

# THE ORDER OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

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## ITS ORIGIN.

HISTORY tells us of a celebrated navigator, the discoverer of Florida, who had heard, on the green shores of his own Porto Rico, of a fountain far away in the wilds of the American continent, which possessed virtues to renovate the life of those who should bathe in its streams, and give a perpetuity of youth and beauty to the happy man who should drink of its overflowing waters. He was an old and hardy adventurer, whose cheeks had been furrowed by long service in the chivalrous wars of Granada, and whose form had been bowed by years of toil.

He credited the pleasing tale, and old as he was, devoted years to the pursuit of this elixir of life, which was said to flow from a perpetual well-spring in the midst of a country glittering with gems and gold.

He came from the land of the vine and the fig-tree, and after many wild adventures, amidst a wilder race of men, he died without ever having discovered the pleasing object of his imagination!

This story, which may not improperly be termed a prophetic allegory, finds a remarkable fulfilment in the history of our own country. Long years have rolled away since that bold man set out on his perilous voyage—the wilds of America have been cleared away—this fountain has at length been discovered—in our day it has been discovered—it is a perpetual fountain—it is situated, if not in a country glittering with gems and gold, in the most prosperous and happy country on the face of the globe. Its streams are flowing out to bless and beautify every hamlet, and village, and city in our land. It is the *Temperance Fountain*, the renovating and healthful influence of whose waters is seen in the countenances of our youth, in the energy and activity of our men of business, in every grade, in every circle of life. And by these waters, too, is nourished that beautiful and comely tree of virtue and of moral purity, whose fruit is rich and free to all; whose branches, shielding the innocent and the defenceless from the rude blasts of penury, prejudice and passion, are destined, ere long, to overshadow our entire land, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

Every well regulated temperance society, and in the humble opinion of the writer of these pages, every Division of the "Sons of Temperance," a band of ardent and devoted brothers, whose object and whose interests are to reform and bless the world, are streams from