

# The Son of Temperance.

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## The Good of the Order.

### The Moderate Drinker.

*[Boldly, with great care in the dialogue.]*

"I love the intoxicating glass,  
Then why should I be such an ass  
As dare to muzzle up my lips  
And all my fancied joys eclipse?"

No, NO, I will not take your vow,  
I cannot part my pleasures now;  
I do not go to dissipation,  
I only drink in moderation.

Go tell the drunkard of his sin,  
Who takes too much rum and gin,  
He, doubtless, needs a reformation;  
But I'll hold to my MODERATION."

Thus speaks a selfish man, whose mind  
Is to the world's great evils blind;  
He knows within his heart and soul  
The sad effects of alcohol,

And yet he will not part his cup,  
Nor give the deadly evil up,  
Because he does not go the length  
The drunkard went, and that his strength

To drink strong liquor, kept him free  
From stupid inebriety!

"Oh, sir," I say, "your boasted will,  
Or strength to drink, or cunning skill,

Or otherwise your worldly pride  
Has helped you hitherto to hide  
The infant drunkard in your soul,  
Which craves and longs for alcohol.

That hateful drunkard you eschew  
Was once as moderate as you;  
That giant vice which wakes your scorn,  
Like drunkenness was baby-born;

The pathway of inebriation  
Leads down the slope of moderation.  
All men possessed of common sense  
Have to admit that abstinence

From alcohol, our deadly foe,  
Has proved the safest road to go.  
Your will is strong, and so you think  
You'll never be o'ercome by drink,

But stronger men than you were known  
To be by liquor overthrown.

You say you drink to help digestion—  
But drink or not to drink's the question,

Then say which party will you choose—  
The tipplers—or, those who refuse;  
If you partake you side with those  
Who total-abstinence oppose,

And therefore you must rank among  
The sipping, tipping drinking throng.  
So long as men the liquor buy  
So long will men the drink supply;

You buy, and therefore patronize  
The man who drunkards' drink supplies.  
Thus you, with all your moderation,  
Must class with men of dissipation.

So take at once your proper place—  
Or better still, your steps retrace,  
Nor dare to temperance lay claim,  
While moderate drinker is your name;

For such as you must ever prove  
A barrier to our onward move,  
And therefore you must take your stand  
With other tipplers in the land."

## The Public Meeting.

A DEBATE FOR FIVE MALES AND ONE FEMALE.

THE CHAIRMAN.—My young friends, we have met for the purpose of advocating the principles of abstinence from intoxicating drinks. Though we are but young, we are old enough to know that drunkenness is a great evil, and that moderate drinking is dangerous; and, though some of the friends may desire to speak in favour of strong drink, I feel assured there are others here who will be prepared to meet their objections. I have now the pleasure of calling upon our stanch friend.

MASTER JOHN DRINKWATER.—And I hope, Mr. Chairman, I shall ever be a credit to my name. I am not ashamed to own that I believe cold water is the best and cheapest drink in the world, and I never look on it without feeling pleased. My good old aunt used to shake her head, and say, "Ah, Johnny, I'm sure water won't agree with you," but I went to see her the other day, and she was obliged to confess that I looked better than when mother gave me beer. I saw a poor drunkard in the hands of the policeman yesterday, and I felt assured had he been a cold water drinker he would not have been there. I hope to induce all I can to drink cold water; and I will invite as many children to attend the Band of Hope as possible.

MASTER LITLEDROP.—Mr. Chairman, I do not like water, it makes me so cold; I greatly prefer taking a little beer, it warms me and does me good. My father says it does him good also, and a great many good people take it; and if they take it why should not I—and why should we not all take it, now and then? Besides, it is so nice at Christmas-time to take a little elder wine, and to play at snap-dragon. I do not think that teetotalism

would suit me, and therefore I could not desire others to abstain.

MASTER ABSTINENCE.—I rise, Mr. Chairman, to reply to the last speaker. He says cold water makes him so cold. This is a mistake: for the tendency of cold water is to make you feel warm; and if you have a cold, the best thing you can take before you go to bed is a draught of water. This will induce a perspiration—and you will be better in the morning. The general rule is that hot drinks make you cold, and cold drinks make you warm. I know that beer seems to warm, but the man who drinks beer is not able to endure the cold as he who totally abstains. The last speaker asked why he should not take a little beer and wine now and then; and he appears to think he could not be happy at Christmas without his wine and snap-dragons. Last Christmas I had the pleasure of spending two or three pleasant evenings in the company of those who totally abstain, and we were all very happy indeed; and we have the pleasure of knowing that no child was deceived by wine or strong drink. And we think there are several reasons why Master Littledrop should abstain. 1st, the little drop does no good; 2nd, the little drop may create a love for the drink; and, 3rd, the love for the drink may lead to drunkenness, and drunkenness may lead to death. Therefore, we hope that Master Littledrop may be induced to abstain, and join at once our Band of Hope.

MASTER LITLEDROP.—I certainly feel obliged to the last speaker, and feel that it would be a good thing to do away with strong drinks. If they do not do any good, at all events, I think as there are so many present who have tried it, and it appears to answer well, that it can not be wrong for me to give it a trial;