

What though of wealth uncounted
Our country's foes may boast!
What though their influence reacheth
Where influence counteth most!
The cry of starving children,
Of homes and wives forlorn,
Will surely break our slumbers,
And make us sloth to scorn.

From village and from hamlet,
From towns or near or far,
There comes the sound of conflict,
The clash and din of war,
Soon will the fight be over,
The mists be rolled away;
And on our own Ontario
Shall dawn a brighter day.
—H. Mortimer.

The Coming Day

Tune—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

In the wretched haunts of vice, where
the shadows of despair
Hide the sunlight that would gladly
enter in,
Where the widow droops her head,
where the orphans cry for bread,
Oh, 'tis there the world of woe we
must begin!

Chorus:—

Shout! oh, shout! the day is dawn-
ing;
Soon the clouds will break away,
And the rocks and hills shall ring
With hosannae that we'll sing,
For the promise of that great and
glorious day.

With an earnest love of truth, with a
hatred of the wrong,
Brother, sister, friend, and neighbor
shall unite;
Oh! that happy time will be all crea-
tion's jubilee!
And the angels, too, will bless the
wondrous sight.

Lift your eyes unto the hills, and the
brilliant rays behold,
Like a crown of glory on the brow
of day;
'Tis the herald of a time when the
temperance bells shall chime,
When our votes have put the drink-
ing bars away.

Chorus:—

Shout! oh, shout! the day is dawn-
ing;

Soon the clouds will break away,
And the rocks and hills shall ring
With hosannae that we'll sing,
On the morning of that resurrection
day.

—Catholic Temperance Advocate.

Let Us Save the Drunkard

Tune—"Scatter Seeds of Kindness."

O'er the dark and cruel regions
Where the slaves of drink abound,
There are voices ever calling
From the ruined, crushed and bound,
There are wrongs that need redress-
ing.

There are foes who challenge fight,
There are giants need repressing,
Darkened souls who need the light.

Chorus:—

Then let us save the drunkard,
Let us sweep the drink away.

If we knew the bitter anguish
Of the hearts with sorrow riven;
Could we number all the thousands,
Who to dark despair, are driven;
Could the tears that fall in millions
Tell us each their tale of woe,
We should linger not in rieling
To defeat this deadly foe.

Widows' wail, and orphans' sorrow,
Drunkards' gloom and dying groan,
Cheerless homes, and homeless chil-
dren

Bid you make this cause your own.
Now the hour is come to rally,
And to set the captive free;
Heaven and hell inquire and wonder
What your answer now will be.
—Mrs. Commandant Booth.

Temperance Doxology

Praise God from whom all blessings
flow!
Praise God who heals the drunkard's
woe!
Praise God who leads the temperance
host!
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost!