

Church Observer

A JOURNAL ADVOCATING THE INTERESTS OF THE UNITED CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

"ONE FAITH,—ONE LORD,—ONE BAPTISM."

Vol. III.—No. 14.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1870.

\$2 per an.—Single copies, 5c.

Poetry.

FOR DRINKERS.

A young lady of New York was in the habit of writing for the Philadelphia Ledger on the subject of Temperance. Her writings evinced such deep emotion of soul that she was deemed enthusiastic, almost a maniac. This charge induced her to write the following lines:

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt:
Then suffer on from year to year—
Thy sole relief the scorching tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray—
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay,
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers but scorn'd, your tears defied.

Go weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall—
See every promised blessing swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall,
Life's fading flowers strewed all the way
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen,
Behold the strong man bow—
With gnashing teeth—lips bathed in blood—
And cold and livid brow;
Go catch his withering glance and see
There mirrored, his soul's misery.

Go to thy mother's side
And her crush'd bosom cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide;
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear;
Mark her worn frame and withered brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
With fading frame and trembling limb;
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who 'forsworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the cursed cup;
And led her down, through love and light,
And all that made her prospect bright,
And chained her there, 'mid want and strife—
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife;
And stamp'd on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering bright, the drunkard's wife.

Go feel and see and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,
See if its beauty can atone!
Think if its flavors you will try!
When all proclaim "'tis drink and die!"

Tell me I hate the bowl—
Hate is a feeble word—
I LOATHE, ABHOR, my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark BEVERAGE OF HELL!

Family Circle

DR. WILLOUGHBY AND HIS WINE.

(Continued from No. 10.)

CHAP. XIII.

Mr. Coleman rang his minister's door bell one day with a hurried peal, and, hastening after the girl who admitted him, met the lady of the house at the parlor door. His usually neat dress was a little disordered, and his face bore marks of watching and grief. He inquired eagerly for Mr. Thayer.

"We want him immediately at my house," he said. "She has asked to have her minister to pray with her once more. She is failing fast. Mrs. Thayer,—we are going to lose our little Alice."

"O Mr. Coleman, is it possible! We thought she was better, that the symptoms were all favourable. There must have been a very sudden change."

The usually voluble man could not speak. His lip quivered, and he turned his face away.

"You have my deepest sympathy," she said. "Sit down a moment while I call my husband, and he will return with you."

She ran upstairs to the study. The minister was leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed. The paper he had been reading was on his knees.

"Louis, come quick," she said; "Alice Coleman is dying, and they want you immediately. Her father has come for you. Don't keep him waiting a moment—Why, Louis!"

She stopped suddenly, for her husband did not in any way seem aware of her presence.

She went to him and, laying her hand heavily upon his shoulder, tried to rouse him. He opened his eyes, looked vacantly at her, muttering a few unintelligible words, then his head dropped, and he sank helplessly back. She made no further effort to waken him. Mortification, anger, and contempt followed each other rapidly on her expressive face, and she turned and left the room.

She found Mr. Thayer, she told his afflicted parishioner, too ill with dizziness and headache to leave his room. It was a sudden attack; she hoped it would soon pass off, and he would come the moment she returned so with safety. She spoke to him many regrets and expressed her sympathy; but when sorrowful and Mr. Coleman went away, she committed her room and wept tears of morning and anger. Toward evening, upon thinking that Alice Coleman was still a prisoner, he went to the kitchen, and prepared with her own hands a bowl of strong coffee, which she took to her husband. He was dozing in his chair, but roused up readily at her summons, drank the refreshing beverage she brought him, and was sufficiently himself to understand the necessity for exertion. Then with soft, cool hands she bathed the aching head, and assisted him to arrange his disordered dress. He accepted these wifely attentions very gratefully and humbly, and professed himself able to go upon his sorrowful errand.

The young girl who lay dying in her home of luxury that night, had endeared herself greatly to her pastor. An only daughter, and the pet and darling of her father's heart, she had received every advantage that affection and wealth could furnish. She was lovely in every sense of the word, beautiful in person, amiable and affectionate in disposition, and a devoted

and legal at times and shrink from the self-condemnation he felt when he hesitated to accuse him of acting inasmuch as Sabbath after Sabbath, from the sacred desk he taught a religion that enjoins upon its followers to keep themselves pure, unspotted from the world, to abase the flesh, and exalt the spirit, while yielding in secret to the indulgence of one of the lowest appetites of our poor fallen nature.

She used his brilliant popularity to wound him. "She demanded how he dared stand in his high place and turn his face to heaven; how he could accept the reputation of sanctity his people gave him, and hold himself up as their pattern and guide, enslaved as he was fast becoming to such a vice!"

She verily thought she was pursuing the right course; that it was necessary to say these cruel words, to rouse her husband to a sense of his danger, and induce him to throw off the habit that had gained such power over him. She grew weary of the sound of her own voice at length, and perhaps relented a little at the utter dejection and misery his face and attitude expressed.

"I am all you say and more," he said, when she had finished. "My wife can never think half as meanly of me as I think of myself. I would to God that my sins and my sorrows might soon be buried in the grave with me."

She saw him no more that night; but hour after hour, lying awake in her bed, she heard his monotonous tread as he paced his study floor.

