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Temperance is the moderate use of things beneficial, and abstinence from things hurtful.

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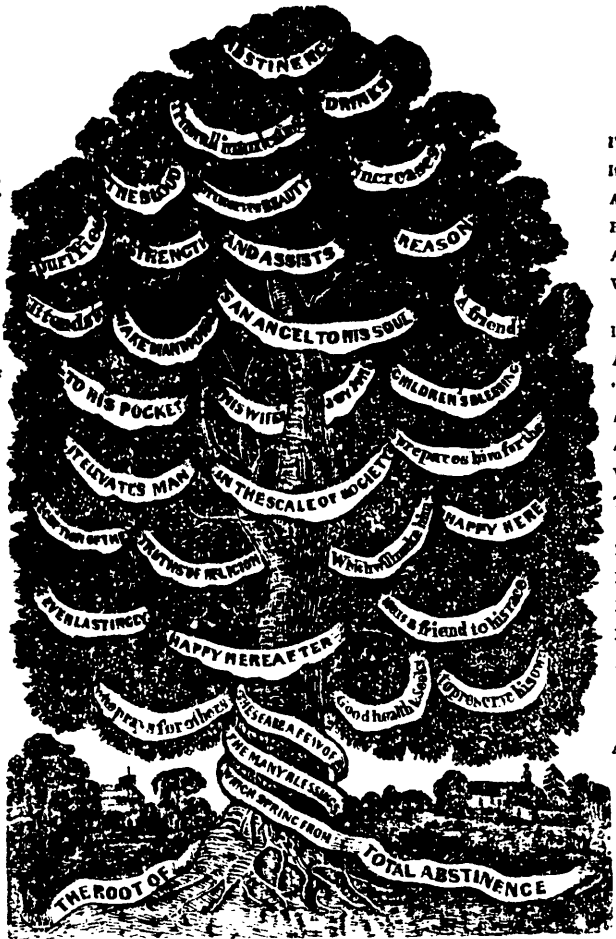
A MONSTER.

From an Essay on Drunkenness, just published, by William Gibbs, Doal.

I saw a thing—'twas made of flesh and blood,
But then it was so loosely put together.
It did not walk, and could not fly
It would:
It often crept as if it knew not
whether
'Twere best to lie down or go
on—and then it would
Grow dizzy, dizzy, and lie down
—the weather
It heeded not, provided it could
welter
In ditch or slough, which were
its bed and shelter.

I've seen it stand at times almost
upright,
But all the time its heavy eyes
kept blinking;
It looked, but seemed unconscious
of its sight;
And yet it looked as if 'twere
almost thinking.
It seemed as if 'twere giddy
from its height,
The earth spun round and round
it—then 'twas sinking;
I would have saved it, but its
fetid breath
Was fatal as the pestilence of
death.

And there it lay, so loudly did
it snore,
The dogs would stop to bark at
it while sleeping;



I've seen it lean whole hours
against a shore,
It could not walk, and had got
tired of creeping;
And then it tried to move on
straight before,
But reeled off as if 'twere side-
long leaping;
And then it fell, foaming and
froth at mouth,
With fatal symptoms of its hel-
lish drought.

It was not Man, nor was it
wholly beast,
And yet 'twas often found bene-
neath the manger;
'Twould often gloat itself as at
a feast,
And cast its sickliest smile upon
a stranger;
And yet it had no self-defence
in danger;
Wherever it was seen the way
would bray,
The school-boy laugh, the wise
man turn away.

I saw it once, and then 'twas
young and tender,
But such'd a juice from out the
sweetest vine;
I saw it, but still 'twas small
and slender,
But soon it bloated like a high
fed swine;
Again I looked—it seemed of
either gender,
But then it snarled as of human
kind;
Alas! 'twas one of those who
left off thinking,
And, like bearded fool, led
to on to DRINKING.

GOD SEES ME.

MR. EDITOR,—Living as I have done for years within the suburbs of this village, I have business almost daily at the centre; and rarely if ever returned home without calling at some shop for a dram. One day last week I had an errand in the village, and having finished my business and about to return home, I ran in haste to Mr. —'s for a drink; but having lately read Beecher's Sermons and Kirtledge's Address, I was stopped by the following reflections:—Mr. — belongs to the church and he has read them too; besides, I recollect that he told me lately with his own mouth that he should sell ardent spirits but a few days more, therefore I am ashamed to drink there: I will go back to Mr. —'s, and here I was stopped by similar reflections: I see Mr. — almost every Sabbath at church, and I am ashamed to have him see me drink: I will go to Mr. —'s for I never see him at church, and while taking a secret glass I was struck with this thought, that *God sees me the whole time*—I therefore resolved not to call there again, and have of late been to the village almost daily, and back without drinking a drop of spirits, and may God enable me to keep good my resolution.

—*Rochester Observer.*

A TEMPERANCE DRINKER.