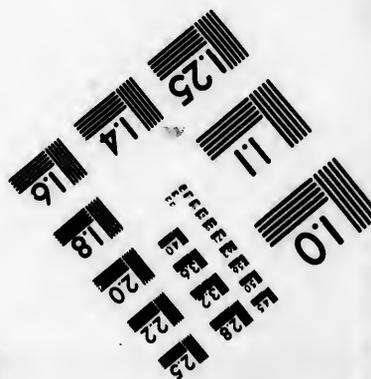
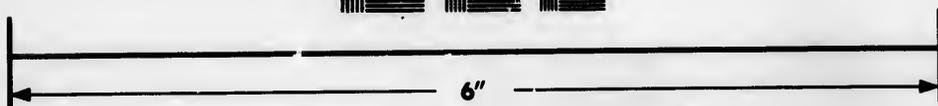
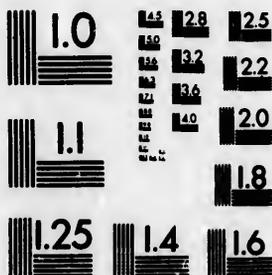


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

1.8
2.0
2.2
2.5
2.8
3.2
3.6
4.0

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30

© 1985

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

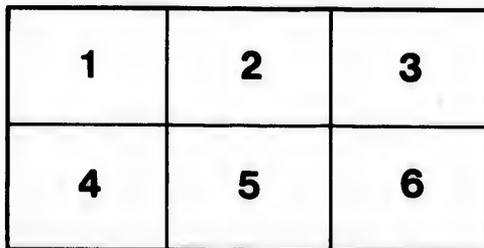
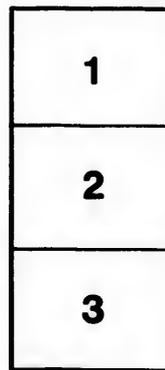
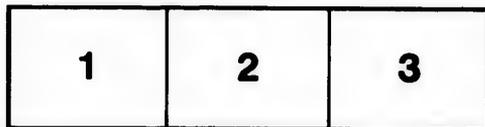
Douglas Library
Queen's University

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Douglas Library
Queen's University

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

errata
to

pelure,
n à

32X

[Faint, illegible handwritten text]

[Faint, illegible handwritten text]

HY

THE
CANADIAN
Temperance Minstrel:

BEING A COLLECTION OF
HYMNS, SONGS, AND POETRY,

SELECTED AND ORIGINAL.

