

# The Son of Temperance.

VOL. I.

BRANTFORD, NOVEMBER, 1879.

No. 7

## The Good of the Order.

### Wanted. A Minister.

By W. STITT JENKINS.

[Recite earnestly, but with vigour.]

We want a friend both kind and sage,  
Of tender youth and hoary age  
The best affections to engage—  
As minister.

Nor one austere and grim and sour,  
That will disdain the lowly poor,  
But enter oft the rich man's door—  
As minister.

Nor one to in the pulpit shine,  
And talk a deal of things divine,  
Yet tarry often o'er his wine—  
As minister.

Give us a man to "watch and pray,"  
And feed the tender lambs each day;  
Nor from his duty turn away—  
As minister.

Yes, give to us a sterling man,  
Still ready with some noble plan  
To bless his neighbours all he can—  
As minister.

And if perchance he have to write,  
Will show no favour, fear, nor spite,  
But still in holy things delight—  
As minister.

Who still will choose the better part,  
And bind God's precepts to his heart,  
Nor from the golden rule depart—  
As minister.

A man like this will all revere,  
And young and old, both far and near,  
Will hold him to their souls so dear—  
As minister.

Ah! send us, Lord, throughout the land,  
A sober, pious, faithful band,  
For Thine inheritance to stand—  
As ministers.

To fear not hunger, heat, nor cold  
To covet no man's stores of gold,  
But for the truth be ever bold—  
As ministers.

Who will not e'er with tongue or pen,  
Gloss o'er the crimes of wealthy men,  
But beard fell Bacchus in his den—  
As ministers.

And haste to preach a new crusade,  
Against strong drink's unholy trade,  
AND DARE TO CALL A SPADE A SPADE—  
As ministers.

### Mary's Treat to Her Husband.

(Dialogues suitable for male and female, representing Husband and Wife.)

Mary is seen sitting with her arm reclining on a table, as if resting for a few moments from her needlework. She says, looking up at the clock:

"I do declare if it isn't nearly nine o'clock! How late John is again; and yet he promised me

most faithfully he would be home to-night early; for I could not help telling him that to-morrow we shall have been married twelve months, and that taking all things together, though we have had our little troubles, yet upon the whole it has been a happy time with us. The only thing that at all disturbs me even now is the growing habit of his staying out a little later. But I won't despair. I'll still do my best to make his home happy, and show him it is the best place for him when his day's work is done. (A knocking is heard: she continues as she rises) Ah, he has come at last! (Going to the door she lets him in, saying:) I'm so glad you've come, for I was feeling lonely."

John. I'm sorry to be so late, my dear, but the fact is I stayed rather longer than I intended at the Cat and Fiddle; but they wouldn't let me come away, for one of our chaps told them that to-morrow was the anniversary of our wedding, and so they made me stand treat before they'd let me leave.

Mary. It's just as I feared; but I'm glad you've come, though you're later than I expected.

John. Better late than never, you know, Mary, as I said twelve months ago, when they blamed me for not getting married before. [They both sit down.]

Mary. That's quite right; and now, John, I want to ask you where you propose taking me to-morrow, for I quite expect you'll give me a holiday to celebrate the anniversary of our wedding-day.

John. Indeed, nothing would please me better; but the fact is, Mary, I'm hard up, and shall not be able to take you out anywhere, I'm afraid.

Mary. Not take me out to-morrow? What, can't you scrape together only enough to go and see my parents in the old spot. I'm sure they would be delighted,

for you know we haven't been since the day you brought me away from there to here.

John. That's true, Mary; but I declare it has taken all my earnings to keep us going, even by trying to be as careful as I could.

Mary. Bear with me, John, if I ask whether you really have been as careful as you could. Does it not cost you something more every night you go to the Cat and Fiddle than it would if you came home?

John. That's quite true, but you wouldn't deprive me of all my comforts. Why, you know, Mary, I cheerfully agreed, the day we were married, to let you have your two half-pints a day as your share at home, and I only take the same as a rule at the public-house.

Mary. That's all very well, but surely you can manage to take me for a holiday to see the old folks?

John. I would if I could, but I've not a penny in the world until wages are paid on Saturday.

Mary. What would you say if I would stand treat and take you?

John. You stand treat? Where are you to get the money from I should like to know?

Mary. If I haven't got the money, I've got the price of a pint of ale, and that will do it.

John. Why, you are crazy. The idea of talking such rubbish—a pint of ale to take us both for a holiday. Ha! ha! You've had an extra pint, I fancy.

Mary. Stop a bit—not quite so fast, You shall have a holiday—for, see—(Taking out of her dress-pocket a bag with a lot of cents in it, and shaking them on the table)—"Instead of spending my 5 cents per day in ale, I have saved them, and see how they have grown. 5 cents a day is 35 cents a week—\$1.40 in four