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The Son of Temperance.

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No. 1

The Good of the Order.

The Tippler's Fright.

(Comic style, with care in the dialogue.)
 There once was a toper—I'll not tell his name—
 Who had for his comfort a scolding old dame;
 And often and often he wished himself dead,
 For if drunk he came home she would beat him to bed.
 He spent all his evenings away from his home,
 And, when he returned, he would sneakingly come,
 And try to walk straightly, and say not a word—
 Just to keep his dear wife from abusing her lord.
 For if he dared say his tongue was his own,
 'Twould set her tongue going, in no gentle tone;
 And she'd huff him, and cuff him, and call him hard names,
 And he'd sigh to be rid of all scolding old dames.

It happened one night on a frolic he went;
 He stayed till his very last penny was spent.
 But how to go home and get safely to bed,
 Was the thing on his heart that most heavily weighed.
 But home he must go; so he caught up his hat,
 And off he went singing by this and by that:
 "I'll pluck up my courage; I guess she's in bed:
 If she ain't 'tis no matter, I'm sure. Who's afraid?"
 He came to his door; he lingered until He peeped and he listened, and all seemed quite still.
 In he went, and his wife, sure enough, was in bed:
 "Oh," said he, "it's just as I thought. Who's afraid?"
 He crept about softly, and spoke not a word;
 His wife seemed to sleep, for she never e'en stirred.
 Thought he, "For this night then my fortune is made;
 For my dear scolding wife is asleep. Who's afraid?"
 But soon he felt thirsty; and slyly he rose,
 And groping around, to the table he goes;
 The pitcher found empty, and so was the bowl,
 The pail and the tumblers—she'd emptied the whole!
 At length in a corner a vessel he found;
 Says he, "Here's something to drink, I'll be bound!"
 And eagerly seizing, he lifted it up,
 And drank it all off at one long, hearty sup.

It tasted so queerly, and what could it be?
 He wondered. It neither was water nor tea!
 Just then a thought struck him and filled him with fear:
 "Oh, it must be poison for rats, I declare!"
 And loudly he called on his dear sleeping wife,
 And begged her to RISE—"For," said he, "ON MY LIFE
 I FEAR IT WAS POISON THE BOWL DID CONTAIN.
 OH, DEAR, YES, IT WAS POISON; I NOW FEEL THE PAIN!"
 "And what made you dry, sir!" the wife sharply cried;
 "'Twould serve you just right if from poison you died.
 And you've done a fine job, and you'd now better march,
 FOR JUST SEE, YOU BRUTE, YOU HAVE DRUNK ALL MY STARCH."

The Grog-Seller Vanquished.

Characters—Bob and Jack.

[Enter Bob.]

BOB [*musingly*].—Well! well! well! What the mischief is all the world coming to? Every fellow says he's going to be a Son of Temperance, or a Cadet, or a Good Templar, or some other of these new-fangled societies. I wonder what kind of a magnet they have in their meeting rooms, for they seem to be drawing every chap there.

[Enter Jack.]

Holloa, Jack! what wind brought you here? I haven't seen you this age. What's the best news, young man?

JACK.—Well, Bob, I don't know any new's just now of much importance, except that all our family have joined the Temperance Society, and Uncle Samuel is to be initiated to-night in the same Division that father belongs to. But I suppose that is not the best news to your mind.

BOB.—Pshaw! As to that I don't care a fig, for your father never spent much money in our place. It was only at night that he used to come, and then he always got so confoundedly drunk that father and I had to kick him out every night. But he won't

have the pleasure of spending a comfortable evening over a glass of grog, now that he has joined your water gruel affair. However let him go, and joy go with him. He will soon find out how to fetch himself back here again though, depend on it.

JACK.—I hope not, Bob; he has had enough of such quarters as these already, I can assure you.

BOB.—You may think so, Jack, but if he does not soon fall back into his good old ways, my name isn't Bob Swig-a-little. But, Jack, tell me how your old dad came to join the Sons? for I thought they would only like those whom they thought were orderly and respectable citizens, and I'm sure they could not find, out of gaol, a more drunken beastly fellow than your dad used to be.

JACK.—Perhaps you saw some bills on the fences the other day and in the shop windows, with this heading: "Mind your helm shipmates, and steer steady over the ocean of life!" If you did not read this bill, Bob, I can tell you that it was about a Temperance lecture to be given in the Town Hall by an old sailor who had been a drunkard. Well, father happened to pass by, and read it, so he determined to go and hear the lecture, never dreaming that it would lead him to sign the pledge or join a Temperance Society. The night came and accordingly he wended his way to the hall, reaching it in time to secure a good seat.

BOB.—Well, Jack, and what did the old fellow have to say?

JACK.—I can't tell you all he said, but I know this—his arguments were so forcible, that father could hold out no longer; he signed the pledge, and determined while in the room to get Mr. Faithful to propose him as a member of the Sons of Temperance.