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Poetry.

THE OLD GATE.

BY MRS. MATILDA EDWARDS.

O, the memories sweet and tender,
That around the old gate cling;
There in childhood's happiest moments
On its bars I used to swing,
Listening with my face uplifted
To the birds that used to sing
In the oak tree that above me
Spread its shadow like a wing.

There we met and there we parted,
There we took our last farewell,
There upon my ear the echo
Of the last dear footstep fell.
Ah, that gate, if it could tell them,
Might some mournful memories tell,
Memories that my heart is keeping,
Hidden in its deepest cell.

In the beautiful hereafter,
In the life that is to be,
Somewhere in God's great forever,
Dear one I will meet with thee.
At the gate of pearl, my darling,
Thou hast waited long for me,
And when comes the silent boatman
From the land beyond the sea,
I will cross the soundless waters
And be evermore with thee;
Meet me at the gate, my sister,
Be the first to welcome me.

Selected Story.

JUSTIN'S WIFE.

BY LOTTIE BROWN.

The room was exceeding bright and comfortable, with the morning sun peeping through the rich curtains and beaming mildly on the breakfast table, with its burden of white china, silver, hot muffins, fragrant coffee and delicately broiled birds but the pair who sat over the little feast looked anything but bright and comfortable.

"There was an open letter beside the plate of the lady and glancing over her shoulder you might have read the following:

Dear Father and Mother;

I hardly know how to get around my subject, so I'll come direct to it. I am married. I love Lucille very dearly, and she was too poor to gain your admiration, so I married her without asking leave. As my wife, I know you will receive her. At all events I am going to bring her straight to you, and will trust to your natural goodness of heart.

Your dutiful son,
JUSTIN YORKE.

"Your dutiful son!" said Mrs. Yorke, holding a bit of chicken on the end of her silver fork, and eyeing it as though it was the son in question. "I cannot see where he finds the shadow of an excuse for daring to thus style himself. Justin is not a dutiful son, Mr. Yorke."

"You are correct Elizabeth; he is a most undutiful son, to thus repay the years of care we have bestowed upon him;" said Mr. Yorke.

"What shall we do? Lucille, indeed!—It has the sound of an actress, or some out-of-the-way sort of person. Probably she is some frivolous, ignorant creature, with a pretty face and an empty head, who will surely bring disgrace upon us and ruin him. Oh, James, I reasoned against allowing him to remain in the store after we came to the country. What can we do?"

"Lock up the house at once, this very day, and go to Newport. Then if he brings his wife, he can take her back the way they came. I'll teach him a lesson that he will not soon forget."

So, in their wrath, the old couple packed their trunks, locked the summer cottage, and, with their two servants, departed for Newport.

Justin was the last of a large family of boys and girls. One by one they had passed away, until only the one handsome boy was left. As a sequence, he was idolized, and grew up an odd mixture of waywardness and good nature.

The Yorkes were highly respectable, and gloried in the fact. There was not a member of the family far or near, that had a disgrace attached, and each member was extremely sensitive upon this particular point.

To be justly considered respectable was the ambition of the race.

Now, what had this wretched representative done? Married a pauper without the customary wedding festival, and the talk, the envy, the bustle, the carriages, the church, the crowd, the cake, the cards, the lace, the satin, and the fol-de-rol which had attended the marriage of every Yorke from the beginning!

Mrs. James Yorke shivered at the thought, as they rode on towards Newport, even though the thermometer was up among the nineties, and the dust almost thick enough to be cut with a knife.

As good luck would have it they obtained rooms without inconvenience, and in two hours after their arrival, Mr. Yorke was arrayed in a suit of snowy white and airing himself at one of the chamber windows, in a state of quietude, quite pleasant to contemplate after his recent trouble.

"Hadn't we better walk down to the beach, Elizabeth? There is a fine breeze blowing."

"Isn't the sun a little too hot," suggested the lady.

"Not at all. I will take an umbrella along."

So Mrs. Yorke donned her bonnet and a lace shawl, and the portly pair slowly transported themselves down to the beach.

