

THE BONDAGE OF DRINK.

You think I love it? If this nerveless hand
 Could gain immortal strength, this very hour
 I'd sweep the hellish traffic from the land,
 And crush its blighting, maddening, nightmare power.
 Yea, now, with all my latest dying breath,
 I'll curse the thing that drags me down to death.

Love it? I loath it! Yet I drink and drink,
 And hate my bondage with a loathly hate,
 And hate myself as through the town I slink.
 The pledge? No, no! Too late - too late!
 No pledge! I've tried it twice—a waste of breath
 Too late! There's no release for me but death.

It's bad enough to drink; but *not* to drink
 Doth such a train of ghastly horrors wake
 As in one hour would leave me dead, I think.
 Ah! keep away, ye fiends, for pity's sake!
 The very thought of them affects my brain;
 My end will be when they shall come again.

Love rum? I'd love to hold my head up high,
 And breathe God's air a free and fearless man,
 And look with undimmed eyes on earth and sky,
 With steady nerve to do and head to plan.
 I'd love to grapple trials as they come
 In manly fashion, brave and strong. Love rum!

If only I could come into some land
 Where no drink is, God knows how willingly
 I'd fight those dreadful torments of the damned
 That clutch the soul of him who would be free.
 But marshal up those grizzly shapes of woe
 To fall again, as twice before. No, no!

Ah! if I might have known how it would be,
 In those old college days, so wild and gay,
 When first I drank in youthful revelry!
 How easy then to put the cup away!
 A mother's hope and joy I was till then;
 Now see me trembling—ha! those eyes again!

Back, fiery eyes, to hell, where ye belong!
 I'll drink ye down. What, blood? Drink blood!
 Help! help! They come, a hideous, devilish throng.
 Back! get ye back! They'll toss me in the flood!
 Long, crooked hands are crawling in my hair!
 Is this the end? Ha, ha! too late for prayer!

Extract from statistical
 Toronto, in 1869, by Rev. V.
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III. ANNUAL EXPENSES A
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