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REV. DR. WILLOUGHBY AND

HIS WINE

BY MARY SPRING W

Set upon his feet in the middle of the room, the sause of all this commotion proved to be a small boy, perhaps eight years old, ragged and dirty, his whole pearance indicating poverty and neg-He rubbed his eyes with his dirty knuckles, looked ruefully round, and stood motionless.

What is your name, little boy, and whom do you want to see ?" said Grace, kindly.

to see the minister," said the child. "And why didn't ye knock at the

door like a Christian?" said Dan. "Cause," said the boy, looking timidly up in his deliverer's face, "'cause I wanted to smell the slapjacks."

"Mother, the child is hungry," said Grace. "Quick, Katie, bake some warm cakes. You poor little fellow, you shall smell them, and taste them

While the cakes were baking, Mrs. Willoughby examined the boy's head phrenologically.

"I really don't find any bumps," she said. "Yes, here is quite a large one on this side. Keep still, child, I am not going to hurt you. Grace, run to

"I aint a-goin' to take it," said Bub

The lady looked at him in astonish- have crawled to your door."

"Dear me, child," she said, "nobody wants you to take it. I am going to rub a little on the outside of your head, to take down the swelling, and make it feel cool and good."

"I mint a goin' to take it," repeated through such another spell." the boy. "I promised ma I wouldn't. It's nasty stuff. It makes pa sick and cross. I aint a-goin' to take it."

After this repeated expression of his determined purpose, the young teeto taler put his feet close together like an obstinate mule, and looked defiantly in

his tempter's face. What a singular child!" said Mrs. Willoughby. "Dector, do you hear that?" But the doctor had disappeared, "Well, never mind about it now, dear. Eat your breakfast, and if your head swells very bad we'll put cold water on it."

He needed no second bidding, and appeared as fast as she could cook them. peeping into the syrup cup

a bountiful supply upon his plate the rest of the story.

When he had eaten till he could eat no more, Grace pursued her inquiries. "Why do you want to see the minister " she asked.

"Pa sends his respects, and he's sick and wants the minister should come and see him."

"I will tell him," said Grace, and the visitor departed, in a more legitisnate way than he entered, Dan giving it as his private opinion that his head was no longer the biggest part of him, and that a yoke of oxen couldn't pull nim through that hole in his present condition.

They must be miserably poor, father," Grace said, when she reported the child's errand. "The boy ate like one famished, and his clothes were very thin and old."

"He has been sick, the boy said."

glad he has sent for me. He has given while he was talkin', in came you me an opportunity to deal faithfully Riley, the deacon's son, with a total with him, which I shall not be slow to abstinence pledge. And Briggs,

"Don't be too hard on him, doctor," Joe had just been sayin' some shi said Mrs. Willoughby "I am sure he things, and though he dursn't to must be misecable erough, lying there Joe, you know, he was well riled up. so sick and poor, without being lectur. He hates the deacon, for he's inter ed. Poor fellow! perhaps he is tempt with his but ed beyond his strength, and can't belp Says Br

"My name is Bub Davis, and I want day when Christ declared that from pledge. The minister's a larned man, ized. I knew the Spirit was striving ceed mary vile habits which defile the subject scientifically, and he's found out it. I tried to get him to some of the sinned against than sinning. He is a zy Joe took up for you, sir, and said been a Christian long ago. His tolk grace and power of the gospel."

> mean to say he wasn't a sinner, only I what turned 'em into hell by thousands? felt sorry for him."

An hour later, Dr. Willoughby took his gold-headed cane, and walked down street to John Davis's home. A miserable home it was, and a poor wreck of manhood who, from his bed, lifted the medicine closet, and get the bottle haggard, unshaven face, and stretched of Bay rum, and some thick brown pa- out a gaunt, shaking hand to welcome he mirister.

> "It's kind of you to come, sir, and wouldn't have troubled you if I could

> "I came cheerfully, Davis," said th doctor, "but I am sorry to find . you s feeble. You have been very sick."

