

THE FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE.

A TEMPERANCE AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

VOL. IX. RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JAN. 5, 1876. NO. 34.

Friend of Temperance,
PUBLISHED BY
H. WHITAKER,
RALEIGH, N. C.
TERMS:
per year \$2 00
six months 1 25
three months 75
CLUBS:
of Ten or more names will be taken
at 75 each.
Selected Story.
Served Him Right.

BY EVELYN M. HENFORD.

Edison was a male flirt. There's a girl in Dayton who had't drawn attentions from him, and just attentions which, when a young man receives them from a young woman, are generally considered to mean something.

The Dayton girls—or all of them, at least—found out that their attentions, when they came from Edison, instead of meaning something, meant precisely nothing.

Mr. Brown couldn't believe that Jack's pretty speeches and fine sentiments meant nothing. He had a girl in Dayton, and she had been thinking a good deal of him. He so devoted and kind, and all that sort of thing, that she had faith in him.

"Be careful," said Maria Spool-wannily. "He's the biggest flirt Christendom. He don't mean half the says."

"I don't believe all I hear about," said Lucy, stoutly. "He's not a flirt, he is!" said Maria, by way of argument, and in a tone that indicated her arguments would change her opinion on that subject. "Isn't he always paying his attentions to every girl that comes along, Lucy? Isn't he always ready to make love to a girl? You know he is."

"No, I don't know any such things," said Lucy. "He's gentle and polite, and if the girls will insist on paying their attentions which are promptly repaid, he isn't to blame, is he?"

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Maria, in great haste. "Talk to me about it's all right, but you know he is!"

Mr. Edison was a great deal of honor, I suppose," said she, in a tone which seemed to imply that she hardly considered that she was speaking truthfully; "but I don't feel like accepting it. I would refer you to Miss Graham."

Jack was thunderstruck. He had never dreamed of anything like this. It flustered his wits up terribly for a minute or two. Then he rallied them, and tried to explain matters; but Miss Grant was obstinate as a woman ever was, and wouldn't listen to a word from him.

"Go to Miss Graham," was all she said, and Jack, at last, withdrew from the field discomfited.

"It's plain as the nose on my face that she's heard something about my flirting with Miss Graham, and she's mad about it. Confound Miss Graham!"

But after sober second thought on the matter, he concluded to accept Miss Grant's advice and go to Miss Graham.

Miss Belle Graham was a very pretty young lady, with bold black eyes and a mischief-loving disposition, and as Jack had not flirted for some time, he proceeded, after his old fashion, to lay his heart at Miss Graham's feet, metaphorically speaking, and for a month was her most devoted cavalier.

Miss Graham liked a flirtation as well as Jack did, and was in no wise backward in playing her part. Jack was always looking for and expecting sincerity in others; and concluded at once that Miss Graham had found his fascinations irresistible, and was ready to capitulate and surrender, whenever he chose to speak the word.

By-and-by Miss Graham went out of town on a visit, and then he packed up his devotions and the other necessities of love-making, and returned, like a prodigal son, to Miss Grant.

He had been so busy! Work had been unusually driving for the last month. He couldn't get away from the office. Jack invented a score of excuses to account for his absence, and Miss Grant graciously accepted them all, and reinstated Jack in her good graces, and Richard was himself again.

In August Miss Grant went out of town, and Jack had a sorry time of it for want of some one to pay attention to. While she was gone, he thought over the matter seriously. Here he was, young, good looking, and making a nice sum of money, but in need of a home. The first step toward securing a home was to secure a wife. Why didn't he get married? Sure enough, why didn't he? The more he thought of it, the more firmly he made up his mind to take the decisive step, and accordingly he cast about in his mind as to whom he should honor by giving them the privilege of becoming Mrs. Jack Edison.

Jack knew of three who would be glad to have him—Miss Grant, Miss Graham, and Lucy. All he had to do to get either of them to be his, 'for better, for worse,' was to give them half a chance to say yes.

"I kind of like Lucy," he soliloquized; "but she's a plain little country girl, and her father isn't worth much, and I don't believe I'll throw myself away on her. There's Miss Graham; she's smart and handsome, and her father's worth considerable; but she's got too much temper for me. I'm afraid I don't want one of these high-flyers! I guess Miss Grant's the most desirable person after all. Old Graham's bank account is one very satisfactory feature about the transaction. When she gets back I'll speak to her about it, and have the thing off my mind."

Miss Grant came back the next week, and Jack wended his way thither shortly after her return, to inform her of the decision he had arrived at during her absence.