It was quite too early for the fashionable crowd to collect, and there were only here and there a gentleman, a nurse with children, or some invalid, who preferred this hour, to that used by flirters and bathers; so the old couple had the broad sand beach pretty much to themselves, and they sauntered away, enjoying the cool breeze and the musical murmur of the sea as much as people so afflicted are expected to.

As they passed along, Mr. Yorke said nodding his head in a certain direction, to where sat a lady in a cool dress, of pale blue muslin:

"There's a pretty creature!"

"So she is—and an extremely ladylike person. Quite odd to see a young lady out at these hours. Probably, the most of them are yet asleep, and trying to wear away the effects of last night's dissipation. She is very fresh and sensible looking."

"Yes—very. It's a great pity that Justin—"

"Pray don't mention that unfortunate boy's name!"

"You are right. We will dismiss him from our thoughts for the present. It looks comfortable up there among the rocks.—Supposing we should go up?"

"I dare say we would find a good seat," said Mrs. Yorke.

Accordingly, they clambered up, as well as age and a superfluity of flesh would allow, and were on the point of seating themselves, when Mrs. Yorke, unhappily stepped on a loose stone, and fell heavily among the jagged rocks, and laid there, very still and white, with the blood trickling down from a cut on her forehead.

For a moment reason forsook her companion, and then, with a loud shout, he called for help. It came almost instantly, in the person of the beautiful girl he had observed a few seconds before, who running up, leaned over the lady and lifted her head, and sought to staunch the blood.

"It is only a little cut, sir, and the lady is stunned," said she, binding her handkerchief around the wound. 'Please take her in your arms for a moment, and I will bring some water."

The water which the fair stranger brought in her hat, had the desired effect; and after a little, Mrs. Yorke opened her eyes and sat up.

"You are feeling much better my dear?"

"Very much. Ah! I think I have you to thank for it," said Mrs. Yorke looking up at the sweet face above her.

"By no means. It was a trifling service, I assure you. I am only too happy. Let me remove the handkerchief, and bring some water."

Mrs. Yorke's daughters had died before they had reached even the dignity of young girlhood; but, as the soft fingers touched lightly her aching head, she thought such attention might have been her own, had God spared her dear children.

"Your mother is blessed, my dear," said she, looking at the perfect face, "in having such a daughter as yourself."

"My mother is dead, madam."

"Mrs. York's chubby fingers sought the slender ones of the young lady, and closed over them in a warm, sympathetic clasp.

"My daughters are dead, and my heart and home are quite desolate!" said the good woman, with a dash of tears.

"Halloa!"

The word came in a cherry cry across the sands and looking up, the trio espied a tall, handsome fellow trotting toward them, with a face as bright as a half dozen summer days.

At once Mrs. Yorke grew very nervous and distressed; Mr. Yorke grew very red in the face, and thumped his cane energetically on a rock; and the pretty young lady's eyes glowed, and a smile played about her dimpled mouth.

"Why, father and mother!" cried the aforesaid young man. "How came you hear? I am overjoyed to see you!"

"I shall not return the compliment," gruffly replied Mr. Yorke.

"Why not?"

"Because, sir, you are a base ingrate! How dare you marry without my leave?"

"But, father, I loved her, and I knew that you would when you came to know her."

"I shall never know her. You shall never bring her into our family. If you have disgraced our honorable name you may suffer the disgrace alone."

The young man dug up the sand with his cane for a moment, and the young lady twirled her parasol. Then he looked up.

"Well, Lucille, we had better come away," he said, and the young lady stepped over to him, and put her hand upon his arm.

"What! Who is this!" cried Mr. Yorke.

"My wife, father."

"Well, why didn't you say so before?"—blustered the irate old fellow. Elizabeth, I'm afraid we have sold ourselves very cheap."

"Are you really Justin's wife?" said Mrs. Yorke smiling in spite of herself, at the fair girl.

"Yes madam."

"Here, Justin! Why are you standing there? Don't you see that your mother has met with an accident? Give her your arm, and take her up to the hotel. Lucille, my daughter, take mine."

