

CANADIAN TEMPERANCE RHYMES.

DEAR Brother, you jeer at the Tee-total fracas—
Can there be aught of sin in drinking of Bachus ?
So you ask—but I tell you I'm sure there is so,
First hear, then, my pleading before you say "No !"
Now, in stating our dispute, I'll not split a hair,
For though argument often among Rhymsters is rare,
Mine shall be so plain, that a lady may put it,
And so sturdy, withal, that you may not dispute it.
I once was a drinker—a moderate one seeming,
'T'was only a glass with a friend on an ev'ning ;
It sharpen'd dull wits, and it banish'd our care,
And it made us new creatures, (to part we were rare.)
The voice of Tee-totals and drinkers of water,
Was hush'd mid the song and the loud merry laughter ;
And we thought, as we bib'd at the goblet of rum,
We had got what philosophers call the Bonum ;
But, in sooth, we soon found, with good Tam O'Shanter,
That the pleasures of life fled with the decanter.
Like poppies you've cull'd—in the hands they but wither,
As snow falls now white, now melting for ever.
But brother, dear brother, I'd hasten my song,
The theme is momentous, the reasons are strong.
Since the days of the wise man, the wine-cup hath mock'd ;
Say you "How ?" The clear sense in delusion is lock'd ;
The mem'ry is sunk in oblivion most wild,
And the reason of man is now that of a child ;
He staggers—he reels like the ship in a storm,
And as if he'd been shap'd in the bestial form ;
He wallows in mire—"Hold !" —Nay, now let me go on,
For my tee-total argument's scarcely begun.
For sure, O dear brother, you know it full well,—
For Bacon hath shown since the Stagyrite fell,