Miss Grant was rather cool. "She's miffed to think I haven't spoken on the important subject before," thought Jack.

A good opportunity presented itself, and Jack proceeded to offer his heart and hand to Miss Grant after the most genteel manner possible. He expected to see her burst into a flood of thankful tears, or perform some other equally original feat to demonstrate the gladness of her emotions; but she did not do anything of the kind.

"You do me a great deal of honor, I suppose," said she, in a tone which seemed to imply that she hardly considered that she was speaking truthfully; "but I don't feel like accepting it. I would refer you to Miss Graham."

Jack was thunderstruck. He had never dreamed of anything like this. It flustered his wits up terribly for a minute or two. Then he rallied them, and tried to explain matters; but Miss Grant was obstinate as a woman ever was, and wouldn't listen to a word from him.

"Go to Miss Graham," was all she said, and Jack, at last, withdrew from the field discomfited.

"It's plain as the nose on my face that she's heard something about my flirting with Miss Graham, and she's mad about it. Confound Miss Graham!"

But after sober second thought on the matter, he concluded to accept Miss Grant's advice and go to Miss Graham.

"purple and fine linen" one day, and set off to inform Miss Graham that he had concluded to marry her.

Miss Graham was all smiles and pretty words, and Jack felt that he had but to say the word, and the thing was settled; and by-and-by he proceeded to inform her of the honor he had decided to confer upon her.

"Marry you?" exclaimed Miss Graham. "Why, I couldn't think of such a thing!" and laughed, as if it was the best joke of the season.

Jack began to feel scared.

"And why not?" demanded he.

"Because I'm engaged to one man already, and the law objects to our marrying two, you know!" and thereupon, Miss Graham laughed again, as if it were immensely funny.

For the life of him, Jack could not see the point.

"How long have you been engaged?" stammered Jack, feeling cold and hot, and to use a handy old phrase, which is very expressive, if not strictly elegant—"decidedly streaked."

"For as much as—let me see—coolly—'as much as a year, I guess. Yes, it was in October that it happened.—Just about a year ago."

"And you never told me!" growled Jack.

"You never asked me," said Miss Graham.

Poor Jack! He gathered up his lacerated heart and withdrew from his second battle-field, completely routed.

"I won't give it up so!" he decided.

"There's Lucy Brown. She'll have me, and jump at the chance; and she's worth forty Miss Grants and a car-load of Miss Graham's! I'll write down to her and ask her, this very afternoon."

And write to her he did. He had not answered her last letter, received three months before; but he put in a page of excuses for his negligence, and smoothed the matter over to his satisfaction, if not to Lucy's.

The letter was sent, and he waited a reply with considerable anxiety.

At last it came.

"It's favorable, of course!" he said, as he tore open the letter. "Lucy always thought her eyes of me!"

But his opinion as to its being favorable changed somewhat as he read it:

"MR. JACK EDISON:—I am very thankful for the honor, etc., but I don't take up with second-hand articles, when I can get them at first hand. John Smith says: 'Tell him I have something to say about it now, and I'm not going to forego my claim on Lucy Brown for all the Jack Edisons in the world; and out here it isn't quite the thing to propose to other men's wives.'"

"Love to Miss Grant; also to Miss Graham!"

Yours,
LUCY BROWN SMITH.

"Good gracious! Lucy married!" Jack's eyes were like saucers when he read that name. Then he suddenly wilted, and dropped into the nearest chair.

"Well, I've gone and done it this time!" he groaned. "Jack Edison, you're a fool!"

"Poor Jack! He's in the market yet. Who bids?"

From the New York Observer.

Tim's Faith.

BY S. LEIGHTON.

"Shall I carry your bag? I'll do it for a nickel, sir."

"No!" was the answer; and at the short, gruff-reply, the uncouth questioner turned away in sullen silence.

Poor Tim! All the long, weary day he had wandered up and down, back and forth, watching eagerly for some chance to earn a few cents for Meg. He was homeless and friendless, also, save for the one wee sister, who looked to him as able and willing to do for her. As the day closed, Tim had found his way to the depot, and amid the bustling throng that hurried from the train, he had made this one more vain effort for the little he so much needed. There were joyous meetings in that crowd and hearts that were happy in prospect of home pleasures awaiting them. "No one, however, noticed Tim's pale face and weary step, as he threaded his way among them, no one saw the wistful, longing look he gave to the many leaves exposed for sale, and which would have brought joyful tears to Meg's eyes

could he have procured them for her.