PUBLISHED BY THE COMMITTEE OF THE
MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

~~~~~  
MONTREAL:

PRINTED BY BOBBO CAMPBELL.

1842.

LP BV459.M65

5500

S. 1. 66

*Antimur*

*Edw. Friend (Jan 4, 1871)*

Appeal  
The Tr  
Warning  
Hymn o  
New Ye  
Tempera  
Hymn o  
Female  
Effects o  
The Dru  
Perversit  
Warning  
Call to R  
Reformed  
Messen  
Woman's  
Water the  
temperan  
he Tem  
rejoicing  
ratide  
rayer fo  
orning  
temperan  
arent of  
hough V  
and d  
ho hath

# CONTENTS.

## HYMNS.

|                                        | PAGE |
|----------------------------------------|------|
| Appeal to Christians.....              | 7    |
| The Traffic.....                       | ib.  |
| Warning.....                           | 8    |
| Hymn of the Emancipated.....           | 9    |
| New Year's Hymn.....                   | ib.  |
| Temperance Hymn.....                   | 10   |
| Hymn of the Victoria Society.....      | 11   |
| Female Aid Required.....               | ib.  |
| Effects of Strong Drink.....           | 12   |
| The Drunkard's Cry.....                | ib.  |
| Perversion of the Divine Goodness..... | 13   |
| Warning.....                           | ib.  |
| Call to Drunkards.....                 | 14   |
| Reformed Drunkards Praising God.....   | ib.  |
| A Messenger of Gladness.....           | 15   |
| Woman's Hymn.....                      | 16   |
| Water the Best Drink.....              | 17   |
| Temperance Principles Invincible.....  | 18   |
| The Temperance Star.....               | ib.  |
| Rejoicing.....                         | 19   |
| Refrain.....                           | ib.  |
| Prayer for Companys.....               | 20   |
| Morning Hymn.....                      | ib.  |
| Temperance.....                        | 21   |
| Parent of the Great Creation.....      | 22   |
| Though Wretchedness Unending.....      | 23   |
| Standard of Temperance.....            | ib.  |
| Who hath We—who hath Sorrow.....       | 24   |

5.1.66

Continued

Ed. F. M. (Jan 4, 1874)

421674

|                                                 | PAGE. |
|-------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Woman's part in the Temperance Reformation..... | 25    |
| Joyful News.....                                | 26    |
| Vials of Wrath.....                             | 27    |
| Temperance Hymn.....                            | 28    |
| Success of the Temperance Reformation.....      | 29    |
| Seeking Encouragement.....                      | 30    |
| Union.....                                      | ib.   |
| Parting Hymn.....                               | 31    |

---

SONGS.

|                                                                                          |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| The Drunkard's Child.....                                                                | 33  |
| The Drunkard's Doom.....                                                                 | 34  |
| Though Britannia Rules the Sea.....                                                      | 35  |
| Ye Fair Sex of Britain.....                                                              | 36  |
| Thou Sparkling Bowl.....                                                                 | ib. |
| Drain not the Goblet.....                                                                | 37  |
| The Lovers of Rum.....                                                                   | 38  |
| A Hint to the Lovers of Gin.....                                                         | 39  |
| Take Back the Eowl.....                                                                  | 40  |
| The Feast of the Mind.....                                                               | ib. |
| Song of the Water Drinker.....                                                           | 41  |
| Satan's Advice to Moderate Drinkers.....                                                 | 43  |
| They say the Goblet's crowned with Flowers.....                                          | ib. |
| Glad Sound of Temperance.....                                                            | 44  |
| The Temperance Star.....                                                                 | ib. |
| The Drunkard's Grave.....                                                                | 45  |
| The Song of the River.....                                                               | ib. |
| Away from the Revel.....                                                                 | 46  |
| The Bucket which hung on the Well.....                                                   | 47  |
| Our Standard.....                                                                        | ib. |
| Lines addressed to the Delegates of the Cincinnati<br>Washington Temperance Society..... | 49  |
| A Washingtonian Song.....                                                                | ib. |

I've  
The  
The  
Wash  
Lift  
The  
Hark  
Ode.  
For J  
Song  
Absta  
Inter  
Auld  
'Tis R

Licens  
Give r  
The P  
The F  
Dash  
The B  
The T  
Soliloq  
The R  
Who a  
From  
Why  
The H  
My Li  
The D  
The D

CONTENTS.

V

| PAGE.     |                                         | PAGE. |
|-----------|-----------------------------------------|-------|
| ..... 25  | I've Thrown the Bowl aside.....         | 50    |
| ..... 26  | The Bubbling Spring.....                | 51    |
| ..... 27  | The Temperance Pledge.....              | 52    |
| ..... 28  | Washingtonian Song of the Redeemed..... | 53    |
| ..... 29  | Lift not the Wine Cup.....              | ib.   |
| ..... 30  | The Cold Water Army.....                | 54    |
| ..... ib. | Hark, the sweet Music.....              | 55    |
| ..... 31  | Ode.....                                | ib.   |
|           | For Juvenile Celebrations.....          | 56    |
|           | Song.....                               | ib.   |
|           | Abstain.....                            | 57    |
|           | Intemperance.....                       | 58    |
|           | Auld Lang Syne.....                     | 59    |
|           | 'Tis Rum—'tis Rum—my Child.....         | 60    |

..... 33  
 ..... 34  
 ..... 35  
 ..... 36  
 ..... ib.  
 ..... 37  
 ..... 38  
 ..... 39  
 ..... 40  
 ..... ib.  
 ..... 41  
 ..... 43  
 ..... ib.  
 ..... 44  
 ..... ib.  
 ..... 45  
 ..... ib.  
 ..... 46  
 ..... 47  
 ..... ib.  
 cinnati  
 ..... 49  
 ..... ib.

---

POETRY.

|                                                    |     |
|----------------------------------------------------|-----|
| License Laws.....                                  | 61  |
| Give me Water.....                                 | 62  |
| The Pure Stream of Eden.....                       | 63  |
| The Rum Maniac.....                                | 65  |
| Dash to the Floor that Bowl.....                   | 67  |
| The Bar Maid.....                                  | 68  |
| The Toast.....                                     | 70  |
| Soliloquy of a Drunkard's Wife.....                | 71  |
| The Reformed Father.....                           | 72  |
| Who are the Free?..                                | 74  |
| From Milton's Samson Agonistes.....                | 75  |
| Why so many Drunkeries?.....                       | ib. |
| The House with the Picture hung over the Door..... | 76  |
| My Little Jug of Whiskey.....                      | 78  |
| The Drunkard's Wife.....                           | 80  |
| The Dying Drunkard.....                            | 81  |

|                                            | PAGE. |
|--------------------------------------------|-------|
| The Drunkard's Address to his Wife.....    | 82    |
| The woful effects of Wine Drinking.....    | 83    |
| For the Victoria Society.....              | 85    |
| The River of Death.....                    | 86    |
| Our Brethren.....                          | 87    |
| Who is my Neighbour?.....                  | ib.   |
| The Rum-seller Reformed in his Closet..... | 89    |
| The Tree of Death.....                     | 90    |
| The Upas Tree.....                         | 91    |
| When the beloved Disciple saw.....         | 92    |
| Acrostic.....                              | 93    |
| The effects of Teetotalism.....            | 94    |
| The Wife to her Husband.....               | ib.   |
| Behold the Short Road to Perdition.....    | 95    |
| The Little Sup.....                        | 97    |
| Walk into the Auction.....                 | 98    |
| King Alcohol's Walk.....                   | 100   |

Lo

In

In

Th

Lo

Str

Ro

O

O

B

PAGE.  
... 82  
... 83  
... 85  
... 86  
... 87  
ib.  
... 89  
... 90  
... 91  
... 92  
... 93  
... 94  
... ib.  
... 95  
... 97  
... 98  
... 100

## PART FIRST.

---

# H Y M N S.

---

### 1.

#### APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS.

L. M.

Lo! Zion droops—in vain—in vain,  
Her temple gates are open'd wide;  
Intemp'rance blights her fair domain,  
And lures its thousands from her side.  
