr. Willoughby," he said, very respectfully, "will you tell me what you understand, sir, by a work of moral reform?"

The doctor gave the questioner a searching look from under his shaggy brows.

"A work of moral reform, brother Richmond," he said, "I understand to be a united action, by a body of men, to correct some wrong-doing in the community,—the endeavor to suppress personal or public vice."

"Yes; and if successful, that which is decidedly immoral and vicious is suppressed, and the community becomes conformed externally, at least, to the known commands and will of God.—Am I right there, Dr. Willoughby?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then does not moral reform tend directly to man's salvation? It is not, of course, a work of salvation itself; but, by removing the greatest obstacles to the success of the gospel, does it not 'prepare the way of the Lord?' If this is not a minister's business, whose is it? If we can justify ourselves in standing aloof from works of moral reform under the plea that our business is to preach the gospel, who will do

this work? If Christianity, which has the promise of the life that now is as well as that which is to come, does not take the lead in every enterprise of philanthropy, where is suffering humanity to look for aid? The gospel! what is it? 'The grace of God bringeth salvation, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world.' My dear brethren, we cannot separate moral reform from religion. The two go hand in hand. And most strikingly is this true of the temperance work. To succeed, we must have the weight and authority of God's law, and all the energizing love of the gospel. If the church stand back, if ministers keep silent, the temperance reform will in a great measure fail; it will be a mere dietetic or sanitary movement, evanescent, and without binding force. It is God's battle, and we must fight it."

To spoke rapidly, his handsome face flushing with excitement and enthusiasm.

"The cross once seen is death to every vice," said the professor. "Brother Richmond, it has occurred to me many times, that if you ultra temperance men would spend a quarter of the time in earnest conversation with men about the salvation of their souls, that you devote to urging them to sign the total abstinence pledge, you would accomplish more for the glory of God."

"Did you ever attempt," he replied, "to persuade a man, thoroughly under the influence of this vice, to become a Christian? Is there any such opponent to the conviction and conversion of sinners as intemperance? 'The sin of intemperance,' said good old Dr. Nettleton, in 1829, 'has caused more trouble and done more dishonor to the cause of Christ than any other vice that can be named.' 'I dread,' said the martyr Williams, a little before his death, 'I dread to see the American flag come into the Pacific. She may bring missionaries in her cabin, but in her hold are the fire-waters of damnation.' And Archdeacon Jeffreys, after a residence of nineteen years in Bombay, declared that 'without the introduction of the total abstinence principle, Christianity would be a curse to India rather than a blessing; for the Hindoo on renouncing caste, by which he is forbidden to drink, would rush at once to the bottle, and the Christian church become the most drunken part of India.' 'Plead with men to come to Christ?' So I will, and I will tell the poor inebriate that the first step to be taken is to forsake his cups, for 'no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God.' Brethren, God helping me, I will say to my people wherever I labor, 'I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men.'"

"My young brother," said Dr. Willoughby, with great dignity, "I deplore with you the evils of intemperance. I, too, would plead with the inebriate to forsake his cups, because his only chance of safety lies in abstinence. I have no disposition to meddle with your belief. Be a teetotaler if you like, and persuade others to join you. This is a part of your Christian liberty, and though I hold that there is a better way, that temperance is a higher virtue than abstinence, that my liberty consists in using the world, I shall not quarrel with you if you take the extreme ground—struck by the prevalence of intemperance in our midst—that to partake of the wine-cup ever so soberly is a luxury you are called upon to relinquish.—But when you talk about bringing the weight and authority of God's law to bear on your side, and maintain that the battle for teetotalism is God's battle, you make a great and fundamental mistake. A divine permission, my dear brother, is not a divine requirement, and you will allow me to say that the attempt you ultra temperance men are making to force the Bible to inculcate teetotalism must necessarily fail, and the failure damages the cause. Let me ask you one question, brother Richmond. Was the greatest reformist and philanthropist the world ever saw, he who, knowing the end from the beginning, must have foreseen all the evil that would grow out of the abuse of intoxicating drink,—was the Lord

Jesus Christ, 'God manifest in the flesh,' a total abstainer? Did he inculcate, either by example or precept, this belief of yours? Did he not come eating and drinking? Did he not make wine on a festive occasion, and use it at the institution of the Lord's supper,—wine, too, that would make men drunk? These facts have got to be met by temperance men. Be careful, brother Richmond, lest you teach for doctrine the commandments of men.—You cannot condemn God that you yourself may be righteous."

