

'Tis well, gentle light, thine own brilliance shall shed  
 Its beam of delight on full many a head,  
 Bowed down by stern sorrow, and laden with tears!  
 Oh! welcome the Star that so sweetly appears.

Yes, tread thy fair way, signal orb of the blest!  
 Till thou crownest our land with thy glittering crest!  
 Gleam on, thou fair sentinel, never to set  
 Till men shall the evils thou'st conquered forget."

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### SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

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" All hail, ye Sons of Temperance, hail!  
 Ye stand secure, a noble band;  
 Admitted but within your pale,  
 The strong and weak united stand.

All hail! we greet you brothers, friends,  
 Your glorious ark of safety greet;  
 To suffering love you make amends,  
 And guide and guard unwary feet.

Success attend your rapid strides,  
 Which soon will compass sea and land,  
 Not o'er the prostrate neck to ride,  
 But in fraternal love to stand,—

And shed around a glorious light,  
 Genial as the Summer sun,  
 Strengthening every Temperance plant  
 Till all your hallowed work is done.

Go on, ye band of brothers, go,—  
 Shed light and hope o'er Misery's dwelling;  
 Lift up the head long bowed in woe,  
 And leave the heart in rapture swelling.

While ye pass on—Love, Purity,  
 Fidelity,—ye still advance;  
 Till all who claim humanity  
 Become true " Sons of Temperance "