"I came as near goin'," he replied, i nis weak, hollow voice, "as ever a mar did. The doctor says I'll never pul

"God is good to you, Davis, in give ing you one more opportunity to repent," said the minister. "You feel this, I hope. These repeated warnings cannot be in vain. You have made res olutions, I trust, on this sickbed, which came so near being your bed o death,-that you will never dare to

He twisted the bedelothes with h bony fingers

"It makes a man teel solemn-like," he said, "to stand as I've done for week past, look n' death right in the eve. And I calculate to do different doctor, when I get round again; and Katie's substantial buckwheat cakes dis- you see thet's why I wanted to talk with you, for I've been thinkin', and Is it lasses?" he inquired, angerly, my wife's been beggin' of me to sign the pledge, and quit drinkin', and I told "Yes," said Grace and she n ured her this mornin', says I, 'Jennie, I'll talk it over with the minister, and get Oh, my!" and his greedy eyes told his mind on the subject.' I'm free to own, doctor, that I baven't done as I'd ou ht to of late years. I haven't been to church with my wife, though I premised my old mother on her death-bed that I would; but I have a great respect for you, sir, and I wanted to consult with you about takin' this important step, and so I made bold to send my boy round for you."

"You did perfectly right, Davis .-

Let me know how I can help you." pledge. There has one and another been to me along back, askin' me to join, but I always bluffed 'em off, for, says I, 'I aint a goin' to sign away my liberty. If I want to stop drinkin', I said John Davis. "She thinks if she a paper. I guess I know when I've will all be right." had enough,' says I, 'and you needn't come to me with your pledge." That's his hollow eyes gathered moisture as he out of me. I haven't any more heart out to Brighton district to hold a meet-"Yes; and that family might be in the way I talked it, sir. Well, a week witnessed his wife's emotion. as comfortable circumstances as any ago last Thursday.-I remember the mechanic's in town," he replied. "Da- day, for toward night I began to have gerly. "This good man will support Nobody can make head against you. down track as I have, but I'll tell you vis is a good workman, and can earn the horrors the worst way; in fact, I you, and my God will give you strength, What you say is respectable is respectable is respectable is respectable is respectable. his twenty dollars a week when he is see snakes in my boots that mornin',- John, to keep it." sober; but I understand he has not there was a few of us settin' round in "I am afraid you are both putting may do. Now just go with me, doctor. be any drunkards. And now see what

constitution by this evil habit. I am to Briggs' to give us a lecture, cursed up hill and down, for Craz

"There speaks the sickly sentimen- nence, and to all your other totals.'- but it is a sin. My dear friend, your talism of the day," said Dr. Willough. Well, that brought up the whole sub- only sufficient remedy is that divine one "Why not call things by their ject. We had it hot for a while. Ri- which alone can conquer the sin of your ight names, my dear? You do not ley talked strong, and Joe backed him evil nature. I pray God to make you speak of the profligate or the murderer with his queer, crazy talk. By and by a Christian, and then you will be safe as a 'poor fellow.' He is a sinner, ac- says Briggs, 'The minister is on our indeed." knowledged to be such, and everywhere side.' 'No, he aint,' says Joe, as quick "O Doctor Willoughby," said the in the Bible the drunkard is classed as lightnin'. 'I tell you he is,' says wife, eagerly, "he'd have got religion with these. From the time when un- Briggs. 'If he aint, why don't you long ago if it hadn't been for drink .der the law of Moses he was to be have his name at the head of your pa- In the last revival, when so many were 'stoned with stones till he die,' to the per? You can't get him to sign that brought in, he was wonderfully solemnwithin, out of the heart of man, pro- says Briggs, 'and he's looked into the with him, though he fought hard against man, drunkenness is distinctly declared that the Bible goes square against tee- meetings. One spell I thought I should, to be a sin, and I have no patience totalism.' Well, young Riley, he nev- but he took to drinkin' harder than ev with the mistaken pity that speaks of er said a word, and I thought he look- er, and drowned all his convictions. (the drunkard as 'unfortunate,' as more ed rather down in the mouth, but Cra- sir, if he'd signed the pledge he'd have sinner,-a great sinner in the sight of they was a-slanderin' you; that you God, - and his only remedy is in the was a kind man, and a good man, and tryin' to save souls from destruction, "Dear me, doctor, I am sure I didn't and was it likely you'd be in favor of