At this moment there was a confused noise in the hall, the door of the study was thrown wide open, and the Irish girl who had waited upon the minister at dinner appeared.

"And shure, Dr. Willoughby," she said, half crying and making strange backward gestures with her arms, "I niver opened a crack o' the door to him, till he thrittined to take the life o' me the next time I went to Mass, and his old shanty is between here an' St. Patrick's church. 'Holy mother, protect me! In wid ye thin', ye ill-mannered baste, disturbin' their riverences wid ye nonsense!'"

"Clear the track, Katie," said a bold, ringing voice behind her, "and I'll make it all right with the parson;" and Katie withdrawing her substantial person from the doorway, there appeared, in her stead, a short, gray-headed man, who stood holding his hat in both hands, and bowing all round to the company. Whether he was old or young, it was impossible from his appearance to decide. The short hair that curled tight to his head was gray, but his large blue eyes, though wandering and troubled in their expression, were as clear as an infant's. His forehead was unwrinkled, and where protected from the weather remarkably white. His features were regular, and he would have been good-looking, but for a scar which, extending the whole length of one cheek, and across the mouth, dreadfully disfigured that side of his face, and entirely changed its expression.

"What do you want, Martin?" said Dr. Willoughby, impatiently, as the visitor, with strange grimaces and contortions, continued his bows to the company.

He advanced toward Dr. Willoughby's chair, and, with a face full of earnestness and solemnity, began to speak.

"I sought for one," said he, "and behold there are ten gathered together in the name of the Lord. Welcome, heralds of salvation! Hail, ye watchmen on the heights of Zion! ye candlesticks of the Lord!—ye lights of the world!—ye cities set upon a hill!—ye captains of salvation, arrayed in the panoply of Jehovah, and ready to do battle valiantly against the strongholds of Satan! 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings!'"

"How blessed are our eyes That see this heavenly sight!"

Then looking earnestly in Dr. Willoughby's face, "Parson," he said, "I bear a message to you. You are wanted in the front ranks. The soldiers have arrayed themselves for the battle, and they are but waiting for their leader to advance to victory. The serried hosts of the Destroyer are encamped—"

"Come, come, Joe, that will do," said Dr. Willoughby; "leave your message till another time. I am busy as you see, with these gentlemen. We are discussing very important matters, and cannot be interrupted." Then, as the visitor raised his arm with a preparatory gesture, the minister added, sternly, "Not a word, Joe, not another word. You must go this moment."

He dropped his head instantly, both face and attitude expressing disappointment and dejection.

"And what shall I tell them, parson?" he said, very sadly.

"Tell them?"

"Them that sent me with my message."

"Tell them," said Dr. Willoughby, "that I am in my study and cannot be disturbed."

"Parson Willoughby is in his study," said Joe Martin, with his eyes fastened on the floor; then looking round upon the company he repeated in a louder voice, "Parson Willoughby is in his study. Ruin and destruction are in our midst. Iniquity runs down our streets like a river. Foul cesspools of corruption are at every corner. The soul-destroying minions of Satan, from their ante-chambers of hell, are revelling in wealth wrung from widow's tears, and hoarding up gold coined from orphans' groans, and the anguished cry for help comes up from wretched victims writhing in the grasp of that fell destroyer, whose touch is pollution, and whose sting is death. But Parson Willoughby is in his study."

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when in the morning I rose, it came necessary, after a kind of waking giddy dose through the forenoon, to go to the sideboard. This alarmed my mother and sisters. They thought it strange and remonstrated, but I despised the idea of being a tippler, and was angry because they expressed their fears, after they had seen me do it a couple of times, that I would form the habit of drinking. Had I been just to those fears then, I should not be what I am now. Let the young man who is just acquired the taste, not disregard these gentle admonitions; they are the suggestions of guardian angels, which, if obeyed, will open to him the path of peace, health, contentment and honor. If disobeyed, he is destined to trouble, discontent, disgrace, sickness and death. I could go now and call for my glass, treat and be treated. It was gentlemanly to be able to master a glass of brandy, gin, or whatever the fashionable drink was.

