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## Poetry.

For the Friend,  
To Sister Lou.

BY JAMES H. ENNIS.

"God bless thee." 'Tis a parting prayer,  
Breathed from my heart dear one for you,  
A heart that would enthrone thee—where,  
Thou dwellest now, dear sister Lou.

To one so loving—gentle—true;  
And O! how faint are words to tell  
My anguish now, dear sister Lou.

I know that friends must part—alas  
Of those we dearly love—how few;  
We meet again—a mound with grass,  
And this is all—dear sister Lou.

We may not meet again—if so—  
Remember, love, shall live anew.  
Death cannot all things overthrow  
Love lives forever, sister Lou.

One word, one little boon I crave,  
Before my lips shall say "Adieu,"  
"Forget me not." Beyond the grave,  
I'll love thee still, sweet sister Lou.

## Selected Story.

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THE REV. DR. WILLOUGHBY  
AND  
HIS WINE.

BY MARY SPRING WALKER.

### CHAPTER XVI.

"GOD BLESS OUR MINISTER."

"He was enthusiastic too. Now, whether this were false or true, or good or bad, must be referred to the fixed meaning of the word. It is to be warm and wisely zealous. Be what is meant, then plainly tell us, did not the state of things require the ardor of this heavenly fire?"

A few days after Mr. Thayer's return from Saratoga, he was transacting some business in one of the city banks, when he heard the word "Grantley" uttered by a stranger standing near, and, stepping round to the cashier's desk, he inquired the gentleman's name. "That is Mr. James Otis," he replied, "of the firm of Otis, Brown, & Co., Grantley Iron Works. We do business for him, and he is in the city every week or two. One of the heavy men of the county, sir."

"Will you introduce me, Mr. Pierce?"

"With the greatest pleasure. Mr. Otis, the Rev. Mr. Thayer of the Wilnot Street Church."

When the gentlemen had shaken hands and exchanged a few commonplace civilities, the minister said:

"Mr. Otis, I have solicited the pleasure of your acquaintance that I might make some inquiries concerning a friend of mine, now a resident of your village. I refer to the Rev. Mr. Richmond."

"God bless him!" said Mr. Otis, warmly.

The answer was unexpected, and Mr. Thayer's face expressed surprise.

"He is my pastor, sir," said Mr. Otis; then, in a lower tone, "I owe a very happy change in my feelings, under God, to Mr. Richmond. I united with the church last Sabbath, Mr. Thayer."

"Indeed, I am most happy to hear it. Is there much religious interest in your congregation?"

"O sir, the whole town is moved. There was never such a work of grace in any place before."

He spoke with the enthusiasm of a young convert in the warmth of his first love.

"Sit down and tell me about it," said the minister. "You are welcome as one that bringeth good tidings from a far country."

They went back to a retired part of the room, where they could converse with more freedom.

"I saw my friend," said Mr. Thayer, "in last December. He was then in difficulty; his church shaken to its foundation, in consequence of strong ground he took on the temperance question. I have felt curious to know how the struggle would end. I thought I should see him in the city, or that I would run out on the train some day, or write to him. But multiplied duties and a tedious confinement by sickness have prevented me. How did the church come out of the conflict?"

"You know Mr. Richmond gave us a very practical temperance lecture?"

"Yes."  
"Well, it opened the eyes of some of us to the true state of things in our midst. I, for one, had been careless and indifferent on the subject. I knew we had a good many dram-shops and drinking saloons in Grantley village; that our hands in the foundry were a hard set. I used to be annoyed at

their drunken quarrels, and was so frequently for a spree; but it never occurred to me that any of the responsibility of the thing rested with me. I was opposed to the prohibitory law. It seemed to me it was nonsense to attempt to make liquor-selling a crime, and punishable accordingly, when spirits are a commodity, recognized as such by the laws of every nation; and, besides being used for drinking purposes, valuable as a medicine and for many scientific and mechanical purposes.—You see I took the ground that so long as liquor is used, it must and will be sold, and what the law has a right to take cognizance of is its abuse, and, like many good temperance men, I advocated a stringent license law, instead of a prohibitory statute. And, I must confess, I felt a little wicked triumph after the ultra-temperance men carried the day, and their Maine law had been on the statute book a year or so, to find that there was more drunkenness and unrestrained liquor-selling in our place under the new law than the old.

