

He said there was no reason why reformers should cry
 "Halt!"

Or limit their attention to the "mountain dew" or malt.
 They should stop the growth of barley—of that he was
 quite sure,

And the hops and vines would follow suit to make a per-
 fect cure.

XXXVI.

He was often fairly puzzled and sorely tried to know
 Why so many alcoholic weeds were authorised to grow,
 Until a grave and learned man, the Rev. Mr. Small,
 Assured him that they were no doubt a relic of the Fall.

But as long as these pernicious plants that gave out alcohol
 Were allowed to rear their upas heads upon our virgin soil,
 He had no hope that he could cope with such a sore temp-
 tation,

Or from the wine-cup and the beer hold off his congrega-
 tion:

They had been sunk so low, he feared, in social degradation,
 The moral course had lost its force to work out their sal-
 vation.

In these palmy days of scholarship 'twas marvellous to think
 That the Bible gave permission for the usage of strong
 drink;

He'd searched it over many a time from cover unto cover,
 But not a line to warrant it could any man discover.

XXXVII.

But to finish up this glorious and benign reformation
 Which swept like a resistless wave advancing o'er the
 nation,

There was something more than cocktails that were
 precious to their heart,

From which he was afraid they must be satisfied to part.