In vain her watchmen cry aloud,  
And urge their plea with many tears;  
They cannot pierce the drunken crowd,  
Who shun God's house and close their ears.  
Lovers of Zion! foes of hell,  
Ye who for Christ count all things loss;  
Strengthen our hands, we seek to swell  
The bloodless triumphs of the cross.  
Rouse from your slumber, catch our zeal,  
Our weapon is the written word;  
Our only guardian Zion's weal,  
Our aim the glory of the Lord!

### 2.

#### THE TRAFFIC.

G's & S's.

How long, O God, how long  
Must thy pure eyes behold

This fair world blasted by the wrong  
 Man does to man for gold !  
 How long shall reason be cast down,  
 And a fierce demon wear her crown !

The prisoner's cell, that all  
 Life's blessed light bedims,  
 The lash that cuts, the links that gail  
 The poor slave's festering limbs—  
 What is this thralldom, to the chain  
 That binds and burns the drunkard's brain !

If, then, thy frown is felt,  
 O God, by those who bind  
 The body—what must be the guilt  
 Of such as chain the mind—  
 Drag to the pit,—and plunge it in !—  
 O, have not these "the greatest sin?"

PIERPONT.

3.

WARNING.

S. M.

I heard a voice from heav'n  
 Address the thoughtless throng,  
 Who hasten downward to the tomb  
 With revelry and song.

It warn'd them not to quench  
 The holy light within,  
 And madly dare the fearful doom  
 Of unrepented sin.

It warn'd them of the shame  
 That haunts the drunkard's grave,  
 And of that leprosy of soul  
 From which no skill can save.

I looked and thousands fled  
 The tempter's fatal snare ;  
 But some were numbered with the dead.  
 Who shall their doom declare ?

## 4.

## HYMN OF THE EMANCIPATED.

L. M.

Slavery and death the cup contains;  
 Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl!  
 Softer than silk are iron chains,  
 Compared with those that chafe the soul.

Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing,  
 Whose power the giant fiend obeys,  
 What countless thousands tribute bring,  
 For happier homes and brighter days!

The wail not break the bruised reed,  
 Nor leave the broken heart unbound:  
 The wife regains a husband freed!  
 The orphan clasps a father found!

Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind;  
 Till man no more shall deem it just  
 To live, by forging chains to bind  
 His weaker brother in the dust.

With nature's draught your goblets fill,  
 And pledge the world that ye are free!  
 God of eternal truth, we WILL!  
 Our cause is thine, our trust in thee!

## 5.

## NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

TUNE:—"Burns' Farewell."

We praise thee—if one rescued soul,  
 While the past year prolonged its flight,  
 Turned shuddering, from the poisonous bowl,  
 To health, and liberty, and light.

We praise thee—if one clouded home,  
 Where broken hearts despairing pin'd,  
 Beheld the sire and husband come,  
 Erect and in his perfect mind.

No more a weeping wife to mock,  
 Till all her hopes in anguish end—  
 No more the trembling mind to shock,  
 And sink the father in the fiend.

Still give us grace, Almighty King,  
 Unwav'ring at our posts to stand;  
 Till grateful at thy shrine we bring,  
 The tribute of a ransom'd land.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

## 6.

## TEMPERANCE HYMN.

TUNE:—"Zion."

From the mountain top and valley,  
 See! the banner streaming high!  
 While the souls of freedom rally,  
 To the widow's lonely cry.  
     Sisters weeping,  
 Bid us to the rescue fly.  
 Must we see the drunkard reeling,  
 (Void of reason) to the grave,  
 Where's the heart so dead to feeling—  
 Who would not the wanderer save?  
     God of mercy,  
 'Tis thy blessing now we crave.  
 Dearest Saviour, oh, relieve us,  
 Unto thee we humbly bow,—  
 Let that fiend no more deceive us,  
 Grant thy loving favor now;  
     While against him  
 Here we pledge a sacred vow.  
 Now the trump of Temperance sounding,  
 Rouse! ye freemen, why delay?  
 Let your voices all resounding,  
 Welcome on the happy day,  
     When that tyrant  
 Must resign his cruel sway.

## 7.

## HYMN OF THE VICTORIA SOCIETY.

L. M.

Almighty Father, while we own,  
Thy saving power, and thine alone,  
We would attempt, in thy great name,  
The hapless drunkard to reclaim.

Dispos'd to every evil thought,  
To vice and degradation brought,  
Oh, be it our celestial aim,  
The wretched drunkard to reclaim.

A nation's curse, a slave to sin,  
Despis'd without, reproach'd within ;  
Let none refuse, through fear or shame,  
To try the drunkard to reclaim.

Since, unreclaim'd and unforgiven,  
He never can inherit heaven ;  
Then help us, Lord, in thy great name,  
The sinful drunkard to reclaim.

## 8.

## FEMALE AID REQUIRED.

6's &amp; 8's.

O that the Lord would hear  
Our supplicating cry ;  
In our behalf appear,  
A Saviour ever nigh ;  
And teach each female heart to plead,  
That sons and husbands may be freed.

Come forth ye lovely train,  
Your nobler powers display ;  
Nor shall you plead in vain ;  
But win the well-fought day.  
Mothers and maidens then shall sing,  
And earth with hallelujahs ring.

Each house shall then become  
 A paradise below ;  
 All shall enjoy a home,  
 Where sweetest pleasures flow :  
 And thousands join with sweet accord  
 To praise the Saviour, Christ, the Lord.

## 9.

## EFFECTS OF STRONG DRINK.

## 7's.

Who hath sorrows ? who hath woes  
 Who hath babblings ? who hath strife ?  
 Causeless wounds ? and fancied woes ?  
 Redden'd eyes ? embitter'd life ?

They that tarry at the wine,  
 They that love the feast and song,  
 They that mingled drink combine,  
 Early haste and tarry long.

Look not on the wine when red,  
 When it foams and sparkles bright,  
 Lo ! it hides an adder's head !  
 Like a serpent will it bite.

## 10.

## THE DRUNKARD'S CRY.

## 6 7's.

Hark ! what cry arrests the ear !  
 'Tis the accent of despair !  
 " Men of God, to you we cry,  
 Help us Christians or we die !"  
 'Tis the dying drunkard's prayer,  
 Sinking into dark despair.

Hasten, Christians, haste to save,  
 Snatch him from the yawning grave !  
 Haste, and speak the Saviour's name,  
 Pluck the firebrand from the flame !

Bid him cast away his cup,  
And to Jesus now look up.

## 11.

PERVERSION OF THE DIVINE  
GOODNESS.

## 6's &amp; 8's.

God gave the gift to man ;  
But man with fatal skill,  
Insensate form'd the plan,  
To change the good for ill :  
The poison tortur'd from the cane,  
Like Sampson hath its thousands slain.

God gave the golden grain  
To hungry man for food ;  
But querulous and vain,  
He spurn'd the proffer'd good :  
And Egypt's slothful sons athirst,  
Drew forth the drowsy beverage first.

God gave the clustering vine ;  
Ingenious man perverse,  
Exchang'd the boon for wine,  
And wrought Canaan's curse :  
The patriarch, who had safely past  
The deluge, was o'erwhelm'd at last.

To earth the cup be hurled,  
That holds an adder's sting ;  
And let us pledge the world  
With nectar from the spring :  
That hence, like Rechab's ancient line,  
Though prophets urge, we drink no wine.

SARGEANT.

## 12.

## WARNING.

## C. M.

Go, view the prisoner's gloomy cells,  
Their sins and mis'ry scan,

Gaze, gaze upon those earthly hells ;  
 In drink their woes began.  
 Stay, mortal, stay ! repent, return !  
 Reflect upon thy fate ;  
 The poisonous draught for ever spurn,  
 Spurn, spurn it, ere too late.  
 Trust not to thy deceitful heart,  
 The Saviour's grace implore ;  
 Through him from every sin depart,  
 And touch the glass no more.

## 13.

## CALL TO DRUNKARDS.

L. M.

Stop, drunkard, stop ! thine is the road  
 That leads from virtue and from God ;  
 O look around ! behold ! and see,  
 What awful scenes of misery.  
 " Stop, drunkard, stop ! " the Saviour cries,  
 " Do not my grace and love despise,  
 But look to me, I'll wisdom give :  
 Come, dyitfg sinner, come and live."  
 Stop, drunkard, stop ! O hear his voice,  
 And let thy soul in him rejoice ;  
 'Tis Jesus bids thee now to come,  
 And find in him thy lasting home.  
 Stop, drunkard, stop ! O stop to-day :  
 Stop now, believe, and watch and pray ;  
 The offer'd grace receive and live,  
 And God eternal life will give.

## 14.

REFORMED DRUNKARDS PRAISING  
GOD.

L. M.

Glory to God, whose sovereign grace  
 Hath animated senseless stones ;

Call'd us to stand before his face,  
And raised us into Abraham's sons!

Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,  
And bared thine arm in all our sight;  
Hast made the reprobates thine own,  
And claim'd the outcasts as thy right.

For this we now lift up our voice,  
And ceaseless praise to thee is given;  
For this the hosts above rejoice,—  
We raise the happiness of heaven.

For this, no longer sons of night,  
To thee our thankful hearts we give;  
To thee, who call'dst us into light,  
To thee we die, to thee we live.

Suffice that for the season past  
Hell's horrid language fill'd our tongues;  
We all thy words behind us cast,  
And lewdly sang the drunkard's songs.

But, O the power of grace divine!  
In hymns we now our voices raise,  