> "Well, I sat and listened awhile, and then says I, more for the sake of seein' what would come of it than anything else, 'I'll tell you what I'll do, Riley, says I; 'if you'll get Dr. Willoughby's name at the head of that paper, you shall have mine next.' 'Do you mean it?' says he. 'Yes, I do,' says I; 'I declare I do, and I aint the man to go back on my word neither.' 'You are safe enough,' says Briggs, kind of sneerin' like. 'The minister won't sign; he's been tried before now.' By this time, Crazy Joe was all in a twitter. 'I'll go to him,' says he; 'I'll tell him he's wanted in the front ranks; I'll ask him to reach out his hand, and save a soul from goin' down to death,' and so on. You know how Joe talks, bon over it she always wore after fathand off he went. Well, we wailed a spell, and by and by he came back, rocking-chair, with her knittin'-work in walkin' in slow, with his eyes on the ground. 'What did he say, Joe?' says Briggs. 'Parson Willoughby is in his Sunday mornin' in summer time and study,' says Joe. 'Well, won't he step the old meetin'-house on the hill, and the out to save a soul from goin' down to bell tollin', and I a little shaver in my hell?' says Briggs quotin' Joe's own words. 'Parson Willoughby's in his side. And I soothed right down. All study,' says Joe, and not another word the dreadful noises that pestered me so

> the sick man, pausing to rest a moment. in the night all of a tremble because "but I'm most through, sir. I gave thought those critturs were back again that promise to young Riley without there mother sat rockin' away, knitting thinkin' much about it; but, doctor, her stockin', and singin' 'Mear.' She it's been on my mind ever since. She says I talked about it when I was the craziest. As I said before, I aint a in peace. Poor old mother! she's laid man to go back on my word. Dr. Willoughby, if you'll sign the total absti- was down to the tavern drinkin' and canence pledge, I will, and, the Lord bel- rousin'."

More than once during this narrative, a slight rustling was heard, and the half-closed door creaked suspiciously. Now it was 'thrown wide open, and John Davis' wife, her face finshed, and tears running down her cheeks, burst into the room.

"God bless you, John! God bless you for those words!" she cried, running to the bedside. "We'll be happy him, my friend. You will find your "Well, you see, sir, I aint quite clear yet. O Dr. Willoughby, he is saved in my mind about the total abstinence at last! My husband is saved at last!" Her warm tears rained down upon the sick man's hands, which she held you." fast in hers.

"She's just wild over it, doctor," can do it without puttin' my name on once gets my name on that paper, it

-no doubt will be to you; but you must be careful not to give it under | I'll be proud to say that, doctor. I'll prominence. It is not in societies, or be sure I am right, and I'll go ahead." pledges, or in any external machinery, that the hope of your cure lies, John Davis. You must go back of all these. If intemperance were merely a bad social usage, or a custom of ill manners r anything not directly connected with duty to God, these voluntary hu to total depravity, and to total absti- control, and perhaps its extirpation;

was all professors, and if there ever was a godly woman his mother was one .-Yonder's her Bible."

The sick man's eyes followed the d rection of her hand.

