

Spirit of the Age.

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, RELIGION, FAMILY LITERATURE, SCIENCE, NEWS, &c.

NEW SERIES VOL. III. No. 41.

RALEIGH, N. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1875.

PRICE \$1 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Poetry.

her door, hung up her mourning hat and mantle, and then looked about on her surroundings.

A white cot, a wash-stand, a bit of carpet, one chair, no mate to it (was this ominous of her future lonely lot? she wondered), two common prints on the wall, and a bracket in the corner holding a pot of geraniums. This, in the coming days, was to be her home for an indefinite time; this one room, for she was determined not to mix any more with the boarders than she could help.

Martha Benedict was twenty, slight and delicate in figure, with a beautiful Madonna face, and small white hands that moved restlessly one over the other, as if testing their strength to battle with the world. Her father, a wealthy merchant, had failed a year before, and succumbing to his misfortunes, had died in a mad-house in six months, after his failure. Her mother delicate and slight like Martha, did not long survive him. The few hundred dollars that she had saved from the wreck of her husband's fortune she left to her child, with her blessing. Her watch jewels, and a trunk containing a choice wines and other with her used in sickness and with discretion, completed the effects bequeathed.

"How good of poor, dear mamma to be so thoughtful about the wine!" said Martha, as she opened the heavy lid of the mahogany case, and poured a draught of rosy liquid into the little silver cup that she had owned since she, a baby in long clothes, was christened. "They will have none here, and I have been used, at least, to a glass of wine at dinner."

Herbert Spencer was the only one among their large circle of fashionable acquaintances that had not turned his back on the Benedicts on the day of their great trouble. He had loved Martha since they went to school together, and now, though she was alone and penniless, his noble heart prompted him to at once make a declaration of his ardent and true love for her. Martha knew nothing of his determination, she not having seen him for months. So it was with surprise that she, one pleasant June morning, received an offer of marriage from him.

"He will change his mind," said she, "when he finds me in a common New York boarding house. They are all alike, these rich people—sensitive to a fault about vulgar associations, until they are driven to them by compulsion, as I have been."

Martha was mistaken. Herbert came to see her, and cared nothing for her surroundings. He brought his heart in his hand.

"Darling," said he, "marry me now, if you love me. Delays are dangerous. Something might happen to prevent our union."

"No, Herbert," said Martha; "although I love you, I will not consent to our marriage until you have the full consent of your parents. Desist in your visits to me for a year. If you keep true, they may finally consent, and that would make us both happier, Herbert. Fear nothing; I will be true to you."

Herbert left her with a heavy heart. A terrible fear possessed him. Somebody or something he felt, would separate them. His fears took no tangible shape or form, and he did not for a moment doubt her love.

"Oh! would she had given me the right to cherish and protect her, to keep her from all harm," cried he abstractedly, as he looked out of the window of the room that was whirling him far away from the only woman he had ever loved.

His native town once reached, Herbert dashed into business with a zeal that astonished his father, in whose employ he was. In the year of servitude that Martha had imposed upon him, the year of irksome waiting, he meant to accomplish a great deal; and above all, gain the good-will of his parents—a stern father, and a fashionable, frivolous mother. By the will of his grandfather, in his favor (he being his only grandson), Herbert was in reality independent of them.

Let us now go back to Martha, seated in her little bed-room, six months after her first introduction to the reader. She is changed in appearance, but how? She has and lassitude.

potent charm has flown. What is it? Delicacy. The mahogany case is empty. "It must be replenished," says habit. "On the peril of a soul," says conscience. Habit prevailed. What a confession! But, alas! it is a true one. Better would it have been for proud Martha Benedict had she "mixed" with the boarders; had she taken more interest in plain wife Jones, the sallow seamstress, and the widow Norton, whose "tongue ran from morning till night"; or even old Mr. Brown, who had invited her to a lecture, and, because she refused to go, shed tears the next day in his breakfast plate. Anything, anything to have separated her from herself.

Shut up in her room, with a little embroidery or painting; morbidly self-conscious, dwelling on her troubles and loneliness; how she could get her livelihood (for her money was well-nigh gone), until she was married, if she ever was; imagining herself ill enough to increase her glass of wine a day to two; after that, as the weeks wore on, and the long summer days grew intolerable, to three, four and—five.

By and by the wine gave out. "What shall I do?" sighed the doomed girl. "I must take something for a tonic; my appetite is good for nothing of late, just as poor papa used to be, and, like him I shall have to take a little brandy and water." A sad determination in connection with a beautiful maiden!

Thus things went on, until, as we said before, the mahogany case was empty; ay, empty more than once replenished, through the aid of the washerwoman's son who was Martha's errand-boy.

After a while Martha would absent herself whole days from her meal's sleeping away the golden minutes in a stupor sad to contemplate, for the landlady, often finding her door unlocked, looked in upon her, as did also some of the

more curious boarders, commenting on the change in the still beautiful girl, who was such a slave to appetite. The truth was now apparent to all. Her unsteady step told the tale that awoke only pity in every breast.