Loudly in glad Hosannah's join,  
And blasphemies are turn'd to praise!

## 15.

## A MESSENGER OF GLADNESS.

TUNE:—"Greenland's Icy Mountains."

A messenger of gladness  
Is speeding through our land,  
Dispelling grief and sadness  
From many a household band.  
She boasts of glorious triumphs,  
Of vict'ries nobly won,  
And whispers of fresh conquests,  
And deeds of kindness done.

The brow of wasting beauty,  
 With grief was shadowed o'er,  
 The wife was bound by duty  
 To one who loved no more ;  
 But now that brow is beaming,  
 In bliss without alloy ;  
 And if her eyes are streaming,  
 The stream 's fed by joy.

This is the work of temp'rance :  
 Shall we not then proclaim,  
 Throughout our happy country,  
 Her glory and her fame ?  
 Ye winds of heaven waft it,  
 Ye billows gently bear,  
 Her praise to distant nations,  
 Till all, her joys shall share.

## 16.

## WOMAN'S HYMN.

## 7's.

Drinker ! turn, and leave your bowl ;  
 Turn, and save your deathless soul :  
 From your lip the poison fling ;  
 Dash away th' accursed thing.

Husband ! turn—nor let your feet  
 Enter that accursed retreat ;  
 Look ; your partner's tearful eye  
 Eloquently asks you why ?

Brother ! leave the place of glee,  
 Quick, ah ! quickly turn and flee !  
 See your sister's swelling breast,  
 Deep, with anxious fear, distrest.

Father ; turn : Your prattler's voice  
 Bids you seek your fireside joys :  
 Leave the revel ; homeward haste,  
 And those purer pleasures taste.

Fathers, brothers, husbands, come—  
 Help to banish from your home—  
 And from the world, the deadliest foe  
 That assails our peace below.

## 17.

## WATER THE BEST DRINK.

DEUTERONOMY XXIX. 5, 6.

## 7's.

O'er Arabia's dreary sands,  
 Israel pass'd to distant lands,  
 God their guide throughout the way,  
 Faith in him their only stay.

Mercies, day by day renew'd,  
 Rais'd the hymn of gratitude;  
 While 'neath pearly dew-drops spread  
 Lay around their daily bread.

Crystal streams, from Horeb's side,  
 Each returning want supplied,  
 Ever flowing to impart  
 Feelings of a grateful heart.

Borne on wings of faith and love  
 To the mercy-seat above,  
 All around the ark they rest,  
 In their Saviour's presence blest.

Thus through deserts wild and drear,  
 Manna, and the stream so clear,  
 Form their only meat and drink,  
 At whose frown e'en nations shrink.

Christians! learn a lesson here,—  
 Israel's God, forever near,  
 Does both health and strength bestow,  
 Where no maddening liquors flow.

## 18.

TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES  
INVINCIBLE.

C. M.

Veni ! we came, and in the strength  
Of Israel's matchless God,  
Arm'd with the bless'd cold water Pledge,  
Like Moses' magic rod.

Vidi ! we saw the suffering host'  
Of wither'd, ruin'd men,  
Chain'd down to slavery, and lost  
In sorrow, shame and pain.

Vici ! we led our conquering band,  
And set the captives free ;  
Great God, in this we own thy hand  
That gave the victory.

Then let us with this motto fight,  
Our cruel, *burning* foe,  
And Veni, Vidi, Vici, write,  
To all the realms below.

J. P. COFFIN.

## 19.

THE TEMPERANCE STAR.

7's.

Long and gloomy was the night,  
Hanging on our mental sight,  
While intemp'rance, dark and drear,  
Fill'd with storms our atmosphere.

But behold, a star arise,  
Brilliant in these northern skies,  
Coming like redeeming power,  
In the last despairing hour.

Ye who would your children save  
 From a drunkard's awful grave,  
 From the gloom of endless night,  
 Point them to its cheering light.  
 Onward speed thy radiant way,  
 Harbinger of dawning day,  
 Nations hail thee from afar,  
 Hail the blessed temp'rance star.

## 20.

## REJOICING.

L. M.

Let temp'rance and her sons rejoice,  
 And be their praises loud and long,  
 Let every heart and every voice,  
 Conspire to raise a joyful song.  
 And let the anthem rise to God,  
 Whose fav'ring mercies so abound,  
 And let his praises fly abroad,  
 The spacious universe around.  
 His children's prayer he deigns to grant,  
 He stays the progress of the foe,  
 And temp'rance, like a cherished plant,  
 Beneath his fost'ring care shall grow.

## 21.

## GRATITUDE.

L. M.

Hail Temperance, fair celestial ray!  
 Bright Herald of a new born day!  
 Long did we need thy cheering light  
 To chase away our darksome night.  
 Deep and appalling was the gloom,  
 'Twas like the darkness of the tomb;  
 When first our much delighted eyes  
 Beheld thy beauteous beams arise.

'Twas God in mercy bade thee shine ;  
 We hail thee as a gift divine,  
 And now in grateful strains would raise,  
 Our voices in His matchless praise.  
 Eternal Lord! we own thy grace,  
 In all that aids our guilty race ;  
 Now send thy Spirit from above,  
 And fill our hearts with joy and love.

## 22.

## PRAYER FOR CONSTANCY.

L. M.

Hosannas, Lord, to Thee we sing,  
 Whose power the giant fiend obeys ;  
 What countless thousands tribute bring,  
 For happier homes and brighter days !  
 Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,  
 Nor leave the broken heart unbound ;  
 The wife regains a husband freed !  
 The orphan clasps a father found !  
 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind,  
 Till man no more shall deem it just  
 To live, by forging chains to bind  
 His weaker brother in the dust.  
 Still give us grace, Almighty King !  
 Unwavering at our posts to stand,  
 Till grateful at thy shrine we bring  
 The tribute of a ransomed land.

## 23.

## MORNING HYMN.

TUNE :—" *Sicilian Hymn.*"

Source of being, Holy Father,  
 With the day's returning light,  
 Round our board with thanks we gather,  
 For the mercies of the night :

Mercies that the stars out-number,  
Which their silent courses keep,—  
Angel guards that never slumber,—  
While we lie and safely sleep.

Pillows wet with tears of anguish,  
Couches pressed in sleepless woe,  
Where the sons of Bellial languish,  
Father may we never know.

Grant the maddening cup may never  
To our thirsting lip be pressed,  
But, our draught shall be, for ever,  
Water, which our God hast blessed.

This shall give us strength to labour,  
This, make all our stores increase,  
This, with thee and with our neighbour,  
Bind us in the bonds of peace.

For the lake, the well, the river,  
Water-brook and crystal spring,  
Do we now, to thee, the giver,  
Thanks, our daily tribute, bring.

PIERPONT.

## 24.

## TEMPERANCE.

TUNE:—" *Watchman, tell us of the night.*"

Temperance! tell the listening world  
What thine advocates have done;  
Hearken, now the tyrant's hurled  
From his high, despotic throne.

Temperance—shall it bear the sway,  
Shine o'er earth in splendour bright?  
Listen; for a brilliant day  
Drives away the gloomy night.

Temperance! will thy beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave thee birth?  
Other climes thy sway shall own;  
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Temperance ! are thy sons to fight,  
 Like hosts of earth, to fix thy laws ?  
 O no ; for love and truth unite,  
 To achieve thy holy cause.

Temperance ! then I'll be thy child,  
 For I love thy sacred name :  
 Yes, thy voice and influence mild  
 Can the wildest passion tame.

Temperance ! we shall shout thy praise ;  
 We no more will leave thy band ;  
 Joyful now our anthems raise,  
 In every clime, in every land.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

## 25.

## 8's. &amp; 7's.

Parent of the great creation,  
 Thou hast open'd wide thine hand ;  
 Thanks we give and adoration,  
 Now that we before thee stand.

May all drunkards now enslaved,  
 Taste those pleasures we enjoy ;  
 They and us through grace be saved,  
 And for thee our lives employ.

Safely by thy spirit guided,  
 Till the scenes of life are o'er,  
 May we taste the bliss provided,  
 Hunger then and thirst no more.

Then our sweetest voices raising,  
 With the bright angelic host,  
 Thy great name for ever praising,  
 Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

E. B. H.

My

Sin

## 26.

TUNE :—" *From Greenland's Icy Mountains.*"

Though wretchedness unending  
 Awaits the drunkard's soul,  
 His eager hands extending,  
 He takes and quaffs the bowl :  
 Not heav'n itself beseeching,  
 With kind alluring voice,  
 Its arms of mercy reaching,  
 Allures him from his choice.  
 Ye, who are still delaying,  
 Who sip the poison'd cup,  
 Who cheat yourselves by saying—  
 "I will not drink it up!"  
 Learn, that with open malice  
 The foe wastes not his strength,  
 But w'ith that pleasing chalice,  
 He kills the soul at length.  
 Your safety now securing,  
 The pledge of temp'rance take ;  
 And from the charm alluring  
 With giant effort break :  
 Fly—fly such deadly pleasures,  
 No longer touch nor taste :  
 Your peace and life are treasures  
 Too infinite to waste.

## 27.

STANDARD OF TEMPERANCE.

4 6's & 2 10's

Standard of temperance,  
 Rais'd by Omnipotence,  
 Myriads of desolate beings to save ;  
 Thou hast wav'd over us,  
 Proudly victorious,  
 Since thou wast wafted across the blue wave.

