

The Son of Temperance.

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The Good of the Order.

Where There's Drink There's Danger.

By H. A. GLAZEBROOK.

[Recite earnestly, boldly, and with special expression]

Write it on the liquor store ;
Write it on the prison door ;
Write it on the gin-shop fine ;
Write, aye, write the truthful line,—
WHERE THERE'S DRINK THERE'S DANGER.

Write it on the workhouse gate ;
Write it on the schoolboy's slate ;
Write it in the copy-book.
That the young may at it look,—
WHERE THERE'S DRINK THERE'S DANGER.

Write it on the churchyard mound,
Where the drink-slain dead are found ;
Write it on the gallows high ;
Write it for all passers by,—
WHERE THERE'S DRINK THERE'S DANGER.

Write it underneath your feet,
Up and down the busy street ;
Write it for the great and small
In the mansion, cot, and hall,—
WHERE THERE'S DRINK THERE'S DANGER.

Write it on our ships which sail,
Borne along by steam and gale ;
Write it in LARGE letters, plain,
O'er our land and past the main,—
WHERE THERE'S DRINK THERE'S DANGER.

Write it in the Christian home,
Sixty thousand drunkards roam,
Year by year, from God and right,
Proving with resistless might,—
WHERE THERE'S DRINK THERE'S DANGER.

Write it deep on history's page ;
Write it, patriot, scholar, sage ;
Write it in the Sunday school ;
Write, ah, write the truthful rule.—
WHERE THERE'S DRINK THERE'S DANGER.

Write it in the House of God ;
Write it on the teeming sod ;
Write it on hill-top and glen ;
Write it with a BLOOD-DIPT PEN,—
WHERE THERE'S DRINK THERE'S DANGER.

Write it for our rising youth ;
Write it for the cause of truth ;
Write it for our fatherland,
Write, 'TIS DUTY'S STERN COMMAND,—
WHERE THERE'S DRINK THERE'S DANGER.

Write it for bright Heaven above ;
Write it for the God of love ;
Write it near the dear fireside ;
Write it too for CHRIST who died,—
WHERE THERE'S DRINK THERE'S DANGER.

An Essex Lad's Story.

[Recite boldly and with cheerfulness.]

I WAS born in a village not far from Colchester. My father was a farmer's Man, and a very good father he was. He could drink a pint of beer, but no man ever saw him drunk or anything like it. My mother was better educated than most of her neighbours, and did what she could to bring me up in an honest way. She knew her bible, and taught me to pray a child's prayer. No lad could have a kinder mother. I have always thought her face was the sweetest I ever knew ; it was like a picture of the Virgin Mary I once saw in a shop window, and I wished hard enough then that I had money enough to buy it.

Like my father I went on the farm, and when harvest time came I had to go for the beer. I soon learned to drink it, and I fear was once nearly drunk while yet a boy.

One Christmas day—it fell on a Sunday that year—some of the village lads and I went to church, and, at the close of the afternoon service, we agreed to go to the "Jolly Farmer" beer-shop and have a spree. We agreed to call at once, for four pots of beer, and drink them off as soon as we could, and then do it all over again as long as we could. This just suited the landlord. He was a bad man. He was a swearer, a poacher, and a thief, and did us lads lots of harm. Many an honest fellow was led into evil ways by him, and driven from the village, or sent to gaol. Well, we lads drank our beer, and then called for more, and, at last, I rolled off my seat drunk. Drunk at seventeen years of age ! Drunk after having been at church ! Yes, it was so I am sorry to say.

When my mates found out my state—for they were nearly all drunk too—they took me by the

arms and legs, pulled me into the road, and then tumbled me into a cold, dirty outhouse. There I lay doubled up in a very awkward position until the morning. When the frosty air blew in upon me, on some one opening the door, I was unable to rise, and looking round I saw a lot of faces grinning at me through the chinks in the boards. I tried to get up but could not stand. At length, I managed to crawl on all fours to the road, and still I could not stand. The position in which I had lain all night had affected my back and limbs so that I could not walk, and I had to crawl along the road, full half a mile, to my father's cottage. I was like a wild brute. I was doubled up out of shape, my eyes were bloodshot, my lips and tongue were swollen, my hair fell over my face, and my Sunday clothes were all soiled with mud. My poor mother had been told of my coming, and met me at the door. She saw a helpless dirty mess at her feet. This was her child—her son ! Oh, how she wept as she helped me upstairs, washed my face and head, aided me to undress and got me into bed. I felt miserable. I was ill, ashamed, and savage, and thought that death would be better than life. My father brought me a cup of tea, but he never spoke. I could not blame his stern silence. I had done great wrong.

When I was better and able to go to work, I did not care to stay in the village. I was so taunted and mocked that I ran away and came to London. I had a hard time of it on the way. My money was soon exhausted, my shoes broke to pieces, a man stole my bundle of clothes, and I entered London a beggar, a tramp, and a "casual," for I had been obliged to take shelter in the workhouses, lest I perished in the winter's snow.