He pushed his way among the eager comers and goers, out into the open street, and at the thought of his hungry Meg, waiting alone for his coming, he cried, "I can't do it. Oh! I can't do it. I can't go back with nothing for her to eat!" and overcome at the thought of his utter helplessness, he seated himself under the shelter of a projecting roof, to think what he must do.

Night was approaching, and the gathering darkness added to his grief. Two days had nearly passed since they had eaten nourishing food, and he knew it help came, it must come speedily. He could have borne cold, hunger and fatigue for himself alone without repining; but it was hard for the little one he so yearned to protect and bless. Six whole months had passed since she whom they called mother had been laid in the grave. While she lived, though hardship and poverty had been their portion, yet the earnings of a mother's tireless fingers had kept them from hunger and shielded them from exposure. He can almost hear again the words she breathed to him in her last moments, "Tim, my boy—my good, brave boy—remember God is your Father, and he will be your protector. Do right and trust in him and in his Son, as the Blessed Saviour, and he will always, always give you something better. Never forget this. Take care of Meg, my boy, never lose your hold on her and God will surely bless you."

Now he sat with the memory of these words stirring his heart, but in deep perplexity. Had he not asked God for bread? Had he not asked God for shelter and warmth and food for his darling sister, and could anything be given that was better or more needed just then? "Oh! mother, mother, I believe that you said,—you always told me right; but I don't see how it is—I don't know how or what to do. Oh! mother! mother! and the poor boy gave way to bitter sobs and tears.

"Hallo! old fellow! what's up now? What's the matter on ye?"

Tim looked up to see the finishing of a somersault, which brought his old friend Dick, right side up, just before him.

"What's the matter on ye, I say? Aren't knocked under, is ye? What's limbered ye so? Then, without waiting for an answer, he placed his fingers to his mouth and gave a shrill, prolonged whistle. Roderick Dhu's signal in his contest with James Fitz James was not more effective in its results. Immediately from behind sharp street corners, and from out dark cellars, there issued some half dozen or more rough boys, all collecting about Dick, who was evidently a leader among them.

"Tim's knocked under, boys, don't you see? Let's give him a lift."

Tim was no stranger to this group. Some one or more of their number had wandered the streets with him many a day in pursuit of gain, and each stood ready to do his part in helping his fellow associate. His story was soon told. During its recital coat sleeves did duty for handkerchiefs in wiping heated eyes; and under the ragged beads beat in as tender sympathy as ever was felt under daintier robes.

"Is he hurt? Can't he walk?" asked one in the crowd who had lost part of the story.

"Yes, Shinnay, he can walk, his legs is all right; tis something inside on him that's kind of gone up—can't ye hear?" Then, turning to Tim, Dick added, "Never you mind, old fellow; I know where there's fodder, and that blue-eyed Meg o' yours shall have some in double quick time. Come on, boys; and on they went, leaving Tim by himself, who muttered, "God has heard me. Yes! mother, bread's coming. You was right—I know'd you was!"

Not many minutes elapsed before the boys returned, each bringing some tangible proof of his friendship. Bread and fuel which had that day been purchased out of their meagre earnings were cheerfully shared with their less fortunate comrade.

Tim could not wait, now that he had the means to satisfy Meg's hunger. He was no laggard in his latest moments, and his whole soul was in this errand. He burst into the room where he had begged a shelter for himself, and sister, exclaiming, "I've

got some, Meg—I've got some—here it is. Now for a good supper.

But Meg was asleep. Weary with her long waiting, she had wrapped herself in all the place afforded, and lay upon the floor asleep. The scant fire had burnt low, but it was pleasant work for Tim to start it anew. They had given him bread enough for supper and breakfast, an orange for Meg, and one little fellow had sent her a tin cup of milk—a luxury not often enjoyed.

Preparations being made for a hearty meal, he turned to where his sister lay, saying, "Come, Meg, come, rouse up; there's lots of bread and milk, and an orange for you, too. Come, Meg."

Meg half raised her eyelids and made an attempt to smile, and then, as if even this effort wearied her, relapsed into the same dreamy state. Tim noticed the laggard look and the pale, pinched features, and for the first time realized that his sister's absence had been too long. Cold and hunger, which his twelve years of rough life had made him able to endure, were too much for the delicate child of five. Tim tried beyond control at the thought of losing her, he bent over her, giving vent to his grief in earnest entreaties. "Oh! Meg, I've got you some supper this time—sure I have; do please, eat some! I don't want you to die! Speak to me, Meg—speak to Timmie; and he threw himself upon the floor beside her, his whole frame quivering with the intensity of his sorrow. If he could only die, too, and go where his mother was,—he and Meg together; but to lose her, who was all the world to him, he could not bear it.

