

The Son of Temperance.

VOL. I.

BRANTFORD, SEPTEMBER, 1879.

No. 5

The Great Spider.

Dedicated to Saloon-Keepers.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

A Spider sat in his basement den,
Weaving his snares for the souls of men.
"I will not work with my hands," quoth
he;

"An easier pathway must open for me."
He spreads his tables of greenest baize,
And many a cunning trap he lays.
The marble balls are smooth and white,
The den is blazing with floods of light.
Behind the bar the spider stands;
There is not a wise man in the land,
But will loose his wit and become a fool
If he yields himself to the spider's rule.
There is not a man so strong and brave,
But the spider will dig him a shameful
grave.

There is not a youth so noble and fair
But will learn to drink, and gamble, and
swear

In the spider's den. But do not, pray,
Dare to dispute the spider's sway;
If you sweep the den with the law's
strong broom,

Perhaps you might make a cleaner room;
But then men are fearful—a little afraid,
In fact—on the spiders to make a raid;
'Twould stir up excitement, and spiders
must live;

So our dear household treasures we
patiently give.

The spider still sits in his basement den,
Lying in wait for the souls of men.

Zip.

BY MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.

"WELL, I don't believe there's
any necessity for it," said
Mabel Brown, as Zip Bryan
was accounting for his ragged con-
dition to two dainty girls who
had been beguiled by his snatches
of song and merry face into asking
him some sober questions. "You
might surely get on *something*
whole."

Mabel got this bit of assurance
from the best possible source.
She had often heard her mother
say of the miserable creatures
who came to beg for food or
clothes that she had no doubt
their rags were kept in store and
"put on for the occasion." And
once Norah had seen a fair coun-
terpart of Zip actually take off a
cap and respectable pair of shoes
and hide them under an elder-
bush in the alley, while he came
in with bare feet and head, with

a forlorn look to match, to beg
for those very identical articles of
apparel.

"Go in and see," was Zip's
unanswerable reply, as he turned
back his thumb to the miserable
door of entrance.

"Shall we?" asked Mabel,
rather doubtfully, of her com-
panion.

"Let's just look," said Rose,
and Zip led the way. Up a pair
of creaky stairs he went, and
threw open the door to a single
room, where, peering in, they
saw a woman with coarse, bloated
face lying on the bed, in a heavy
sleep.

"Is it your mother?" asked
Mabel in a whisper.

"I s'pose so," said Zip. "Yo'
do'n't see much else, does yo'?"

True enough, not much else;
one or two old chairs, a broken
stove, a doorless cup-board with a
few broken dishes, was all her
keen eyes could detect.

"And yo' wouldn't find no
more ef you'se to go clear in, 'coz
there an't nothin'. That's as I
told yo' why I was tumblin' and
singin' for pennies to get a bun
or a loaf."

"And where's your father?"
"Got none; he did jes so 'till
he was dead."

"Who else is there?"
"Nobody."

"Is she cross to you?"

Zip looked down a moment,
then at the woman on the bed.
Then he pushed up a ragged
sleeve, and seemed intent on
studying a large black-and-blue
spot, and then eyed the other
sleeve, as if doubtful whether to
push that up, but said nothing.

Mabel put a dime in Zip's
hand, and the girls went down
and on their way. That day,
before the heavy sleep left Zip's
mother master of her little do-
main, a policeman looked in upon
them, and a kind gentleman took
Zip to be cared for where child-

ren cruelly treated can find at
least a temporary respite. But,
I said to myself, if one could only
get a hammer that would knock
off the chains from a rum-seller's
conscience, he would do more with
that blow than a dozen societies
to prevent cruelty, good and
noble as they are. There are two
or three ways in which we must
get *back* of them, or the Zips will
continue to live and multiply and
burden the earth.

Where is the Harm?

BY S. K. H.

"ALFRED, please don't give
Charlie that wine; I shud-
der to see him drink it with such
evident satisfaction and pleasure.
I am afraid it is wrong, and that
we are creating in our child a
love for intoxicating liquors that
may sometime come back upon us
with terrible force."

"Oh! pooh, pooh, you silly
little wife; where's the harm of
pure wine like this? Is my son
ever going to be a drunkard?
Don't be so foolish! Come here,
my brave boy. Want some more
of papa's good drink?"

And the little fellow, clinging
to his father's chair as they sat
over the dessert, lisped, smacking
his lips:

"Es; Tarlie 'oves it. When
Tarlie big man, Tarlie dink, dink,
dink all day."

The mother shuddered, and a
paler spread over her features,
but the father threw himself back
in his chair with a hearty laugh,
and tossed off another glass of
wine, leaving a little for the child,
to reward him, he said for his
cunning little speech.

Years have gone. The scene
has changed. In a dark and
and dreary tenement-house harsh
words and fearful oaths from one
of the upper rooms startle the
remaining inmates, and bring
hither a policeman, who proceeds