"He feels badly," she thought, "and no wonder; my plain talk will do him good. Poor Louis, if he only had father's force of character, what a man he would be! I declare it is provoking to have him so mild and amiable! If he had only answered back to-night now, it would have been a comfort. One hates to have all the scolding to one's self."

Then she fell asleep, thinking she would say some kind things in the morning. She was alarmed when she woke at daylight to find him still absent, and hastened to his

study. She found her husband lying upon the lounge in an uneasy slumber. He was moving his head restlessly from side to side, and talking in his sleep. She bent over him, and heard the words "Unfaithful shepherd," and then Alice Coleman's dying call, "Will he come, mother? O mother, will he come?" She put her hand upon his wrist, and felt the bounding pulse; then he opened his eyes, and saw her standing by his side.

"I can go," he said, struggling to rise; "I will go at once; there is not a moment to be lost."

He looked wildly about him, and then, full consciousness returning, sank wearily back upon the pillow. But during the three weeks of fever and delirium that followed, amid all the varied delusions that troubled his brain, none gained so strong a hold upon his imagination, or caused him half the distress, as the fancied neglect of parochial duty, and the seeming to be what he was not. His wife, standing by, heard, with what feelings may be imagined, her own reproachful words repeated again and again, mingled with exclamations of despair, or prayers for pardon. He fancied himself at times confessing his sin from the pulpit, and painfully raising his weak voice that all might hear, denounced himself as "the worst of sinners, a hypocrite, a false teacher, a lying prophet, a thing of horrible iniquity, a creature utterly vile and polluted, not fit to live." Then he called upon the godly men and saintly women of his congregation to come and drag him from the holy place he had defiled, but cried out in the same breath that he could not leave his post, that, unfaithful sentinel as he was, he must not desert, he must stay out the dreary watch, though it ended in death and shame.

While his brother clergymen of the city were taking the protracted vacation, and

in the life-giving air of the hills, or the cool sea-breezes of the coast, the young minister of the Wilmot street church lay in his darkened chamber, his body wasting with burning fever, and his diseased brain, preternaturally active, struggling and toiling under the fancied stress of labor to be done. There were many sermons thought out and delivered on that bed of suffering, it may be with an impulsive flow of thought and emotion that had accompanied no real discourse. He was driven on perhaps in a kind of ecstasy of inspiration that he had never known in health; but the glow and the fervor and inspiration were all accompanied by a painful consciousness of weakness, and even the most triumphant strains sometimes ended in a cry of human pain.

Hour after hour, day and night, through the closed door came the muffled tones of the minister's voice. His anxious parishioners, coming to inquire for him, heard, in the hall below, that strange murmur, low and sweet, and very plaintive in tone, and went away with sad faces and a presentiment of coming ill. And Irish Annie, stopping on the stairs to cross herself, called on the Holy Mother of God to save him, "for shure," said Annie, "an' its the death-song he's singin'!"

His wife scarcely left him night or day. With gentle hands she cooled his temples and supplied his every want; and her calm voice soothed his troubled fancies and quieted his fears. She seemed to feel little weariness or need of repose, and would yield her post to no one.

Louis Thayer came back to life again, at last, pale and thin and his voice tremulous with weakness. But when the family physician recommended him to take with his beefsteak and mutton-chop a glass or two of wine, "to aid digestion and give tone to the system," he quietly but steadily refused.

"I understand my own constitution, doctor, and I am fully convinced that stimulants do not agree with me."

When Dr. Willoughby urged the young minister's former experience to the contrary, he replied that there had been a change

in the life-giving air of the hills, or the cool sea-breezes of the coast, the young minister of the Wilmot street church lay in his darkened chamber, his body wasting with burning fever, and his diseased brain, preternaturally active, struggling and toiling under the fancied stress of labor to be done. There were many sermons thought out and delivered on that bed of suffering, it may be with an impulsive flow of thought and emotion that had accompanied no real discourse. He was driven on perhaps in a kind of ecstasy of inspiration that he had never known in health; but the glow and the fervor and inspiration were all accompanied by a painful consciousness of weakness, and even the most triumphant strains sometimes ended in a cry of human pain.

Hour after hour, day and night, through the closed door came the muffled tones of the minister's voice. His anxious parishioners, coming to inquire for him, heard, in the hall below, that strange murmur, low and sweet, and very plaintive in tone, and went away with sad faces and a presentiment of coming ill. And Irish Annie, stopping on the stairs to cross herself, called on the Holy Mother of God to save him, "for shure," said Annie, "an' its the death-song he's singin'!"

His wife scarcely left him night or day. With gentle hands she cooled his temples and supplied his every want; and her calm voice soothed his troubled fancies and quieted his fears. She seemed to feel little weariness or need of repose, and would yield her post to no one.

Louis Thayer came back to life again, at last, pale and thin and his voice tremulous with weakness. But when the family physician recommended him to take with his beefsteak and mutton-chop a glass or two of wine, "to aid digestion and give tone to the system," he quietly but steadily refused.

"I understand my own constitution, doctor, and I am fully convinced that stimulants do not agree with me."

When Dr. Willoughby urged the young minister's former experience to the contrary, he replied that there had been a change