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THE REV. DR. WILLOUGHBY AND HIS WINE.

BY MARY SPRING WALKER.

CHAPTER II. "GOOD FATHER PAUL."

It would have been among the number of things for which Paul would not have permitted it, nor would he have said it was to be used. This passage is against the simple ones of our brethren who, when they see any persons disgracing themselves by intemperance, instead of rebuking such, allow the same given them by God and say, "Let there be no wine." We would say in answer to such, "Let there be no drunkenness, for what is the work of God but drunkenness is the work of the devil." Wine maketh not drunkenness, but intemperance produceth it. Do not accuse that which is the workmanship of God, but accuse the madness of a fellow-creature. — C. CURTIS.

The young men walked arm in arm down the street of the country town, leading from Dr. Willoughby's residence to the depot. Mr. Thayer was the first to speak.

"I am ready for my lecture, Allan," he said. "I saw the pent-up fire in your face, and came out with you that you might give it vent. Come, fancy we are in 'No. 37, corner room, three flights front, in old Union, and you playing Mentor again."

He turned gayly to his companion as he spoke, but there was no answering smile on Allan Richmond's face.

"Why, what ails you, man?" said Louis Thayer; "you look as sour as a November day. Come, in the words of the hymn we used to sing together, I adjure you to

"Speak and let the worst be known; speaking may relieve you."

"I know not what to say," he replied. "Louis, I was never so grieved and surprised in my life. I cannot understand it. Was it Louis Thayer, the staunch total-abstinence man I knew in the seminary, who sat in complacent silence while Christian philanthropists were denounced as enthusiasts and fanatics, and then boasted that he touched the inebriate thing, and claimed the aid and countenance of God's grace in doing it? Louis, what has changed you so? Truly, Ephraim hath mixed himself with the people."

"One would think I had forsaken the faith of the fathers and gone clean over to idolatry," he rejoined, laughing. "Why, man alive, did you expect to find me unchanged after all these years? Age brings wisdom, you know. Have you sloughed off none of the erudite notions of your college and seminary life?" Then speaking more seriously, "The fact is, Allan, I found very soon after you and I came out of our cell, talking with men older and wiser than myself, and coming to see the other side of the matter, that the ground we took on the temperance question was extreme, and could not be sustained. After my marriage, and while I was looking about for a settlement, I spent a couple of months in my father-in-law's family, and I found a Christian minister, with large experience, and eminently successful in his profession, drinking wine moderately on festive occasions, and with family, and defending it as use from the Lord. I must say I felt a little shocked at first. I could not quite understand it. I held my position against him as a teetotaler for a while, till he made it so clear to me that the Scripture doctrine is not total abstinence from intoxicating drinks; that as a rule of duty it is utterly unknown in the word of God, and, in fact, condemned by Christian ethics. He presented the subject to me in such a different light, that my views were greatly modified and enlarged; but I was never quite converted till I became a Timothy to a good father Paul, who by timely counsel and skillful medical advice dissipated my over-weening scruples, and cured my bodily ailments.

"My first year in the ministry was a pull. I wrote two sermons a week, and prepared a lecture besides. There was no end to visiting, and funerals, and calls for extra duty. You know how

it is, for you have had the same experience, only you are stronger physically than I am. Well, in the midst of a very precious revival, my old enemy, neuralgia, seized me. Night after night I did not close my eyes to sleep. The doctor did me no good, for you see my mental anxiety kept up the nervous excitement. Father Willoughby came out to see me in the midst of it. "You want stimulants," said he, and he sent home for a dozen bottles of old Port, and some Cognac brandy. He told me to drink all I could bear. O, Allan, the blessed relief from pain it brought me! In three days I was a well man, and ready for work. I know not what Paul's prescription did for Timothy, but I know my father in the gospel cured me. It is but common justice to speak well of a bridge that has carried you safely over, and wine has been a 'good creature of God' to me. I come home weary after the labors of the Sabbath, and my sense of fatigue is met most pleasantly by a little alcoholic stimulant."

"But you are not looking well, Louis," his friend said, gravely. "They had reached the depot, and were pacing the platform waiting for the train. There was good reason for the remark. The young minister's check was pale, and his step, in contrast to the quick, elastic tread of his companion, betokened languor or fatigue, and there was at times a tremulous motion to his mouth that expressed great nervous sensibility, if not weakness.

"I am perfectly well," he said, hastily, "only tired and overworked. The fatigue of moving and settling my books and furniture has been very great, and the excitement of preaching to a new congregation, composed of a very different class of people from my other parish, and the necessity of making new acquaintances, and accommodating myself to my position here, have worn upon me a little. When I get things arranged to my mind, and the machinery of my church in good running order, I shall be all right again. And how goes the world with you, Allan? Are you settled to your mind? Are you going to like Grantley? Have you a pleasant boarding-place, or your poor, lonely old bachelor? By the way, you saw our little sister Grace at dinner. Does she look like the girl you used to talk so much about that last year in the seminary?"

