

Nor in adversity, pass they by,
 For once become friends, they are friends for aye.
 Flock to the Banner then, one and all,
 Maiden and Mother, and Son and Sire :
 Rescue a world from the dead'ning thrall !
 Deprive of its victims the withering fire !
 Save ! 'tis a Mother appeals for her child—
 A daughter implore you in accents wild !

THE STAR OF TEMPERANCE.

“ A pall had o'erhung the fair breadth of our land,
 Intemperance had lifted its death-dealing hand,
 And the darkness of woe was both witnessed and felt,
 A besom that deluged our country with guilt.

Then rose there a Star, that in brilliance and beauty,
 Could illumine the pathway of virtue and duty,
 That peered thro' the gloom like some messenger fair,
 Of Hope's gentle dawn, 'mong the realms of despair !

The Star of bright Temperance then shed its first ray,
 To show to the rover the true beaten way,
 To light the transgressor once more to his home,
 And banish the blackness of guilt's fearful gloom.

It rose like a “ beacon light, streaming afar,”
 Oh ! welcome, thrice welcome, blest Temperance Star !
 Thy radiance shall gild the inebriate's hope,
 And teach him in strength, with the demon to cope !

Ay, glisten, thou fair one ! on thee shall we gaze,
 And sing to the anthems of heart-flowing praise ;
 To thee shall the woe-stricken look and rejoice,
 To thee, lift in gratitude many a voice !

Thou'st risen in beauty, oh ! never to fade,
 Beneath thee our Banner is proudly displayed ;
 With thee for our champion, we'll vanquish the foe,
 Then thou'lt gleam on a land that hath sought of its woe !