

Spirit of the Age.

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

Dr. W. G. Johnson

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
Sixty Cts for Six Months.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES—ABSOLUTE PROHIBITION.

Poetry.

[Original.]

"ONE GLASS MORE."

One glass more; ah! think again,
Within that cup serpents bide;
With venom'd sting and pain
More bitter than else bide.

One glass more; ah! say not so,
'T would mar thy immortal mind;
In dust of shame, lay thee low
And make thee unlike thy kind.

One glass more; 't will be too much
The wine cup's red heating glow,
Spurns restraint or wholesome touch
And shortens life's even flow.

One glass more; the ruby cup,
Will mock with delusions wild,
Will drain all life's sweetness up
And crush thy wife—thy sweet child.

One glass more; a mother's tears
Shed for thee ere her life fled,
A father—a sister's fears
Will hang—a curse—o'er thy head.

One glass more; ah! touch it not
A fellow brother watches thee
Thy example may cause a blot
On life's page, to him and thee.

One glass more; oh! dash it down,
And shun its forbidden gleam,
Nor thus risk thy starry crown
At the crossing of life's stream.

Ira.

AN ANGEL IN A SALOON

A TRUE INCIDENT.

ONE afternoon in the month of June, a lady in deep mourning, and followed by a child, entered one of the fashionable saloons in the city of N—. The writer happened to be passing at the time, and, impelled by curiosity, followed her in to see what would ensue. Stepping up to the bar and addressing the proprietor, who happened to be present, she said:

"Sir, can you assist me? I have no home, no friends, and am unable to work."

He glanced at her, and then at the child, with a mingled look of curiosity and pity. Evidently he was somewhat surprised to see a woman in such a place begging, but, without asking any questions, gave her some change; then turning to those present, he said:

"Gentlemen, here is a lady in distress. Can't some of you assist her a little?" They all cheerfully acceded to this request, and soon a purse of two dollars was raised and put in her hand.

"Madam," said the gentleman who gave her the money, "why do you come to a saloon? It isn't a very proper place for a lady; and why are you driven to such a step?"

"Sir, I know it isn't a proper place for me to be in, and you ask why I am driven to such a step. I will tell you in one short word," pointing to a bottle behind the bar labelled "Whiskey," "that is what has driven me to this—WHISKEY. I was once happy and surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could procure, with a fond and indulgent husband. But in an evil hour he was tempted, and, not possessing the will to resist that temptation, fell, and in one short year my dream of happiness was over, my home for ever broken and desolated, and the kind husband and the wealth some called mine lost, lost, never to return; and all by the accursed wine-cup.

"You see before you only a wreck of my former self, homeless and

friendless, with nothing left me in this world but this little child." And weeping bitterly, she affectionately caressed the golden curls that shaded a face of exquisite loveliness. Regaining her composure, and turning to the proprietor, she continued:

"Sir, the reason I occasionally enter a place like this is to explore those who deal in the deadly poison that spreads desolation, ruin, poverty, and starvation. Think one moment of your own loved ones, and then imagine them in the situation I am in. I appeal to your better nature, I appeal to your heart, for I know you possess a kind one, to retire from a business so ruinous to your patrons.

"Did you know that the money you receive across this bar is the same as taking the bread from out of the mouths of the famished wives and children of your customers? That it strips the clothes from their backs, deprives them of all the comforts of life, and throws unhappiness, misery, crime, and desolation into their once happy homes? Oh! sir, I implore, beseech, and pray you to retire from a business you blush to own you are engaged in. You have a better way, and one that will not only be profitable to yourself, but to your fellow creatures also. You will excuse me if I have spoken too plainly, but I could not help it when I thought of the misery and unhappiness it has caused me."

"Madam, I am not offended," he answered in a voice tremulous with emotion, "but thank you from my heart for what you have said."

"Mamma," said the child—who in the meantime had been spoken to by some of the gentlemen present—taking hold of her mother's hand, "these gentlemen wish me to sing 'Little Bessie' for them. Shall I do so?"

"Yes, darling, if they wish you to."

