

# The Son of Temperance.

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## The Good of the Order.

### A Temperance Epic.

(An Appeal for the Drunkard.)

BY G. G. PURSEY, TORONTO.

"Lead us not into temptation."—*Jesus.*

TWAS centuries ago—Paradise lost!  
Hope of regaining Eden, there was none.  
Full many a harvest had been gathered  
in  
Of bitter woe, remorse, disease and  
death—  
Fruit of a broken law, both just and  
good.

Still leaning on a fragile, broken reed,  
Still seeking aid from whence no succour  
comes,  
Man straitened, cast his longing eyes  
around,  
If haply he might find a remedy,  
That would in some degree alleviate  
Those dire results, and lull the pangs  
within.

A cruel Demon, on destruction bent,  
Was stalking weirdly up and down the  
earth,  
Watching his opportunity to work  
A deadly and infernal scheme, well  
plann'd,  
Which would destroy the last desire for  
good,  
And seal man's destiny for endless woe.

This end in view, a cordial he'd prepar-  
ed—  
A potent extract of inverted life,  
Whose principle had been distill'd from  
death,  
Which he alleged those properties con-  
tained,  
That man in his extremity required,  
To lubricate the earthlogg'd wheels of  
life,  
Invigorate his spirit, heal disease—  
At once the panacea for all life's ills.

With goblet running o'er with sparkling  
juice  
Uplifted high—with fascinating smile,  
Persuasive words, affecting sympathy  
For man, beneath his burden groaning,  
sick at heart,  
He readily secured an audience  
And broached his deep-lai' plan to  
willing ears.  
And thus he spake :—' What means that  
furrowed brow,  
That languid eye, that careworn coun-  
tenance?  
What mean those deep drawn sighs, that  
seem to reach  
The inmost chambers of thy tortured  
soul,  
Straining the tissue-fibres of thy throbb-  
ing heart?  
Hast thou no friend to whom thou  
canst appeal,  
Willing and able to repair thy loss?  
Art thou content thus hopelessly to live

A drudging beast of burden all thy days,  
Perpetual toil, no respite, no redress?  
Why e'en the elements are chartered  
to oppose,  
And frustrate thy designs and enter-  
prise :  
When grisly want impels to delve the  
soil  
And plant the wholesome seed, forth-  
with spring up  
The noxious thistle and the bristly thorn,  
Are these with timely thrift plucked by  
the root,  
Straight is withheld the fructifying  
Sun ;  
Or else the fountains of the sky are  
closed ;  
And should thy husbandry, in spite of  
this,  
Attain at length to full corn in the ear,  
Comes then the cyclone or the thunder-  
bolt,  
Crushing at one fell swoop thy cherish'd  
hopes.  
Thy little ones are blighted at the  
breast,  
The partner of thy bosom droops and  
dies,  
And thou art left alone despised, forgot !  
No comfort here, no hope of future bliss.

' Would'st, if thou couldst, avert thy  
dismal doom,  
And taste of joys thou hast a right to  
feel?  
List now to my suggestion ; I have  
power,  
By virtue of a secret I possess,  
To change this gloomy aspect of thy fate,  
And turn the tide of sorrow from thy  
gates,  
Show thee bright rays of sunshine  
through the clouds,  
The present light with joy, the future  
hope ;  
See ! I have here prepared, a simple  
drink,  
Pleasant to taste, delightful in effects ;  
'Twill nerve supply, and sinew for thy  
work,  
Thy spirit cheer, remove thy load of  
care,  
Bury in deep oblivion all the past.  
Open thine eyes to all that's beautiful—  
Cause thee to feel the measure of a man,  
Come, drink, and prove me, if my words  
are vain."

Man was beguiled, and took the proffer'd  
cup,  
And certainly the Demon's words were  
true ;  
For all the virtues that he claim'd were  
there  
And more, the long sought remedy was  
found ;  
Life, health, and pleasure, this Elixir  
gave,  
Gloomy forebodings turn'd to joyous  
mirth,  
Distracting fears gave place to brightest  
hope,  
All anxious thoughts and pressing cares  
retired.

' Here's to our friend, who' gave us  
wine,' he said,  
' Henceforth our tutelary god is he.'

All this it did, and did it all too well ;  
When care was banished, banish'd too  
was love,  
Except the love for that which wrought  
the change ;  
With love, all disposition to provide  
For hearth and home ; duty was push'd  
aside ;  
Under its influence, men could sit un-  
moved  
And hear their helpless children cry for  
bread ;  
Mothers, erstwhile of tender heart, and  
fond,  
Now, strange to tell, forgot their sucking  
babes ;  
Man would ignore his sacred nuptial  
vows,  
Woman, incontinent, degrade her sex,  
Sons, spurn their aged parents' rightful  
claims,  
Daughters, to virtue lost, desert their  
homes.

Full well that wily Demon knew the  
power  
Of that fell drug, t' enchain the appetite,  
The passions rouse, excite to hellish  
deeds,  
The conscience sear, retain its direful  
grasp,  
And stir up baseness never dream'd  
before.

The weaker natures no resistance made,  
The stronger dallied, and were overcome,  
The pure and chaste gave up to wanton-  
ness,  
Honour and innocence were undermin-  
ed,  
Each added draught from that insidious  
cup  
Welded another link into the chain,  
Wreck, spoliation, total ruin, Hell,  
Follow'd the wake of that destroying  
fiend!

Was it not strange, that man with rea-  
son blest,  
When such results as these had been pro-  
duced,  
Should not at once renounce the fatal  
cup  
And brand the Demon as his chiefest  
foe ;  
Turn back again to God's pure gift and  
free,  
The health-imparting, royal, sparkling  
brook,  
In pristine innocence, enough for all ?

But strong the manacle, the purpose  
weak,  
And man a slave to sensuality ;  
Reason and judgment, moral power de-  
thron'd,  
His downward course an impetus re-  
ceived,  
The wisdom of the ages cannot stay.  
Look back through all the generations  
past,