Justin would have laughed, but under the circumstances, he thought better of it, and the quartette walked up to the hotel.

The Newport visit came to an abrupt termination, for the Yorke party left in the first train on the following day; and when they reached home, Mr. Yorke significantly said:

"If we hadn't been a pair of old fools, we would have stayed at home, and saved our money, time and exertions. We might have known that *our* son would not err in selecting a wife."

Mrs. Yorke passed her hand lightly over her wounded forehead, and concluded, as I did long ago, that love and marriage are matters beyond the control of humanity.

Meta's Victory.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

"Only a servant girl!".

Meta Olin heard the carelessly uttered words as she stood among the clustered evergreens on the lawn, watching Miss Sinclair sweep across the broad veranda. How beautiful she was, that haughty Blanche Sinclair, with her large lustrous eyes, and dewy scarlet lips. Meta did not wonder that Stewart Roy walked at her side like a willing captive, with his blue eyes gazing into her face, and his voice modulated into the softest tone. But nevertheless Meta's heart felt a pang, as the words quivered on Miss Sinclair's lips.

'Only a servant girl?'

'My mother is very fond of her, and she seems quite a useful little creature,' said Stewart, stooping for the roses that had fallen out of Miss Sinclair's hair.

'I dare say—but I never can bear to have an inferior around us,' said Blanche indifferently. 'My poor rose thank you, Mr. Roy!'

And they passed on, leaving Meta standing alone in the shrubbery, with eyes full of resentful tears, and lips quivering passionately.

'Meta?'

It was Mrs. Roy's voice— and the young girl obeyed the summons, choking back her grief, as best she might.

'Have you arranged those flowers, in the little parion vases?'

'Yes. ma'am. Mrs Roy, am I a *servant girl?*'

Mrs. Roy hesitated a moment.

'No—yes—really, Meta, I don't know what else you can be called. My dear, what foolish notion have you got in your head?'

'Nothing ma'am,' said Mete, resolutely, and not a word more would she say.

She was very busy about the house all the afternoon, dusting the heavy rosewood furniture, aranging chairs, and cutting fresh flowers for the baskets in the drawing-room, and at night she went slowly up to her apartments very weary, and sick at heart.

Blanche Sinclair was passing through the upper hall, as royal as ever in her loveliness. As she reached Meta, the laced bordered handkerchief slipped fron her hand to the floor. She looked imperiously at Meta. Meta did not stir.

'Pick up my handkerchief, girl,' said the haughty beauty with an accent of command that grated harshly on the girls ear.

Meta's cheek blazed into scarlet fire.

'I will not!'

Blanche arched her brows.

'You are fastidious—for a servant girl!'

And she recovered the perfumed fabric, and passed on with a sneer.

Meta went into her own room, and stood an instant before the glass.

It was a very lovely face there reflected; even though her dress was very coarse and plain. Blue eyes, clear and brilliant as the midsummer heavens, hair touched with burnished threads of gold, lips like full-riped cherries, and a complexion so transparently fair that you could see the vains interlacing each other on the temples like purple threads. Meta looked upon all these things and knew that she was beautiful.

'Good!' she half murmered to herself. 'The time may yet come when I shall triumph over yonder haughty belle!'

It was late the next morning, when Mrs. Roy descended to the breakfast table, with a cashmere shawl thrown over her shoulders, and a rather puzzled look upon her handsome features.

'What has become of Meta this morning?' she asked, laughingly. 'Why didn't she come to brush my hair as usual?'

And then there was an inquiry after Meta, but Meta had gone away, no one could discover whither.

Meta had struck out into the tides of life for herself.

A humble little pensioner at Madam Carini's French school, working for her board and tuition between whiles, and scorned alike by teachers and pupils—this was not a pleasant life for one so proud as Meta Olin; but she was not easily to be discouraged in the path she had chosen and toiled patiently on. She was not popular among the girls, but when poor little Diana Wallace fell sick and died, Meta nursed her with a tenderness that went straight to the bereaved parent's heart.

