

# The Son of Temperance.

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## The Good of the Order.

### Be Brave, My Brother.

(Recite in a cheerful and bold style.)

Be BRAVE, my brother !  
And let the wine-cup pass ;  
Gird up thy strength, for much it needs,  
To shun the social glass.  
It may be beauty's hand,  
That proffereth it to thee ;  
Put on, then, armour to withstand  
Such two-fold witchery.  
'Tis not alone the battle-field  
That needs a hero true ;  
There's many a strife in calmer life  
That needs a hero too.  
Then BE BRAVE, my brother,  
And let the wine-cup pass ;  
GIRD UP THY STRENGTH, for much it  
Needs, To shun the social glass. [needs,

Be STRONG, my brother,  
Refuse the glowing cup,  
Although it needs thy utmost strength  
Sometimes to give it up ;  
Where genial spirits meet,  
And friends around thee press,  
Put on thy armour to defend  
Thy path in gentleness.  
For many a joyous feast,  
And hospitable board,  
May prove as rife with battle strife  
As battle-fields afford.  
Be STRONG, my brother,  
REFUSE the glowing cup,  
Although it needs thy utmost  
strength.  
Sometimes to give it up.

Be FIRM, my brother,  
And joys will soon be thine ;  
The joys of peace and happiness,  
Surpass the joys of wine.  
To help destroy the serpent's sting,  
MAKE BARE the lion's den,  
Removing much that's dangerous  
From 'mongst thy fellow-men.  
'Tis surely worth the striving for,  
And worth thy ablest powers,  
To clear the way for better days,  
In this fair world of ours.  
Then, BE FIRM, MY BROTHER,  
And joys will soon be thine ;  
The joys of peace and happiness,  
Surpassing joys of wine.

### A Temperance Dialogue.

MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

Characters.—CHARLEY, DICK, ETHELBERT,  
FRANK.

SCENE.—Boys' room at College. Table at one side with books, etc. Pitcher of water. Small stand in the middle of the room. Enter young men, Frank bearing tray with glasses and larvo pitcher ; sets it on the stand.

FRANK.—Come, boys, this is my birthday, and I am going to treat you all. Here's a paper of crackers I bought last night, and here's a pitcher of the best Scotch

ale. The cat's away and we mice can play. I got Black Joe to smuggle up the ale for me, and cook supplied the glasses. She'll expect us to remember her when we are through, and I will if we have to fill the pitcher twice over. Come, boys, walk up and help yourselves. (*Pours out the liquid.*)

ETHELBERT.—Thank you,—Frank, but you will please excuse me. I never drink intoxicating liquors of any sort.

FRANK.—Fie ! Bert, you don't call ale intoxicating liquor, do you ? That pitcher full wouldn't hurt a common head.

ETHELBERT.—Mine must be an uncommon one, then ; for half a glass would set it spinning like a top and beating like a trip-hammer.

CHARLEY.—That's because you are a green hand at the business. Try it a few times, and you'll stand it like a soldier.

ETHELBERT.—Thank you, I prefer to show my bravery by fighting alcohol to the death.

DICK.—Hurrah for the distinguished temperance lecturer that is to be—Hon. Bertie King ! Come, give us a specimen of your eloquence, and we'll let you off from the beer.

(*Several Voices*). That's it. A speech, a speech from Bertie King. (*Boys seat themselves, fold their arms with mock gravity.*)

CHARLEY.—Come, no flinching, Bert. We shall relish our beer so much better afterward. We can't excuse you.

ETHELBERT.—(*Smiling, though somewhat confused.*) Ahem ! Gentlemen, this unexpected honor—ahem—

DICK.—Very good, go ahead.

ETHELBERT.—Well, as I was saying, this unexpected honor—(*draws a manuscript from his pocket and pretends to be reading.* Boys laugh.)

DICK.—(*Goes about, all primed ready for action,*) Well, give it

to us, old fellow, and we'll stand it, whatever it is.

ETHELBERT.—Well, boys, as you all seem to be of one mind, I don't think anything will suit you better than a brief address about Prince Alcohol. You all know what a great general he is. I suppose he has fought twice as many battles as Colonel Gunpowder ; and what's more to the point, he's conquered nine times out of ten.

You'll know his brigade anywhere by their uniform—red turned up with purple. The old veterans are often ornamented with ruby-colored jewels called carbuncles. If you stick to his service long enough, you are sure to get promoted.

There's another mark by which you will not fail to know the general's men. They all show they were drilled by one man. Every one of them, in common walking even, illustrates finely what Hogarth calls "the waving line of beauty." But on horseback these knights of the bottle chiefly excel. Such wonderful circus feats as they perform, such circling and zigzagging—now this side, now that. It is commonly thought as good as a show to watch one. And then how courteous they are ! What low bows they make to every one they meet, particularly to the ladies !

Then, too, you all know the "happy-go-lucky" state of mind they usually possess. One may be rolling in the gutter without a coat to his back or a hat to his head, but you will find him still as happy as a king on his throne. He will feel that he can have all the world for the asking. No matter if the ground does tumble and heave about him at a wonderful rate. He knows that he is travelling on all right, as far as the tipping sidewalks will permit. If, the next day, snaky horrors haunt him, just give him