

The Son of Temperance.

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The Good of the Order.

WHAT IS NOBLE?

CHARLES SWAIN.

What is noble?—to inherit

Wealth, estate, and proud degree?—

There must be some other merit

Higher yet than these for me!—

Something greater far must enter

Into life's majestic span,

Fitted to create and centre

True nobility in man.

What is noble?—'tis the finer

Portion of our mind and heart,

Link'd to something still diviner

Than mere language can impart:

Ever prompting—ever seeing

Some improvement yet to plan;

To uplift our fellow being,

And, like man, to feel for man!

What is noble?—is the sabre

Nobler than the humbler spade?—

There's a dignity in labour

Truer than e'er pomp arrayed!

He who seeks the mind's improvement

Aids the world, in aiding mind!

Every great commanding movement

Serves not one, but all mankind.

O'er the forge's heat and ashes,—

O'er the engine's iron head,—

Where the rapid shuttle flashes,

And the spindle whirls its thread:

There is labour, lowly tending

Each requirement of the hour,—

There is genius, still extending

Science, and its world of power!

'Mid the dust, and speed, and clamour,

Of the loom-shed and the mill;

'Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,

Great results are growing still!

Though too oft, by fashion's creatures,

Work and workers may be blamed,

Commerce need not hide its features,—

Industry is not ashamed!

What is noble?—that which places

Truth in its enfranchised will,

Leaving steps—like angel-traces,

That mankind may follow still!

E'en through scorn's malignant glances

Prove him poorest of his clan,

He's the noble—who advances

Freedom, and the Cause of Man!

Your Record!

A MAN in Hartford, Connecticut, came home drunk: His little boy, from three and a half to four years of age, ran forward to meet his father. Had that father been sober, the boy would have been nestling in his bosom; but *he was drunk*, and seizing the little fellow by the shoulder, he lifted him right over his head,

and dashed him out of the second story window, through sash, glass and all; and on the pavement below they picked up the poor boy, with both his thighs broken. When a man is drunk he does not know what he is about; he has dethroned reason. And so, whether you laugh or cry at some of the follies of drunkenness; whether you hold your sides with merriment, or the marrow stands cold in your bones—yet remember that drunkenness is debasing, blighting, blasting, scathing, milderew, and damning to everything that is bright, noble and beautiful. Young men, let me say to you—what an awful risk you run! Did you ever wake up in the morning, and wonder how you got into your bed? Did you ever lie in the morning, unable to think for the life of you what you did last night? Down on your knees, down on your knees to-night, and thank God—that as you staggered forth, not knowing what you were doing, He did not take your guardian angel from you in that hour, and leave you to plunge into utter ruin.

Why, what is it to get drunk?

Here is one case that I knew; and many of my friends were at the wedding—a gorgeous wedding, a grand wedding. Fifteen hundred dollars was the price paid for the flowers, sent expressly from New York. The house had been enlarged for the dancing. A fast young man and a beautiful girl were united. It was a gorgeous wedding, very merry and jolly, plenty of wine; but the bridegroom got drunk, and with his clenched fist, two hours after they had been married, he struck his bride in the mouth. "Hush! hush! don't say anything about it, don't let it get abroad. Hush! hush! it is only known to those here. He was drunk, and did not know what he was doing cover it up, cover

it up." So they did. He went on his wedding excursion. Six weeks afterwards he got drunk again, and drew a pistol on the wife, that loved him. She felt her life was not safe, and went back to her father's house. He went directly to Toronto, in Canada. He got drunk again, killed a policeman, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged, in less than ninety days after his wedding. Some friends of mine interceded with the Government, and he is now in Kingston Penitentiary *for life*. Three drunks! Three times intoxicated! Oh, young men, if God has spared you, and you have ever been drunk in your lives, down on your knees, and in the gratitude of your souls, declare that you will never again touch that which dethrones reason!

There are those of us who have come out of the fire, those of us who are scarred and bruised, those who will never be what we might have been had it not been for the accursed drink. As year after year rolls on, and brings us nearer and nearer to the end, what would we not give, brethren, could we wipe out our record! Oh, that awful record, young man! You are writing your record new, every day. You begin in the morning with a clean page, perfectly clean, and at night it is smeared, and smudged, and blotted, when you hastily turn it over and think it is gone. No! You never can wipe out a word of your record. You never can blot out a stain nor erase one. No, sir! You are making your record.

What a grand thing it is to be a young man, sent out with life all before you, to make of it what you choose, just as you choose—to mould it as you will—to make your life just what you please to make it!

How many of you, young men,