Allan Richmond blessed like a school-boy. "She is very lovely," he said, and stopped.

"You mention it as though it were a subject for mourning and lamentation," said his companion.

"So it may be to me," he said, "for it removes me and my hopes at an infinite distance from her. Louis, how could I ever dream of winning her?"

"You are too modest, Allan. Why should you not win her as well as another? She will spend the holidays with us. Shall we see you in the city then?"

These were parting words, Mr. Richmond springing on the cars, and exchanging a hurried good-by with his friend after the train was in motion.

CHAPTER III. THE CITY MINISTER'S WIFE.

Wanted—a perfect lady, delicate, gentle, refined, with every beauty of person, and every endowment of mind; fitted by early culture to more in fashionable life, to shine a gem in the parlor, — Wanted—a minister's wife!

And now, mother, that this important dinner is cooked and eaten, and the responsibility of superintending and presiding is off your mind, I suppose we may claim a share of your attention," said Frances Thayer, Dr. Willoughby's eldest daughter, the afternoon of the minister's meeting described in a preceding chapter.

"It passed off very well," said Mrs. Willoughby, with a sigh of relief.

"Of course it did, mother. Your company dinners all pass off well. It is unaccountable to me how so old a house-keeper as you are can allow yourself to become nervous over a dinner. Why, I entertained six delegates the other day when the Sunday school

convention met in the city, and it was very little trouble."

"Frances, you know nothing about it. With your well-trained city servants, a market just round the corner, and a confectioner in the next block, you haven't the least idea what it is to get up a dinner in the country for a dozen hungry ministers, with only a green Irish girl to help you. And then, you have the faculty of taking things easily. I believe you are not as nervous as most women."

Mrs. Willoughby looked with pardonable pride as she spoke, upon the tall, handsome young woman, who, richly dressed, sat in a negligent attitude, with one elbow resting upon her mother's work-table. Her figure was full and rounded, there was a healthy bloom upon her cheek and lip, her eyes like her father's were black and piercing, and her abundant hair was brushed fearlessly back from a forehead that in breadth and outline was his own. Her sister, a young girl with a slender figure, fair complexion, and blue eyes, though less striking in appearance, was not wanting in personal attractions, and the smile that dimpled her cheeks and lit up her dove-like eyes made her at times very pretty.

"But I don't suppose," continued Mrs. Willoughby, a little fretfully, "that Louis invites half the company your father does. The doctor knows all the ministers in the county, and I often tell him he is too hospitable. I am sure our house is a perfect hotel, and I have done little for the last twenty years but wait upon ministers."

Mrs. Thayer laughed merrily.

"Well, mother, it is good business," she said, "and it does not appear to have worn upon you. How well I remember the travelling agents who used to 'put up' with us, as they called it, though I am sure we 'put up' with them, in entertaining them so long. There was good old father Scranton, you know, who always came out in the morning to put on his boots by the kitchen fire, and watch brother Willoughby's 'stirrin' gals,' as he called Grace and me, get breakfast; and Mr. Nash, who was sure to drop in when we had a picked-up dinner, especially bash, as we children said, because it rhymed with his name; and the minister with the gruff voice who 'ahemed' the door open; and the old bachelor minister with the hooked nose, by which, we used to say, he could hang to the cherry-tree and pick with both hands, and who served you such a mean trick, mother, when he undertook to mark his shirts, and spilled iced milk on your best chamber carpet, and then dragged the hearth-rug over it, instead of covering the spot with a twenty-dollar bill, as he should have done. And O, Grace, once when you were a little bit of a thing, you ran to meet me, exclaiming, 'Fannie, Fannie, we have ministers for dinner!'"

She laughed heartily at her reminiscences, her mother and sister joining in her merriment.

"Fannie, it does me good to see you again," Mrs. Willoughby said. "You are as lively as ever. Marrying a minister, and feeling the responsibility of your position, have not sobered you in the least. Grace and I are too quiet. We sit here all day like a couple of old ladies. But tell me about your parish, dear. I have not seen you long enough to have a good talk since the installation. Do you like the Wilmot Street people as well as you expected? Is Louis happy?"

"We are on the wave, mother, you know," she returned. "The people quite worship their new minister. I am afraid sometimes they will spoil him, they praise him so openly; and yet, perhaps it is just the encouragement Louis needs, for he is really morbid in his self-depreciation. People tell me all ministers are low-spirited at times, but I never remember to have seen father so discouraged and disheartened as Louis frequently is."

