

magnet that attracts material akin to itself; alas, what a world of wretchedness and crime is reflected from that nucleus of Intemperance."

"Hold on, hold on, Fred," ejaculated Jenkins, "that'll do for the present."

"Go on, Fred, your illustrations are beautiful and impressive," cried Stevens, "go on, you are hitting the target at every shot."

"For goodness sake, Fred, do stop; or you will convert us all into a company of 'cold water-boys,' " cried Jenkins.

"Come! come, my lads," exclaimed Haveril, "we'll wind up for the present with a bumper of 'hot Scotch' and I'll pay for the drinks."

"Hot Scotch! hot Scotch!" shouted a half dozen of voices—and having partaken of a rousing bumper they called upon Fred to favor them with a song, to which he responded in the following Temperance Song, entitled "*One Glass More.*"

Behold yon wretch at the tavern-bar :

His matted hair hangs over his brow ;  
The manly form and the noble soul  
Are wrecked and lost in the drunkard now.  
He shivering stands in his dirty rags,  
With bloated face and his blood-shot eyes ;  
With quivering lips and a fever'd breath  
For one glass more how he pleading cries.

*Chorus.*—"O give me, sir, but a single glass ;

O pity me now when my cash is done ;  
The night is cold and my blood runs chill,  
And all I ask is a single one."