

THE CANADIAN Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Tuesday, July 8, 1851.

"My son, look not thou upon the wine when it is red,
when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth
itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and
stungeth like an adder."—*Proverbs, Chap. 23.*

DASH THE WINE-CUP AWAY.

BY WM. H. RURLFUGH.

DASH the wine wine-cup away! though its sparkles
should be
More bright than the gems that he hid in the sea,—
For the Demon, unseen by the eye lurketh there,
Who would win thee to ruin, to woe, and despair.

Believe not the tempter who tells thee of joy
In the bright flashing goldlets that lure to destroy;
Nor barters thy birthright nor give up thy soul,
Nor a moment's mad bliss, to the Field of the Bowl!

Oh, the mighty have fallen!—the strong and the proud
To the thrall of the wine-cup have abjectly bowed;
For its maddening delights flung their glory away,
And yielded, insanely, their souls to its sway.

The wise, and the learned in the lore of the schools,
'Have drunk—and become the derision of fools;
And the light that made radiant the spirit divine,
Hath often been quenched in a goblet of wine.

Youth and Beauty, while yet in their strength and their
glow,
Have been marked by the fiend and in ruin laid low;
And the Priest and the Statesman together have kneeled
To the wine-god obscene, till in madness they reeled!

Up—up to the rescue! The land must be torn
From the grasp of the Demon whose fetters we've worn;
Our home, by his touch, be no longer profaned,—
Our souls in his thralldom, no more be enchained!

Dash the wine-cup away! we will henceforth be free,
Ere the captives the Demon whose fetters we've worn;
And the foul fiend that bound them be thrust back to hell,
While the songs of our triumph exultingly swell!

—*New York Reformer.*

WATERTOWN, June 7, 1851.

Original Poetry.

For the Canadian Son of Temperance.

ADVANCE!

BY J. H. KING.

Away aloud o'er every nation,
Let the trump our watchword peal,
For a lost world's preservation,
Bruised and bleeding hearts to heal.
See our banners proudly waving,
Motto'd with the word "ADVANCE,"
Thousands hear—and thousands saving,
Turn and quit the drunkard's dance.

See yon almost ruin'd creature,
Victim of the tempter's wile,
Trembling form and spectred feature,
Once the consort of the vile.
Ruin—once her own had thought him,
When no power on earth could save,
But, oh joy—the Sons have caught him,
Turn'd him from a drunkard's grave.

Mark the tender wife that lov'd him,
Smiles with hope's reviving beam,
Often have her sighs reproved him,
But they vanished like a dream.
Now her heart elate with pleasure
Swells with joy, and hope, and love,
For the saviours of her treasure,
Now her prayers ascend above.

See yon aged and weeping mother,
Wipes the tear drop from her eyes,
For the Sons have saved another,
Who had robb'd her breast of sighs.

He in whom her hopes were founded,
Prospect of a mother's joy,
Long by demon imps surrounded
Demons who would life destroy.

Long to Ruin's arms they lured him,
Faithless Vice and Folly too,
In their mazy folds obscured him,
Lest his downward path he'd view.
But our watchword peal'd to save him,
Knell'd a death to demons eurs,
And we stopp'd and knelt to crave him,
Now to dry a mother's tears.

Now no more the revell ballad,
Nor the drunken catch are sung,
Now no more a horror pallid—
O'er that noble face is flung.
No—the voice is sweetly swelling
In the Jubilate we sing,
And now from that saved one's dwelling,
Prayers to bless our cause take wing.

Yes and heaven's King has bless'd us,
And has added to our might,
And (although the foe has press'd us.)
It has owned our cause was right.
It has blessed our motto'd banner.
Where Advance our watchword press'd,
Here a voice with angels manner,
Whispered Onward and be bless'd.

Yes and we are now progressing,
Thousands daily swell our ranks,
To partake our moral blessing,
And to render God their thanks.
Brethren, then, be all united,
For to break the drunkards trance,
And our labors well requited,
We will see our cause advance.

For the Son of Temperance.

A CUP OF HOT TWANKEY.

AIR.—"A Bumper of Burgundy."

A cup of hot Twankey now, fill, fill for me,
Give me none of your heady champagne,
For there's no tippie equals a cup of good tea,
As it soothes and composes your brain.

Now, now, when the cares of the day are gone by,
And the youngsters come in from the green,—
Let us have no more pouting or piping the eye,
But, in Twankey, drink God save the Queen!

Chorus.—Let us have no more pouting, &c.

I very well know 'twas the fashion of old,
When to those whom we honored we quaff'd,
To drink sparkling wine out of goblets of gold,
And to swig half a pint at a draught.

I boast not of gold but my heart's in my cup,
Tho' the swizzle's half black and half green—
No winking or flinching but drink it all up,
And like Britons, shout God save the Queen!!!

Chorus.—No winking, &c.

B. F. B.

Toronto, June 1851.

THE LATE JUBILEE AND THE PRESS.

The papers have expressed various opinions
on the subject of the assemblage of the Sons on
the 18th of June. The opinions are generally
favourable. One paper in Toronto, the *Patriot*,
has thought proper to sneer at the affair, and has
followed up this sneer with an avowal that he
thinks the movement unnecessary. We have
not time or inclination to enter into any discus-
sion about the *Patriot's* remarks just now. We
know the classes in this city that he is trying to
please. They are all wine bibbers and liquor
sellers. The Editor is probably like the Priest

Brother White was telling about who came over
from Niagara with him.

We are told that the *British American* has
also made some improper remarks on Brother
White's visit to Woodstock.

The *North American* has copied into his
columns the whole of our leading article about
the jubilee, and with it has thrown in a little
spice of criticism. His terms "*crooked Rhetoric*"
and "intemperate" we can't understand
the meaning of. His estimate of the numbers
in the procession is quite as large as ours. The
Globe's estimate was upwards of 4000. It
would be well for all who wish to criticize, to
show their criticism correct, and we have yet to
learn the correctness or classical beauty of the
expression "*crooked Rhetoric*." Our descrip-
tion of the jubilee is not too *florid* "or a little
intemperate." We have reason to believe that
the estimate is beneath the mark. The Breth-
ren of Thornhill informed us that they walked
part of the time 4 deep in the procession, and
that others did the same. Our estimate is based
on a line only 2 deep, and a mile and a half long.
The *Examiner's* estimate exceeds ours also.
The best proof of the *North American's* esti-
mate of our description is the fact of his copying
the whole of it. The *North American* means no
offence by his criticism, but we think it uncalled
for. We ask the city papers unfriendly to our
cause, what has always been and is now the
greatest evil of society in this community, and
what evil eats up the most of our taxes in this
city? Is it not the crimes resulting from the
evil of drunkenness in man and women? Ask
the High Bailiff Mr. Allen what is the cause of
the crime amongst us, and you will receive his
answer *drunkenness*. Ask the Ministers of
Churches in this city what most opposes their
work—what keeps men and women from their
Churches, and from embracing the Christian
faith, and they will tell you—drunkenness and
the use of spirituous liquors. Yet for filthy lucre
and advertising patronage, we have journals
libelling man's best friends!!

THE COUNTY COUNCIL

In its late Session through the exertions of
Brothers Recsor, Gould, Hartman, and others,
have passed some resolutions asking the Govern-
ment to amend the law giving full power to all
Municipalities to license or not license taverns
and shops.

As the law stands, shops can sell liquor by
the quart under the Imperial Act of Eng-
land, irrespective of our Legislature. This law
should be got rid of. This system of selling by
the quart is very bad. It is almost as produc-
tive of evil as selling by the dram.