They all joined in the request, and placing her in a chair, she sang in a sweet, childish voice the following beautiful song:

Out in the gloomy night sadly I roam,
I have no mother dear, no pleasant home;
No one cares for me, no one would cry,
Even if poor little Bessie would die.
Weary and tired, I've been wandering
All day,
Asking for work, but I'm too small they say,
On the damp ground must lay my head—
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead!

We were so happy till father drank rum,
Then all our sorrow and trouble begun;
Mother grew pale and wept every day—
Baby and I were too hungry to play;
Slowly they faded, till one summer night
Found their dead faces all silent and white;
Then with big tears slowly dropping, I said,
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead!

Oh! if the temperance men would only find
Poor wretched father, and talk very kind;
If they would stop him from drinking,
Why then
I should be so very happy again!
Is it too late, temperance men! Pleasantry
Or poor little Bessie must soon starve
and die.
All the day long I've been begging for bread
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead!

The games of billiards were left unfinished, the cards were thrown aside upon the counter; all had pressed near, some with curiosity, some with sadness, and some with pity beaming from their eyes, entranced with the musical voice and beauty of the child, who seemed to

be better fitted to be with angels above than in such a place.

The scene I shall never forget to my dying day, and the sweet cadence of her musical voice still rings in my ears, and every word of the song, as it dropped from her lips, sank deep in the hearts of all those around her.

With her golden hair falling carelessly around her little shoulders, her face of almost ethereal beauty, and looking so trustfully and confidingly upon the men around, her beautiful blue eyes illuminated with a light that seemed not of earth, formed a picture of purity and innocence worthy the genius of a poet or painter.

At the close of the song many were weeping; men who had not shed a tear for years now wept like children. One young man, who had resisted with scorn the pleadings of friends to strive to lead a better life, to desist from a course that was wasting his fortune and ruining his health, now approached the child, and taking both her hands in his, while tears streamed down his pale cheeks, exclaimed with deep emotion:

"God bless you, my little angel!

You have saved me from poverty and disgrace, from poverty and a drunkard's grave. If there ever were angels on earth, you are one. God bless you, God bless you!" And putting a bill in the hand of the mother, said, "Please accept this trifle as a token of my regard and esteem, for your little girl has done me a kindness no wealth can ever repay. And remember, whenever you are in want, you will find in me a true friend," at the same time giving her his name and address.

Taking her child by the hand, she turned to go, but, pausing at the door, said:

"God bless you, gentlemen! Accept the heartfelt thanks of a poor friendless woman for the kindness and courtesy you have shown her." Before any could reply, she was gone.

A silence of several minutes ensued, which was at last broken by the proprietor, who exclaimed: "Gentlemen, that lady is right, and I have sold my last glass of whiskey; if any of you want more, you will have to go elsewhere."

"And I have drunk my last glass of whiskey," said a young man who had long been given up as utterly beyond the reach of those who had deep interest in his welfare—that he had sunk too low to reform. "There is a temperance organization in this city, and at their next meeting I shall send up my name to be admitted. Who will go with me?"

"I—I—I—I, and I!" several exclaimed in a chorus, and fifteen names were added to his.

True to his word, the owner of the saloon where the strange scene was enacted disposed of his entire stock the next day, and is now engaged in an honorable business. Would to heaven that lady with her little one could have gone into every hamlet, town, and city throughout our country, and met with like results!

A blind man's wife needs no painting.

Sloth is an argument of a mean and degenerate mind.

LOOK UP.

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

"Unbend that brow of sadness,
Lone one in sorrow's thrall;
Look up in grateful gladness,
For God is over all.
Will not His care enfold thee,
Who marks the sparrow's fall?"

There are many in the world, and even in the Church of God, that journey along in sadness, and seldom look up toward the beautiful blue of heaven. They are always looking for clouds and shadows and always finding them. They seem to love the darkness better than the day-light, for they always choose the dreary night, instead of the blessed day.

They do not see the soft clear sunlight, as it falls around them. They do not hear a single note of the grand harmony that fills every avenue of God's universe, or any of the sweet voices of nature.

The sky is blue and cloudless above them,—the woodlands are fragrant and lovely,—there are sweet flowers at their feet—but they do not see any of these. A shadow has come over their vision, and they seem powerless to remove the phantom of unhappiness.