'General,' said Mrs. Wallace, softly, at they sat alone in their spacious drawing rooms after poor pretty little Diana had been laid away to her everlasting slumbers, 'that Meta Olin was very good to our darling—she died in Meta's arms.'

'Yes,' assented General Wallace sadly.

'And we are all alone now. Suppose—suppose we were to take Meta for a daughter? She, too, is alone in the world and she was kind to Diana

Husband I think God has sent this lovely girl to us.'

'Do as you like, my dearest, said the general, bending over to kiss his wife's forehead.

And thus Meta, the solitary menial, became the adopted daughter of General Wallace's heart and home.

She looked supremely lovely on the night, four years subsequently, when Stewart Roy met her at a masquerade ball. 'The Evening Star,' was the character she had chosen—one well suited to her blonde beauty and royal development of face and figure. A dress of pale blue crepe strewn with golden stars—a diamond star quivering above her brow, and diamonds sparkling on her neck and arms—well might the beholder pause like one enchanted, as she floated by.

'Who is the beautiful girl—surely, I have seen her before!' exclaimed Roy to his companion, Frank Sinclair.

'Miss Wallace— General Wallace's daughter.'

'Then I am mistaken. Jupiter! what a face she has!'

Stewart Roy's heart, so long a rover, was captured at last.

Day after day Meta Wallace smiled to herself as she noticed Blanche Sinclair's effort to captive Mr. Roy! Blanche was fast fading—and there was no time to be lost—but Blanche's maneuvers were all in vain. One smile or glance of Meta's was more effective on Stewart Roy's heart than a whole battery of Blanche Sinclair's blandishment.

'You love me, Stewart Roy?'

'Better than my own soul!'

Meta was playing idly with her jeweled bouquet holder, while her blue eyes melted into a dreamy softness, and a sweet smile dimpled over her lovely lips.

'And you want me to be your wife?'

'I will cherish you always, dearest.'

She put her hand in his, with a shy little blush

'Ah! Stewart! my love has been far longer and more steadfast than yours. I have loved you for six long years!'

'Six years, Meta? We met only last Spring.

'Have you forgotten that other Meta who was but a child when you were a grown man? The little Meta who used to gather flowers at Roysdale, and bring your slippers and books?'

'My mother's little Meta? Surely

'I am your mother's little Meta!'

He drew her to his heart with a passionate thrill of joy!'

An hour of joy afterward, Miss Wallace met Blanche Sinclair on the black walnut stairway of the hotel.

'Do you know, Miss Wallace,' said Blanche, 'I have heard the strangest story about a friend of ours?'

'What is it?'

'Mr. Roy is just engaged to be married.'

'To whom?'

'Ah, that I cannot tell."

'I can enlighten, you, Miss Sinclair. Do you remember visiting at Roysdale five years ago, and treating with scorn and contempt the little servant girl whom Mrs. Roy had taken in out of charity?'

'Yes.'

'Stewart Roy is engaged to that girl.'

'Impossible. He never would do such an absurd thing.'

'By no means impossible—I have it from the best authority—his own lips. I am the girl in question. Stewart Roy is my affianced husband.'

'You are Miss Wallace?'

Blanche Sinclair sank away from the blue flash of Meta's indignant eyes.

'You have forgotten the poor child whom you heaped with needless contumely and insult—my memory is more tenacious than yours, and while you were paying court to the reigning belle I remembered your very different manner in old times. We have striven together in the arena of life, Blanche Sinclair, and I think that I am conqueror.'

She swept a magnificent courtesy toward Miss Sinclair, and glided out of her presence, while Blanche stood, silent and confounded, with a scarlet spot burning on either cheek.

Yes, Meta Orlin had been conqueror in life's battle, and Blanche was vanquished.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.—A poor lame boy was walking along one of the muddy and filthy streets of the city, trying to find a suitable place to cross. The heavy rains had fallen, and the streets were very deep with mud and water.

