

DANIEL BRYAN'S OATH.

[Daniel Bryan, as appears by the context, had been a lawyer of eminence, but had fallen, through intoxication, to beggary and a dying condition. Bryan had married, in better days, the sister of Moses Felton.]

At length all hopes were given up. Week after week the fallen man would lie drunk on the floor, and not a day of real sobriety marked his course. I doubt if such another case was known. He was too low for conviviality; for those with whom he would have associated would not drink with him.

All alone in his office and chamber he still continued to drink, and even his very life seemed the off-spring of his jug.

In early spring Moses Felton had a call to go to Ohio. Before he set out he visited his sister. He offered to take her with him but she would not go.

'But why stay here?' urged the brother. 'You are fading away and disease is upon you. Why should you live with such a brute!'

'Hush, Moses, speak not,' answered the wife, keeping back her tears. 'I will not leave him now, but he will soon leave me. He cannot live much longer.'

At that moment Daniel entered the apartment. He looked like a wanderer from the tomb. He had his hat on, and his jug in his hand.

'Ah, Moses, how are you?' he gasped, for he could not speak plainly.

The visitor looked at him a few moments in silence. Then, as his features assumed a cold, stern expression, he said in a strongly emphatic tone:

'Daniel Bryan, I have been your best friend but one. My sister is an angel, but matched with a demon. I have loved you Daniel, as I never loved man before; you were noble, generous and kind; but I hate you now, for you are a devil incarnate. Look at that woman. She is my sister—she might now live with me in comfort, only she will not do it while you are alive; yet when you die she will come to me. Thus do I pray that God will soon give her joys to my keeping. Now, Daniel, I do sincerely hope that the first intelligence that reaches me from my native place after I shall have reached my new home may be—that you—are dead!'

'Stop, Moses, I can reform.'

'You cannot. It is beyond your power. You have had inducements enough to have reformed half the sinners of creation, and yet you are lower than ever before. Go and die, sir, as soon as you can, for the moment that sees you thus shall not find me among the mourners.'

Bryan's eyes flashed, and he drew proudly up. 'Go,' he said with a tone of the old powerful sarcasm, 'go to Ohio, and I'll send you news. Go, sir, and watch the post. I will yet make you take back your words.'

'Never, Daniel Bryan, never.'

'You shall, I swear it!'

With these words Daniel Bryan hurled his jug into the fire-place, and while yet a

thousand fragments were flying over the floor, he strode from the house.

Mary sank fainting on the floor. Moses bore her to a bed, and then having called in a neighbor, he hurried away, for the stage was waiting.

For a month Daniel moved over the brink of the grave, but he did not die.

'One gill of brandy will save you,' said the doctor, who saw that the abrupt removal of stimulants from a system that for long years had almost subsisted on nothing else, was nearly sure to prove fatal. 'You can surely take a gill and not take more.'

'Aye,' gasped the poor man, 'take a gill and break my oath. Moses Felton shall never hear that brandy and ruin killed me! If the want of it can kill me, then let me die! But I won't die; I'll live till Moses Felton shall eat his words.'

He did live. An iron will conquered the messenger death sent—Daniel Bryan live! For one month he could not or walk alone—but he had help—Mary helped him.

A year passed away, and Moses Felton returned to Vermont. He entered the courthouse at Burlington, and Daniel Bryan was on the floor pleading for a young man who had been indicted of forgery. Felton was startled with surprise. Never before had such torrents of eloquence poured from his lips. The case was given to the jury, and the youth was acquitted. The successful counsel turned from the court-room and met Moses Felton.

'They shook hands but did not speak. When they reached a spot where none others could hear them, Bryan stopped.

'Moses,' he said, 'do you remember the words you spoke to me a year ago?'

'I do, Daniel.'

'Will you now take them back—unsay them forever?'

'Yes, with all my heart.'

'Then I am in part repaid.'

'And what must be the remainder of the payment?' asked Moses.

'I must die an honest, unperjured man! The oath that has bound me thus far was made for him.'

That evening Mary Bryan was among the happiest of the happy. No allusion was made to the scene of one year before, but Moses could read in both the countenances of his sister and her husband the deep gratitude they did not speak.

And Daniel Bryan yet lives, one of the most honored men of Vermont. Five times has he sat in the State Legislature, three in the Senate, and once in the National Congress.

TRUE POETRY, FROM THE PERSIAN.—

The heavens are a point from the pen of God's perfection; the world is a bud from the bower of His beauty; the sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom; and the sky is a bubble on the sea of His power. His beauty is free from the spot of sin, hidden in the thick vale of darkness; he made mirrors from the atoms of the world, and threw a reflection from his face on every atom.

HOPE FOR THE HOPELESS.

ADDRESSED TO THE INTEMPERATE.

At the Daily Prayer-Meeting, Fulton Street, New York, there has been of late a large increase in the attendance of young men.

On a late occasion a request for prayer was read which moved all hearts. It was understood to be from one there present, who represented his case to be hopeless to the last degree. He had become intemperate. His friends had given him up for lost. He had given himself over, and he seemed to be doomed to perish. No power but the power of God can quench this soul-destroying appetite for drink, by reason of which his very being was consumed. No tears, or prayers, or resolutions avail anything for a single moment.—'They are all broken through by this terrible thirst. "Will you pray for me to-day in the meeting," says the writer, "that I may be delivered from the power of the destroyer before my eternal doom is sealed, and I lie down in a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell?"'

Very earnest prayer followed the reading of this request, in which it was asked that God would give the power, through faith in Jesus, to this poor young man, and by simple reliance upon Him, to overcome and resist the temptation, and "bring his soul into a wealthy place."

After prayer, a young man arose and said, "I have been coming to these meetings about two weeks, and for the encouragement of the young man who makes this request for prayer, I ask your indulgence a few minutes to tell you how the Lord has dealt with me.—'They have been two weeks of the richest experience of the Divine goodness and grace."

"Two weeks ago I was a hopeless drunkard—a poor, lost man I was. My friends had made every effort to reclaim me, but with no avail. I had often resolved with many tears, to break away from the cruel bondage in which I was bound. I took upon myself the most solemn vows that I would reform.—What were resolutions and vows before such an inexorable enemy as mine! I could not stand to them a moment. At last I gave myself up to perish. There was no hope for me. I was given up, too, of all the world.—In this state of despair I went down to the fishing banks one day. There I was attracted by the very pleasing countenance of a young man. I knew he must be a poor man, and a fisherman by profession. He helped me to understand the art of fishing. There was a world of happiness in his face. I loved to look at it. At last out of gratitude for the little favours which he showed me, a perfect stranger, I took out my flask of liquor and offered him to drink. 'No,' he said, 'I never drink intoxicating drink, and I ask the Lord Jesus to help me never to touch it.' I looked at him with surprise, and inquired, 'Are you a Christian?' 'Yes, I trust I am,' he said. 'And does Jesus keep you from drinking intoxicating liquor?' 'He does; and I never wish to touch it.' That short answer set me to thinking. In it was revealed a new power. I went home that night, and said to myself as I went, How do I know but Christ would keep me from drinking if I would ask him? When I got to my room I thought over my whole case, and then I knelt down and told the Lord Jesus, just as I would tell you, what a poor, miserable wretch I was; how I had struggled against my appetite, and had always been overcome by it.—I told him if he would take that appetite away, I would give myself up to him, to be his forever, and I would forever love