"Your father has enjoyed perfect health all his life, my dear, and is very calm and equable in his temperament, while Louis is excitable and nervous and not physically strong."

"I know it, mother, and just now he is dreadfully overworked. He says it

will be easier by and by, when he is over this hard spot, and I hope it will, for he is laboring quite beyond his strength. He studies very hard, and begs him to use his old sermons; but when he looks them over he throws one after another aside in disgust, and says he has outgrown them. It is a fact they were written for a very different class of people. Mother, we have the best fashionable congregation in the city. People from the other churches flock to the Wilmot Street. Last Sabbath evening we had Judge Harding, and Ex-governor Binks, and the Hon. Mr. Wilder, and I don't know how many more of the first men in the city. Not an easy congregation to preach to, was it? But my husband was equal to the occasion, and he did himself credit, but was so nervous and excited after the effort, that he did not close his eyes to sleep till near morning, and the next day came the reaction."

"Well, I suppose it cannot be helped, but you must try to have him spare himself all he can."

"It is quite impossible, mother, at present. The people are continually making demands upon his time, that he cannot resist. There is a great deal of social life in the Wilmot Street church, and just now we are having a round of parties. I enjoy them exceedingly, but Louis complains that they absorb too much of his time, and the heat and glare of the crowded rooms, and the small talk in which he must join, unfit him for his work in the study. And the early part of the week he is too languid and weary to write, and it often happens that his sermon is not commenced till Thursday or Friday, and then he must drive night and day to finish it."

"You must do the best you can for him, Frances. See that he has plenty of nourishing food and takes exercise regularly. If my father were living, he would say, 'String him up with plenty of good Port wine, and give him three hours a day on the back of a quiet pony.' Father was one of the old-fashioned doctors."

"He has no time for horse back riding, mother. Three hours a day, indeed! He scarcely has half an hour he can call his own. Why, you will hardly believe it, but he declared that he could not spend time to attend this meeting at his father's house; but I insisted upon his coming. He is drinking the wine father was so kind as to send him, and it is doing him good."

That evening when Dr. Willoughby and Mr. Thayer joined the family group, the doctor said—

"This college friend of yours, Louis, this Richards—"

"Richmond, father," said his youngest daughter.

"Yes, Richmond,—so it is, dear. I am getting to be an old man in my memory of names."

"Grace seems to have no difficulty in recalling the name," said her brother, a little mischievously.

"I have heard it too often from your lips," she replied.

"What were you about to say, father?" said Louis Thayer.

"That he appears to belong to the intense school. He is very ultra in his views, is he not, my son?"

"On the temperance question, yes. Richmond is a capital fellow, frank, outspoken, whole-souled, and generous to a fault. He was the best scholar in his class, and would have been very popular but for these peculiar notions that he thrusts into notice on all occasions."

"How very disagreeable!" said Frances Thayer. "I detect a man of one idea, and it seems worse in a minister than in any one else. The young man who supplied the Wilmot Street before you preached for them, Louis, did you know he was such a person? Mrs. Barstow told me that he openly insulted a friend of hers in her own parlor, by refusing a glass of wine she offered him at a social gathering, doing it in such a solemn, disagreeable way, as to draw the attention of the whole company, and cause her to feel almost as though she had committed a sin in providing wine for her guests."

"I hope your friend will not be so indiscreet as to carry his ultra views into

his new pulpit," said Dr. Willoughby. "He will work mischief if he does. I know all about that Grantley church. There are too or three influential men there, engaged in the liquor trade, and the subject will not bear touching. It is the last place for a man with radical views on the temperance question."

"You may depend upon it, father, that Richmond will preach and talk and pray temperance, wherever he is," said Louis Thayer.

"Then he will find himself in hot water very soon," said the old gentleman, "and he will create a division of feeling that will greatly injure that church. It is a pity; for they are not strong enough to endure a storm. I was in hopes, after all their candidating, they had secured a good minister."

"And so they have, father," said Mr. Thayer, warmly. "Allan Richmond was my dearest friend in college, and my classmate in the seminary. He is a good preacher, and will make a faithful, hard-working pastor. Come, Fannie, it is after nine o'clock, and we have three miles to ride."

She rose reluctantly.

"Why not remain and drive over in the morning?" the mother asked.

"I cannot leave my babies, mother," Mrs. Thayer said.

"And I cannot leave my sermon," said her husband.

When the carriage was at the door, and the young minister was shaking hands with his father-in-law, Mrs. Willoughby said—

"Doctor, you have not forgotten the wine, I hope?"