The year of Herbert's probation was nearly over. In one week he would go to New York to claim his bride. He gained the consent of his parents and had written to Martha to that effect.

"There is a young gentleman to see Miss Benedict, marm."

"Well, go up and tell her, Bridget."

"I have been up, but I can't get in. She hasn't ate a bit or sup today, and I think she must be purty bad, marm."

"Is Miss Benedict sick?" cried Herbert excitedly, as his ear caught the servant's words.

"Yes," said the kind-hearted landlady, willing to veil the poor girl's real state; "sick and very poor, I hope you are some relative who has come to take her home."

"Yes," said Herbert, the love-light shining in his eyes at the thought of sheltering his sorrowing darling. "I have come to take her home."

At Martha's thing white under the door. It proved to be a letter addressed to Herbert Spencer. Herbert tore it open, fearing the worst. It ran thus:

"DEAR HERBERT: Under the light of the calm summer moon I go to my last rest. When you read this, the waves will have closed over me for ever. I love you still, but I am not the same girl you left. I am a drunkard. Pray for my soul. "MARTHA."

How Herbert Spencer got home he never knew; but long, long weeks after, when he arose from a bed of sickness, his head was as white as snow.

What Causes It?

What causes men to forget that they are men, and transforms them into fiend? Rum.

What causes men to lie in the gutter amid the mud and filth? Rum.

What causes men to use language, that would almost make the very rocks blush? Rum.

What causes our jails, prisons and asylums to be overflowing with inmates? Rum.

What causes so much poverty, misery, suffering and crime all over our land? Rum.

What destroys so many happy homes and families? Rum.

What is spreading desolation and devastation abroad all over our country? Rum.

Yes, rum is the cause of all these things. Rum is the demon that is leading men astray, causing them to leave the paths of morality and rectitude and enter those of immorality and sin. Oh, God! how long shall this state of things last?

Friends of temperance, let us be up and doing. Let us work as though our lives depended on it, and strive to overthrow this terrible evil.—GEORGE H. SMITH, in the Bangor Crusader.

LICENSING AN EVIL.

BY ALBERT BARNES, D. D.

A law which assumes that a thing is wrong and yet tolerates it; which attempts only to check and regulate it without utterly prohibiting it; which aims to derive a revenue from it for the purpose of government; which makes that which is morally wrong, legal, is one of those things in human affairs with which the throne of God can have no fellowship. His throne is a throne of righteousness. He makes no law to protect or regulate an evil. His laws, in relation to all that is wrong, only prohibit and condemn. They who practice iniquity in any form, can never take refuge under his statutes, can never claim that what they do is legal under his administration; can never plead the patronage of his government; can never appeal to the sanction of his laws against those moral influences which may be employed to induce them to abandon their course of life or the business in which they are engaged.

It is much more the moral sanction of law, and the moral sanction of many persons, to make a thing legal is to make it morally right and an employment which is legal is pursued by them with few rebukes of conscience, and with little disturbance from and reference to a higher than human authority. Moreover, this fact does much to deter others from opposing the evil and from endeavoring to turn the public indignation against it. It is an unwelcome thing for a good man ever to set himself against the laws of the land, and to denounce that as wrong which they affirm to be right.

It is a virtue to be law-loving, and law-abiding; and it is a principle which every good citizen cherishes to do what he can to give additional force to the authority of law, and not to lend the sanction of his name to that which would weaken its moral power. Hence such men are often slow and reluctant in attacking that which is an undoubted evil, for the attack seems to be made upon the legal fabricas such, and to do just so much to weaken the authority of law. The good are deterred from opposing it, for they do not wish to seem to be arrayed against the laws. The bad are confirmed in their course, for they feel that they are sustained by the laws of the land, and for them that is enough. They can claim, too, some popular sympathy when they are denounced for doing that which is legal. They can pursue their course in spite of all others can do. Thus the evil grows in strength by all the boldness given to them by the sanction of the laws, and by all the reluctant of the friends of reform to denounce that as wrong which the law affirms to be right.

—It is estimated that the clergy of the United States costs annually \$12,000,000; the lawyers, criminals, prisons, etc., \$90,000,000; and intoxicating liquors \$73,000,000.

Selected Story.

THE FATAL LEGACY.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"Well, I am out; on the sea of life at last, alone, and with storms, tempests, and breakers ahead for all that I know! Launched by adversity and driven on by necessity!" And pretty, pale Martha Benedict sat down by the one window in her hall bed-room and looked out.

"Three dollars without board; seven dollars with board! Reasonable! Not so bad an outlook either. A tenement-house opposite, to be sure; but one may learn so much from the very poor as to make one almost content with standing even a single round higher on the ladder."

"Your things is come, miss," broke in upon the reverie of Miss Benedict, as the door was pushed open and the irrepressible "Bridget" ushered in the expressman. Martha paid him quietly, shut