

"You must either drink yourself or vacate this seat."

What new difficulty was before me? Was it not enough that I had taken the driver's seat? Could I be influenced by fear, by a drunkard, to taste of the poison? There is in all things a right, and a wrong. My heart beat convulsively. But one alternative was before me. Either vacate the seat, and suffer the half-conscious man to drive over that dangerous road, or drive myself, and drink his rum. *Never* my heart answered. I can never taste it.—*Never* my mouth uttered.

"Do you persist?" he said, fixing his fiery eyes upon me.

"I persist," I replied.

He gazed at me for one half minute, and then one gleam of reason lit upon his face, as he said: "Whoever you are, I honor your decision. I know I am unable to hold the reins, but, oh, this burning thirst!"

"Drink water," I said, "from God's gushing fountain."

"It is tasteless," he replied.

While he was talking, I contrived to reach the bottle with one hand, and bidding him look at the gathering clouds, I tossed it out.

He did not notice it, but proceeded to tell me his history. He said that he had graduated at one of our western colleges, and it was *there* that he first yielded to the invitation to drink; it was *in college* that he had contracted the fearful habit.

"Break off *at once*," I said. "You will never regret it."

"Do you think I can," he inquired.

"I ~~am~~ certain that you can," I replied.

"Look at me," he said.

I looked, and beheld a fearful face, yet a well developed head, and fine chiseled forehead.

"Is your judgment now the same?" he inquired.

"It is," I replied.

"Where did I put my bottle?" he said.

"I must have rum. There is nothing else that *can* satisfy me."

As he was hunting for it, I beheld over the hills the glittering dome of our seminary. Was it not providential, that amid my additional discouragements the place of my destination was in view?

"I must have my rum," he continued.

"Could it have fallen out?"

I told him that undoubtedly, if he could not find it, it must have got out; and if so, it was probably beyond recovery.

"But I must have it," said he.

"Do not trouble me about something I cannot give you," I replied. "When I reach the seminary I will give you something better than rum."

"What is it?" he eagerly asked.

"You shall know in time," I said.

"Provoking!" said he, "that you will not tell me;" and he muttered some incoherent sentences of which I took no notice, and soon he fell asleep.

Happy was I, yes, happy, driving the stage, for the drunkard was asleep, and I was nearing the seminary.

*Never* can I forget the astonished face

of our Principal when she beheld me in so exalted a position. My precious cargo were by no means slow in telling her our adventure.

"Is it possible?" she said.

At this moment the drunkard awoke, and with not a little chagrin attempted a show of his chivalry.

The girls would not suffer him to assist them out, but I did not object, for I found myself so stiff, and besides I wanted him to feel manly.

"Manly!" you will say. "What! desire one who has thus behaved to feel manly?"

Yes, manly; for it was in my heart to save that man. If he would *sign a pledge* he must feel himself a man. Once rid of this belief and all might be lost. Besides, he had manifested a desire to reform, and there was hope.

The girls paid me for their fare. I told the driver if he would sign the pledge I would give it to him.

"If I could only keep it," he replied.

"You assuredly can in another's strength," I said; and I invited him in, for I had not forgotten my promise of something better than rum.

He went into the parlor, and I obtained a dish of chocolate for him.

"You are killing me with kindness," said he, as I entered the room with chocolate and light supper on a tray, and the tears coursed down his cheeks. Meanwhile, I obtained a temperance pledge and asked for his signature.

"I will sign it," said the penitent and sober man, and he did sign it.

*That pledge* was kept. He became a successful teacher, and afterwards a lawyer. He was among the first to answer to our country's call for volunteers. In the battle of Pittsburgh Landing there perished no braver soldier, no warmer advocate of Temperance, no more devoted Christian than James Fitzgerald.—*Prohibitionist*.

THE TIDE OF INTEMPERANCE.

"That tide is flowing still. It surges up against the walls of prisons, carrying on each wave a hundred drowned bodies of what had once been men, and stranding them on the dungeon floor. It sounds the wail of its remorseless rush around our workhouses, and as each billow ebbs again, it leaves a freight of paupers high and dry upon the parish. It rolls up to the hospital door, and flings its shoal of premature emaciated on an untimely bed. The mother listens to the sullen murmur of that tide and weeps, the wife beholds the thickened current, and feels as much a widow as the fisher's wife, whose eyes have seen her husband founder in fifty fathoms of salt sea; the child hears its unceasing dash, and hears in it the key-note of the cry of early orphanage; humanity sees it, and its bosom swells with grief; pity sees it, and its eyes fill over with hot tears; virgin charity and angel love look on, and wring their hands, as the river of intemperance bears the immortal drownings on, on, on, to the quicksand of perpetual thirst."—*Mursell*.

DR. GUTHRIE ON PROFESSOR MILLER.

As a public speaker Professor Miller was a host in himself. On the platform the clergy are sometimes given to preach, and gentlemen of the long robe to plead—the first falling into a pulpit manner, and serving up what seem bits and fag-ends of sermons; the second speaking as if they forgot the difference between a popular audience in the Music Hall, and "My Lords" of the Parliament House. But our friend was a true, native-born orator; presenting such a melange of sparkling wit and solid wisdom, of the grave and the gay, of telling anecdotes and pictorial illustrations, of lucid statement and nervous argument, of bursts of indignation and touches of tender pathos, that societies contended for his presence at their meetings; and the cause which had secured his advocacy was considered as good as won.

To mental abilities of a high order Professor Miller united moral qualities which did much to raise him to his influential and very eminent position in society.—Among these not the least remarkable was his dauntless courage. Some men of great genius have been great cowards; but our friend was bold as a lion. With his back to God's throne, in the cause of justice, truth, or humanity, we will venture to say that he would have faced and fought the world. In pleading the claims of Total Abstinence,—a cause in which he threw his whole soul, advocating it with eloquent and mighty arguments on the platform and also through the press,—in pleading on behalf of societies for the Suppression of Vice, for shortening the Hours of Labor, and emancipating our youth from the slavery of trades, of the counter, and of the counting-room, he knew the opprobrium to which he was exposing himself from selfish or ungodly men; but the only effect which their opposition appeared to have on him was to blow out the folds of his battle banner, was to blow up his zeal into a brighter, higher flame. Engaged in some great, good cause, his eagerness to accept the combat reminded us at times of the grand picture of the war-horse: "He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men; he mocketh at fear; he saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

"IT COSTS TOO MUCH."

*That glass costs too much. You say you only paid a trifle for it. Young man! Young woman! that paltry sum is not a millionth-part of what it will cost you, if you do not take care. You will have to pay for it in health, cheerfulness, character, friends, credit, peace of mind, perhaps, a life itself. Is that glass worth all these? "You are safe enough?" Nonsense! A man might just as rationally talk about safety when his boat is beginning to go round on the outer circle of the whirlpool, as to say he is safe enough when he begins to indulge this habit.*