

# The Friend of Temperance.

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Original Story.

Written expressly for the Friend.

The Mother's Wine.

BY SILVIA.

CHAPTER IV.

The sun had set, and twilight's gray shadows were creeping over the low-lying, wintry sky, and the rising wind blew in fitful gusts among the leafless branches of the trees, which rose, like grim sentinels about the door of Mr. Williams' home.

Laura stood at the window, her sad, hopeless face pressed against the pane, looking upon the cold, cheerless landscape without—so much in unison with the dreary waste of her young life.

A low wailing upon the hearth, throwing light, dancing beams upon the wall, giving an air of cheerfulness to the gloom of the room.

Mrs. Williams lay upon the bed, but her wide open eyes roamed restlessly about the room, and there was grief and woe upon her face, as she looked at the silent, motionless child.

"Tell me, my child, what fatality has brought this curse upon my home? I was ever an indulgent mother, and my children are breaking my heart. Richard knew my pride, my hope, my confidence in him. I was so ambitious for his future, and yet he has failed! Why is it that I am called to suffer so much, through my children—the innocent babes whom I have nestled in my bosom?"

"It is your wine, which has done the deed. Do not blame your child—Alas, my brother, my brother!" She dropped her young, faded face upon her mother's pillow, and her slender, willowy form shook with emotion.

"No, no, girl! It can not be. A little wine is harmless. It is not that, but base ingratitude."

Laura raised her head, shook back her disordered curls from her face, and bent her large, black, tearless eyes in mournful earnestness upon her mother.

"Oh, mother, mother, you cling to your wine with sinful pertinacity! Do you not know, that I lead James on, with his thirst for drink, till he had no self control. And father's sternness added to your reproaches—your reproaches, you who ought to have kept our ruin your own example and precept had wrought—drove him far, far away. Now he is dead. Did you never think your wine sent your first-born to his early grave?"

"Laura!"

"When we were young and joyous children, did it never occur to you, that you were putting into our innocent hands, a fatal poison, which would bring you to grief, and us to ruin?—Ah, if we have made our lives a barren waste in the days of our youth, it is our mother who gave the example, and put the temptation in our hands! If you suffer, it is because God has said, 'he who soweth to the winds, shall reap the whirlwind.'"

"Laura!"

"Three years ago I went from my father's house a young and happy bride—my husband all my heart could desire. Happy in his love, and surrounded by no scenes, I had hoped to conquer the thirst for wine, learned in my own early home. I was happy, and had learned security in my success, but in an evil hour my mother sent me some of her choice wine. I tasted and fell. Of the sad days, weeks and months which followed, I can not speak. I live here amidst the influences of my childhood's home—The husband of my love gone, in his pride and anger, a wanderer and exile among foreign lands. And a widow, hood more sad and dreary than that of the grave, lies, like a pall of darkness, upon my heart, shutting out each gleam of hope from my blighted life."

"My child!"

"And now, Richard, drunk with mother's wine, has taken life, and lies, himself, wounded almost unto death. Alas! where will all this end?"

"Spare me, Laura!"

"Wherefore? You have not spared us! The same temptation goes on to drag the others down—those noble boys and girls who sit together in your room, wrapt in the silence of the horror which has fallen upon us—Ah, my young brothers and sisters, would God I could remove the temptation afar from you!"

"I can not bear this, Laura!" She sprang from her bed, and threw a shawl about her. Her eyes were wild with the new born purpose which hurried her heart.

"Where are you going, mother?"

"Can you ask, you, who have shown me my sin, and spared me not in my agony? To the wine-cellar—to pour the sinful, sparkling wine upon the ground. Never more shall it come to our home, Laura!" She lighted a candle, and glided, with a quick, eager step from the room. Laura followed, in a slow, heavy tread, as one walking blindly, her head drooping, and hands pressed upon her heart.

The curious children stood about these sorrow-bowed women, and wondered to see the rare display of energy from their ailing mother, and more to see the treasured wine running in little rivulets about the frozen ground.

It was done and Mrs. Williams clasped her hands in thankfulness, that she had taken her first step towards reform. Laura drew her little brothers and sisters after her to the fire, sitting down, kissed them one after another, the hot, scalding tears raining down her cheeks.