Bright as the morning star,  
 Glimmering from afar,  
 Shines in the heavens, the herald of day:  
 As the sun's golden streak,  
 High o'er the mountain peak,  
 Drives the dark shade of creation away.

So has thy banner bright,  
 Piercing the veil of night,  
 Emblem of innocence, usher'd in day.  
 Fast the dread pestilence—  
 Hell-born intemperance—  
 Like a dark phantom is passing away.

## 28.

“WHO HATH WO—WHO HATH  
 SORROW.”

Who have wo? upon whose brow,  
 Are the furrows deep of anguish?  
 Who have wo and madness now,  
 Who in endless pain shall languish?

Who have sorrow deep and grief?  
 Days of misery are passing;  
 Nights which bring them no relief—  
 Worn with ceaseless care harassing?

Who contentions have, and strife—  
 Are of peace and joy the bane?  
 Who, when wearied oft of life,  
 “Rush uncalled to God again?”

Who have babbling fierce and shrill—  
 Lying words of slander carry?  
 Who rejoice at others' ill—  
 In the brawler's circle tarry?

Whose the red and sunken eye—  
 Tottering step, and cheek so pallid,

Hectic flush, and deep-drawn sigh,  
 Bending form, and garments squalid ?

They who look with eager eyes,  
 On the sparkling ruby cup,  
 Gloat upon the crimson prize,  
 Haste to drink the poison up.

Tarry at the wine-cup long,  
 Often drain the brimming bowl,  
 Loudly sing the jovial song,  
 Love the genial "flow of soul."

But the wine so clear and bright,  
 Wretchedness and wo will bring ;  
 Like a serpent it will bite,  
 Like an adder it will sting.

Naught his burning soul shall cheer,  
 No fond hope his bosom cherish,  
 Naught but madness, wo and fear;  
 For the drunkard's hope shall perish.

## 29.

WOMAN'S PART IN THE TEMPERANCE  
 REFORMATION.

Say not that woman's *voice*  
 Must stay its silvery note,  
 While the far hills and vales rejoice,  
 And on each breeze doth float.

Glad-tidings, from the field,  
 Where Temperance armies stand,  
 Against king Alcohol, to wield  
 The sword, with fearless hand !

Let woman *too*, rejoice,  
 To see the foe recede ;  
 And let *her* in the "still, small voice,"  
 The cause of Temperance plead :

And while the thunder-tone  
Of eloquence is stirred ;  
Her whispered warning God may own—  
His voice, through *her's* be heard.

Say not, that woman's *heart*  
Its fulness must contain ;  
Nor from compassion's fount, impart  
To other hearts again ;

For since her sex hath shared  
The evils of the foe ;  
Let not her sympathy be spared,  
Where yet is felt his blow.  
MRS. E. C. STEADMAN.

## 30.

## JOYFUL NEWS.

TUNE :—" *Hall.*"

Let the joyful news be sounded,  
Drunkards now have found a friend,  
And the hearts that deep were wounded  
Soon shall feel their sorrows end.

## CHORUS.

Praise the Gospel—let us praise it  
For the works of love it brings.

Mercy on the hopeless beaming,  
Chang'd the vulture to a dove :  
Wives whose tears for years were streaming,  
Smile to meet a husband's love.  
Praise the Gospel, &c.

Children, who had none to bless them,  
Flying from their parents' face,  
Now have parents to caress them,  
And rejoice in their embrace.  
Praise the Gospel, &c.

Pa  
s  
An  
I  
Th  
I  
No  
I  
Wh  
?  
An  
?

" Th  
saith th  
filled w  
we not  
filled w  
Thus s  
habitan  
David's  
and all  
ness.  
even th  
I will  
destroy  
When  
The  
It was  
But

Parents, grey-hair'd by their mourning,  
 See their child to virtue won,  
 And the prodigal returning,  
 Now again is own'd a son.

Praise the Gospel, &c.

Thousands, who from bliss were straying,  
 Leave the course in which they trod ;  
 Now around the altar praying,  
 Bow submissive to their God.

Praise the Gospel, &c.

When by all the earth deserted,  
 Temptance woo'd them with its love,  
 And their downward feet averted  
 To the paths that lead above.

Praise the Gospel, &c.

T. P. H.

### 31.

#### VIALS OF WRATH.

“Thou shalt speak unto them this word, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, every bottle shall be filled with wine; and they shall say unto thee, Do we not certainly know that every bottle shall be filled with wine? Then shalt thou say unto them, Thus saith the Lord, behold, I will fill all the inhabitants of this land, even the Kings that sit upon David's throne, and the priests, and the prophets, and all the inhabitants of Jerusalem with drunkenness. And I will dash them one against another, even the fathers and sons together, saith the Lord: I will not pity, nor spare, nor have mercy, but destroy them.”—*Jeremiah*, xlii. 12, 13, 14.

When Israel's God in his anger had spoken,  
 The prophet prefigur'd the curse that he will'd:  
 It was not that life's golden bowl should be broken,  
 But every bottle with wine should be fill'd.

Avert, God of mercy, that sorrow and sadness,  
 That broke the fond heart of Jerusalem then :  
 Permit not the spirit of murder and madness  
 To move with the form and the features of men.

Oh, let us not torture the treasures of Heaven,  
 To find where the secret of misery lies,  
 The stream, as it ripples, the rock that is riven,  
 The pure draught of nature for mortals supplies.  
 The bonds of the bacchanal hence let us sever ;  
 The draught that bewilders the reason resign ;  
 The type of the prophet be cherished forever—  
*God's vials of wrath were their bottles of wine.*

L. M. SARGENT.

32.

[ORIGINAL.]

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

TUNE :—" Zion."

Raise aloft the Temperance Banner,  
 Wave it high in every breeze,  
 Shout with joy the loud Hosannah,  
 Let it ring o'er land and seas ;  
 We'll be temp'rate,  
 And conform to God's decrees.  
 Sign the pledge, our cause is glorious,  
 Death and hell cannot withstand,  
 We shall soon come off victorious  
 O'er the fell destroyer's band ;  
 And intemperance  
 Will be banished from the land.  
 Even now the foe is flying,  
 From the hard contested field ;  
 And his legions round him dying,  
 Cry aloud—we yield ! we yield !  
 Press upon him,  
 All your moral weapons wield.

Banish then all fears and sadness,  
 Set the drunken captive free,  
 Let him join the song of gladness,  
 As it echoes o'er the sea ;  
     Glorious victory,  
 Great will his deliv'rance be.

Shout ! with joyful acclamation,  
 Let our hearts and voices sing,  
 JESUS is our GREAT SALVATION,  
 CHRIST our Prophet, Priest and King.  
     He's our leader,  
 He will us to glory bring.

A. H. BAKER.

### 33.

#### SUCCESS OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION.

Victory, shout for victory !  
 A glorious conquest won ;  
 A nation's liberty restored,  
 A tyrant's power o'erthrown.

The champions wear no armour,  
 They grasp no blood-stained sword,  
 Their strength is in their high resolve,  
 Their trust is in the Lord.

Who is the foe they trample,  
 Spurning his base control ?  
 The fiend Intemperance is his name,  
 Destroyer of the soul.

Still aid us, Heavenly Father,  
 Till sin and passion cease,  
 And thy tired soldiers find repose  
 In thine own realms of peace.

## 34.

## SEEKING ENCOURAGEMENT.

4 8's 2 6's.

God of almighty pow'r and grace,  
 The same in ev'ry time and place,  
 To hear and answer pray'r;  
 Behold thy waiting servants now,  
 And, while we here before thee bow,  
 Thyself with us declare.

Encourage us in this thy cause,  
 Incline us all to keep thy laws,  
 And yield ourselves to thee;  
 What may we not then hope to do,  
 While thus thy service we pursue,  
 And from temptation flee?

Thy strength can conquer in the field,  
 Thy grace can make the stoutest yield,  
 And all opposers cease:  
 O make thy pow'r and mercy known,  
 Till all thy righteous sway shall own,  
 And live in truth and peace.

## 35.

[ORIGINAL.]

## UNION.

Let all efforts be united,  
 To expel the dang'rous foe,  
 Which so many hopes have blighted,  
 Filling this fair world with woe:  
 For intemp'rance,  
 Has brought many thousands low.

O ye heralds of salvation,  
 First we would appeal to you;

For it well becomes your station,  
 All intemp'rance to subdue :  
 Join your efforts,  
 Till men's hearts are formed anew.

Fathers, mothers, lend assistance,  
 That your children you may save ;  
 O let none by your resistance,  
 Come to fill a drunkard's grave.  
 We your influence,  
 In the cause of temperance crave.

Would you meet them in that region,  
 Where they endless joys shall share ?  
 Teach them temperance and religion,  
 'Tis the road to lead them there :  
 By example,  
 Point them to that country fair.

Wives and husbands, master, servant,  
 Parents, children, all combine,  
 In this noble cause be fervent,  
 And may God, by power divine,  
 Make his blessing  
 On your humble efforts shine.

Christians, O be all united,  
 To expel the dangerous foe,  
 Which so many hopes have blighted,  
 Filling this fair world with woe ;  
 Till intemp'rance  
 Shall no more bring mankind low.

ANN M'LAUREN.

### 35.

#### PARTING HYMN.

TUNE :—“ *Rousseau's Dream.* ”

Now O Lord in peace dismiss us,  
 May we all rejoicing go ;

With thy favor richly bless us,  
 While we sojourn here below,  
 And conduct us  
