

MEMBERS OF THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.



Here's a bottle and a *loving* friend !
What wad ye wish for mair, man ?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be of care, man ?
Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man :
Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not aye when sought, man.—*Burns.*

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,
I ever mair defy them, O ;
Young kings upon their hansel throne,
Are no sae blest as I am, O !