"All right, my dear; it's packed away in a basket under the seat,—only half a dozen bottles of old Sherry," he replied to the young man's faint remonstrance. "I flatter myself it's a better article than you know how to find in the city, and wife says you need it. A little 'for the stomach's sake,' you know, my son,—ha, ha!"

"Good Father Paul," said Louis Thayer to his wife as they drove from the door; "he means I shall not lack for Timothy's medicine."

"Father is very thoughtful and generous," she replied. "But O, Louis, I have such a piece of news to tell you.—Who do you think is paying attention to Grace?"

"The new school-teacher perhaps, or Deacon Riley's eldest son. He walked home from church with her the Sabbath I exchanged with your father."

"Nonsense, you know Grace would not think of either of them. Louis, it is Mr. Landon, the lawyer."

"What, Horace Landon, who has an office on Broad Street, Fannie? You don't mean it."

"Yes, I know you would be surprised. He is one of the first lawyers in the city, and very wealthy, you know, for he has inherited all his father's money."

"But he is too old for Grace."

"Oh, no! Mother says he is not much over forty, and I am sure he is quite young-looking. And, Louis, think of the position it will give Grace!—How delightful to have her near us, living in such style! Mother is very much pleased."

"You speak as if it was a settled thing."

"Well, so it is, or at least very nearly so. He has asked father's permission to pay his addresses, and mother says Grace evidently likes him."

"Is it possible father Willoughby approves of this?"

"Certainly, Louis,—why not? Is it not in every respect a desirable match?"

"I cannot say what Horace Landon is now," he replied, gravely; "but when I knew him in college he was an infidel. He was much older than myself. I was not acquainted with him personally. I did not care to know him. He had the name of being a brilliant, witty fellow,—fascinating in appearance and manners, flush with money, and drew around him a circle of young men who gained no good by the companionship. He gave wine-parties, and his room was full of infidel books which he circulated. He was considered one of the most dangerous men in college. You surprise me very much, Fannie."

"You knew him years ago, Louis,"

she said. "Men change their views, you know. Depend upon it, it is all right or father would not have given his consent."

"Poor Richmond!" said Mr. Thayer. "And why poor Richmond?" she asked, in surprise. "What has he to do with it?"

"He saw Grace for the first time one commencement day, years ago, and was greatly pleased with her; indeed, he may all it love at first sight; but he was

poor, and in debt, and she was very young. He confided his hopes of one day winning her, to me, and I am sure he has never abandoned them; for he displayed a great deal of feeling when I spoke of her to-day. It is awkward too, for, of course, I know nothing of this, and rallied him about her, and I suppose gave him some encouragement."

"A poor country minister!" said Frances Thayer, rather disdainfully. "Grace can do better than that."

"My dear, her sister married a poor country minister," he said, mimicking her tone.

"Yes, and he would be just that to-day," she rejoined, "were it not for a wife who was ambitious to see him in a position he is in every respect qualified to fill."

"Indeed! That would position is a great favorite of yours, Fannie."

"And you do not give it sufficient importance," she replied. "I really believe, Louis, that you sometimes regret leaving that small parish among the hills for a fashionable church in a growing city."

He made her no reply, but touching his horse smartly with the whip, the spirited animal carried them over the ground at such a pace as to give no further opportunity for conversation.

"You will not go to your study to-night," she said, when they stopped at their own door in the city. "It is late, and you are tired."

"There is no escape, Fannie. The sermon must be written."

He drove his horse to the livery stable, and, returning, was going upstairs to his study, when his wife called him from the nursery door.

"At least you must stop long enough to say good-night to the baby," she said, when he obeyed her summons.

"See, the little fellow is wide awake. Here, take your boy,"—for the child was making frantic efforts to escape from her arms,—and look at Everett in his crib, and tell me if there are two as noble children to be found in this city to-night."

He took the infant, and, resting his pale cheek against its little rosy face, enjoyed for a moment the quiet of this domestic scene; then he went away wearily to his study.

(To be Continued.)

PICTURES.—A room with pictures in it, and a room without pictures, differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls and nothing on them; for pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and other spheres. It is such an inexpressible relief to a person engaged in writing, or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped square off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful, and, perhaps, idyllic scenes, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. To winter in your world?—perhaps it is summer in the picture. What a charming momentary change and contrast! And thus pictures are consoles of loneliness; they are a swift flattery to the soul; they are a relief to the just mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books; they are histories and sermons—which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.

The alleged Cuban filibusters captured off New Bedford have at length been tried by the United States commissioner and discharged. A large iron-clad, carrying eighteen steel guns, and crowded with men, in company with a large schooner, has been lying to seaward about two miles from Cape Head, off the Massachusetts coast. Both vessels are supposed to be Cuban filibusters.