When at length I began to be somewhat alarmed at this surprising product in dissipation, I resolved to abstain for a limited period. Then my ambition would kindle up, for I wished ardently to be a great man. I studied earnestly for a time the science of law and politics, but, when the allotted period again into the channel like a current that, having been dammed up, breaks over the frail barriers, with fresh impetuosity. I got married—for women, affectionate women, will not hear of faults in him she loves. "He will soon reform. He loves me too well to make me unhappy. He knows I shall not like it." He promised to abstain. Ah, deceived women! Love may be stronger than death, but the power of the cup is stronger than both. What a drinking man a man that can drink five glasses of brandy a day with pleasure, is not far from that point, when he will sacrifice health, wealth, pride, patriotism, reputation, love, life, everything for that damnable thirst. I loved my wife as much as a man could, but when the habit of drinking was, thoroughly formed, (which was before I was aware) I sacrificed everything. I have often returned home, and found my wife weeping in silence—a silence that at first used to grieve my soul; but liquor soon hardened anything that looked like tenderness. She has told me the children wanted clothes, but, "Curse the children," said I, "I want my drink and I'll have it." One night I staid until two o'clock at the tavern, playing cards and who should come in at that dread hour of the night but my wife with her infant in her arms. My blood ran cold, and curled at my heart. "Is this woman my wife?" I exclaimed. Never before did I realize the full power of female virtue. My profane companions and myself were perfectly abashed. "I cursed her, and told her with severe threats to go home. 'No! that I will not,'" said she, "rising in her dignity of injured innocence, though with a trepidation that shook her whole frame like an aspen, and holding her trembling infant out to me.—'This is your child, and I will not stir one step from this spot till you take it and go home with me.'" She then turned to my companion, and upbraided them as my destroyers in a strain of invective that made them cower like so many discovered and disgraced assassins before the messenger of retributive justice. We separated, ashamed of each other, and our deeds of darkness, and almost sobered by this strange apparition. I obeyed implicitly, for nothing makes a man more mean spirited than the habit of drinking. We went home and retired to rest, but waking up in the night with some terrible thirst, I tottered to the bottle and drank; went to sleep again; slept till ten o'clock and when I awoke, felt dizzy and bewildered, wretched and hopeless. And so my days are passing. Give up the practice I will not. I cannot live without it. I have no character to lose, no mind to study, no business to employ me, no ambition to inspire, no love excepting for brandy, gin, whiskey, rum—anything which will supply my raging thirst.—Tom Vindicator.

"Impossible!"

"Yes, in this very room frequently, though it was many years ago. Don't you remember a curly-headed, handsome boy you used to meet here some times when you were settled over in Barton, who came to my study to recite Latin. Poor fellow! I heard him twice a week for over two years. You remember that boy, Nash? Why, you have seen him time and time again."

"And do you mean to tell me, brother Willoughby, that this crazy, gray-headed man, who has given us such a flaming temperance address, is that boy?"

"The very same. Remind me to tell you his story some time,—that is, what I know of it, for there is a great mystery hanging over part of his life."

The discussion interrupted by Joe's visit was not renewed, the meeting breaking up directly. Mr. Richmond was the first to take his departure, but after walking a few steps he remembered that he had left his gloves on Dr. Willoughby's study table, and accordingly retraced his steps. When he opened the door, the ministers were standing in groups of twos and threes, talking familiarly together. There was a pause when he made his appearance. Then the pale young man who had called Dr. Willoughby father said:

"Well, brethren, I drink wine, and by the grace of God I mean to."

"Amen! thank God for that," said Dr. Willoughby; "and, brethren, I take great credit to myself for his conversion. He was a radical teetotaler when I first knew him."

An expression of pain crossed Mr. Richmond's face, as he silently took his gloves from the table.

"Wait a moment, Richmond," said the young man, who was Dr. Willoughby's son-in-law. "I am going your way, and will walk to the depot with you."

(To be Continued.)

The End of the Social Glass.

A person who has suffered severely from his passion for liquor, thus feelingly describes the progress and painful effects of that destructive vice:—"I was once a respectable man. I can well remember the first step which led me to what I am now. I was decoyed into a tavern, and there first, when I was at the tender age of fifteen, with intellectual promises as fair as ever made a parent's heart bound with joy, my friend—who was the most detested