"Thank God, you are saved, my precious ones!"

"Why did you do it, mother?" asked babe Robert, in his lisping voice, as he climbed upon his mother's knee, and nestled his head in her bosom.

"Because I love my children. God has shown me my sin—the sin which has brought its curse. Richard, my son, my son!" She bowed her face upon her babe's sunny hair, and tears of sorrow fell from her eyes. Laura came and stood behind her, and passed her hand back and forth over her silvery hair, in a caress which told the sympathy she felt in the sorrow common to all of them.

"Something speaks to my heart a hope that the future will bring joy and peace. Let us hope and pray, dear mother, that we may yet attain the peace and resignation known only to the Christian heart. This alone will be one sure comfort and help in the future."

CHAPTER V.

Grace Williams sat beside a table on which a lamp was burning dimly. Her elbow rested upon the table, and her cheek in her hand, while her grave, troubled eyes were looking into the grate, in which were a few dying coals. There was no joyous dimple in her rounded cheek, and no smile upon her beautiful lips, but upon her white, smooth brow were lines of unwonted care, which gave a mature expression to her girlish beauty.

"Grace?"

The tones of the voice which broke the stillness, were feeble and touching in their mournfulness. Grace walked away to the bed, on which lay the attenuated form of her earliest playmate—her dear Louiey—and stooped above her, and kissed the pale, sunken cheek.

"What is it, dear Louiey?"

"Why am I here, and so feeble?"

"You have been quite sick. Thank God you will soon be well again."

"Have I been dreaming, or is father here?"

"He is here, but was worn out with watching beside you, and, as you were much better, he consented to leave you in my care, while he could snatch a few hours of rest and sleep. I will call him if you wish."

"Oh! no, let him rest. Have I been sick long?"

"Only three weeks."

"That is a long time, and yet it is to me a troubled dream, which I try in vain to recall. What came before?"

"Do not try to think now. Drink this and sleep."

She slipped her hand beneath the head of the helpless girl, and put the cup to her lips. And when the portion had been taken, she laid her back very tenderly upon her pillow.

"Thank you," said the feeble lips, and the blue eyes looked gratefully in the face looking upon her. With difficulty, Grace restrained her tears, and she fondly kissed the colorless lips, and, having replenished her coals, resumed her seat. She knew not how long she sat, lost in the troubled thought, which stern reality had given to her youth, when a low, sobbing sigh called her to Louiey's side.

"What is it, Louiey?"

"He is getting well. Don't be distressed for him."

"Is he a murderer?"

"It was the wine, that did it. And I loved him so!"

"It was the deed of a moment, deeply repeated of now. Alas, poor Richard!"

"And I loved him so!"

Grace sat beside her, and taking her small, thin fingers in her own, began to sing, in low, sweet strains, tune after tune, till the weary eyelids were closed, and the troubled heart at peace in sweet sleep. Then she knelt beside the bed, and her lips moved in voiceless prayer to Him "who doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

On hearing of the critical situation of Richard, and the Christmas tragedy preceding, Grace burst into tears, and flew to Louiey for sympathy and consolation, both of which was freely and tenderly meted out by the gentle and loving girl. Days and weeks glided noiselessly along, and Grace, wrapt in her own grief, did not notice the pale cheek and drooping form of her always quiet friend. Once she was startled to hear an observing teacher enquiring of Louiey if she was well, and why her eyes wore a fever glare, the answer, so quietly and gravely given, disarmed all apprehension. And one morning, when she rose and found Louiey tossing in the delirium of fever, she awoke to a full realization of the suffering of the gentle and uncomplaining girl in the weeks past.

When Mr. Whitfield came, she told him the whole sad story of Louiey's betrothal to Richard, and was filled with awe to see the strong man tremble with emotion, and weep like a little child.

But the disease had its sway, and Louiey was slowly recovering, but her spirits did not rally, and her father determined to take her home so soon as she should be able to bear the journey. For he hoped that mother's tender care, and the renewal of the early association of that dear home, would do much towards restoring her lost strength and animation. But when he looked upon the pure transparency of her complexion, and the unnatural bloom of her cheek, his heart sank with apprehension.

