

The Son of Temperance.

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The Good of the Order.

The Drunkard's Bride.

By ANNA GRAY.

[Pathetic style, with a serious tone of voice.]

Eager she listened to the pattering sleet,
Out in the lone deserted street;
Listened to hear the well-known tread
Of one, whom others had already said,
Better, far better, she had never wed.
Beside her lay, in all its grace,
Her long white veil of marriage-lace;
But the face it had decked was sad and wan,

As if that day had long since gone.
Days had wrought, with their blighting tears,
Changes not to be erased in years.

Still she listened, as her heart beat low;
Why did he linger away from her so!
Only yesterday morn she stood by his side

And breathed the vows of a happy bride;
But to-night she prayed, in that lonely room,
For one ray of sunshine to break the gloom.

Then, still as she listened to the driving sleet,
That seemed on her very heart to beat,
Distinctly she heard the heavy tread
That told her heart they bore home the dead!

WILDLY SHE WATCHED THEM, though without a fear,
Beating in the heavy, unsightly bier;
And listened on, with eyes unblurred,
To each unfeeling, thoughtless word,
As they whispered round in a careless way,

"Good for her that he died in this drunken fray!"
Then they bore the form from the lonely room

That seemed too small to bear its doom,
And smoothed her tresses of silken hair,
And told her, "Life would yet be fair,"
Yes, they bore her away, and she never stirred;

The grief in her heart they never heard:
But she, who loved him too well to dread

The frightful looks of the ghastly dead,
Lit her lamp and slipped away to his side,
Where, briefly before, she had stood a bride;

And, kneeling there, gazed long and well—
Asked if those lips would no secret tell—

'Mid the horrid scenes of the drunken strife,
Did they breathe no sigh to your lonely wife!

Was there no thought [of her whose un- faltering trust
Would have mingled her own with a drunkard's dust!

Didst ever think, O dearest dead!
Of the plighted vows you have lately said!
Then, kissing the death-damp from the icy brow—

Is there no way to answer me now?
Must I wait and watch, and never know
The secret that wrought this heavy blow!—

'Must think that I was forgotten quite
In the short, short hours of a single night!—

No white-winged vision thrilled her soul,
As a strange, wild tremor o'er her stole;
No broken whisper sounded near,
But the very air breathed in her ear,

"I know, and feel thy presence, dear,
Which, though loved on earth, is more so here:

I feel thy breath fan lip and cheek
In the same old way, but they cannot speak;

I feel thy tears fall for my sake,
But the seal of death they may not break;

But to thee, who wert earth's idol dear,
I'll tell the secret that brought me here;
My paltry gold lured the tempter's snare;

I forgot thy loving word, 'BEWARE!'
And, though I loved thee as I ought,
I drained the cup of its bitter draught.

Madness came; but God knows well
That I loved thee then more than words can tell;

And as heavy grief as may meet me here
Is to see thy heart bleed at a drunkard's bier,

And to know that thy mind, so like a child,
Must leave Reason's throne in raving wild;

For God, 'Who doeth all things well.'
Will consign my bride to a maniac's cell."

"I Believe in Moderation."

[A Dialogue for two Characters.]

John. I reckon you teetotalers as at the one extreme, and the drunkards at the other. I believe in moderation.

Paul. And you reckon the man who stands half way between the two as in a better position than either; do you?

John. No doubt.

Paul. Why?

John. Why? Because I think both the teetotaler and the drunkard are intemperate, and I hold that the middle course is always the best.

Paul. Gently there. One reason at a time is enough, if you please. I shall begin to think you intemperate, if you use so many more words than are necessary.

John. But I have only used

one. I prefer moderate drinking because, being the middle course, it is the true temperance in respect to the use of strong drink.

Paul. That is, because it is the middle course it is the true temperance; and being so, it is better than either of the extremes!

John. Yes, exactly.

Paul. But, my dear "sir," is there not another question that has to be decided first? Are you not assuming something? You say that a moderate use of intoxicating drinks is the middle course between abstinence and drunkenness. But if I choose a longer range, and remind you that the question is one of dietetics, and you are bound to consider why a man drinks at all, and whether all the natural wants of the body in respect of drink are not amply provided for in the fluids nature supplies. You say a moderate use of intoxicating drinks is the half-way house between total abstinence and intemperance. What if I insist on a longer journey? If I make the whole range of drinking to extend from cold water in just sufficient quantity to quench the thirst—then milk, tea, coffee, cocoa, and the rest of the non-intoxicating drinks used in this country, then intoxicants in small quantities, and lastly in excess. Where is the middle point then? Are you not assuming too much when you take it over the line among the intoxicants at all?

John. Well, perhaps, if you put it in [that way; but that is not the question. The question is between abstinence, moderation, and excess.

Paul. But don't you see you have another question to settle first?

John. What is that?

Paul. Is there any "right use" of alcohol as an article of food? That is the question. If there is, I, who abstain, am certainly