

The Son of Temperance.

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The Good of the Order.

Giles Jonson's "Lump."

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[Recite earnestly: the first part serious, the latter part cheerful.]

Giles Jonson was a ploughman well to do,
An honest thriving yeoman—that he knew,
Till neighbours saw, and grieved to see,
his fall.
When at "The Grapes" he spent his wages—all,
And left his wife at home to starve, and think
How she could lay the HOME-CURS'D
DEVIL, Drink!
See him! he issues from the human sty
To tempt, by filthy lures, the passers by;
The artist paints him—lowest of the low:
Alas! Giles Jonson! 'twas not always so!

A ministering angel was that wife—
Patient, enduring, hopeful, powerful,
good;

Her husband was her very life of life,
And she withstood him, as a woman should,
By tender, yielding, fond, and winning ways—
Ever a woman's weapons—when she prays.
He saw her often smile, but seldom weep,
Yet heard her words of sorrow in her sleep;
And soon the cheek was pale, the eyes were dim;
He knew—he could not help but know—for him!
But the good Pastor quenched the fatal fire,
And, heaven-instructed raised him from the mire.
One day he said—his hand upon her arm—
"I'VE TAKEN IT!" With horrified alarm
She questioned, "Giles! what have you taken?" thinking
'Twas a more rapid poison he'd been drinking.

HURRAH! THANK GOD! the devil, Drink,
is laid!
And not in vain the faithful woman prayed;
With joy and thankfulness of soul she wept
When Giles was pledged—and well the pledge he kept.
Again Giles Jonson was the "well-to-do,"
Again the thriving yeoman—that he knew;
Proud of his honest work, his humble rank,
Had money in his pockets and the bank.
And she, his good wife, wore a silken gown,

And in her hallowed pride walked thro' the town.
Passing one day the public-house agsin,
He saw the landlord standing at his door.
Giles limped along as if in grief and pain.
"What ails thee, Giles?" quoth landlord; with a sigh,
"I've got a lump here!" Jonson made reply,
Placing his hand upon his manly thigh.
"Come in," said landlord, "and I'll bet a crown
The lump that troubles thee I'll bring it down."
"I know thou would'st," said Giles, and gave a jump
Full of the vigour of the days of old.
He turned to leave the now abhorred place,
And from his pocket drew a purse of gold,
Laughed as he shook it in the landlord's face,
And said, "FOR THAT'S THE LUMP!"

A Business Ruined.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELSEA.

"COULD you send him, with his excellent wife, and beautiful children, to the poor-house?"

This paragraph in a village paper arrested attention and led to a train of serious thought.

The question, evidently intended as a reproach, was asked in regard to a saloon-keeper whose business had been ruined by the vote of his townsmen. He had lived upon the profits of beer-selling, and now that these were to be withdrawn, it was claimed that all avenues of self-support were closed upon him. His friends bemoaned his fate with many expressions of sympathy.

But what of his customers? What of those who had daily passed over his counter their hardly-earned money, while their families waited at home for bread? Possibly he sold nothing stronger than beer; yet many a man went out of his saloon with confused head and empty pockets.

The saloon-keeper deserved consideration. He had lost his health while serving his country

as a soldier. Was this a fitting reward for his patriotism—taking the bread from his children's mouths?

All this and more. A poor compliment indeed to the ex-soldier, yet the same pleas are often made in behalf of those engaged in the sale of liquors. What right has any one to ruin their business?

What right have men to be engaged in such business? In their inmost heart they know they are doing wrong. The money which they gain is lost by others. They sell at large profits. Those who purchase of them give much, receiving nothing in return.

Nothing, did I say? Would it were no worse than that! But it is liquid poison, for which the drunkard barter not only his money, but his very manhood; not only his own happiness, but the happiness of all dependent upon him.

He puts the full glass to his lips and drains it of its contents. He demands that it be refilled. His thirst is increased. He is maddened by the potent drink. Yet he has more money, and it is for the seller's interest to pander to his appetite.

It is one against forty, fifty, or a hundred, as the case may be, although no one is obliged to patronize the saloon. It's doors may stand open night and day, and no one be forced to pass through them.

Saloon-keepers will assure you of these facts, while at the same time they are laying their plans to entrap the unwary.

A business declared illegal! A business ruined, the vilest business ever sanctioned by law! But there is money in it, and men will sell their souls for money. They are doing it every day.

The liquor interest has become