

Poetry.

THY WAY.

BY CAROLINE A. BELL.

I know thy way, O Lord,
 And not as mine have been;
 And yet, thy loving hand
 Through all my life is seen.
 In paths beset with snares,
 Surrounded on each side—
 Left to myself I strayed,
 But thou became my guide.
 Choose thou my way for me,
 Though narrow it be;
 Though through the fire it be,
 I shall be satisfied.
 Then praising thee for life,
 I shall ever prove—
 A sinner saved by grace,
 And perfected by love!
 'Till on the mountain's height,
 The valley left below—
 I see thy perfect way,
 And all thy goodness know.

Miscellaneous.

HOME INFLUENCES.

"Who's that, I wonder?" said Mrs. Seaburn, as she heard a ring at the basement door.
 "Ah! it's Marshall," returned her husband, who had looked out at the window, and recognized the clerk's cart.
 "And what have you sent home now, Henry?"
 But before Mrs. Seaburn could answer, the door of the sitting-room was opened, and one of the domestics looked in, and asked—
 "What'll I do with the demijohns, mum?"
 "Demijohns?" repeated Mrs. Seaburn.
 "Put them in the hall, and I'll attend to them," intimated the husband.
 "Henry, what have you sent home now?" the wife asked, after the domestics was gone.
 "Some nice old brandy," replied Henry.
 Mrs. Seaburn glanced up at the clock, and then looked down upon the floor. There was a cloud upon her fair brow, and it was very evident that something lay heavily upon her heart. Presently she walked to the wall and pulled the bell-cord, and the summons was answered by the chambermaid.
 "Are George and Charlie in their room?"
 "Yes, ma'am."
 "Tell them it is school-time."
 The girl went out, and in a little while two boys entered the sitting-room, with their books under their arms, and their caps in their hands. They were bright, happy, healthy fellows, with goodness and truth stamped upon their rosy faces, and the light of free consciences gleaming in their sparkling eyes. George was thirteen years of age, and Charlie eleven; and certainly those two parents had reason to be proud of them. The boys kissed their mother, gave a happy "good morning" to their father, and then went away to school.
 "Come," said Mrs. Seaburn, some time after the boys had gone, "what makes you so sober?"
 "Sober!" repeated the wife, looking up.
 "Yes, you have been sober and mute ever since the grocer came."
 "Do you want me to tell you why?"
 "Of course I do."
 "Well, Henry, I am sorry you have had that spirit-brought into the house."
 "Pooh! what's the use in talking so, Cora? You wouldn't have me to do without it, would you?"
 "Yes."
 "Why, what do you mean?"
 "I mean that I would cut clear of the stuff, now and forever."
 "But—Cora—you are wild. What should we do at our parties without wine?"
 "Do as others do, what makes it not?"
 "But—mercy!—what would people say? Are you afraid I—but no—I won't ask so foolish a question."
 "Ask it, Henry. Let us speak plainly, now that we have fairly commenced."
 "Well, I was about to ask if you were afraid that I should ever drink too much?"
 "That's not a fair question, Henry. I was not thinking of that at all. But I will answer it by-and-by."
 "Of course not."
 "Then it would not cost you any effort of will to abstain from its use?"
 "Not a particle."
 "And you only have it in the house, and serve it to your friends and drink it yourself, because it is fashionable—or, you do it because others do it?"
 "I do it, because," said Mrs. Seaburn, hesitating in his choice of language—"because it would appear very odd, and very vulgar, and very foolish, not to do it." This was spoken emphatically.
 "But," pursued Mrs. Seaburn, with the calmness and assurance of one who feels the sustaining influence of right, "you would not do what you were convinced was wrong, out of respect to any such considerations, would you?"
 "You know I would not, Cora. This question of temperance, I know, is a good one in the abstract, and I am willing to live up to it as I understand it; but I am no teetotaler."
 "Henry," said his wife, with an earnest look in his face, "will you answer me a few questions?—and answer them honestly and truly, without equivocation or evasion?"
 "Bless me, how methodically you put it, Cora! But I will answer."
 "Then—first, do you believe you, or your friends, are in any way benefited by the drinking of intoxicating beverages at your board? That is—do you derive any real good from it?"
 "No, I can't say that we do."
 "Do you think the time has ever been, since we were married, when we actually needed wine in the house, either for our health or comfort?"
 "Why, I think it has added to our comfort, Cora."
 "How?"
 "Poor fellow," said the physician, "he never came out of that fit; he died in half an hour after you went out."
 "It was dark when Henry Seaburn reached home. You did not tell Bridget where to put those demijohns, Henry, did you?"
 "No, I did not." She had not noticed his face, for the gas was burning but dimly.
 "Ah! I forgot. Come down with me, Cora, and we'll find a place for them."
 His wife followed him down into the basement; and one by one looked at the demijohns and carried them into the rear yard, and there he emptied their contents into the sewer. Then he broke the vessels in pieces with his foot, and bade Bridget have the dirt man take the fragments away in the morning. No word had he spoken to his wife all the while, nor did she speak to him. He returned to the sitting-room, where his boys were at their books, and took a seat on one of the *tele-tele*s. He called his wife and children about him, and then he told them the story of Alexander Lomborg.
 "And now, Cora, I am," he added, laying his hand upon the heads of his boys, "I have made a solemn vow that henceforth my children shall find no such influence at their home. They shall never have the occasion to curse the example of their father. I will tell to the distance no more of it. What say you, my sons—will you join me in the pledge?"
 They joined him with a glad, gushing willingness; for their hearts were full, and their sympathies all turned, by a mother's careful love, to right.
 "And you, Cora?"
 "Yes, yes!" she cried. "And may the holy lesson of this hour never be forgotten. O God! let it rest as an angel of mercy, upon my boys! Let it be a light to their feet in the time of temptation; and so shall they bless through life the influence they carry with them from their home!"
 "Really, when you come down to this ab-