While waiting, another lad saw him and cried out; Stop! Stop! I'll carry you over!"

In a moment he gladly took the little cripple in his arms, and carried him over on the other side of the street. In doing so, he got wet and muddy; but he did not mind that, for he felt amply repaid by the inward reward which his heart gave him. The lame boy smiled gratefully and thanked him kindly. How many tempted ones there are in your path you can carry over to the solid ground of total abstinence, if you but extend the fraternal hand of sympathy and love, helping them over the difficult highways of temptation to the ways of pleasantness and paths of peace! He that "giveth a cup of cold water only" shall in no wise lase his reward.

FREE DRINKING-FOUNTAIN.—A street drinking-fountain, presented by the Richmond Normal School to the city of Richmond, was erected in front of the post-office on yesterday. In the coming summer it will be useful and refreshing to both man and beast. We hear that the fountain will, at an early day, be formally presented to the city authorities, and set to work with appropriate ceremonies.—*Rich. Dispatch.*

Selections.

AN ADDRESS.

Brother John R. Morris, the President of Goldsboro Council, is one of the most zealous and active temperance men in North Carolina, and he shows his faith by his works. We copy from the *Goldsboro Messenger* of a recent date, the following very excellent address, which is applicable to more places than the town in which it was published:

To the Citizens of Goldsboro:

In pursuance of a request from several of the members of Goldsboro Council, I issue the following address to the citizens of Goldsboro and vicinity:

For four years there has been an organized temperance society in this town. The members of this society have worked sedulously for the promotion of the cause of temperance; but they have received very little encouragement from the people of this community, for whose interests they are laboring. When we contemplate this state of things we are not inordinately surprised that the secular portion of our people have not rendered the institution that aid which might be expected from men and women professing a desire for the dethronement of vice, and the establishment of morality. But, we are at a lost to understand the actions of those persons who are allied with the Church of God. Now, we do not wish to be understood as arraying ourselves in opposition to the Church. We claim for our Order that it is one of the grand auxiliaries of the Church. The purpose of all our rites and ceremonies is to benefit mankind morally and spiritually. But, while these things are true we deprecate the fact that the members of the Churches, in this town, with the exception of a few isolated cases, are not in open sympathy with the attempts that are being made to reform inebriates and indoctrinate the youth in the principals of temperance. It is said there are members in every Church in our town who imbibe intoxicating drink. Great God! is it true, that those who wear the armor of Christ are setting examples before the young, which, if followed, may result in the destruction of that physical temple, upon which the Divine Maker imprinted the portraiture of his majesty, and the eternal ruin of the immortal soul. It is said, influential members of the Churches in Goldsboro, purchase from the liquor establishments alcohol by the gallon, and carry it to their homes, where they can, at pleasure, engage in the practice of drinking the damnable potation. Is it possible that men who frown, with indignation of other vices, and who pray to God for the coming of His kingdom, are guilty of introducing into their family circle the liquid of the pool from whence springs half of the vices which curse our country. If these reports be true, how can such men censure the drunkard? How can they condemn the liquor vender, when they assist in supporting his establishment?

Reformation is the watchword of the day. In other parts of North Carolina christians, politicians, influentian and wealthy men are uniting with the reformers. The day of fogyism has passed. As civilization marches forward it sheds effulgence over the whole land, and reveals those citizens, which were once highly esteemed, as among those things which are deleterious to the best interests of a nation. The people in other portions of the State to realize these things, and are rising up, as good citizens should, and condemning the once-cherished vice of intemperance. Although, strong efforts are being made to stay the progress of this portentous monster, yet, the seeds of intemperance are now being thickly sown throughout the length and breadth of the land. Yea, the evils is prevalent! it steals, insidious, into the palatial mansion, and the rude home of the poor.

Citizens, the evil is at your doors and it behooves you to drive it away. How long will you countenance intemperance!

In the name of the institution which I represent, I appeal to the members of the different religious denominations, in Goldsboro, to unite with us in our efforts to break down the bulwarks of intemperance. Let us confederate, and, in the name of God and country, go forth, teaching fellow-men to reject the poisonous cup, and drink of the pure beverage which gushes in immaculate beauty from the earth.