For it was just a dead letter. Nobody was afraid of it. Nobody enforced it. "Well, as I said, Mr. Richmond's lecture set us thinking; but the week after, something occurred in my own family that made me terribly in earnest. There was a church festival held in our town hall, and under that hall was a drinking saloon,—a bad place, one of the worst in town. Mr. Thayer, the man's son who kept that place, enticed my two boys,—mere children, Sunday-school scholars, the oldest not seventeen years old,—into that vile place and made them both drunk. I went to the minister the next morning. 'Mr. Richmond,' said I, 'if there's any efficient way of putting down this evil in our midst, let's set about it. If your prohibitory law will do it,' said I, 'though I voted against it, and was president of the largest Anti-Maine liquor-law meeting held in—county, I am ready for one to enforce it. These dens must be broken up somehow,' said I. 'You know how to go about it better than I do. I'll stand by you, Mr. Richmond, with my money and my influence; only go ahead!'

"You should have seen his eyes sparkle. I thought he would shake my hand off. (Our minister is a Samson in body, you know, as in strength of will) Well, we worked like Trojans. We looked up every temperance man in the community, and organized for action, and we were so still about it, that the blow fell on the rumsellers like a bolt from heaven. We cleaned them out handsomely, sir. We shut up nine grog-shops, and drove some of their proprietors out of town."

"And what has this to do with the revival?"

"I am coming to it," he replied.—"The two are so connected, that I could not well tell the last part of the story without the first. Well, you know how much personal feeling against Mr. Richmond that lecture excited. Some of his strongest church-members fell away; in fact, those that stood by him were of the poorer class. He hadn't a single man of wealth and influence on his side. I must say, before I espoused his cause I respected him for his independence and boldness of speech.—They were bound to get rid of him.—Deacons, rumsellers, and, worse than all the rest, a pack of chattering women, who talked themselves hoarse with pious cant, about sowing dissension among brethren, etc. They sent two or three committees to wait on him, and he heard all they had to say, and bowed them politely out, and paid not the slightest attention to their request."

"Do you mean to say," inquired Mr. Thayer, "that his people requested him to resign his charge, and he refused?"

"Certainly. They told him so many had withdrawn their subscriptions that they could not give him a support.—"

"Give me what you please," said he.—"I can live on as little as any man in Grantley. I have a work to do here. When it is done I will go; not before. 'We'll call a council,' said they, 'and make you go.' 'Try it,' said Mr. Richmond. 'See if you can get a council of ministers in this county to dis-

miss him.' For you see they could not bring a single charge against him. He preached splendid sermons. He was the most faithful pastor they ever had. His Band of Hope made his Sabbath school so attractive, that the lecture-room was too small to hold it. And the trouble in the church made so much talk, that people not in the habit of going to meeting, came to hear the 'teetotal parson,' as they called him, out of curiosity, and some

"Who came to scoff, remained to pray." "The rumsellers formed a league against him, and threatened to take his life. 'I have but one life to give,' said our minister, 'and I could not give it in a better cause.' He was perfectly good-natured, never lost his temper; but was as immovable as the granite hills. He always had a keen answer to give them. One day, when he went to the polls to deposit his vote, one of his church-members said to him, 'I am very sorry to see you here, Mr. Richmond.' 'Why?' he inquired. 'Because,' said the other, with a long face, 'Christ said his kingdom was not of this world.' 'Ah,' said our minister, 'have only those a right to vote, then, who belong to the kingdom of Satan?'

"Well, all this time he was working among the operatives in the foundry,—the 'iron men,' as we call them. I told you what a hard set they were,—drinking and godless. I don't know how he got hold of them. They hated him at first. They used to curse and swear when they saw him coming.—But one and another of them he picked out of the gutter,—literally, Mr. Thayer,—and made men of them. He's gained a marvellous power over them. They twit each other about it, and declare it's no use to fight against the parson. If he singles a man out, he may just as well give in first as last, for he'll get no peace of his life till he signs the pledge. With these reformed drunkards, he formed the nucleus of a total abstinence society, and called it the 'Iron Club.' I wish I had time to tell you the good that 'Iron Club' has accomplished and is accomplishing, but I shall keep you here all day with my story."

"Much of what I have told you happened before we struck the blow that broke up so many of our dram-shops. For months before this the preaching on the Sabbath had been listened to with marked attention, and the evening meetings were largely attended and very solemn. Mr. Richmond was encouraged to hope for a revival, but there were no conversions, and the work did not progress till the Sabbath evening after we struck that blow, and then the blessing came down upon us like a flood. It seemed as if the Spirit of God was waiting till those evil spirits were cast out, and the house swept and garnished. There have been over a hundred hopeful conversions, sir, in Grantley village,—three of our leading business men are among the converts, heads of families, gray-headed men and women, and my two boys, Mr. Thayer."

Grateful tears filled the father's eyes as he spoke.

"Tell me about yourself, Mr. Otis."

