

How beautiful, how beautiful, if every brother's
 Were rescued from its old reproach, the scoffing and
 the shame;
 And dashing every chain away, how beautiful to see,
 The drunkard starting to the man, the noble and the
 free.

How beautiful, how beautiful, if thro' this ocean isle,
 Each village wore the coming glimpse of a redeeming
 smile;
 Then should the ruins of the state erect in glory stand
 And hope relume her dying torch, to lighten up our
 land.

Yes, beautiful, most beautiful, and shortly we shall see
 This land, our own dear native land, from vile intem-
 perance free;
 Shall see her sons all stand erect, the temperance
 cause to bear,
 And all her daughters wreath its flowers amidst their
 shining hair.

XI TEMPERANCE TRUMPET.

The trumpet is sounding with notes full and clear,
 To warn all the nations that danger is near.

Onward—When our young and growing Band of Hope
 Calls "Beware, oh! beware!"
 Oh flee from the wine-glass—
 For ruin lies there.

The monster Intemperance is wasting our land,
 Ten thousands are conquered and fall by his hand.

Our flag of true temperance we've raised to the sky,
 And we are determined to conquer or die.