

THE TEMPERANCE VOTE.

Free men ! come, record your votes
 Where the Temperance banner floats,
 And around our noble standard join us in this holy war.
 Forward ! forward ! to the front,
 Bravely bear the battle's brunt ;
 Firm and faithful, true and earnest, strong in union as ye are.

True, the conflict may be long,
 For the enemy is strong,
 And it's only Prohibition that can lay the tyrant low ;
 Still united be our powers,
 Till the victory is ours ;
 Let us never faint or falter, as in rank we meet the foe.

By our dearest brothers dead,
 By the tears our sisters shed,
 By the tragic tales of horror in this Canada we love ;
 By the wrongs of lovely Woman,
 By the wreck of all that's human,
 We have sworn eternal warfare, and our help is from above.

Let us strive by earnest prayer,
 Let us rise to do and dare,
 Till the battered shrine of Bacchus all in ruins we behold :
 Till King Alcohol is caught,
 And his votaries are taught,
 That the dealer's only motive is his burning thirst for gold.

If our tears are vainly shed,
 Over "Sins and sorrows" spread.
 If we cannot always conquer, we are doing what we can,
 While we temperance promote
 We can agitate and vote,
 And wherever we can find him, still support the temperance
 man.