I earnestly appeal to the men of influence to join hand with us. Think knotthat we are a mere puerile institution. Some of the most brilliant intellects in your State are engaged in the work, and the cause is worthy of your espousal. Lastly, I appeal to women, into whose heart the Almighty has breathed the sweet spirit of heavenly influence. Let her smiles be seen, and her cheering words be heard, in our Council Chamber.

Respectfully,
JNO. R. MORRIS,
President Goldsboro Council.

From the Presbyterian.

PINE FOREST, N. C., Feb'y 1872.

MR. EDITOR: Perhaps it will not be amiss to inform the numerous readers of your interesting and most valuable paper, the location of Pine Forest and its vicinity, also the manifestations of interest in its associations. Some may say this place is far out in the back woods of Harnett among the pines, but it is only six miles from the Western Railroad, near enough to hear the voice of the engine at almost every station on the line. Pine Forest is a time-honored name, first originating from a debating society organized in a little cabin among the pines many years ago. The Masonic Fraternity afterwards erected a large and comfortable lodge, instituting the same name, the lower room of the building has been used for schools, debating societies, singings, musical concerts, and the young people often resort to this hall for social enjoyment and pleasant association. It is beautifully situated on an elevation, healthy and noted for the purest water, close by the fertile valley of Upper Little River, and within a few miles around a number of noble and energetic families reside. A Presbyterian church is close by where we have regular preaching,—a few miles distant in an opposite direction, is Barbecue church, which is *one* of the *three* oldest Presbyterian churches in the State. Though we are surrounded with many comforts and privileges, and the morality of the neighborhood compares favorably with most sections, yet we are not free from evils, especially those evils connected with intemperance. There is not a retail whiskey shop nearer than Swann's Station, still intemperance is prevalent; though it is six miles to the nearest grog establishment, we often see young men, and sometimes older ones too, under the influence of strong drink. Some of our most promising young men seem to have become habitual drinkers. This evil has been and is still serious and alarming to all lovers of temperance and virtue. About eight months ago Pine Forest Council No. 101 Friends of Temperance, was organized with ten or eleven active members. Our Council has been gradually increasing, and we now have a large number of zealous and faithful members, determined to stand united for the grand cause of temperance.

Some time ago our Council invited Bro. Whitaker, "Secretary of State Council and Editor of the *Friend*," to visit us, and deliver an address. Saturday 13th Jan'y was the day appointed by the Council for public demonstration, and an invitation was extended to everybody to come out on this occasion. Bro. Whitaker having cheerfully consented to our solicitation, met with us at 12 o'clock, M. After the opening of the Council the members marched down to the lower hall where a large assembly were seated, (many more would have been present but for the inclemency of the weather.) Bro. Whitaker was then introduced, and for about two hours held the unwavering attention of the audience with an address, the most earnest and forcible, the most eloquent and convincing, to which it has ever been our privilege to listen. I have not time to give even the most important points of the address, for it was *all* important and *all* to the point, founded on facts. All the sides of drunkenness, individual influence and accountability, the evil and the remedy were presented in such a plain and pleasant manner as to make a most salutary, and no doubt lasting impression on the hearers. The address was undoubtedly a "feast of reason" to us all. It was full of truth. It was beautifully illustrated with incidents and humorous anecdotes, whether sentimental or funny, they were always to the point. I fel satisfied that much good has already resulted from that address, nine persons gave in their names that evening, and some have joined since. We hope that many more are convinced of their duty, and will soon unite with us.

The visit and labor of Bro. Whitaker will long be remembered and cherished by many in the vicinity of Pine Forest, and I sincerely hope it will be productive of much good.

May the richest blessings of heaven rest upon him, and his loved one, and may they live long to labor for the *cause of temperance.*

F—. T—.

Starting Right.

