

Art thou its votary? ask thy soul—
The soul in misery deep;
Yea, ask thy conscience if the bowl
Can give *eternal sleep*.

Star of the temperance morning, hail!
Thrice welcome to our sight;
Shine, brightly shine, nor canst thou fail
To cheer us with thy light.

Shine on, thou star of promise, speak
Of brighter hours at hand;
When truth shall o'er all barriers break,
And virtue fill the land.

Shine on the young ere they begin,
To tread the dang'rous way;
Nor cease till thou hast usher'd in
The bright millennial day!

'Tis but a drop,' the father said,
And gave it to his son;
But little did he think a work
Of death was then begun.

The 'drop' that lur'd him, when the babe
Scarce lisp'd his father's name,
Planted a fatal appetite
Deep in his infant frame.

'Tis but a drop,' his comrades cried,
In truant school-boy tone;
'It did not hurt us in our robes,
It will not now we're grown.'

And so they drank the mixture up,
That reeling youthful band;
For each had learn'd to love the taste
From his own father's hand.

'Tis but a drop,—I need it now,'
The staggering drunkard said:
'It was my food in infancy—
My meat, and drink, and bread.

'A drop—a drop—oh, let me have,
'Twill so refresh my soul!'
He took it—trembled—drank—and died,
Grasping the fatal bowl.

However others choose to act
Towards the Temperance cause,
We hail its blessings to our home,
And strictly keep its laws.

We will not *touch* the drunkard's drink,
But close our lips to all;
Reject the foe in every form,
Lest we should taste and fall.

We will not *give* the drunkard's drink
Our friends to entertain;
But act the more consistent part,
And teach them to abstain.

We will not *buy* the drunkard's drink,
Nor *keep* it where we dwell;
It is the source of crime and death,
It hurries crowds to hell;

Let Christians now unite to make
One firm devoted band;
No more to use the drunkard's drink,
But drive it from our land.

THE END.