

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

Not in the brasen pomp of war,
 Not with the sound of martial drum,
 Not with the blight of wound and scar,
 Doth the mighty conquerer, Temperance, come :
 His arms are the things that make for peace—
 His contests bid all warfare cease.

Not in the dew of the widow's tear
 Like the warrior's wreath, in his chaplet green ;
 Before him runs no shivering fear,
 And in his train no woe is seen,
 But he wipes the tear from sorrow's eyes,
 And bids from the dust the stricken arise.

Not in the breath of the orphan's sigh,
 Like warlike flag, doth his banner wave,
 Around him sounds no wailing cry,
 Beside him gapes no hideous grave,—
 But, in his career, the orphans blest,
 Strew flowers on the place where their fathers rest.

Not in the hoarse and husky voice
 Of fiends triumphant, peals our shout,
 But the cheerful heart that must rejoice,
 In musical utterance, gushes out,—
 As the water glad, from the hidden spring,
 Seeketh the light to dance and sing.

Proud is the banner that we bear,
 With love emblazoned on its fold,—
 Love that can sooth all woes and care,
 Love that does gild refined gold :
 No sense of alms the spirit may fret,
 When a brother receives a brother's debt.

Purity washes away the stain,
 Fidelity mentions it never more,—
 The fallen man is a man again,
 And wins more friends than he knew before ;