Suddenly remembering his mother's words, that God would always give him what he asked, unless he intended to give him something better, and remembering how bread had been given them, his whole soul went upwards in the words, "Dear Lord, please don't let my Meg die, please don't take her away."

The very thought of a Power pledged to help him had a soothing effect, and under its influence he woke to the necessity of immediate action in Meg's behalf. Taking hold of the soiled quilt on which she lay, he drew her nearer the fire; then, gently raising her head, placed the cup of milk to her lips. She drank readily a few sallows without speaking. Tim seated himself on the floor, at her side, the food which he so much needed untested before him. His own wants were forgotten in his absorbing grief. He left nothing undone which he thought might in any way benefit his sister. He wrapped her chilled feet in heated cloths, rubbed her limbs, and at intervals gave her drink. But all his care was of no avail.

As the night advanced, she grew rapidly worse, and in delirium called constantly on Timmie to come and take care of her. It was a long, sad night to the poor lad, and before the close of another day he was left alone.

By the aid of a city missionary, who had learned through Dick of his trouble, arrangements were made for a proper burial. The following day an unusual procession passed through the streets of New York city out to the common burial-ground. Ten boys, some of them ragged, all uncouth and rough in appearance, headed by Dick and Tim, followed the remains of little Meg to their last earthly resting-place.

It was very hard for Tim to reconcile teaching of his mother with his little sister's death. He had asked for her life and she was not spared to him. Where was the better that was to come in place of what was asked? Could it be better for her to go? Was it better for her to be alone? Then, as if light divine illuminated the darkness within, he saw how in the Home above she would never hunger more. Wasn't she with her mother now, and wouldn't Meg tell her how he was trying to do right, and that he remembered what she told him?

"Yes, Meg, it is better up there for you—I know it is. It's all true what mother said, and I am going to hold on to it forever."

He had given his Meg up, and though yearning at times for a glimpse of the sweet blue eyes and a clasp of the loving arms, yet he knew there would be some day a better for him, as there was now a better for her.

Churches.

The Disciples in Des Moines, Iowa, have purchased the First Presbyterian church in that city.

Several Kirk sessions in Scotland are endeavoring to effect the discontinuance of fast days.

Religious meetings for the benefit of the police force is one of the features of Christian effort in London.

The National M. E. camp-meeting for Cincinnati is fixed for July 26, 1876. Rev. W. H. Boole will have charge.

There are nearly 100,000 colored Baptists in Georgia. The Ebenezer Association has over 11,000 members, the Southwestern over 10,000.

The Christian denomination has taken, as its appropriate work for the Centennial year, the erection of a memorial church in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Charles G. Yates, of Greenboro, N. C., recently presented the Presbyterian church in that city with a fine bull weighing 1,200 pounds.

It is now decided that Messrs. Moody and Sankey begin their meetings in New York City at the re-adjusted Hippodrome, on Tuesday, February 1.

The Presbyterians have among the Germans in America ninety-five churches, one hundred ministers, and seven thousand five hundred members.

Mr. Spurgeon, the great London preacher, has come out strongly against the expulsion of the Bible from public elementary schools.

Contributions of members of the Methodist church for all purposes, during the year now closing, are estimated at \$16,949,509.36.

Rev. Chauncey Williams, the assistant rector of St. Phillip's parish, Atlanta, has accepted a call to the Episcopal parish of Macon, Georgia.

The Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian church was in debt, on the 1st of December, 1875, \$115,000, and in the sustentation department, \$8,000—in all \$123,000.

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions announces that its receipts for the past six months amount to only \$97,388, leaving \$453,088 to be raised during the coming six months.

The Rev. John S. Young takes charge of the Second Presbyterian church, Nashville, as a regular supply; The Rev. Mr. Young is the son of Dr. Young, formerly secretary of State of Tennessee.

The First Presbyterian church of Selma, made vacant by the removal of the Rev. Dr. W. J. Lowry, has invited the Rev. Alfred J. Morrison, the evangelist of Mecklenburg Presbytery, North Carolina, to supply its pulpit for a year.

The first Baptist church within Massachusetts was formed in the town of Rehoboth, in the limits of Plymouth Colony. Here Obadiah Holmes and a few associates withdrew from the Congregational church and held Baptist meetings in the year 1650.