 Through this world of sin and woe.

Never in our zeal abating,  
 May we ever onward press ;  
 Ways of vile intemperance hating,  
 Till we've cross'd this wilderness,  
 Then receive us  
 To a world of endless bliss.

May we all by truth united,  
 Rally round the temp'rance cause ;  
 Until every soul benighted,  
 Shall obey the Saviour's laws ;  
 And delighted  
 Ever bear his hallowed cross.



Oh! m  
 I wand  
 On my  
 And m  
 No brig  
 Surrou  
 Ah! no  
 Is the d  
 My mo  
 And I,  
 For hen  
 And I  
 My fat  
 And dr  
 His las  
 Oh! F  
 I see ha  
 And I  
 Their l  
 For ah  
 The sm  
 And it  
 No voi  
 E'er ch

## PART SECOND.

---

# SONGS.

---

### 1.

#### THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

Oh! my clothes are all ragged, and tatter'd, and torn,  
I wander about quite unfriended—forn;  
On my shelterless head the bleak winter winds blow,  
And my poor naked feet are benumb'd in the snow!  
No bright blazing fire, with its comforts, I see,  
Surrounded with faces all shining with glee!—  
Ah! no:—the cold street, now deserted and wild,  
Is the only home left for the poor Drunkard's Child!

My mother, she died in the workhouse hard by,  
And I, her poor orphan, received her last sigh;  
For her heart, it was broken with anguish and pain—  
And I weep, for I never shall see her again!  
My father spent all that he earn'd at the inn,  
And drink cut him off in the midst of his sin;  
His last words were curses—his death-bed was wild—  
Oh! Friends of Humanity, pity his Child!

I see happy children all smiling and gay,  
And I sigh, for I once was as happy as they!  
Their light, merry laughter falls sad on mine ear—  
For ah! they all shun me whene'er I draw near!  
The smiles leave their faces—they treat me with scorn,  
And it makes me regret that I ever was born;  
No voice of compassion, so soothing and mild,  
E'er cheers the lone heart of the poor Drunkard's Child!

Oh! still must I wander this wide world alone,  
 Unfed and unshelter'd—disown'd and unknown!  
 'Mongst the millions of earth not a friend can I claim  
 To wipe off my tears, or to call me by name!  
 On my cold bed of straw I will lie down and die,  
 And my prison-freed soul shall ascend up on high:  
 Where Jesus, with accents of mercy so mild,  
 Shall comfort, for ever, the poor Drunkard's Child!

## 2.

## THE DRUNKARD'S DOOM.

TUNE :—" *We met, 'twas in a crowd.*"

We met—'twas at an inn—and the glass was before him—  
 The Fiend had caught his prey, and the spell was cast o'er  
 him!  
 He spoke—it was a curse—and 'twas awful to hear him—  
 His breath was like the grave, and I loathed to be near him.  
 His cheek was deadly pale, and his form had lost its  
 lightness—  
 His eye, once clear and dark, now shown with demon  
 brightness:  
 His smile, which once was sweet—and his laugh, which  
 breathed gladness,  
 Were changed to idiot leers and the wild yells of madness!  
 I'd seen him with his bride—oh! a young lovely blossom!  
 I'd mark'd her look of love as she hung on his bosom!  
 I'd heard his bridal vows, when he swore he would cherish  
 That fair and beauteous flower he had pluck'd—but to  
 perish!  
 I'd seen their first young pledge, and had marked her fond  
 caresses—  
 I'd heard her bless her boy as a mother only blesses—  
 But they lie within one tomb, where that husband hath  
 laid them,  
 To whom she gave her vows—and he thus had repaid them!  
 And once again we met—and the drunkard was dying—  
 But there was none to cheer in a moment so trying!

The po  
 har  
 And he  
 dor  
 Oh! shu  
 And tre  
 But oh!  
 And flee

" TH

The poison seized his heart, which like Pharaoh's was  
 harden'd,  
 And he rush'd before his Judge, with his sins all unpar-  
 don'd?  
 Oh! shun his awful doom—let his last end appal you—  
 And tread not in his paths, lest his dark fate befall you,  
 But oh! before too late, sign the charter that frees us!  
 And flee from Satan's wiles to the bosom of Jesus!

## 3.

“THOUGH BRITANNIA RULES THE SEA.”

TUNE:—“*Scots wha hae.*”

Though Britannia rules the sea,  
 Though her sons are called the free,  
 Thousands live in slavery,  
 And wear a drunkard's chain.

Sober drinkers, think awhile,  
 Cease your proud, self-righteous smile—  
 Your ranks produce the drunkard's file,  
 Then never taste again.

Sons of woe! on you we call,  
 Friendless, hopeless victims, all,—  
 Slaves to dissipation's thrall,  
 Your liberty regain.

By the most endearing ties,  
 By your famished children's cries,  
 By your wives' heart-rending sighs,  
 We charge you to abstain.

Dash the poisoned cup aside!  
 Now, to sign our pledge decide,  
 In Almighty strength confide,  
 And never taste again.

## 4.

## YE FAIR SEX OF BRITAIN.

TUNE:—“*Auburn.*”

Ye fair sex of Britain arise !  
 Your country now calls for your aid,  
 And points to a glorious prize,  
 With laurels that never can fade.  
 The standard's uplifted on high,  
 The banner of temp'rance unfurl'd,  
 Come forward—come forward ! we cry,  
 To rescue a perishing world.

Your armour is kindness to all ;  
 Your weapon is pointed with love ;  
 Before you intemp'rance must fall :  
 Such weapons successful will prove.  
 Your brethren have opened the way ;  
 The fight is already begun ;  
 Come, fair ones, your valour display—  
 The victory then will be won.

## 5.

## THOU SPARKLING BOWL.

TUNE:—“*Brighton.*”

Thou sparkling bowl ! Thou sparkling bowl !  
 Though lips of bards thy brim may press,  
 And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,  
 And song, and dance, thy power confess ;  
 I will not touch thee ; for there clings  
 A scorpion to thy side that stings !

Thou chrystal glass ! like Eden's tree,  
 Thy melted ruby tempts the eye,  
 And, as from that, there comes from thee,  
 The voice “Thou shalt not surely die,”  
 I dare not lift thy liquid gem :  
 A snake is twisted round thy stem !

Oh d  
 Bu  
 For t  
 Th  
 Tho'  
 Th  
 How  
 Fo

Thou liquid fire ! like that which glowed  
 For Paul upon Melita's shore,  
 Thou'st been upon my guests bestowed ;  
 But thou shalt warm my house no more,  
 For wheresoe'r thy radiance falls,  
 Forth from thy heat a viper crawls !

What though of gold the goblet be,  
 Embossed with branches of the vine,  
 Beneath whose burnished leaves we see  
 Such clusters as poured out the wine ;  
 Among these leaves an adder hangs !  
 I fear him ; for I've felt his fangs.

The Hebrew, who the desert trod,  
 And felt the fiery serpents' bite,  
 Looked up to the ordained of God,  
 And found that life was in the sight.  
 And so the drunkard's fiery veins  
 Cool when he drinks what God ordains.

Ye gracious clouds ! ye deep cold wells !  
 Ye gems from mossy rocks that dip !  
 Springs that from Earth's mysterious cells  
 Gush o'er your granite basin's lip !  
 To you I look :—your largess give,  
 And I will drink of you and live.

PIERPONT.

6.

DRAIN NOT THE GOBLET.

Oh drain not the goblet ! oh touch not the chalice ;  
 But fling from thy lips the bright poison away !  
 For there lurk delusion, destruction, and malice,  
 There the spoiler prepares him to strike and to slay.  
 Tho' ruby the hue of the draught that invites thee,  
 Tho' bright as the gem in the clime of the sun ;  
 How briefly ! and oh ! how it vainly delights thee,  
 For drink, and thy conscience proclaims thee undone.

Is there bliss in the goblet? Thou fool it deceives thee!  
 Ask the grave, and the grave's—ask Time as he flies;  
 There is woe! there is woe! he will cry, as he leaves thee,  
 And the slave to Intemperance drinks till he dies.

Let us quaff the cool rill that descends from the mountain,  
 That glides through the valley, or flows on the plain;  
 And pray as we stand on the brink of the fountain,  
 That man, as of old, may drink water again.

As the juice in the cup is alluringly shining,  
 Beware lest the eye of thy reason grows dim,  
 Bethink thee, a perilous serpent is twining,  
 In its venomous might, round the mantling brim.

Then drain not the goblet; and touch not the chalice!  
 But fling from thy lips the bright poison away;  
 For there lurk delusion, destruction, and malice,  
 There the spoiler prepares him to strike and to slay.

## 7.

## THE LOVERS OF RUM.

I've mus'd on the mis'ries of life,  
 To find from what quarter they come,  
 Whence most of confusion and strife,  
 Alas! from the Lovers of Rum.

I met with a fair one distress'd;  
 I ask'd whence her sorrows could come,  
 She reply'd "I am sorely oppress'd,  
 My husband's a Lover of Rum."

I found a poor child in the street,  
 Whose limbs, by the cold, were all numb,  
 No stockings or shoes on his feet,  
 His Father's a Lover of Rum.

I went to collect a small debt,  
 The master was absent from home;  
 The sequel I need not relate,  
 The man was a Lover of Rum.

I met with a pauper in rags,  
 Who ask'd for a trifling sum ;  
 I'll tell you the cause why he begs,  
 He once was a Lover of Rum.

I've seen men, from health, wealth and ease,  
 Untimely descend to the tomb ;  
 I need not describe their disease,  
 Because they were Lovers of Rum.