"Well, sir, up to this time I had no personal interest in religious matters. I hired a seat and attended church generally half a day; but that was all. I kept away from the meetings at first. I was shy of Mr. Richmond too; but we had so much temperance business on hand that I could not avoid him altogether. But he said not a word to me on the subject of religion, till one morning he came into my office, his face all aglow, and shook my hand till it ached. 'What is it?' said I, for I knew he had good news to tell. 'His Bart Tyler signed the pledge,' or Deacon Risley promised to give up his cider?' He shook his head. 'Your

two boys, Mr. Otis? 'What of them?' said I, quick enough. 'They were at the meeting last night,' said he. 'They are both indulging hope.—Mr. Otis will you let them begin a Christian life alone?' He touched me just where I live, sir. If I desire anything in this world, it is to see those boys grow up good Christian men. I had Christian parents. I had lived under the sound of the gospel all my

life. When I was young; was gospel-hardened, you may say; but those boys,—well, you can imagine what he said to me. He persuaded me to seek religion for my children's sake. I prayed in my family that very night, but I could not pray again for a week, only to cry to God for mercy. Well, he was merciful, sir, and last Sabbath I took my two boys by the hand, and we promised, in the presence of angels and men, to devote the rest of our lives to God's service. And, sir, it was the happiest day of my life."

"The 'iron man' broke down here, and Mr. Thayer pressed his hand in silence. "You don't wonder that I said God bless him," said Mr. Otis. "Why, I thank God every day of my life that he sent us such a minister."

"And what of his opposers?" said Mr. Thayer. "They haven't a word to say, sir; they don't dare to peep. This ingathering makes the church so strong, that their opposition would not be worth minding. Why, sir, we are a church by ourselves, and if they make us any trouble, and annoy our minister, we'll go off in a body, and build him a church, where he can preach temperance to his heart's content. God bless him!" said the "iron man" again.—"We are going to stand by our minister."

(To be Continued.)

## Original Story.

For the Friend.

HENRIETTA DARCY'S FRIEND.

BY LAURA HAMBURG.

### CHAPTER II.

At ten o'clock that awful night the storm had reached the height of its fury, and ere the morning came it had bore the Eugenia back almost to the port she had left. It was a night long to be remembered by that long absent crew. The timbers of the gallant vessel would seem like breaking asunder. One moment she would be in a deep trough of the ocean, and the next, be mounted high upon a great swelling wave. All expected to find a watery grave, but the brave young Captain shouted aloud his commands in encouraging tones, and they seemed to inspire the men with renewed energy, and each one stood manfully at his post. For hours they battled with the wind and waves, and then there came a lull. The clouds began to disperse, and the moon shone benignly down on the almost despairing crew, and oh! how they welcomed her rays of light. It seemed to chase the dread anxiety from each breast, and fill each one with new animation. After the storm had subsided, when the mate and one or two of the men repaired to the Captain's cabin to have a consultation as to their whereabouts, they found him trying to bandage his arm, which had been severely hurt while the storm was raging. With the utmost fortitude, he had borne the pain, remained on deck, commanded and encouraged the men, nor did he think to relieve the pain, until all danger was over, and then he suddenly disappeared from deck. The usual remedies were applied, and his arm put in a sling, but it was evident, that if his arm was not broken, it had received an injury which would require some time to heal. Soon the whole crew were aware of the injury their young Captain had received, and the respectful enquiries indicated the sympathy of the hardy sons of the salt.—They respected, liked,—aye, even loved their handsome, dark-eyed, dark-haired, warm-hearted commander.—The tarpaulin, or the sailor's jacket, is

often worn by those who have refined feelings, generous and true hearts; those who can sympathize with their fellow-man. The coat does not always make the gentleman, nor the occupation or position either; so thought young Charles Richards when he set out to gain a livelihood for himself and to help his aged father support his family; and the old man felt a father's pride when his boy chose his occupation. Charles was no dillard at school; he mastered the most difficult questions, and left far in the rear those who commenced in class with him.—His school days came to a close before he had satiated his thirst for knowledge, or had obtained what the world calls a finished education. But his study hours did not end with his school days. The shelves of his book case in his cabin were filled with class books, and he had ample time in fair weather, to devote to them. In disposition, he was frank, open-hearted; and always had the moral courage to acknowledge a fault or repair an injury. Although, in education, he was far superior to those by whom he was surrounded, still he did not outwardly seem to feel that superiority, but would show a respect to the opinions of the most ignorant sailor; and thus it was he gained their esteem. There is an old adage, "Respect begets respect;" and true it is.

After Captain Richards had been attended to, the men proceeded to talk of the night's adventure; in the meantime day broke, and the wind had changed and was blowing a fair breeze for the "homeward bound." They found when they made their calculations, that it would take them until the evening with a fair wind, to reach the place they left the evening before.—But soon all were at their posts, every sail unfurled and the Eugenia was proudly plunging her way through the main, with the port of home in view, as her destination.

