

## POEMS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Young friends of our Dominion,  
For you these lines are penned,  
By one who your best good desires—  
By one who is your friend.

Of Temperance to you they speak,  
A theme not new, but old ;  
The writer knows for many years  
The story has been told.

But is not Temperance a theme  
In which you should engage,  
When through our land most fearfully  
Intemperance doth rage.

If you your country truly love,  
Her best good you should seek,  
And against everything contend  
By which she is made weak.

Behold the victims of strong drink,  
Where'er you turn your eyes ;  
Can you survey their wretchedness,  
And not against it rise ?

The liquor fountain, from whose streams  
Flow misery, death and woe ;  
Its proceeds, think you, will God bless  
To help our country grow ?

Through public streets and private lanes  
Poor wretched people go ;  
Marks left them by old Alcohol  
Are all they have to show.

Of nakedness and want of bread  
Trembling old folks complain ;  
Often they tell their tale of grief,  
When it is told in vain.