"At the commencement of your journey," wrote Amos Lawrence, of New England, to a young friend, "take this for your motto—that the difference of going just right or a little wrong will be the difference of finding yourself in good quarters, or in a miserable bog or slough at the end of it." Then speaking of his own early history, he said, "We five boys were in the habit every forenoon of making a drink compounded of rum and raisins, and, with buscuit, very palatable to eat and drink. After being in the store four weeks, I found myself admonished by my appetite of the approach of the hour for indulgence. Thinking the habit might make trouble to grow stronger, without further apology to my senoirs I declined partaking with them. Now, I say, to this simple fact of starting just right am I indebted, with God's blessing on my labors, for my present position."—*S. S. Visitor.*

Many persons have been frozen to death by the intense cold this winter out west.

Communications.

FOR THE FRIEND.

The Special Providence of God.

The Bible, the book of God, teaches us that God exercises Providence over man.

The nature of this Providence is such as can be influenced by prayer.

While this Providence is over the grass, the lillies, and the birds—and over *all men*: yet "His eyes are over the righteous and His ears are open to their cry." "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro through the earth to show himself strong in behalf of them whose hearts are perfect toward Him." This is the Bible teaching. Is there any reason in this doctrine? Can God affect the regular laws of nature so as to make any difference between the righteous and the wicked? Does He not rule by regular laws that can not be changed? If so how can there be any difference in His administrations! The answer is this is the *rule*—the law by which He governs—the administration to which He has pledged Himself, that a difference shall be made. The righteous shall be heard—His arm shall protect—His hand shall supply. The administration is infallible and cannot fail.

The law that God will answer prayers and bestow blessings is as unchangeable as the law of gravitation. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob believed this doctrine and it gave them comfort. Daniel believed it and was willing to go to the lion's den as a rebel rather than distrust God.

Many righteous people believe it now and "commit their way unto the Lord" fully believing that "He will bring it to pass." What a comfortable doctrine. How full of encouragement to the young. Young man—young lady let this doctrine be your trust. Confide in God. Choose to be good. Leave it to others to turn aside to vanity and corruption, but pray thou to God and He will lead thee and bless thee.

C

FOR THE FRIEND.

Resolution--Pledge.

Said one man to another:

"You used to drink, dida't you?"

"Yes," replied he.

"How did you stop?"

"I said I wouldn't drink any more, and I didn't."

"Well, I believe that I will try to stop."

"That will not do," said the man.—"You must not only say I will try,—you must say I won't drink any more; and if you will do that, and stick to it, I promise you, that you will die a sober man."

There be some men who can master their appetites, overcome their habits, and resist surrounding influences, by the force of a good resolution, without the aid of a pledge, formally made.—Many there be who can not anchor without the anchorage of the pledge. And I can but fear for the man who refuses the pledge; he gives evidence, I think, of an immature purpose—'tis too much an experiment, as though he would say—'I will try this thing awhile, and see if I can get along without too much trouble.' But when the man comes honestly to the pledge, he shows a purpose formed, and sets out with a high resolve. He may fail after all, but if he does with the pledge, he fails where many have succeeded.

Every drinker has his companions, and one of the mental conflicts through which he passes, is to get the consent to give up his companions, and brave all their taunts, and resist all their temptations. Now, to attempt all this, without the pledge, is to present a vulnerable point to the shafts of his enemies, (so-called friends.) When asked to drink, he declines—they urge—he still declines—saying, 'I am purposed to drink no more.' 'Have you joined the temperance folks?—Have you signed the pledge?' they ask. 'No, I have signed no pledge; but I am determined to give up drinking.'

Now, just at this point of non-pledging, his assailants see the opportunity for an assault, and right persistently do they make it. Had he signed the pledge formally, and told them so, they had not assaulted him—if they claimed to be gentlemen. 'Tis an insult to ask a gentleman to violate a solemn obligation. Then one great advantage in the pledge is, to bar off an assault from old associates. Another advantage is, the settling effect it has on the pledged—he does not hang loose, as he would feel himself do, in the absence of some formal and binding act. Still another effect, the pledged is in the army, the flag is flying, and he is of the number who fly that flag. He is committed for the war. But to go out to fight on your own hook, as it is sometimes expressed, the man feels no force of organization; he is not responsible—operates under no law—can go home when he pleases, and not be counted a deserter; so when appetite may clamor for gratification, he can grant it without disgrace. Not so with the pledged man, he is a regular in the army, and enlisted for the war—appetite may clamor, but he can't desert—character is at stake.

