

wer to those who would seduce us, be, "We are engaged in a great work and therefore cannot come down—and for why should the work cease?"

In the midst of reproaches, let us continue to increase our exertions against the thralldom of Alcohol, till the last chain of the Tyrant is broken—till every man can see in his brother the Free—the Unfettered Canadian, emancipated *forever* from the brutalizing influences of men, who shout for temperance, as they stone her ministers—who bow at her shrine, as they qualify the pollutions of Bacchus. Such men we cannot hope to please and therefore we need not make the attempt—As belonging to the Sons, however, we are anxious to have their movements understood and appreciated by every honest advocate of Temperance Reform; and having prepared the following lines for the Soiree lately conducted by the Sons in this town, we insert them here, as illustrative of the manner in which all the practical advocates of total abstinence should unite and blend their efforts in conducting the final, *overwhelming* onset against *The universal destroyer*, a struggle in which, the Sons of Temperance are evidently destined to achieve the most signal and glorious triumphs.

MUTUAL GREETINGS

OF THE

Total Abstinence Union, and The Sons
OF TEMPERANCE.

BY THE UNION.

HAIL! All Hail! Ye Sons of Temp'rance,
Strong in power to save the lost;
Potent in the cause of morals;
Friends of those who hate you most.

Onward! Onward! Sons of Temp'rance;
Strike! The cause is that of man;
Grasp fell Alcohol, in vengeance;
Dash him down! with all his clan.

Rescue from the slaughter'ring orgies
Thousands yearly torn apart,
By the **FIEND-DRAWN** car of Bacchus
Plunging deep in human heart!

Onward! On the fields of *anguish*,
Alcohol's dark minions foil;
Make the woes and desolations
Wrought by them, on them recoil.

BY THE SONS.

Hail! All Hail! Ye Honored Leaders,
In the strife that's called us forth;
Nobly have ye checked the Lava
Scathing millions in its course.

Stern we come to aid your efforts;
Rolling back swoll'n floods of woe,
In the face of Growling Legions
Dripping fresh with human gore!

On! we come to nerve the vanquished,
Heaving hot pestiferous breath;
Teaching youth and hoary fathers
How to quench those fires of death.

Ever in our onward movements,
Rolling back swoll'n floods of woe,
In the face of Growling Legions
Dripping fresh with human gore!

BY THE UNION.

Tell the world what secrets guide you,
In the victories you achieve,
Lest suspicion charge upon you
Schemes a demon's heart would grieve.

That the good may cry, go onward!
Strike! for man, for virtues's claims;
Seize King Alcohol, the Tyrant!
Dash him down! to writhe in flames.

BY THE SONS.

Secrets, how to free the captive;
Bind him in the ark of life;
Guide the erring; guard the temp'rate,
Nerve our arms to deadly strife.

While we toil in Sonship's phalanx,
Rolling back swoll'n floods of woe,
In the face of Growling Legions
Dripping fresh with human gore!

Anxious all the world should join us,
Petty schemes we're bound to shun;
Men of *truth* from every party,
Sect and Order, find the Sons.

Seeking nought but moral order,
Rolling back swoll'n floods of woe,
In the face of Growling Legions
Dripping fresh with human gore!

BY ALL IN CONCERT.

Let all join in Sonship's phalanx,
Clinching shields and locking hearts,
Pledged to zeal and stern decision,
Firmly act the hero's part.

Not with murderous weapons burnished,
With warm blood from gushing wound,
But with balmy hands uponbing
Hearts, to nameless horrors doomed.