

Pmetri

UPHELD BY CHRIST.

"Upheld by Him, I smile at death."—[Henry Martin's Diary.]

When heart and flesh despondent sink
And from life's warfare fain would shrink,
An upward glance brings heavenly cheer;
Upheld by Him, I smile at Peat.

When life appears a scene of woe.
And all its waxes my soul's sorrow.
To Him I flee for sure relief;
Upheld by Him, I smile at Grief.

When troubles like a mountain rise,
And comfort from my bosom flies,
I to the mercy-seat repair;
Upheld by Him, I smile at Care.

When earthly treasure fails and fades,
And chilling poverty invades,
He every need good will grant;
Upheld by Him, I smile at Want.

When faith grows dim, and from its sight
My star of hope would vail its light,
Grief bids a beam of joy shine out;
Upheld by Him, I smile at Doubt.

When wasting anguish and disease
Upon my suffering body seize,
My mourning lips shall not complain;
Upheld by Him, I smile at Pain.

When time with me shall reach its close,
And in the grave I seek repose,
With joy I'll yield my failing breath;
Upheld by Him, I smile at Death.

Independent.

The Power of Decision.

BY STYLANTS CORA, JR.

The simple story I am about to relate, possesses much interest for those who were acquainted with the parties concerned, and to others its interest will not only be in its truth, but also in the peculiar soul-touch it develops.

In one of the northern towns of Vermont lived a young man whom I shall call Daniel Bryan. He was a lawyer by profession, and one of the most intellectual men in that section of the country. No one possessed the confidence of his friends more than he did, and no one was better calculated to secure the good will and friendship of all with whom he came in contact. Business poured in upon him, and he failed not to give the utmost satisfaction.

At the age of twenty-seven, Bryan took to himself a wife from among the most favored ones of the country. Mary Felton experienced a strange pride when she gave her hand to the young lawyer, and if none else had been, many at least prayed that they might be as fortunate.

But ere long a cloud came over the scene. Conviviality ran high among the members of the bar, and young Bryan possessed one of those peculiar temperaments which at length give the whole body and soul up to the demon of appetite. For three years he followed the social custom of the times without neglecting much of his business, but finally he sank to the lowest pit of degradation,—when at the age of five-and-thirty, he had become a confirmed drunkard. He now neglected his clients altogether, for he could not remain sober long enough at any one time to carry any case through court. The only business he had now upon his hands was the collecting of some few small debts.

On the evening of his thirty-fifth birthday he joined the Washingtonians, and once more his birth genius shone upon the world. But it could not last long; and amid the examples of those who were his constant companions, he went back to his cups, and down he sank, as rapidly as he had risen. In one short year from that time he was a miserable, degraded thing. People who had left notes and accounts with him to collect, called at his house, and upon enquiring of his wife where he was she told them he was away. Poor woman! they could not bear to dispute her, and they would go their way, though they knew full well what the return of Daniel Bryan were prostate upon his b-d-room floor.

One day a Mr. Vinson called to see him. Vinson had left notes and accounts to the amount of several thousand dollars with Bryan to collect, and he was anxious about them. His poor wife answered him as usual—that her husband had gone away.

"My dear madam," returned Mr. Vinson, "I know your misfortune, and I appreciate your feelings, but I must see your husband. If I can see him for even one minute, I can learn all I wish to know."

Mary Bryan was not a word, but with a tearful eye she turned away, and Mr. Vinson followed her. He found Bryan in a buck room, stretched as full length upon the floor, with a jug of Medford rum by his side. With much effort, Vinson aroused the poor man to a state of semi-consciousness, and asked if he had done anything about the notes and accounts he had left him.

"Yes," return'd the lawyer, in a weak, husky, hiccupping voice. "I've had the money for you over a month. I've deducted my percentage, and you'll find the rest in that trunk. Mary's got the key."

Mrs. Bryan was called in, in the key was produced, and Mr. Vinson found his money—four thousand and some odd hundred of dollars—all right and safe.

In his worst moments, Bryan never used for himself a single penny he had in trust. Hundreds there were who labored hard to reclaim the wanderer, but without effect. Year after year went by, but he sank lower and lower—yet his wife left him not. Her brother, a young lawyer, named Moses Felton, often urged her to forsake her husband, at the same time offering her a comfortable home beneath his own roof, but she would not listen.