Rev. David Levy, a graduate of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum of New York, and recently teacher of the Hebrew School of Montreal, C. E., has received a call from Charleston, S. C., to which place he will shortly remove as minister of the Jewish congregation of that city.

The statistics of the fifty-second Baptist convention of Connecticut show that the convention embraces 129 churches, 19,608 communicants, 137 Sunday-schools, and 17,152 Sunday-school pupils. The sum of \$12,142 was raised during the year for the aid of weak churches in the State; 34 churches received aid.

The report of the Wisconsin Baptist Convention showed that the church had made a net gain of 330 members. Five new houses of worship had been dedicated and eight new churches formed. There had also been a net addition of twenty-three new ministers, though fourteen churches are new without pastors.

The Protestant Episcopal Almanac for 1876 reports the following statistics of the church for the past year: Bishops, 57;ishops elect, 3; other clergy, 3,122; number of clergy deceased, 44; baptisms, 38,083; confirmations, 24,095; communicants, 241,

303; marriages, 9,690; burials, 18,969; candidates for orders, 298. Ordinations—Deacons, 110; priests, 122; Sunday-school teachers, 23,418; scholars, 235,943. Contributions, \$6,899,305.94.

The principal body of Protestant Christians in Spain is 'The Spanish Christian Church,' constituted in 1871 by a union of the Spanish Evangelization Society and the Evangelical church of Spain. This church, divided into four presbyteries, claims 6,000 members; but its statistics are very imperfect. Carrasco, the delegate to the Evangelical Alliance, lost on the 'Ville du Havre,' was formerly its foremost minister, as Cabrera is now.

Bishop Caminus is a model of industry and devotion to building up the Reformed Episcopal church. It is said that between October 3 and November 14 he laid two corner-stones, confirmed twelve persons, ordained one deacon, preached to a new congregation in Brooklyn, preached several times in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Chicago, and, November 3, preached in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church at Indianapolis, by request of its pastor, in advocacy of the claim of the Reformed church.

Rev. Baxter Dickinson, D. D., recently died in Brooklyn, N. Y., in the eighty-first year of his age. Forty years ago he was professor of sacred rhetoric and pastoral theology in Lane Theological Seminary in this city. At that time the faculty consisted of Drs. Lyman Beecher, Calvin E. Stowe, Thomas J. Briggs and Baxter Dickinson. Dr. Stowe is now the only survivor. He is the husband of the celebrated Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. [Herald and Presbyter.]

Might it not be a sacrifice acceptable to God for some of our wealthy families in our large cities and elsewhere, to take their letters from the prominent and prosperous churches and enter the struggling mission churches as humble members? If the element of 'good society' in the humble clapboard mission were weighed against that of the grand church, it might, after all, appear that the preponderance is in favor of the clapboard mission. Not in French; not in the correct color of kids; not in graceful self-possession and charming polish, but in the presence of the Master.—The masses will never listen to a gospel preached down at them.—Interior.

There are two ways of doing a thing, and the Rev. Dr. Griffiths, vicar of Llanidlo, Wales, has shown how true courtesy can win in the most delicate situation. Mr. John Roberts, deacon of the Calvinistic Methodist church, has just been buried in the parish churchyard. The vicar, instead of officiously planting himself upon his legal rights, followed the hearse, accompanied by a brother vicar from Llanfynydd, and read the Church of England burial service. He then invited the Rev. Dr. Charles, of Aberdovey, a Calvinistic Methodist minister, to deliver an address. Dr. Charles said the noble burial service of the Church of England was peculiarly adapted to the case of their Methodist brother. The whole affair gave great satisfaction.—Christian at Work.

A curious scene was witnessed in a Western town recently. A Jewish congregation was in need of a pastor, and having two applicants determined to give them both a hearing. On the appointed day the synagogue was crowded with the elite of the town.—The president introduced the two candidates and gave the floor to the elder, a gentleman of the old school, who wore hat and gown and praying scarf, and who, having sung the prayers in the old style, gave a discourse in the English tongue. After him came the second applicant, a gentleman of more modern ideas, who wore neither cap, gown, nor white cravat. He said the prayers in German and Hebrew, without singing, and gave an address in German on the liberal pattern. An election was held afterwards, the gentleman of the old school was politely informed that his services were not required, the other was elected. In the language of the ring, the old-school candidate was floored at the first round, all owing to the daring independence of his junior, who discarded cap and gown and preached freedom and enlightenment to his delighted auditors.