At last the attending physician gave his consent for her departure, and having completed every necessary arrangement, Grace came and knelt at Louiey's feet, and laid her head upon her lap. And the thin hands fell caressingly upon her upturned brow, and began to gently stroke her cheek.

"I will miss you sadly, Louiey."

"Only for a little while, and we will meet in the dear old home. I will rejoice when you come."

"You have made me what I am. I thank God daily that He gave me your friendship to sustain me in my hours of danger. Let me finish please," she said, in answer to a jesture of the caressing hands, "I have so longed to tell you this. Success has crowned my every effort here, and I have made for myself a good name. I owe it to your influence, for I have ever loved you, with a true affection which would be like you as much as I could."

"You over-estimate my influence, and give too little credit to your own innate worth."

"I do not, sweet Louiey. You taught me to resist the subtle influences of mother's wine—that enslaver of so much that is noble and good in this world. And more than all, you showed me by your pure, consistent life, the beauties of christianity—beauties, which have become a blessed reality to me now."

"Don't Gracie, darling! If I have influenced you for good, I am thankful, and the thought will be one ray of brightness to cheer the sad hours of my blighted life."

"Call it not a blighted life, sweet friend. The shadows of the present hour will scatter before the brightness of future happy days."

"It will be 'over the river' then, dear Gracie. Flowers have ceased to bloom for me, till they bloom above my grave."

"No, no, it can not be. Richard will never drink again. His repentance is deep and lasting. His imprisonment will be long and tedious, but his acquittal is sure. He loves you."

"And I love him, but the blood of his dead comrade separates us forever. We will never speak of him again."

"The past is as a sealed book, and the leaves must not be turned, even by your hands, Grace. See my thin hand, note my feeble pulse! It will never be other than it is, for the grave is drawing very near. So thinks my kind physician—I read it in his grave, thoughtful face. So fears my father—I see it in the sad fondness of his eye, and the deep tenderness of his tone—Weep not, Gracie! God knows best. He is taking me in my youth to the endless joys of His presence. I have

no fears of the grim reality of the spirit world."

"Alas, Louiey, all this care and trouble comes of mother's wine! Not only we suffer, who nestled in her bosom, but others, who have not learned to love wine, are made to suffer with us."

Her voice was broken with sobs, and fast falling tears chased each other down her cheek.

"We will not murmur at the chastisements given us by One, whose love for us is as enduring as all time. If we part here, it will be to meet where there are no more sorrowful partings. She stooped and kissed the quivering mouth of Grace, her own face as calm and peaceful as a cloudless sky."

CHAPTER VI.

The bright, October evening was fading from the west, and beams of rosy light came into an open window and fell, as a halo of the spirit land, upon the pure, wax-like brow of Louiey, as she reclined, propped by pillows, upon her couch. Her large, blue eyes shone with a luminous brightness, and gazed far out upon the changing beauties of the dying day. There was a calm, happy peacefulness in her white face—the peace of the angels—Tearful friends stood about her, awaiting the coming of Death's gloomy messenger. Saving the low sobbing of the grieving mother, silence reigned. At each step upon the pavement without, or rustling of the opening door, the dying girl would turn her eyes, and a yearning, expectant expression would light over her face.

Presently a quick, light step came over the threshold, and Louis entered, and took her thin hand in his own.

"He is come, darling sister."

"Let me see him."

He went out and returned with Richard, who came with a white, haggard face and knelt beside the bed—He buried his face in her pillow, and sobbed like a grief-stricken child. She passed her thin fingers slowly, feebly through and through his raven hair, and compassion lit her face with a beauty not of this world.

"Grieve not, Richard. It is better so."

"It is not best that I lose you."

"We will trust Him who does not err."

"I do trust Him, darling, but it is hard to part thus. His voice was husky with the grief he tried in vain to suppress; while her tones, low and feeble, from a fast failing strength, was as serene and placid as her own white face.

"We will meet in the land beyond, Richard, where your hands, washed in the blood of our dear Redeemer, will be cleansed of the blood stains of your dead comrade. And where the remembrance of the dark hours of your prison-life will have passed away forever. Ah, in that blessed land, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest, we will meet to part no more! I have prayed to look upon your face once more, now I am ready when He wills."

