

And trace the record of this crying sin.  
Were this the only evil rampant here,  
It would alone the book of life deface  
With many a blacken'd page of horrid  
deeds,  
And through the downward road to dusky  
death

All down the ages has this curse pre-  
vailed,  
Leaving an awful train of woe behind ;  
Thousands of giant minds has it de-  
spoiled,  
Sparing not mitred brow, nor crowned  
head ;

Ermine and chasuble together fall,  
The priest and people, both alike have  
erred,

The stalwart yeoman and the brawny  
serf,  
Resign their manhood to this treacherous  
fiend.

What Empire, Kingdom, Principality,  
Or State, this dread usurper overtakes  
Will have to face a formidable foe ;  
A mighty conqueror, whose ruthless  
hand

Has left its millions reeking in their  
blood,  
And dragged proud kings beneath his  
chariot wheels,  
Emptied the coffers of the merchant  
prince,

Reduced the affluent to beggary ;  
And on th' escutcheon of our fair do-  
main,

There is a spot most foul, a fearful blur—  
It saps the revenue of any state,  
To care for those who care not for them-  
selves

And yet we put a premium on crime,  
To fatten the excise—and fill our jails—  
Disease, Death's hydra-headed har-  
binger

From this infatuation gathers strength,  
Finding recruits in every walk of life,  
Stamping out real enjoyment of that  
boon

So rare, yet so desirable, sound health.

Must this unhappy state of things re-  
main

Will man who subjugates the elements  
To this vile passion yield obedience ?  
Soar to the sky upon aerial wings,  
Then wallow in the mire among the  
swine ?

Can the vicegerent of this beauteous  
earth,

Barter his crown for a pernicious drug ?  
With powers well-nigh divine measure  
the stars.

Then in the gutter lie a drivelling sot ?

Christians, awake, friends of the fallen,  
rise

Lovers of right and freedom to the fore !  
Advance and with a well directed blow,  
Strike at this ruling evil once for all.  
The Demon's fancied safe retreat alarm,  
Where for long ages he has been en-  
sconced,

Behind the social customs of the state,  
Protected by the mighty arm of law,  
At every vulnerable point lay siege ;  
Until this cruel enemy is crushed.

His votaries on 'liberty' declaim,—  
Of 'Tampering with the rights of free-  
born men.'

Of freedom, unadvisedly they prate,  
And talk of what no real existence has.  
Is he in freedom, born with appetites  
In the ascendant o'er his moral powers,  
Subjected, at life's start, to influences

Which drag him down below humanity ?  
Is such a one in equilibrium,  
Free to choose righteousness, and shun  
the wrong ?

Once man was free, ere venom coursed  
his veins,  
Before he yielded to the tempter's voice,  
In balance then, 'twixt good and evil  
free ;

But having made sad choice the poise  
was lost,  
Nor ever will that equipoise be gained,  
'Till nature is redeemed, and sin sub-  
dued.

What thoughtful parent would obstruc-  
tions place,

Before his child, essaying to be free  
From leading strings ? Or who would  
willfully

Direct his brother, blind, too near a  
pitfall,

Saying, 'He's of age, and will his own  
steps guard ?'

Man is but a blind child, his mind be-  
fogged.

And step uncertain, not quite safe alone ;  
E'en in his highest earthly state, much  
less

That poor unfortunate, that wreck of  
man,  
Whose human is quiescent, and whose  
form

Is so distorted, as to seem but as  
A soulless vehicle of morbid lust.

—But man is there, though hidden from  
the sight—

Away in the interiors of the soul,  
Guarded by Heaven—sacred to holy  
things.

There is a secret chamber, closed to  
sense,  
Upon whose plastic walls there are in-  
scribed,

In characters time never can erase,  
The innocence of childhood's simple  
loves,

Each pure affection, every tender  
thought

Cherished throughout the life, though  
now forgot,

The impress of a mother's matchless  
love,

The record of a father's guardian care,  
All holy aspirations, good resolves,  
However faint or transient they might  
be,

'Een though, but as the gentle breeze,  
scarce felt,

Fanning the soul's half wakened con-  
sciousness,

Or as the flickering taper on the sight.

All written there, treasured and guarded  
there,

Nothing of good too trivial for His care,  
For had not He whose will and purpose  
is

The world's salvation this provision  
made,

Man would have lost his humanness,  
And ceased to be a man. Of mercy this,  
For howso'er degraded he may be,  
He still possesses, though to him un-  
known,

In charge of Heaven, the basis of a man ;  
Although the life apparent be as black  
As Erebus, and no redeeming trait ap-  
pears,

Yet in the stillness of deep solitude,  
Or pressed by weight of woe, or trials  
sore,

That inner door will sometimes be un-  
barred,

A healthy recollection issue thence,

A gentle whisper from the buried past,  
Another call from the now forgotten  
Heaven,  
To turn aside and reason on his state,  
And seek deliverance from the galling  
yoke.

He loudly calls for help ; brothers re-  
spond,

Let all who love their neighbour and  
their God,

And seek our Father's kingdom to ad-  
vance,

Whose daily prayer ascends before His  
throne,

That they from evil be released, and led  
Not into such temptations as may press  
Too heavily upon a weak unguarded  
spot,

Respond, and help to snap asunder  
bands

Which, from our apathy, enclose his  
soul,

And set him free, as love, and truth  
make free.—*Canadian Monthly.*

### Programme for September.

1ST WEEK. — Debate: "Is it  
right and proper that temper-  
ance men should be taxed for  
the support of the wives and  
children of drunken parents ?"  
Make arrangements for a soiree  
or social, the profits of which  
to be devoted to the Lecture  
Fund of the Grand Division.

2ND WEEK.—Readings, Recita-  
tions, Vocal and Instrumental  
Music.

3RD WEEK.—General conversa-  
tion, and devise plans for bring-  
ing into the Division all the  
young people who have not  
yet joined, and don't overlook  
the middle aged or old.

4TH WEEK.—The officers of the  
Division to deliver short ad-  
dresses, summarizing what has  
been done for the advancement  
of the cause of Temperance  
and the Order of the Sons dur-  
ing the three preceding weeks.

### Our Divisions.

#### The Divisions in Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—you will greatly  
oblige me by inserting the follow-  
ing in next month's *Son*.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS, —  
Through our paper, permit me  
to thank you, one and all, for  
the kindness and attention you  
showed me during my recent  
pleasant and most agreeable visit  
to your beautiful city, well named  
the "Queen City."