THE PROTESTANT, AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

The Protestant
AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

"PROVE ALL THINGS: HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."—1 Thess. v. 21.

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"Ye are Bought with a Price."

—From American Messenger.

Periodical Literature.

Allocution of Pope Pius IX.

The following Address was pronounced in Secret Consistory on the 17th of December, 1860:—

[illegible]

... still seem at this moment suspended over our heads! May the Lord, through the intercession of the most blessed Mother of God, ever Immaculate, and at the prayer of the happy Apostles, Peter and Paul, accord victory to His Church over her enemies! May the Lord arise to judge the world; may He repulse and disperse with His avenging arm the enemies of His name, who plot the ruin of religion, and who make the extermination of the Church the object of their dark intentions; or, rather, may He and those whom we invoke with fervor, grant to our supplications that Divine grace may descend upon them, and the Infinite Mercy make them re-enter the path of justice and of truth!"

Dolph the Drunkard Saved at Last.

My furniture was driven to the parsonage of my new congregation, and all hands commenced to unload and put things in order for occupying our new home.

While thus employed a stranger approached us and kindly bade us welcome. He had a manly form, polite address, and an intelligent countenance; but was pale and feeble, and seemed to a stranger's eye a victim of disease. Presently he put to his hands to help, and exerted himself for hours, beyond his apparent strength. On parting he offered to oblige us at any time, said he would do us any favor in his power, and desired us to visit him.

"And who is this kind stranger?" inquired I.

"Why that's Dolph B——. You will find him to be all that he now appears, when he is sober; but he is a drunkard, and is at this time suffering from one of his sprees. Poor 'Dolph, he is the worst enemy to himself, and we all fear that he is past redemption."

Next day a venerable man of between seventy and eighty, with bending form and silvery locks, entered the parsonage. He was an elder of the church, and seemed trembling on the verge of heaven. He said he had come to speak about his son-in-law 'Dolph B——, and as he spoke tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks. He had heard 'Dolph speak favorably of me, hoped good would result from my acquaintance with him, and begged me, for the love of God, to take an interest in his soul, and labor for his reformation. I learned his history in a few words, and then resolved that, should it please a sovereign God to bless my efforts, that poor man should never reach a drunkard's grave nor a drunkard's hell.

Subsequently his lovely Christian wife gave me a similar account of him, and holding my hand in both of hers, secured a promise that I would never give him up; for she still had hope of him."

My efforts with him extended over eighteen months and the history would fill a volume. His intemperance was periodical, and a peculiarity in his case was to leave home for the indulgence of his vice, and not return for days and sometimes weeks. From my subsequent watchfulness it became difficult for me to do this, and when he did abscond it was with the utmost secrecy. Upon discovering that he was gone, my horse would be instantly on his track pursuing him from village to village, and from tavern to tavern, until either his track was lost, or he secured and restored to his dejected family.

Often was I discouraged, and almost tempted to give up. But that tearful Christian wife would say, "Don't give him up; don't give him up." And my Master, her Saviour, said the same. Wicked worldlings also said, "We hear he is trying to make 'Dolph a Christian; ha, ha! we would like to see it." One wicked sinner pledged, with an oath, that "if 'Dolph B—— became a Christian, he too would seek religion."

A crisis came. He had left his already large family in great destitution. A domestic occurrence nearly proved fatal to his nearest and best earthly friend, and another young immortal increased the responsibilities already bearing on the recreant husband and father.

Having provided food for the famishing, and care for the sick of his household, my horse and that of another friend were once more upon the drunkard's track, in different directions. From dawn till sundown we sought him. Happily he was found "tapering off," as inebriates call it, and waiting until he could again appear among his friends with some degree of decency.

At a late hour the other friend ushered him into his house amid circumstances which, especially when he saw so many sympathizers present, filled him with horror. The accursed influence of ardent spirits had nearly evaporated, and he stood a confounded spectator of the misery his wickedness had aided to produce. Nothing was said to him; but the Scriptures were read and prayer was offered in his presence, and he was left alone that night with the suffering victims of his neglect, a prey to remorse and dreadful despair.

The following day he was often seen wandering about, and gazing towards the parsonage. A messenger from him came to me to request me to go and speak with him. I refused to see him. The messenger came again, and I refused a second time. But again she came, and said with tearful eyes, "Oh, sir, please go and see him. That has been a sad house to day. He never slept last night. He is in great distress. He is weeping like a child. He says if you will not come and speak with him, he cannot live out this night. Mrs. B—— says, for her sake come, if not for his."

Truly pitiable was the spectacle he did then present. His head rested on his hands, his hands upon his knees, and the house about him was Bochim, a place of weeping never to be forgotten. He confessed his wickedness, pleaded forgiveness for ingratitude to me, begged that I would help him to reform, and requested prayer that God might have mercy upon his soul.

I set forth his sin in its just aggravations, warned that God alone could help him upon his repentence, and promised to do all he asked of me, upon condition of a solemn pledge that he would follow my advice. Prayer closed the interview.

A few more nights, and he was found in the hall of "the Sons of Temperance," decently clad, with "initiation fee" in hand, and hailed by them a brother.

Another night, and he was seen in the house of God [illegible]