At length all hope was given up. Week after week would the fallen man lie down on the floor, and not a day of real sobriety marked his course. I do not know of such another case as was ever known. He was too low for conviviality, for those with whom he would not drink with him. All, all alone, in his own office and chamber, he drank the accursed poison, and even his very life seemed the off-spring of the jug.

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

"But why stay here?" urged the brother. "You are all faded away, and disease is upon you. Why should you live with such a brute?"

"Hush Moses; speak not so," answered the wife, keeping back the tears. "I will not leave him now. But he will soon leave me; he cannot last much longer."

At that moment Daniel Bryan entered the apartment. Even Moses Felton was startled by his appearance. He looked like a wanderer from the tomb. He had his hat on, and his jug was in his hand.

"Ah—Moses—how are ye?" he grasped, 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 calm, by strongly emphasized tone.

"Daniel Bryan, I have been your best friend, but one. My sister is an angel—but mated with a demon. I have loved you, Daniel, as I never loved man before, for 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—the only sister God ever gave me. I wish her to live with me, but she will not while you live, yet, when you die she will come to me.

"This is our rejoicing, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world." The words, joyful to others, rung as the sentence of damnation in his ears.

"Give me an account of thy stewardship," and this will form one of the bitterest ingredients in his exhaustless cup of misery, that he held the mesh to illuminate the pathway of others, and never felt its genial warmth, or was illuminated by its cheery ray. Let us, my dear father and brethren, imitate another apostle who said, "I therefore so run, not as uncertainly: so fight I, not as one that beateth the air; but I will under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be cast away."

These words produced a powerful effect upon all who heard them, but how little did they know that he uttered such language, would himself become a drunkard, yet such was the case. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

"Stop, stop, Moses. I can reform."

"You cannot. It is beyond your power, You have had inducements enough, enough to have reformed half the sinners in creation—and yet you are now lower than ever before. Go, and die, sir, as soon as you like, for the moment that sees you thus, will set mourners free."

Bryan's eyes flashed and he drew himself proudly up.

"Go," said he, with a tingle of that old popular sarcasm that had often electrified a jury, "go to Ohio, and I'll send you news. Go sir, and watch the post."

With these words, Daniel Bryan hurled the jug into the fire-place, and while its thousand pieces were flying over the floor, he strode from the house. Mary sank fainting to the floor. Moses bore her to the bed, and having calmed in a neighbor, he hurried away, for the stage was wagging.

For a moment Daniel Bryan hovered 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 all stimulants, from a system that had for long years subsisted on almost nothing else, was nearly sure to prove fatal. "You can surely take a gill, and not take any more?"

"Ay," gasped the poor man, "take a gill and break my oath! Moses Felton shall never learn that brandy or rum killed me? If the want of it can kill me, then let me die! But I won't die! I'll live—live, till Moses Felton shall eat his own words!"

He did live; an iron will conquered the messenger death had sent, and Daniel Bryan lived. For one month he could not even walk without help. But he had help—joyful, even though he had been captured by medical importers, that these extraordinary remedies were at first but coldly received by the public.

The "profession" derided them, and the slaves of pique deat, of every class, shrugged their shoulders and muttered "humbug." Yet in twenty years they have become famous throughout the world. Despite Governments have departed from their old reactionary policy, and made exceptional laws authorizing their use; scientific institutions have enrolled the inventor among their honorary members; monarchs have conferred upon him marks of the highest distinction; Hospitals and dispensaries have adopted the remedies; and leading presses of Europe and America, in whose editorial columns no advertisement had ever been endorsed have cordially testified to their wonderful effects. Public opinion was never before manifested on such a grand scale. In this country alone two thousand journals have given in their adhesion to Professor Holley's system of treatment, and two millions of people use his Pills and Ointment. These are evidences of a popularity which has no parallel in medical history.—Buffalo "Circa et Adverso."

upon the high vocation. And the divinely-attested fact, that such a man once held it, should lead all who hold it to the close self-scrutiny. Think of a minister, with all his opportunities of knowledge and usefulness,—with all his sensuous of devotion—a man whose very business is connected with religion, and whose hourly pursuits are, or ought to be, such as others can only occasionally enjoy:

think of such a man testifying what he knows not, and speaking of what he has never read or enjoyed—an Achan in the camp—a Japhet among the twelve! Trace him to his death-bed; he looks back—all is discomfort! forward—all is despair! He cannot say,

"This is our rejoicing, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world." The words, joyful to others, ring as the sentence of damnation in his ears.

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