Ask prisons, and gallowses all,  
 Whence most of their customers come,  
 From whence they have most of their calls,  
 They'll tell you, "the Lovers of Rum."

A HATEF OF RUM.

[ *Written 40 years ago.* ]

## 8.

A HINT TO THE LOVERS OF GIN,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LOVERS OF RUM."

While others put gamblers to shame,  
 Exposing the depth of their sin ;  
 I hope they'll not think me to blame,  
 For addressing the Lovers of Gin.

Some doat upon brandy, or rum,  
 Some greedily take them both in ;  
 And yet there are certainly some,  
 Who are the true Lovers of Gin.

Behold when the conjugal strife,  
 Did first in yon cottage begin !  
 Why the husband abandons the wife ?  
 Because she's a Lover of Gin.

Then turn and behold the reverse,  
 But not the reverse of the sin,  
 That woman is under a curse,  
 Whose husband's a Lover of Gin.

See yon sickly wretch pass along,  
 Whose bones you may tell thro' his skin,  
 He once was both healthy and strong ;  
 But now he's a Lover of Gin.

The tradesman long pining in jail,  
 Whose earnings were spent at the Inn ;  
 No friend can he find for his bail,  
 Because he's a Lover of Gin.

## 9.

## TAKE BACK THE BOWL.

Take back—take back this odious bowl!  
 For though it look so bright and clear,  
 There's death within it to the soul —  
 To all that's high and noble there.

Take back—take back the poisonous draught,  
 I dare not thus destroy my mind !  
 For though I oft have o'er it laughed,  
 It ever left a sting behind.

Take back—take back this fiendish drink,  
 It was not made for such as I ;  
 And O, you cannot make me think  
 That I shall want it when I die.

## 10.

## THE FEAST OF THE MIND.

It is not wine—it is not wine  
 That gives such lustre to our eyes !  
 The night may come, the dawn may shine,  
 We sleep in peace, with joy we rise.

No sparkling draught smiles on my board,  
 From vineyard drain'd, or barley-field ;  
 With simplest fare, my cot is stor'd,  
 The earth's best gifts, I freely yield.

And do they style us, foes of mirth,  
 Because we shun the madd'ning bowl?  
 If real joy be found on earth,  
 'Tis in the sunshine of the soul.

Then draw your chairs, and sit you down,  
 And join in converse bright and free;  
 For reason's feast shall be our own—  
 We'll sup with wit and harmony.

The sun is hid behind the hill,  
 But leave not yet my calm abode,  
 For soon reflected on the rill,  
 The moon will light your homeward road.

No drugs I give, the sense to drown—  
 The mind's clear eagle glance to dim;  
 From meals like ours were never known  
 The frenzied brain—the tottering limb.

The clouded mind, the heart unkind,  
 At parting, may we never see;  
 Our little band, the dawn will find  
 At toil, as blithesome as the bee.

This thought be ours, while life's decline  
 Scarce knows the sting of mortal pain,  
 We have not marr'd Heaven's gifts divine,  
 Nor have our moments flown in vain.

It is not wine—it is not wine  
 That gives such lustre to our eyes;—  
 The night may come, the dawn may shine,  
 We sleep in peace, with joy we rise.

## 11.

### SONG OF THE WATER DRINKER.

O! water for me! bright water for me,  
 And wine for the tremulous debauchee!  
 It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,  
 It maketh the faint one strong again;

It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,  
 All freshness, like infant purity.  
 O! water, bright water for me, for me!  
 Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! Fill, fill to the brim!  
 Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim!  
 For my hand is steady, my eye is true;  
 For I, like the flowers, drink nought but dew.  
 O! water, bright water's a mine of wealth,  
 And the ores it yieldeth are vigour and health.  
 So water, pure water for me, for me;  
 And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim! again to the brim!  
 For water strengtheneth life and limb!  
 To the days of the aged it addeth length,  
 To the might of the strong it addeth strength.  
 It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,  
 'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light.  
 So water, I will drink nought but thee,  
 Thou parent of health and energy!

When o'er the hills, like a gladsome bride,  
 Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,  
 And, leading a band of laughing hours,  
 Brushes the dew from the nodding flowers;  
 O! cheerily then my voice is heard,  
 Mingling with that of the soaring bird,  
 Who flingeth abroad his matins loud,  
 As he freshens his wing in the cold grey cloud.

But when evening has quitted her sheltering yew,  
 Drowsily flying and weaving anew  
 Her dusky meshes o'er land and sea,—  
 How gently, O sleep, fall thy poppies on me!  
 For I drink water, pure, cold, and bright,  
 And my dreams are of heaven the live-long night;  
 So hurrah! for thee, water! hurrah, hurrah!  
 Thou art silver and gold, thou art riband and star!  
 Hurrah! for bright water! hurrah, hurrah!

E. JOHNSON

SATA

THE

Th

Li

W

It

T

A

## 12.

## SATAN'S ADVICE TO MODERATE DRINKERS.

TUNE :—" *Mount Vernon.*"

Drink—but drink in Moderation !  
 Pass it to your neighbour's lip ;  
 Press it on your near relation ;  
 Demons smile at every sip.

Drink—but drink in Moderation !  
 What are drunken men to thee ?  
 Fudge ! it's common desolation—  
 Drink—and say, " *What's that to me ?*"

Drink—but drink in Moderation !  
 Mothers' wailings—what are they ?  
 Brutal kicking is their ration—  
 Briny tears their drink by day.

Drink—but drink in Moderation !  
 Close your ears to children's wo ;  
 Drink—what matter though a nation  
 Passes to eternal wo ?

## 13.

THEY SAY THE GOBLET'S CROWNED WITH  
FLOWERS.

" They say the goblet's crown'd with flowers,  
 And round its brim do brightly shine,  
 Like gems, remember'd joys and hours,  
 The treasures of immortal wine.  
 We know the cup is wreathed with plants,  
 More deadly than the Upas-tree ;  
 Its richest recollection haunts,  
 The soul with all that misery.  
 They say the draught has potent spell,  
 To wean the thought from ills away ;  
 And raise the drooping one to dwell  
 Where dreary night is chang'd to day

We deem the wretch may never know,  
 The meaning of unmix'd despair,  
 Till tempted by his bitt' rest foe,  
 He seeks the cup and finds it there.

## 14.

## GLAD SOUND OF TEMPERANCE.

The glad sound of Temp'rance is echoed afar,  
 The breezes have borne the glad tidings abroad ;  
 The light that is beaming from Virtue's bright star,  
 And chasing the darkness from sorrow's abode.  
 The wastes of the desert in verdure appear,  
 With rich blooming fragrance perfuming the air ;  
 The mountains are sinking, the vallies arise,  
 And earth is becoming the joy of the skies.  
 The glad sound of Temp'rance is echoed afar,—  
 And converts out-number the drops of the morn ;  
 Loud songs of rejoicing are borne through the air,  
 From regions long wasted, despised, and forlorn.  
 Now millions awakening receive the glad word,  
 And outcasts reforming, return to the Lord ;  
 The earth and the sea shall be cleansed from the stain,  
 And Temperance *triumphant* forever shall reign.

## 15.

## THE TEMPERANCE STAR.

Air:—"Canadian Boat Song."

Oh ! glorious Star—thou light divine !  
 Burst through the gloom and brightly shine :  
 Let the sweet influence of thy rays,  
 Kindle our hearts to hymn thy praise !  
 Sing, brother, sing ! for through the gloom  
 That star shall guide us to our home.

Bright Star of Temperance ! still thy beam  
 Shall tinge with its glory our life's dark stream ;  
 And, as it sparkles o'er the tide,  
 In safety and peace our barks shall glide !  
 Sing, brother, sing, &c.

Oh ! glorious Star ! still be thy sky,  
 Cloudless and bright as beauty's eye ;  
 And like the Star at Jesus birth,  
 Send good will to men and peace on earth.  
 Sing, brother, sing, &c.

## 16.

## THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

I saw a youth in his father's hall,  
 Whose joy-lit eye and aspect gay  
 Show'd a heart yet free from passion's thrall—  
 Light as the billowy ocean's spray :  
 Generous, virtuous, fair, and brave,  
 Yet he fills a *drunkard's grave*.

I saw by the midnight taper's gleam,  
 A tireless student, pensive, pore  
 O'er history's page, or some noble theme,  
 That poets have sung in classic lore.  
 Yet the green willow doth o'er him wave :  
 Alas !—he sleeps in *the drunkard's grave*.

I saw an old man, whose locks were grey,  
 Silver'd by care and the length of years ;  
 Unmoved by these signs of speedy decay,  
 And by his children's frequent tears.  
 Ah ! they may weep, but cannot save  
 That erring man from *a drunkard's grave*.

The young, the old, and the brave are there,  
 The proud and the humble together sleep ;  
 The father, caught by intemperance' snare ;  
 And his son, who once could o'er him weep.  
 The rich—the poor—the free—the slave,  
 Go alike to *the drunkard's grave*.

## 17.

## THE SONG OF THE RIVER.

I spring from the rock, from the mountain side,  