Her lips ceased their utterance, and her now fading eyes looked upon him in deep affection. He took her hands in his own, and a glad smile flitted over her face.

And so she died, as sweetly as an infant falling to sleep in its mother's arms. And when the last beams of day had faded from the west, she slept the sleep which knows no waking in life.

Late the next evening, Richard stood above a newly made grave, his tall form erect, and arms clasped across his breast; but his face, death-like in its whiteness, bore the marks of agony. Long he stood in silence looking upon the little mound, where a while before was an open grave, waiting the coffin form of one so dear—once his betrothed bride, now the bride of Heaven. And then he knelt upon the ground and sent up a voiceless prayer to Him whose ear is never closed to any who call upon His name in sincerity of heart. And the calm of a holy place rested upon him, with a promise of consolation for the years to come.

As he entered the now silent street, he met Louis coming to meet him, and he put out his hand with a grateful smile.

"My mother is a christian, and while her heart is wrung with sorrow for the loss of her child, she does not weep without hope. She feels the deepest sympathy for you, and seems to intuitively understand your self-upbraidings and remorse for an act of drunken passion."

"This hand which sent a generous and brave, though erring companion to an untimely death, has not the less dug your grave, where lies the dear-

est object of my heart's love. And this is the fruit borne of mother's wine—the wine which brought into existence a demon thirst, which in turn, led me to grief and woe!"

"I am thankful that you have repented the mis-spent past. Let us speak no more of that. The future is spread out before us, and hope is present, to buoy us up to higher excellence. We will remember the past as a sad dream, and reach out our hands to gather the flowers still blooming on our way."

"The brightest and best hopes of my youth and early manhood, he buried in Louiey's grave, and no flowers bloom for me, save the rose of Sharon. Life is not a blank to me, while there is suffering to relieve, and hearts who have not accepted Christ as their Saviour. After preparing myself for my chosen mission, and making some amends for lost hours of study, I shall go where the angel face of my Louiey seems ever to beckon me, amidst the care-worn and weary of earth, bearing the precious truths and promises of God's Holy Word. I have no ambition for honors and fame. Gather and wear them if you will. Forme the grateful tears of those to whom I have done good, shall be my sweetest earthly joy, and the reward for which I strive, is laid in Heaven."

[To be Continued.]

Communications.

FOR THE FRIEND.

Skeleton in the House.

Every house, it is said, has its skeleton. Whether the adage proves true in every instance, I do not say, but it is certain that many houses have their skeletons and keep them so well concealed that the world knows not of their existence.

In the house of which I write the loathsome skeleton is *Intemperance*. Reader, this is a true picture, not one conjured by the imagination; but one drawn from real life.

A family composed of husband, wife and several children, moved to the pleasant little town of ——. They were entire strangers to the inhabitants of the town, and soon the wife began to have sad and severe attacks of sickness.

The sympathies of the kind-hearted people were at once aroused and some of them visited her and did what they could to alleviate her sufferings; and though they often remarked how strangely she acted, not one of them suspected the true cause. The kind physician would not expose her, so all others remained in ignorance of the secret.

But, finally, the skeleton could no longer be concealed and began to show itself in her actions on the street and at the neighbors' houses and the sorrowful fact became known that she was the wife of the mother, was often intoxicated.

She had an interesting little girl, a quiet little creature, whom she would send to the bar-room after the liquor. The child, as if comprehending the disgrace which had fallen on her mother, would hide the bottle under her shawl and carry it home knowing that its contents would make that mother drunk and deepen her disgrace.

Oh! what must that little heart have suffered.

Whiskey vendors, this is the work you are daily laboring to accomplish. You are robbing Heaven, you are populating hell; for your foul drinks make drunkards and the Bible declares that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven. If you will it be with you when the great day of reckoning comes, and all the souls you have helped to destroy shall rise up and curse you as the cause of their damnation. Of what service will your ill-gotten gains be to you then? Will they redeem your soul from everlasting torment?

To purchase Heaven has gold the power! Can gold remove the mortal hour?

Ah! no instead of the clinking of the coin your ears will be greeted with the wailings of the lost.