None can quite define their position, nor can they themselves tell the secret of their unhappiness. They are unhappy and wretched, and that is all they seem to comprehend. They know this, and yield themselves up to the grim tyrant. Oh, if they could only look up.

It is only a simple matter to look up, and yet human beings often refuse to do this, even with the knowledge that God waits to remove the shadow and bless them. He does not wish that any of His children should walk in the shadows, if He did He would not send the sweet sunlight upon the earth.

We have only to look up to Him and His blessing will fall upon us like the dew and rain.

"Oh mid earth's bitter trials,
When the soul is bowed with care,
And the burdens cast upon us
Seem more than we can bear,
Let us lift the spirit heavenward
To the life unfettered there."

Beer, Brandy, and Murder.

The *Christian at Work*, in an article commenting on the recent shocking murder and butchery at Williamsburg as the result of beer and brandy drinking says:

"Away with the whole accursed family of stimulants! They have worked all manner of evil to the human race, and no good whatever, ever since stimulants were first brewed or distilled. From the night when Noah got drunk on domestic wine down to the experience of the poor drunkards who last night slept their drunken slumber in the station-house, strong drink has been a curse and nothing but a curse; and it will be nothing but a curse as long as it is made and swallowed."

"And yet let us hope for the time when the land shall be free from the curse. Let us look for a state of society in which as industrious mechanics as this murderer and his victim shall be free to mind their business and be at peace, without danger from the temptation of the destroyer meeting them at every corner."

Poetry is truth dwelling in beauty.

Ministerial Temperance Conference.

A Ministerial Temperance Conference will be held in Philadelphia, for the consideration of the religious aspects of the Temperance reform, as a special Section of the International Temperance Congress, which commences its sessions on Tuesday, June 13, 1876, and which is open to all the friends of Temperance. The following topics for discussion will be introduced by carefully prepared papers by able writers, from both sides of the Atlantic, invited by the Committee of Arrangements:

1. Christian Liberty as related to Alcoholic Beverages. 2. How shall the Church of Christ most Effectively Work against the Drink Traffic? 3. Should not Unfermented Wine be Used at the Communion? 4. Temperance as related to Revivals. 5. Should not Churches Contribute Systematically to the Cause of Temperance? 6. The Drinking Usage and Liquor Traffic, as Hindrances to the Progress of Home and Foreign Missions. 7. The Responsibility of Christian Citizenship. 8. Church and Sabbath Schools Temperance Societies.

The Committee hereby extend to all Clergymen, of all denominations of Christians, a most earnest and cordial invitation to attend and participate in the Conference. It is anticipated that the week in which the Conference is to be held will be especially memorable in the history of the Temperance Reform as a

World's Temperance Congress, commemorative of the American Centennial year. It is the intention of the Committee, also, to publish a Centennial Temperance volume, containing the historical and miscellaneous essays, together with the proceedings of the Conference. All Clergymen who propose to attend the Conference are requested to send, at the earliest practicable date, their names and address to J. N. Stearns, No. 58 Read Street, New York, Secretary of the International Temperance Conference Committee, to whom all communications relating to the Conference should be addressed.

In Behalf of the Committee of Arrangements.

WILLIAM E. DODGE, Chairman.
J. N. STEARNS, Secretary.

WISE THOUGHTS.

Evil company makes the good bad, and the bad worse.

Review the time you have mis-spent; think upon it and lament.

In a pound's worth of law there is not a shilling's worth of pleasure.

He that can do us an injury may at one time or other do us a kindness.

Death is before the old man's face, and may be at the young one's back.

As the Greeks say: "Many men know how to flatter; very few men know how praise."

Stars may be seen from the bottom of a deep well, when they cannot be seen from the top of a high mountain. So are many things learned in adversity that the prosperous man dreams not of.

As amber attracts a straw, so does beauty admiration, which only lasts while the warmth continues; but virtue, wisdom, goodness and real worth, like the loadstone, never lose their worth. They are the true grades, linked and tied hand in hand. It is by their influence that human hearts are so firmly united to each other.