"It's mighty queer, doctor," said he the fancies sick folks get into their heads. My old mother's body's been in the grave these ten years, and her soul in heaven, I know,-for, as wife says, she was a godly woman,-but could swear she sat there by my bed one whole night since I've been sick, and sang to me just as she used to when I was a baby. Jennie, it was that night they said I'd die if I didn't go to sleep; and how was I goin' to sleep with ten thousand devils in the room all spirtin' fire at me, and droppin' live coals on my head? Well, all of a sudden, and right in the midst of it who should I see but my old mother in the white cap, with a broad black riber died, sitting in her straight-backed her hands. And, doctor, she was singin' Mear.' It made me think of a clean white jacket walkin' by mother stopped, and I went right to sleep like "I'm makin' a long story of it," said a baby And once when I roused up sung it all night, and the devil himself couldn't star d that tune, and he left me awake many a night and cried when

"John! John!" said the wife, "she's looking down from heaven this minute, waiting to see what you'll do, and she'll sing louder than she ever sang before, and get all the angels to help her, when you put your name to that paper.' "Well, well, mebbe she will," he

said. "Doctor, shall I do it?"

"By all me ins," said the minister "and may your mother's God help you to keep the vow! You must go to own strength perfect weakness in th hour of trial. Cast vonrself upon the heart of love that will pity and save

It's going to be a hard pull. They'll bler of whisky on election day, as you all twit me with givin' up my princi- take wine at a weddin', or a hot sling ples and signin' away my liberty and all when I was goin' out to work in the than a baby. But, Dr. Willoughby, in'. That's the way I began. I don't deinking. He is wearing out an iron was there of course, and he came in useful auxiliary. It is a help to many, signed it now. His name's right along- and proclaim ourselves by that hard.

side of mine. Where I stand he stands.'

"Davis, you need no such support Make up your mind what is the right thing to do, and, with God's help, irre spective of my course, or any other man's, go forward and do it. Your duty in this matter is not mine, neither is mine yours. What is right for you

"I don't see it, doctor. If it's a good thing for me, why isn't it for you?-And if you'll excuse me, sir, for speakin' plainly, it don't seem to be just right to advise a man to do what you don't practice yourself."

"The cases are totally different, Da-

vis. You have made a wrong use of one of the gifts of God, and to-day you are suffering the consequences of your sin. You realize your danger, and you feel so little confidence in your power to resist temptation, that you believe ou are only secure by totally abstair ing from all indulgence in those drinks that have caused your fall. Your safety lies in total abstinence, and you wist to solemnize this obligation by a written pledge. Very well, do it. Next to the higher duty of embracing the gospel, and thus being saved from this and every other sin, it is the thing for you to do. But, because this is your duty, it does not follow that it is mine. Because total abstinence is necessary for you, who have injured yourself I hurtful excess, must I, who know how to use it with other good gifts of Goo in moderation, deprive myself of an in nocent gratification? This very gift is given me to use, not abuse. 'All things are yours,' says the apostle, 'the world is yours.' I must practice self-denial, of course. I must keep this appetite in perfect subjection, saying, 'Thus far shalt thou come, and no further,' ma king it my slave, and not suffering it to become my master. But I must not be a coward. Because you, and others like you, have been defeated, wounded taken captive in the fight, must I turn and run from the enemy? I am no blaming you, my friend. You are weak and your foe is strong. He has van quished better men than you. The Savior respects and tolerates your weak ness; but he says to those who are stronger, 'Take unto you the whole ar mor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand.' To stand is better than to fly, but to fly is better than to

be trusted to go free, and I must have my hands tied to keep me out of mis chief. You may walk in a pleasant path with your head up, and I must go grovellin' down in the ditch. Well, I won't dispute it. The Lord knows I'm all you say and more. I am weak, and poor, and miserable, and wicked enough. and despised by all, and you are rich and happy, and good, with your praise in everybody's mouth. And you say because there's all this difference between us, and you are up there, and I down here, that my duty isn't yours, and how can I expect you to come down to my level. Well, you'll say it's presumptuous in me, but it's just what I did expect. I thought, seein as I couldn't come up to your road mebbe you'd come down to mine. And if you look at it one way, sir, as high as you are, and as low as I am, we ar in some sort on the same track. For I didn't get to be a drunkard all once, Dr. Willoughby. What you do "And you'll go with me, doctor .- now, I used to do once. I took a tumthat, and I aint the man I was to stand cold, as you take a little brandy and He spoke in a tone of apology, but against it. Drink has taken all the grit water on a stormy night when you go "It will. Oh, it will," she said, ea- you are a good man, and a strong .- suppose you'll ever get a-goin' on the table, and what you do everybody else any moderate drinkers there wouldn't Briggs' saloon, and this very subject too much trust in a mere human instru- Let me say when they run me, 'There's a hard spot you put us in. You say came up. There'd been a temperance mentality," said the minister. "The the minister, he used to have his ob. only drunkards need to sign the pledge, "Yes, dear; from the effects of hard lecture over to Barton, and Crazy Joe pledge is very good in its way, and a jections against the pledge, but he's and you'd have us put our names down