But with the pledge, backed up with prayer to God for help—the hardest drinker can be saved. Yes, can also be saved. I have seen and known a number of such cases.

CORRESPONDENT.

Norfolk, Feb. 1872.

FOR THE FRIEND.

HAMPTON, Nelson Co., Va.,
Feb. 14th, 1872.

DEAR BRO. WHITAKER: We do love active workers in the temperance cause. We can take them to our heart of hearts, as brethren well beloved, and it is something for which to be thankful. O, that each State in this Old Commonwealth, might possess a thousand men like brothers Whitaker, Wellons, Bence, Abell, Dame, Crew, Jefferson, Garland, Whitley, Hill, Long, and others, I might name, who would organize temperance societies—work in them and for them—talk about the great work—excite enthusiasm in regard to, and manifest decidedly, that they have the temperance cause on the brain!—Would that we could excite so much interest in this noble cause, as to make the brethren take hold of it everywhere, with earnestness, vigor, perseverance and persistency! What a glorious work to gather in the inebriate and the little boys, and in the solemn ceremonies of our Order, teach them about Jesus Christ—sing the sweet songs of Zion with them, behold in them the faint beginnings of a religious life, and see them go on until, with smiles of joy and tears of rejoicing—they join the church, to rise to newness of life. Let what will be said, the children are the hope of the church; nor can we begin too soon, or work too hard, to bring them to Jesus and train them for His service.

Brother, sister, are you an active worker in the temperance reform?

Morning Star, No. 7, initiated one active member at their last meeting, and on next meeting night, expect to initiate seven others.

The Elmington Military and Classical School is in fine operation—the uniform of the students is the Confederate Grey, with the Virginia button. C. H. McKeen, Esq., the Principal, is a fine classical scholar, and has had a number of year's experience as teacher. T. B. M. Rukins, the Assistant, is a high toned, christian gentleman, and being a graduate of the Randolph Macon College, is a valuable acquisition to the school.

Elmington is a station on the O. H. & M. R. R., has six daily trains, and with an Express office, two mails a day, makes it very accessible and convenient; and parents wishing to educate their sons, could not make a better selection than the Elmington Military Classical School. The location is as healthy as any to be had in the country; the water can't be excelled, and the wonders of Nature, with which this region abounds, will compare favorably with the greatest works of Nature,—i. e., in regard to the mountain scenery. This school will hold its first half session celebration, in connection with a fair, to be held at this place on the 28th inst., for the benefit of the Church. Judge John H. McCal will deliver an address on that occasion. We would be pleased to grasp the hand of Rev. R. H. Whitaker upon that occasion, and have him throw a few bombshell and grape shot in the ranks of King Alcohol and his army.

Please find enclosed the cash to pay for six subscribers, and also ten cents *for times for Minnie E. Ray.*

Fraternally yours in F. T. and C.,
WM. J. KING.

THE RUMSELLER.—Wendell Phillips in a recent lecture in Park Street Church, Boston, said: "I have a loathing, I have a through disgust for the gew-gaws of rum-bought wealth.—When I get into the horse cars and smell the foul stench of liquor; when I go into the street and see the same, I see behind me that brown stone mansion on our Neck, built of rum, and behind that again I see the pallid faces, shivering forms and flattering rags of a numberless host. And I would have one of the daughters of the owner of that mansion stand by and watch her father's victims as they march into the dock of the Police Court every day. I would take another child, and the police should lead her through all the dark alleys and passages where broken-hearted mothers and children without parents or food attest to the manner in which her parent made his money."

Col. Scott, of the Pensylvania Central has been elected president of the South Pacific Railroad.