

THE CANADIAN Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Saturday, November 8, 1851.

"My son, look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—*Proverbs, Chap. 23.*

COME, COME AWAY.

O come, come away,
Intemperance forsaking,
The poison cup, surrender up,
O come, come away.
Disease and death are in the bowl,
And swift destruction to the soul,
Then from it's base control,
O come, come away.

When sparkleth the wine,
When roddeneth the colour,
Then lift not up—the fatal cup,
But turn, turn away;
Look not upon it then, forsooth,
It biteth like a serpent's tooth.
Old age and blooming youth—
O come, come away.

When sweet Temperance,
Wife, husband, children blessing,
With evening songs—her note prolongs,
O come, come away;
For surer far is he to cure
His ill, where drink is waterpure,
And life's toils well endure,
Then come, come away.

Away to the polls,
Old men and young advancing,
With nerves of steel, and hearts that feel,
O come, come away;
Like freemen, take a noble stand,
A true and faithful temperance band,
And vote *Rum* from the land,
O come, come away.

RESPECTABLE TIPPLING.

How many families of respectability in Canada during the last 30 years have gone to ruin by drunkenness? We ask ourselves this question, and others have asked us the same, often within a year. In May last, at the Brougham demonstration, where we and the two Messrs. Campbell of Brooklin, Whitby, magistrates, and one of them formerly a member of Parliament, spoke on temperance subjects; a remark fell from one of them to the effect that near Kingston, we think, where he had been brought up, he had been acquainted with several hundred promising men many years ago, and that now nearly one half of them filled the graves of drunkards. Yet this speaker had not seen sixty winters. Now we can look back upon the lapse of twenty years or more with vivid recollections. We can call to mind our school-boy days from 1824-8 in Canada, and remember hundreds of promising young men, just about to start in life; some with glowing ambition in their souls, and genius on their brows; strong in health, hopes, and determinations. Where are they? Echo answers where. Go to the silent church yards of their

native counties and you will see their voiceless hillocks of green, where the wind moaneth and the cricket sings itself to rest. They were stricken down in youth by the hand of drunkenness. Had many of them lived sober men, their heads would have been black with the ungreyed hairs of youth. We saw them pollute our city streets with swollen faces, until the dogs considered them a nuisance and the grave all but refused them sepulture. Dozens of such instances are now in our mind's eye. Dozens of our youthful friends—schoolmates, have fallen before the power of intoxicating drinks. Some have left helpless wives and penniless children. Some brought a father to ruin and a mother to an early grave by drunkenness; which brought on bankruptcy. In our native county we knew two men, gentlemen of finished education, fine families and enlarged intellects, both intimate friends of ours, at whose hospitable boards we have often sat. These men were both cut down before the age of forty, like Byron, of whom one was a great admirer; they fell in their youth before alcoholic poison.

When we heard of the death of one of them, we wrote the verses many years since, that appear elsewhere in this number. *The respectable drinking usages* of society caused all this! Yet strange to say others with their eyes open follow on, heeding not the pit into which their fellow mortals fall. Why? They say within their hearts "we will not do as they have done—our strength is greater." Their example is followed, and a new generation of men—rising, promising young Canadians, are fed for *the ground* to be *swallowed up in youth*! Our schoolmates once thought as do these self-sufficient moderate drinkers, but where are they? "What means all this preaching" sounds in our ears. Gentle reader hold; we hold thee by the button for a moment. You are in danger, and if you are not you are leading others into it by an example. "What is that word? Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." Ah friend we know the age in which we live is noted for its selfishness, and that hypocrisy is a cardinal virtue with many; but we would have thee believe in better things. Turn thine eye on the heavens, within thy heart, and on thy wife and little ones around a quiet fireside. Ask thyself if these sayings be true, right and just. Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind and soul; and love thy neighbour as thyself." As men of sense, whether is it better for us to abandon a custom of *respectable tippling* and thereby promote our own and fellow men's interests, or persevere therein and carry out the motto of the heart's depravity. "Every man for himself?" We ask no man to sacrifice his interests or real good. The man that will not provide for his household is worse than an infidel; but we ask for the abandonment of a custom in society by genteel women and men; useless to them—expensive—unwholesome, and injurious by example. The middling, genteel, and educated

classes of Great Britain and America, control the fashions of society, and as they do, so will the labouring classes do. An example of total abstinence is exacted of you respectable men of society, upon the ground of humanity, and in view of christian duty. Banish from your sideboards, ladies, the wine bottle; let your little ones not taste the wine. Treat your visiting friends to other things than alcohol; and on New-year-days commence not a happy year with dissipation and tottering steps—with brains bedazzled with wine or rum. Let not the wine bottle pollute the funeral meeting or alcohol wet the cup of the holy communion.

Live in joy but yet be wholly temperate. We have tried both ways and know that total abstinence is the better one. At public dinners toast your Queen or your friends in good cold water or in some other way than over the tinkling wine cup.

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👉 "LOOK AROUND AMONG MANKIND AND WARN YOUR FELLOW MEN FROM ERROR'S PATH." 👈

Brother, did your ear ever catch these words in a Division Room? Did you ever reflect as a good Son of Temperance that in the community in which you live our principles and order require at your hands some exertions? Think of these words and your duty to all men. Remember the barren fig tree cursed by Our Saviour. What is a Son worth who among all his acquaintances has not sufficient influence to get one, yea two, yea three, to join his Division? 📌 Of what material must a Son be made if he so little love his order, that he will week after week allow time to pass without making one convert to our principles of *eternal* sobriety, from drinking alcohol? Give us the man of useful zeal, give us the Son who like General Carey of Ohio, burns *in the glory* of the cause; and whose eye flashes fire when speaking of the thousands of men whom the sword of intemperance has stricken down. Look around among your fellow men and warn them from error's path! Oh ye Sons of the Divisions of Canada! 📌 You have listened to our beautiful ceremony, and you have felt as if the hand of God was in them; and as if his all-seeing eye was gazing upon your hearts. Let the soul take fire at that altar of purity, and raise the scimeter as did the Moslems on the fields of Arabia, or as did the Crusaders brandish their swords under the lion hearted King of England, and cry, we battle against the enemy to the death. *Maine! Maine!* the total annihilation of the traffic is our watch-word. Oh brother thinkest thou that by simply joining a Division—folding thy arms in lassitude—keeping thy light hid under a bushel—keeping a bridle upon thy tongue and coward fear within thy heart that our cause will ever triumph? Arouse and awake at my voice ye men of principle; and if ye believe ye are right, stand up before men and say and act, and by a burning zeal—a steady activi-