Do you say that you are compelled to "make a living and if you do not sell the liquor some body else will?" If a man were to offer you a reward to stab and kill your neighbor, would you say you would do it because if you did not, some other person would, and you had as much right to obtain the reward as they? No, you would shudder at the bare thought of such a wicked deed.

But suppose another man murders him and receives the pay, would you not have a clear conscience and prefer that to the "price of blood?"

The sin of the murderer would not rest upon you.

And yet though you could not be hired to stab a man you are daily selling poison which is killing not he lies only, but also souls, and you are doing it for the purpose of making money.

I beseech you stop the inhuman traffic, endeavor to persuade others to

give it up and adopt some more honorable mode of obtaining a support.

The day will surely come when you will be forced to think of these things and I beg you to heed the many warnings that you now hear before it is too late.

"Therefore also now saith the Lord, turn ye even to me with all your heart, turn unto the Lord your God for he is gracious and merciful slow to anger and of great kindness."

May you see the error of your way repent and be forgiven.

ORIEL.

FOR THE FRIEND.

A Tale of Rum.

J. W., a successful merchant in ——— at the time of his death was well to do, having gathered a handsome estate.

This he left to his widow and two sons. The widow did not long survive and the property fell to the sons. The elder of these soon became the manager of his own funds. This young man had been raised amid luxury, his education had not been neglected and his start in the course of life was to all appearance promising, and had not the demon alcohol interested he might have had a successful race. But alas! the way of the young is oft beset with snares and the more so if he have money, and this was the misfortune of the youth in question. His companions were not favorable to industry nor virtue, and soon in riotous living his thousands were spent, and friendless he wandered a vagabond in the very streets of his childhood begging for bread.

He came one day to the mansion in which he was raised, along whose halls his boyish laugh so merrily rang, but he did not venture its mirth entrance; through the gate he sought the kitchen and at the hand of a manial he asked relief from hunger. Pride of birth had departed, he no longer knew shame and ventured to reveal his former history to that unearring servant who might mock and laugh his misery in disgust. "My father built this house; my childhood and youth were spent amid its palors, chambers and halls; I was once rich though you see me now begging for bread." But ah! how came he thus? Some man sold him drink for gain, he paid for it, he drank it and this was repeated and the repetition went on from bad to worse till he could no longer pay, and the ruined wretch is forced to beg and who can tell but at times he does even worse than this as many a drunkard has done.

To read the tales of woe that rum has wrought would make the hardest heart to feel.

How well the Book of God speaks of man, saying—"He heareth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them."

CORRESPONDENT.

Norfolk, Feby. 1872.

FOR THE FRIEND.

WISSTON, N. C., Feby. 26th, 1872.

DEAR SIR:—In your paper you frequently state that you would be glad to hear from the different Councils in the State. I have written a short article which if you find worthy to be inserted in your paper you can act accordingly.

Dear Mr. Editor, the subject upon which I shall attempt to write is the influence and power of woman upon men, the greatest aid to the cause of Temperance. This is a theme which has been discussed by many wiser and more able minds than mine. It is said, that when the question was once debated, whether war, wine, or woman exercised the strongest power amongst men, the award was given to woman; I think the judgment was correct.

However deficient in some particulars woman may be when compared with the sterner sex, it is not to be doubted that her power and influence either directly or indirectly rule the world. I do not say that one woman can always influence and control the moral actions of one man; the isolation or singleness of the operation will sometimes neutralize the effort and defeat the end. But I do say that all women can reform and correct the evils of all if they will combine for that purpose.

In a remote sense the present prescriptive phase of the temperance reformation originated in this way. This is not now as well remembered as it should be. But it is true.

The first movement towards the great "Maine Law" which has immortalized its author and amazed mankind,—and which yet promises to redeem the world from a thraldom of dissipation—began in 1852 among the young women of an obscure village of that state. Seeing the dire effects of strong drink upon the happiness and health of society and fearing probably for their own destiny, they nobly banded themselves together against the evil and so manly pledged themselves to each other that no young man should have the privilege of their society, or be permitted to address them who was known to use strong drink at

all. Here is one of their resolutions: "Resolved, That we will promise to marry no young man who is in the habit of tipping, for we are assured that his wife will come to woe and his children go barefoot." The result of this combination was the beginning of the great prescriptive movement which has "torn the tiger" from the fatal hug of half the Union. May it save the other half also. O ye ladies of the South, especially you of the noble old North State, go and do likewise. The power is yours and why will ye let that power lie in a dormant state? Arouse that power to its highest pitch and help us on with the noble reformation of the cause of temperance. As female influence was concerned in the fall of man it is right and proper that female power should be exerted for the recovery.

