

No strong drink we'll use, then, it can ne'er deceive us  
 Don't taste a drop; O touch it not,  
 But come, come away!  
 Come drink the pure and crystal stream,  
 And put our trust alone in Him  
 Who from sin can redeem,  
 O come, come away.

## LIX

## BENEVOLENCE.

TUNE—Bonnie Dundee.

LET THE warrior march over mountain and plain,  
 Let the poet sing sweetly, the patriot inflame,  
 And the voyager roam o'er the tempest-tossed main,  
 For riches or honour, for pleasure or fame.

But dearer to us to conquer and gain  
 A brother from ruin, and make him abstain:  
 For drink is the foe of our country and race,  
 The spoiler of hearts, and our nation's disgrace.

Benevolent hearts are like fountains that flow  
 All the purer and sweeter the more they bestow;  
 Let ours, then, in fulness, run outward, to bless  
 The "wee raggit weans," and their sires in distress,

Far dearest of all, when young hearts are won,  
 And led in the pathway of temperance to run;  
 For then they are free, and they never may know,  
 The sorrows and pains which from drinking must  
 flow.

As happy abstainers, right onward we'll go,  
 And love the poor drunkard, while drink is our foe.  
 Be kind and speak gently, for love may constrain,  
 And lead him to temperance and virtue again.