

The Son of Temperance.

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The Good of the Order.

The Teetotal Blacksmith.

By GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Hard his task, and scant his pay,
Yet he dreamed of bright to-morrows
Coming without clouds of sorrows,
And he sang a cheerful lay,
Rhythmic with the anvil ringing,
Telling stories, whistling, singing;
He was happy all the day.

Bronzed his face, and hard his hands,
Coal-dust-stained, the sweat-drops flow-
ing,

Half concealing red cheeks glowing
With the health that toil commands;
He, with hammer, forge, and bellows,
Looms up proudly with his fellows,
Winning honour where he stands.

What an appetite he wins!
And his labour solves the question
Of dyspepsia and digestion.

In the morning he begins
Striking as he should for wages;
Let it echo down the ages,
"Drunkenness is sire of sins!"

He's a stranger to the blues
And many ills that bring long faces,
And *enmi* with its painful spaces,
For he steadily pursues
With hope and heart his daily labour,
Even though he wakes his neighbour
With the strength of lusty thews.

He owes no debt he cannot pay;
With shrewd foresight and discerning,
He spends less than his toil is earning,
Coldwater is his drink alway.
Sobriety makes pleasant weather:
His little savings put together
Help when comes the rainy day.

Daddy's Prayers.

By ERNEST GILMORE.

SOME years ago, in a com-
fortable and clean little cabin
"down South," lived an aged
negro and his wife. They were
both devoted to Christ and to
each other, and were pathetically
fond of their two children and
six grandchildren. However,
they had a very bitter cup to
drink in the behaviour of Neb,
the father of three of the little
woolly-heads. He would drink
whenever he found an opportu-
nity, and that, unfortunately, was
quite often. The gray-headed
old negress wept and wailed her
grief: "O daddy, daddy! what
be we gwine to do wid Neb? I
belieb the debil got such a grip

on de chile dat he'll nebbber let
hin go. What be we gwine to
do, daddy?"

"Doan' take on so honey!
All we be goin' to do is to pray
for Neb. De Lawd's goin' to
answer His chillun's prayers for
shuah," her husband answered
consolingly. "Don't question de
Lawd's doin's, chile. To-day is
clouds and tomorrer brings sun-
shine. De Lawd knows best.

We am nuffin but two old cull'd
folks sarvin' de great Master; but
chile, we're 'listed, an' we's sot
our faces to'rds de New Jerusa-
lem. We hab coaxed Neb an'
arguffin wid him; now we's got
nuffin to do but to pray an' trust."

"But we *hab* bin prayin' an'
trustin'," sobbed the old wife.

"So we hab, honey, chile; but
we'll keep right on prayin' an'
trustin' till we hear de harps a-
playin' inside de pearly gates."

"But mebbe Neb 'll *nebbber*
come! O daddy! my heart am
big wid sorrow. S'possin', daddy,
you an' me and de oder chillun
was all a-walkin' by de lubly r**eb**-
ber in de golden hebben—s'posin',
we was a-list'nin' to de sweetest
music de angels sing, and po' Neb
wasn't dare; seems as if my
heart 'ud break even dare. Dey
say dere's no tears dare; but
dey would be, daddy, ef I was
dare an' po' Neb cast out."

The aged mother rocked back
and forth in her grief, and her
husband, looking at his grieving
partner pityingly, said:

"Hush, chile! you must stop
yer wallin' an pray more. De
Lawd's a-watchin' Neb, an' He
can lif' him up out ob de mire,
an' He will, honey. I belieb
truly, if I am a po' cullud man,
de Lawd hears me an' will listen
to my prayer. Don't look so
solemn an' so grievin', honey;
you make dis ole heart ache fer
you, chile. Git out ob dat shady
path into de sunshine—come
chile," he said, laying his thin

old hand on his wife's, as if
hoping that thus he might lead
her into the beautiful land of
trust. Aye, and he did lead her.

Leaning her old head upon his
shoulder, she said, as a bright
light illumined her wrinkled
face: "O daddy, daddy! I will
trust de Lawd for ever more. I
belieb I done forget dat my ole
black face was sot to'rds de golden
gate."

And so, praying and trusting
and serving the Lord, the lives of
the aged couple passed away.

But when they lay in their
last quiet sleep, with smiles upon
their worn faces, Neb was still a
prodigal. But to-day Neb stands
a trophy to redeeming grace—a
living example of answered prayer
Neb is a barber, and lives in a little
Northern town. He has a good
wife and six children, who are
clean, industrious, and temperate;
and he feels that he owes all his
comfort and happiness to
"daddy's prayers."

One summer evening Neb was
sitting in his pretty little yard,
his children about him, enjoying
the aroma of the great bed of
pinks which belonged to his only
girl, and listening to his wife
singing, in her melodious voice,
"We're trabbling on," when a
man, ragged and wretched, and
considerably the worse for liquor,
opened the gate, and, approaching
him, asked for "somethin' to eat."

"Send him out, papa, whisper-
ed Neb's little girl; "he smells
awful—I believe he has been
drinking."

"No, no, my girl," he answer-
ed in an equally low voice;
"bring him out a good supper,
and after he has gone I will tell
you a story."

The man ate as if famished, and
when he left the yard he opened
his bleared eyes in astonishment
as Neb said gently but earnestly,
"Turn about brother, God is wait-
ing for you."