name to all the world. You say, Here you poor, miserable sinners, sign pledge and be saved; and you won't so much as touch us with the this of your fingers. Do you call that Christian? Dr. Willoughby, I ask you to do what you ask me to do. Put your name 'longside of mine on that paper. You give up your wine, and I'll give up my whisky. I know I'm a lost of I've heard you say a deal when I us to go to meetin' about the 'value of an immortal soul.' Aint my soul worth makin' that little sacrifice for, or dida' it cost as much as some others?"

A group of little ragged childre were playing in the next room, and in the pause that succeeded John Davis appeal, a sweet, childish voice sang

Yes, Jesus died for all mankind,-Thank God, salvation's free !" Il

Dr. Willoughby rose and walked to the window; then he came and stood by the sick man's side.

"Davis," said he, "I will do anything in my power to help you. I mean anything that does not involve the giving up of a principle. I will assist you to obtain steady work. I shall be glad to give you any pecuniary aid you may need. These children must have warm elothing. You shall not be left to struggle on alone, my poor fellow .--Friends will gather round you when they see you pursuing a different course. I hope to see you yet happy and prosperous, with the smiling faces of your wife and children gathered about you, and to hear you raise a prayer of thanksgiving to Him whose grace has set you free."

He paused, but John Davis did not

"With regard to the request you so arnestly make, that I would take this oledge with you, I can only say that 'it is my carefully studied and firmly retained religious conviction that wine, and other stimulating drinks, belong to the meats which God hath created, and which are not to be refused, but eccived with thanksgiving; and I valne even more than meats the liberty wherewith Christ hath made me free,' Therefore I reject the abstinence yoke. Anything in reason I will do for you, Davis, but this is a part of my religion, and I cannot in conscience give it up.

The sick man fixed his eyes steadily ipon Dr. Willoughby's face while he was speaking.

"Do you hear that, wife?" said he. fall. Do you understand me, Davis?" It's a part of the minister's religion to "I should be a fool if I didn't," h lrink wine. Shall I be wiser than my eplied. "You mean to say that you betters, or holier than the prophets?are strong, and I am weak. You can Hurrah! Sand Tim to fill up the black If it's his religion to drink wine, it's mine to drink whisky, and I will lrink it till I die!"

Jennie Davis had stood all this time wher husband's bedside. Her glad look when she first entered the room changed to one of breathless anxiety, as she listened to the conversation, turning her eager face from one to the other of the speakers When she heard these last dreadful words, she turned as pale as death, and, covering her face with her apron, burst into an agony of

"Davis," said Dr. Willonghby, sternv. " you forget yourself. My poor woman, don't cry so. Your husband will hink better of this. He does not mean

"I do mean it," he said, "and I've got you to back me. Moderation!-Liberty and whisky! that's the talk! | The parson's principles are good enough for me. If I stumble, I'll stumble over him, and, if I go to hell, I'll tell them all the m nister sent me there. Hurrah. Jennie, we'll fill up the black jug :" "Davis," said Dr. Willoughby, "I will not listen to such language. I will talk further with you on this subject when you are in a proper frame of

" Any time, doctor; and we'll fetch out the jug, and have a drink together." He said this with a laugh that made

The weeping wife followed her min

ister to the door. "We will pray for him," he said .-God alone can save him. L will see She answered him as well as she

could for her tears. "I thank you, sir, -but I am afraid -it will do-no good."

(To be Continued.)