stract point, you have the field. But people should govern their appetites. All things may be abused."
 "Yes, but will you tell me the use—the real good—to be derived from drinking wine and brandy?"
 "As I said before, it is a social custom, and has its charms."
 "Ah! there you have it, Henry. It does have its charms, as the deadly snake is said to have, and as other vices have. But I see you are in a hurry."
 "It is time I was at the store."
 "I will detain you but a moment longer, Henry. Just answer me a few more questions. Now call to mind all the families of your acquaintance; think of all the domestic circles you have known from your school-boy days to the present; run your thought through the various homes where you have been intimate—do this, and tell me, if in any one instance you ever knew a single joy to be planted by the heart-throb from the wine cup? Did you ever know one of them go to flow to a family from its use?"
 "No; I can not say that I ever did—not as you mean."
 "And now answer me again. Think of those homes once more—call to memory the playmates of your childhood—think of the homes they have made—think of those to whom you have been intimate, and all you have known dwell, and tell me if you have seen any sorrow flow from the wine-cup? Have you seen any great griefs planted by the intoxicating bowl upon the hearts of men?"
 Henry Seaburn did not answer, for there passed before him such grim spectres of *Sorrow and Grief*, that he shuddered at the mental vision. He saw the youth come down in the hour of promise; he saw the gray head fall in dishonor; he saw hearts broken; he saw women made desolate; he saw affliction wither up and die; and saw noble intellects stricken down! Good Heaven! what sights he saw as he unraveled the canvas of his memory.
 "Henry," whispered the wife, moving to his side and winding her arm about his neck, "we have two boys. They are growing to be men. They are noble, generous, and tender-hearted. They love their home and honor their parents. They are here to form those characters—to receive those impressions—the best and noblest—which will give them the power to resist the temptations of the future world, and we must rest—Look at them! don't think of them! Think of their doing battle in the great struggle of the life before them. Shall they carry out from their home our evil influence? Shall they be tainted by the cup, and in their day, when the hour comes the example which they derived the appetite? Oh! for our children—for those two boys—for the men we hope to see them—for the sweet memories we would have them cherish of their home—for the good old days they will respect—let us cast this thing out now, and forever!"
 Cora kissed her husband as she ceased speaking; and then he arose to his feet; but he made her no reply.
 "And Henry, you are not offended?"
 "No," he said. "He returned her kiss, and without another word left his home and went to his store."
 How strangely did circumstances work to keep the idea his wife had given him alive in his mind! That very morning he met a young man, son of one of his wealthy friends, in a state of wild intoxication; and during the forenoon he heard that young Aaron G. had died at sea. He knew that Aaron had been sent away from home that he might be reclaimed.
 After the bank had closed, and as Henry Seaburn was thinking of going to his dinner, he received a note through a penny post. It was from a medical friend, and contained a request that he would call at the hospital on his way home. This hospital was not much out of his way, and he stopped there.
 "There is a man, in one of the lower wards who wishes to see you," said the doctor.
 "Does he know me?" asked Seaburn.
 "He says he does."
 "What is his name?"
 "He goes by the name of Smith; but I am satisfied that such is not his true name. He is in the last stage of consumption and delirium. He has lived intervals, but they do not last long. He has been here a week. He was picked up in the street, and brought here. He heard your name, and said he knew you once."
 Mr. Seaburn went into the room where the patient lay, and looked at him. Surely he never knew that man! "There must be some mistake," he said.
 The invalid heard him, and opened his eyes—such bloodshot, unrecognizing eyes.
 "Henry," he whispered, trying to lift himself upon his elbow, "is this Henry Seaburn?"
 "That is my name."
 "And don't you know me?"
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