

# The Son of Temperance.

VOL. II.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1881.

No. 9.

## The Good of the Order.

### The Children.

"Who bids for the little children—  
Body and soul and brain ;  
Who bids for the little children—  
Young and without a stain ?"  
"Will no one bid ?" said Canada,  
"For their souls so pure and white,  
And fit for all good and evil,  
The world on their page may write ?"

"We bid," said Pest and Famine,  
"We bid for life and limb ;  
Fever and pain and squalor  
Their bright young eyes shall dim.  
When children grow too many,  
We'll nurse them as our own,  
And hide them in secret places,  
Where none may hear them moan."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"  
Said Crime with a wolfish grin,  
"For I love to lead the children  
Through the pleasant paths of sin.  
They shall swarm in the streets to pil-  
fer,  
They shall plague the broad highway,  
Till they grow too old for pity,  
And ripe for the law to slay."

"Prison and hulk and gallows  
Are many in the land,  
T'were folly not to use them,  
So proudly as they stand.  
Give me the little children,  
I'll take them as they're born,  
And I'll feed their evil passions  
With misery and scorn."

"Give me the little children,  
Ye good, ye rich, ye wise,  
And let the busy world spin 'round  
While you shut your idle eyes ;  
And you judges shall have work,  
And your lawyers wag the tongue,  
And the jailors and policemen  
Shall be fathers to the young."

"Oh, shame !" said true Religion,  
"Oh, shame, that this should be !  
I'll take the little children—  
I'll take them all to me ;  
I'll raise them up with kindness  
From the mire in which they've trod ;  
I'll teach them words of blessing  
And lead them up to God."

### Not a Matter of Life and Death.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

"Come in !" said a voice, half  
choking with sobs.

"Why, what has happened, my  
dear ?" said a sweet-toned, gentle  
woman, as she opened the door of  
a dainty room opening on one  
side upon the exciting life of  
Paris, and on the other toward

the restful groves of Fontainebleau  
in the distance.

"It's hateful here," said the  
first speaker, a beautiful young  
woman of perhaps twenty, who  
lay weeping on the lounge. "I  
want to go back to America. I  
wish I'd never been married.  
We had promised to go this morn-  
ing to Versailles with a party of  
friends, and because it looked  
like rain Mr. James refused to  
go. I pleaded and begged, but  
he has a fearful will, and we both  
got angry, and he has left the  
house. I didn't suppose I could  
get so provoked with a person  
I have really loved."

"And do love now," said the  
gentle woman, who took the hand  
of the excited young wife.

"No, I don't, Mrs. Chester.  
I wouldn't care if I never saw  
Wilbur James again. I should  
think his first desire in life, after  
taking me from a lovely home,  
would be to make me happy.  
He likes his own way, and that  
is all he cares for, and he simply  
has the physical power to carry it  
out ; but that begets no love.  
I'm glad he knows I hate him,  
for I told him so this morning.  
What right has he to tell me  
what I shall do and what I shall  
not ? If he had been kind and  
gentle I would have done any-  
thing for him, but when he takes  
authority upon himself I hate  
him."

"But it might be worse," sug-  
gested Mrs. Chester. "What if  
he drank, or was profane or im-  
moral ? Life is never perfect for  
anybody, and your lot, my dear,  
is bliss compared to that of many  
women. But for Mr. James's  
will he would probably have lost  
half his force of character."

"I wouldn't care if he weren't  
smart at all," said the indignant  
girl, "if he wouldn't use so  
much control. I never was  
governed and I never will be. Not  
one man in a hundred knows how

to be gentle with his wife. He  
frets at the slightest things, never  
confides in her, and soon their  
lives grow apart. Do you think  
Wilbur would have acted like  
this before we were married ?  
He would have said, 'I fear it  
will not be wise to go, but I will  
consult your pleasure.' And my  
heart was set upon going to Ver-  
sailles with those friends, and I  
had promised."

And the pretty, self-willed wife  
broke out afresh in her sobbing.

"And why did Mr. James  
leave you ?" said Mrs. Chester.

"I suppose because I told him  
I hated him, and would go back  
to America as soon as I could.  
I suppose he loves me though he  
treats me like a child, and I will  
not be governed, and that's the  
end of it."

Hetty James was a petted girl  
who, naturally amiable, had been  
indulged in her every wish by  
very fond parents. She had  
wedded, as most girls do, expect-  
ing to find perfection, and had  
awakened to the fact that mar-  
riage has duties as well as plea-  
sures ; that for most of us, whe-  
ther men or women, it becomes  
necessary to adjust our plans or  
desires to others' needs ; to have  
no will of our own unless stern  
principle is involved. Love is,  
in its best sense, a sacrifice, yet  
one that pays.

No man marries with the plan  
of giving his whole life to selfish  
ends, whether it be to pleasure or  
even study or philanthropy, and  
ever makes life a success. That  
end is attained only by consider-  
ate thought for others, little at-  
tentions such as one gives con-  
stantly in the formalities of social  
life, and grateful appreciation.  
The man who lives for self, had  
better a thousand times remain  
unmarried than to tie another  
into bondage. The woman who  
has only her own personal ambi-  
tions in view usually proves a