

from the haug, P. Y. in St. Inasuerus, as we are from this grim and ghastly [redacted] is mowing down his victims and numbering up his slain amongst us. And yet year after year, this is in effect our language:—

“For so much gold we license thee;
 (So say our laws) a draught to sell
 That bows the strong, enslaves the free,
 And opens wide the gate of hell:
 For public good requires that some,
 Since many die, should live by rum.

“Ye civic fathers, while the foes
 Of this destroyer, seize their swords,
 And Heaven's own hand is in the blows
 They're dealing, will ye cut the cord
 That round the falling fiend they draw,
 And o'er him hold your shield of law?

“And will ye give to man a bill
 Divorcing him from Heaven's high sway;
 And while God says “Thou shalt not kill,”
 Say ye “for gold, ye may—ye may?”
 Compare the body with the soul,
 Compare the bullet with the bowl!

“In which is felt the fiercest blast
 Of the destroying angel's breath;
 Which binds the victim the more fast,
 Which kills him with the deadlier death?
 Will ye the felon fox restrain,
 And yet take off the tiger's chain?

“O, holy God let light divine,
 Break forth more broadly from above
 Till we conform our laws to thine,
 The perfect laws of truth and love;
 For truth and love alone can save
 The children from a hopeless grave.”

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