In the evening when the duties of the day had all been performed. Etta and Gertrude walked down to the shore. The high waves of the night before had washed the white sand some distance up on the point, and had left the shells and sea-weed lying upon the sloping bank. It was indeed a delightful place for an evening walk, and often did Etta and Gertrude resort hither to enjoy the sea-breeze and the view.—One could while away an hour and never grow weary, watching the ves- sels sailing on the broad water, and the sea-birds skimming along in the air, and ever and anon, dipping in its liquid surface. They were walking near the water quietly conversing, when Gertrude suddenly stopped and directed Etta's attention to a small sail boat which seemed making for the shore.

"Oh, that is brother Charley's little boat!" she exclaimed; "see, it is coming to our wharf, and yonder is the Eugenia anchored off towards the South. Oh, I am so glad!"

The boat drew nearer and nearer, at last she touched the wharf, and one of the men sprang upon it. One arm was in a sling, and he did not take any part in helping to unload the boat.

"Oh, that is brother Charley!" said Gertrude, "and something has happened to him," and away she ran to meet him.

He saw her approaching him, and walking hastily up the wharf, met her just as she reached it. What a joy it is to affectionate brothers and sisters to meet, after a long separation. This joy was Charles and Gertrude Richards. The tear drops on Gertrude's cheeks told of the gladness of her heart, and the sparkling eyes and beaming smile of Charles, spoke a brother's love for a pet sister. Etta was thinking what a picture for an artist's contemplation, what a world of the sunshine of the human heart,—beaming from their countenances, and wishing she had it portrayed upon canvass, that she might place it in her room, so that she might turn to it when she felt most sorrowful—for she felt that the joy had died in her own heart, and perhaps she would, in thinking of the happiness of others, forget that her own star of hope and of happiness here had set forever.

She was aroused from this reverby the

voice of Charles Richards, saying: "This is Miss Darcy, I presume; I am Charles Richards. I presume it is useless to wait for sister to give me an introduction, as she seems to have forgotten almost everything, except that I have returned; so I introduce myself."

"Etta smiled, as she returned his salutation, and said: "Though a stranger, I am glad for her sake, and your father and mother, as well as for your own, that you have arrived safe at home. Gertrude is excusable for any forgetfulness on this occasion."

Still conversing, the three proceeded to the cottage. The father and mother welcomed their son with such a welcome as only fond parents can give a loving son. There was joy in the cottage on Sandy Point that night, and when they were all seated before the warm winter's fire, Charles informed them of his perilous voyage. How cheerfully, how pleasantly the hours sped on. At last the hour for family prayers arrived, and the old man reverently opened the Bible and read an appropriate chapter of the Holy Scriptures, and then he prayed. Oh! how thankful, how full of adoration were his devotions; it seemed that words could not more than half express the feeling of thankfulness in his heart, and when towards the close of his supplication, he implored God to prepare all of that little group, so that when they were done with the troubles, the winds, the waves of life's tempestuous sea, they might all meet at home at rest in Heaven, each heart responded, "Lord grant it." With a mother's tenderness, aunt Peggy unbanded her sons' arm and applied healing remedies. It was very painful, and from its appearance, she thought it would require sometime before it was effectually healed. Soon all were resting at the cottage, with no horrid dreams to disturb their peaceful slumbers.

(To be Continued.)

### The Power of a Word.

A mother on the green hills of Vermont was holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with the love of the sea. And as he stood by the garden gate one morning she said, "Edward, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink."—"And," said he, (or he told me the story), "I gave the promise, and I went the globe over, Calcutta, and the Mediterranean, San Francisco, and Cape of Good Hope, the north pole and the south; I saw them all in forty years, and never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form by the gate did not rise up before me, and to-day I am innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that is not all. "For," said he, "yesterday there came into my counting room, a man of forty years."

"Do you know me?"

"No."

"Well," said he, "I was once brought drunk into your presence on shipboard; you were a passenger; they kicked me aside; you took me to your berth and kept me there till I had slept off the intoxication; you then asked if I had a mother. I said that I had never known a word from her lips. You told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am master of one of the packets in New York, and I came to ask you to come and see me!"

How far that little candle throws its beams! That mother's word in the green hills of Vermont! God be thanked for the mighty power of a single word!

MYSTERIOUS.—The Titusville Herald has the following paragraph: "It is somewhat remarkable, first, that four weddings took place during the past week; second, that the four gentlemen were all merchants of Titusville; third, that they did business on the same street; fourth, that they occupied the same block; fifth, that they were all widowers; sixth, that in the aggregate they have had thirteen wives."