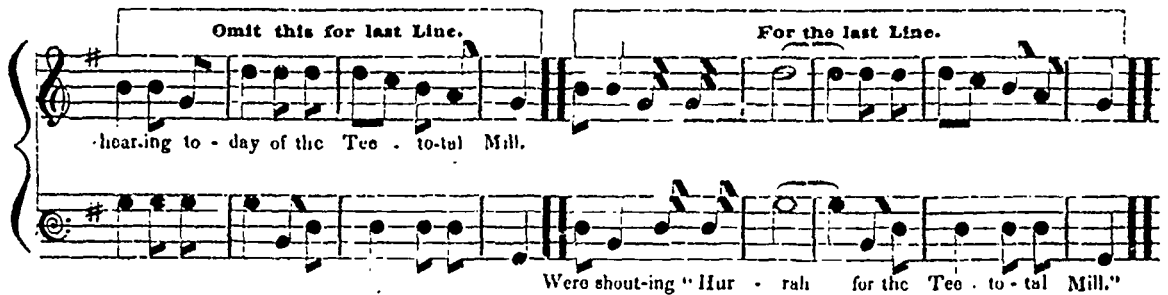
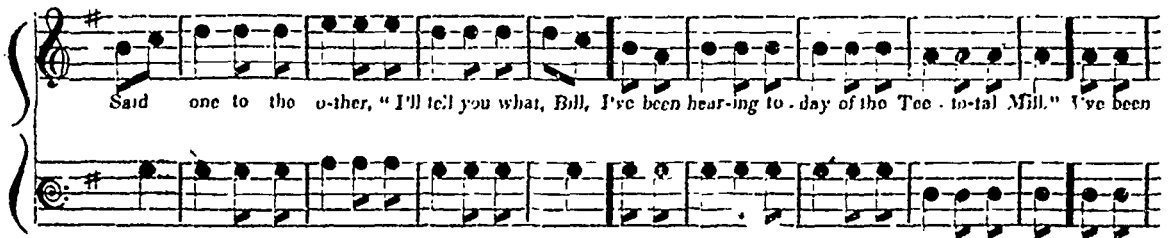


## HURRAH FOR THE TEETOTAL MILL!



You must know that this comical Mill has been built  
Of old broken casks, when the liquor's been spilt;  
You go up some high steps, and when at the sill,  
You've a paper to sign at the Teetotal Mill.

You promise, by signing this paper, (I think.)  
That ale, wine and spirits you never will drink;  
You give up, (as they call it,) such rascally swill,  
And then you go in to the Teetotal Mill.

There's a wheel in this Mill that they call self-denial,  
They turn it a bit just to give you a trial;  
Old clothes are made new, and if you've been ill,  
You are very soon cured at the 'Teetotal Mill."

Bill listened and wondered, at length he cried out,  
"Why, Tom, if it's true what you're telling about,  
What fools we must be to be here sitting still,  
Let us go and we'll look at the 'Teetotal Mill."

They gazed with astonishment—there came in a man,  
With excess and disease his visage was wan;  
He mounted the steps, signed the pledge with good will;  
And went for a turn in the Teetotal Mill.

He quickly came out the picture of health,  
And walked briskly on in the highway to wealth;  
And as onward he press'd he shouted out still,  
Success to the wheel of the Teetotal Mill.

The next that went in were a man and his wife,  
For many long years they'd been living in strife,  
He beat and abus'd her, and swore he would kill,  
But his heart took a turn in the Teetotal Mill.

And when he came out, how altered was he,  
Steady, honest, and sober—how happy was she;  
They no more now contend—no you shan't, yes I will—  
They were blessing together the Teetotal Mill.

Next came a rough fellow, as grim as a Turk,  
To curse and to swear seem'd his principal work,  
He swore that that morning his skin he would fill,  
And drunk as he was, he reeled into the Mill.

And what he saw there, I never could tell,  
But his conduct was changed, and his language as well;  
I saw, when he turned round the brow of the hill,  
That he knelt and thanked God for the Teetotal Mill.

The poor were made rich, the weak were made strong,  
The shot was made short, and the purse was made long,  
These miracles puzzled both Thomas and Bill;  
At length they went in for a turn in the Mill.

A little time after I heard a great shout,  
I turned round to see what the noise was about,  
A flag was conveyed to the top of a hill,  
And a crowd, amongst which were both Thomas and Bill,  
Were shouting "HURRAH FOR THE TEETOTAL MILL."