

The Son of Temperance.

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The Good of the Order.

The Song of the Distiller.

Recite boldly, and with marked expression.]

GRIND, GRIND, GRIND!
Gather in the golden corn;
Speed the mill-wheel night and morn;
Store away the soil's chief treasure;
Fill the mash-tubs without measure:
GRIND, for your reward!

STEAM, STEAM, STEAM!
Kindle fast and fierce your fire!
Raise the smoke and vapour higher;
For the victim rear an altar;
'Tis no time to faint or falter:
Bread must die to-day!

STIR, STIR, STIR!
Let your sweat the mixture moisten;
Brew the generous grains to poison;
Make the victim breathe infection,
Scathe him with a fiend's complexion,
Make him writhe and die!

HISS, HISS, HISS!
HARK! the still-worm's snaky breathing,
Fast the victim's life-blood seething,
Drops the fiery liquid now,
Fit to bathe a devil's brow:
BATHE, YE GOBLINS, BATHE!

POUR, POUR, POUR!
Fill the casks to overflowing;
Now your chiefest care bestowing;
Mind the market—not a drop
For thirst or pains, for field or shop,
Till my cash I see!

DRINK, DRINK, DRINK!
Cash and empty hogsheds bring;
Brawl, and fight, and dance, and sing!
Raise the fumes of whiskey high;
Send your curses to the sky:
HA! the cash is mine.

FIRE, FIRE, FIRE!
Clang the bell from every steeple;
Rouse and rally all the people;
SHRIEK, thou drunkard's frantic
spouse,
Scorched, within the burning house,
Seek thy hapless babes!

MURDER, MURDER, MURDER!
Hither mingled corpses bear;
Hearts with keener anguish tear;
BUILD YOUR PRISONS, GIBBETS REAR;
Void of conscience, void of fear,
I MY WORK PURSUE!

Timothy's Stomach and St. Paul's Cloak.

(A Dialogue for two characters.)

Parishioner. Well, sir, what do you think of the Temperance question now?

Clergyman. Just what I have always thought of it—that it is a system altogether opposed to

the direct commands of Holy Scripture.

P. How do you make that out, sir?

C. Why, in this way: that you do not attend to St. Paul's advice to Timothy—to "use a little wine for your stomach's sake." Now I do what Paul told Timothy to do. (See 1 Tim. v. 23.)

P. But, my good sir, you surely do not mean to say that St. Paul commands *you* or *me* to drink wine? He advised Timothy to do so for special reasons; but you and I are not Timothy?

C. No matter. It is Scripture; and unless you intend to make such Scripture precepts purely of a temporary and circumstantial character, you are bound to obey its injunctions.

P. My dear sir, the precepts of Scripture do not appertain to meat and drink, but to far higher and more important issues. I am not Timothy, my stomach is not Timothy's, and I am not sure I have his particular complaint. The advice of Paul was local, circumstantial, personal; and so far as the personal act was concerned, it was a matter for Timothy alone.

C. Yes, so you say; that is the way that you teetotalers get over the Scriptural warrant for drinking wine. "Local," and "personal," indeed! I wonder what we shall come to next?

P. Well, we shall see, perhaps, if you will kindly wait a minute or two, while I go and fetch my carpet bag and railway rug.

C. Your carpet bag and rug! Whatever do you want that for?

P. (Going out.) You will see in a minute or two. [Exit.]

C. Well, I declare, if that isn't a nice way of getting out of a fix. I thought I could soon silence his rubbish about teetotalism. I never did hear such foolish reasons as these cold-

water fanatics try to palm off upon intelligent people. However, they won't carry me away with their attempts to be wiser than what is written.

(Enter Parishioner.)

P. Sorry to keep you waiting, but I really find that I have not a moment to lose.

C. But you are not going away without settling my point about Timothy?

P. No, I am just going to practically answer it by starting off by the express train and mail boat to Troas.

C. To Troas? And where, pray, may that be, and what in the world can call you there at this time of day?

P. Most important business, I assure you; nothing short of a Scripture precept. *I am going to do what Paul told Timothy to do—to fetch the cloak that Paul left there, and the books and the parchments.* You remember Paul told Timothy to bring them to him. (2 Tim. iv. 13. *(reading from a New Testament.)*)

C. Why, you must be mad, sir, to talk that sort of nonsense. St. Paul did not tell *you* to fetch those articles. He asked Timothy to do so; but you are not Timothy.

P. But, sir, is it not Scripture? Do you mean to say that the precepts of Scripture are of a merely temporary or circumstantial character? I tell you I am going to do what Paul told Timothy to do.

C. Then I tell you, you are insane if you attempt any such thing. The request of Paul was local, circumstantial, personal; and so far as the personal act was concerned, it was a matter for Timothy alone.

P. "Local," and "personal," indeed! Then if I have no command of the Apostle to fetch the cloak and papers from Troas, because the request was personal