If the women of the world would combine together for its moral reformation, they would achieve the victory for they have the power to do it. Wars would cease—the church would come up from the wilderness—order and peace would be restored—and the millennium would commence. Where shall the first society be formed?

A FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE.

FOR THE FRIEND.

Lawful but not Expedient.

Not long since at the house of a friend a company sat down to a sumptuous dinner. That company comprised three ladies, three clergymen, two lawyers and a merchant. Wine was circulated and quite freely drank and of that company of nine persons only two declined to drink wine and one of them a minister, leaving two of the ministers and the ladies one of whom was a minister's wife and the other company to be wine drinkers. I grant that it was lawful for these ministers to drink, but was it expedient? What poor fellow struggling to be free from the appetite for strong drink might not be foiled in his attempts by such an influence and encourage himself in the lee of the parsons' example.

To plead, "the preacher drinks" is a very strong plea with many drinkers. They stop not where the minister stops. The clergyman does not drink to drunkenness; the other does and the example of the clergyman gives him a license to drink. The amount of evil that a wine drinking preacher may entail can never be measured.

"If drinking wine make my brother to stumble I will drink no more while I live." Paul's law is a good and safe law. Moreover this wine drinking among ministers puts temperance men and the temperance cause much to a disadvantage. Of all men the preacher ought to exert the greatest influence and if his influence be against good, alas! for a good cause and the effort of men in that cause. "The preacher drinks!" what a terrible speech!

CORRESPONDENT.

Norfolk, Feby. 1872.

FOR THE FRIEND.

Tribute of Respect.

HALL OF PINE FOREST LODGE, No. 183 Dec. 25th, A. D., 1871. A. L., 5871.

WHEREAS, In the mysterious Providence of Almighty God, there has fallen a calamity which has filled our hearts with grief, whereby has been removed from us our esteemed brother, MARK WADE;

Resolved, That in the death of our beloved brother, our Lodge have lost a good and useful member, the Friends of Temperance a zealous friend, the Baptist Church one of its brightest ornaments, and the community one of its best citizens.

Resolved, That in this sudden and unexpected death of a member of this Lodge, we are admonished that death is no respecter of persons, that no portion of work or usefulness can secure exemption from it, and that it becomes us to be ready for our departure whenever it may please our Heavenly Father to call us hence.

Resolved, That this Lodge tender its sympathy to the widow and family of our deceased brother in this trying hour.

Resolved, That in memory of our beloved brother, we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Friend of Temperance and Biblical Recorder, and be entered in the minutes of the Lodge, and that a copy be transmitted to the widow of the deceased.

J. M. McLEOD, HARRINGTON, NEILL, McLEOD, ARCHER, HARRINGTON, CHAIRMAN.

"I weeded my friends," said an eccentric old man, "by hanging a piece of star carpet out of my first floor front window, with a constant announcement affixed. It had the desired effect. I soon saw who were my friends. It was like firing a gun at a pigeon house.—They forsook the building at the first report."

Selections.

FROM THE RECORDS OF THE

CARD OF THANKS.

To the City and Town Councils of ———

Resolved, That we heartily and gratefully acknowledge the public gratitude for the names granted by your honours to maintain the business of adding brands, marks, papers, and numbers! We will maintain that on papers will destroy the life, and ruin of reason, property and peace! As well cause the reprobation to grow up in ignorance and depravity, and prove a nuisance to the nation. We will do this for posterity. Alas! see this is a profitable business. Some temperance men and some professing Christians give in their estimation! Besides, we live in a land of liberty, and under our laws have a right to show our manly love and their noble! So our Council! We pledge ourselves to do all we have in our power, in order to increase our business rapidly as possible, we agree to keep the book door open on Sunday for our very particular friends.

We would further state, that your Honours have been placed on the "