 Sparkling pure and bright ;  
 And I gather strength as I rapidly glide  
 From my birth-place into light.

Richness I bear to land and tree,  
 Beauty to hill and dale ;  
 Beast and bird delight in me,  
 Drink and are strong and hale.

Fresh are the flowers that deck my banks,  
 The sod is greenest there ;  
 And the warbling wing'd ones sing their thanks,  
 As they drink of me ev'ry where.

The traveller on burning sands,  
 The wanderer on the sea,  
 Gasping for water, clasp their hands,  
 And wildly pray for me.

I am the only drink was given  
 To man, when pure and free ;  
 Return then to the streams of heaven,  
 You're safe when you drink of me.

## 18.

## AWAY FROM THE REVEL.

Away from the revel, the night star is up ;  
 Away, come away, there is strife in the cup !  
 There is shouting of song, there is wine in the bowl !  
 But listen and drink, they will madden thy soul.

The foam of the goblet is sparkling and bright,  
 Rising like gems in the torches red light ;  
 But the glance of thine eye if it lingereth there,  
 Will change its mild beam for the maniac's glare :

The pearl-studded chalice, displaying in pride,  
 May challenge thy lip to the purple draught's tide ;  
 But the pearl of the dew-drop, the voice of the breeze  
 Are dearer, and calmer, more blessed than these.

Oh ! come, it is twilight ; the night star is up ;  
 Its ray is more bright than the silver-brimmed cup ;  
 The boat gently dances, the snowy sail fills,  
 We'll glide o'er the waters, or rove on the hills.

THE

How dea  
 When  
 The orch  
 And e  
 The wide  
 The b  
 The cot  
 And th

That mo  
 For of  
 I found  
 The pu  
 How ard  
 And q  
 Then soo  
 And dr

How swe  
 As pois  
 Not a full  
 Tho' fil  
 And now  
 The tea  
 As fancy  
 And sig

Lift  
 And  
 And  
 A ch

## 19.

## THE BUCKET WHICH HUNG ON THE WELL.

TUNE :—" *Erin-go-bragh.*"

How dear to my heart are the days of my childhood,  
 When fond recollection presents to my view  
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,  
 And ev'ry lov'd spot which my infancy knew ;  
 The wide spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it ;  
 The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell ;  
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,  
 And the moss covered bucket that hung on the well.

That moss covered bucket I hail as a treasure ;  
 For often at noon, when return'd from the field,  
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
 The purest and sweetest that nature could yield.  
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,  
 And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell ;  
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy rim to receive it,  
 As pois'd on the curb it inclined to my lips ;  
 Not a full flowing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
 Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.  
 And now, though far distant from scenes of my childhood,  
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
 As fancy reverts to my home in the wild wood,  
 And sighs for the bucket that hung on the well.

## 20.

## OUR STANDARD.

AIR :—" *Ye Mariners of England.*"

Lift up, lift up the standard,  
 And plant it near the well !  
 And, gather underneath its folds,  
 A choral anthem swell !

The anthem that is set in praise  
 Of brooks and cisterns sing!  
 Give one strain to the rain,  
 Give another to the spring:—  
 Yea, give a chorus loud and long  
 To aqueduct and spring.

Ye heroes of the bottle,  
 Who "bumper" every toast,  
 Who keep your wine in cobwebs wrapped,  
 And make its age your boast,  
 The oldest wine your vaults have known  
 From press or vat to flow,  
 Is new to the dew  
 That six thousand years ago  
 Came down to fill our cups, one night,  
 Six thousand years ago.

Ye champions of cold water,  
 Who quaff that drink divine,  
 Who 've given you rum and brandy o'er,  
 And bid *adieu* to wine,  
 The bottles that ye crack to-day,  
 By nature's hand are given;  
 Some in the earth have their birth,  
 And some are made in heaven;  
 The granite rock and spring are those,  
 And these the clouds of heaven.

Then up the Temperance standard!  
 And plant it by the well,  
 And, shaded by its waving folds,  
 A choral anthem swell!  
 The anthem that is set to chime  
 With babbling waters sing,  
 Give one strain to the rain,  
 Give another to the spring,  
 Yea, give a chorus loud and long,  
 To aqueduct and spring!

## 21.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE DELEGATES OF THE  
CINCINNATI WASHINGTON TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,  
BY THE DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT HARRISON.

Go, warn the youth that gazes  
On the wine-cup's ruby glow,  
That beneath the sparkling nectar  
There lurks a treacherous foe.

And bid him fly, while reason  
Exerts her potent sway ;  
For, *once dethroned*, to that dread foe  
He'll fall an easy prey.

Full many a widow'd mother  
Will bless you in His name,  
Who always hears the orphan's cry,  
And grants the widow's claim.

And many a wife, rejoicing  
O'er husband "lost and found,"  
Will feel, at mention of your name,  
Her grateful heart rebound.

On with the glorious banner  
Of "Temperance and Reform."  
Break down the haunts of Satan ;  
His very "strongholds storm."

And nobler triumphs will be yours,  
A more enduring fame  
Than that which wreaths the conqueror's brow,  
Or circles round his name.

## 22.

A WASHINGTONIAN SONG.

*"Never Forsake a Brother."*

Should old companions be forgot,  
And never brought to mind ;  
Nor we indulge a friendly thought  
For those we leave behind.

## CHORUS.

O! no; they still to us are dear,  
 We'll still be dear to them;  
 On Auld Lang Syne we'll drop a tear,  
 Our friendship's brightest gem.

Like theirs, our idle days were passed,  
 Our nights of guilty joy;  
 But glorious change! 'tis come at last,  
 A sweet without alloy.

And they shall taste, for they are dear,  
 We'll still be, &c.

No wife, no children now to weep;  
 No friends to sigh in shame;  
 No cankered eye its vigil keep,  
 To fix the guilty name.

Yet these old friends to us are dear,  
 And we are dear to them, &c.

To father, mother, wife and child,  
 And friends, and dearest home,  
 We come, as ever, undefiled;  
 In Love's fruition come.

Yet old companions still are dear,  
 And we'll be dear to them;  
 On Auld Lang Syne we'll drop a tear,  
 'Tis Friendship's diadem.

## 23.

## I'VE THROWN THE BOWL ASIDE.

I've thrown the bowl aside,  
 For me no more shall flow  
 Its ruddy stream or sparkling tide,  
 How bright soe'er it glow;  
 I've seen extending wide  
 Its devastating sway,  
 Seen reason yield its power to guide,—  
 I've cast the bowl away!

My days of revelry  
 O gladly I give up;  
 They're but the masks of misery,  
 Which still lurk in the cup;  
 While indolence and want  
 And poverty display  
 Themselves in every drunkard's haunt,—  
 I've cast the bowl away!

A drunkard's gloomy grave  
 Shall ne'er be made for me;  
 O rather let the rushing wave  
 Engulf me in the sea!  
 And may it be my lot  
 To die 'neath reason's ray!  
 Remember'd by my friends or not,—  
 I've cast the bowl away!

## 24.

## THE BUBBLING SPRING.

If one bright spot there is on earth,  
 More lovely than the rest,  
 One, which fond nature at her birth,  
 With purest beauty blest;  
 It is the place where some cool fount  
 Its crystal waters fling;  
 Where, in the mead, or on the mount,  
 'Mid rocks and flowers, that hide the fount,  
 Gushes the bubbling spring.

Tell me not of the sparkling bowl,  
 That glows with redd'ning fire;  
 Oh tell not of the joy of soul,  
 The wine-cup can inspire  
 A brighter glass—a purer joy—  
 A healthier draught I sing;  
 Nature's own cup without alloy—  
 Pleasure that *reason* can enjoy—  
 Health from the bubbling spring.

Then fill the glass with water bright—  
 The nectar nature gave;  
 Let faithful hearts round this unite,  
 A bleeding world to save:  
 For naught can soothe the woful wound,  
 And heal the viper's sting—  
 Nay naught these fires of death can drown,  
 But pure and healthful water, found  
 Fresh in the bubbling spring.

D. C. YORK.

## 25.

## THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

The Temperance pledge—the Temperance song,  
 In tuneful chorus let us sing;  
 Here our proud banners wave along,—  
 Our heart's best tribute we will bring;  
 Here let the patriot's song ascend,  
 Here all our holiest feelings blend.  
 Sing of the fount—the crystal stream  
 Whose sparkling waters ever flow;  
 Revere the sacred, holy theme  
 Which cheers the joy or wo:  
 The Temperance pledge,—the Temperance theme,  
 The healing fount, the cooling stream.  
 Here, midst our ranks, with joy we view  
 The captive from his chains set free;  
 His altered mien,—his feelings new,  
 We all with grateful pleasure see;  
 No more he drains the dreadful bowl;  
 The *healing fount* that made him whole.  
 Far o'er the land far o'er sea,  
 Our banners peacefully shall float,  
 The young, the beautiful, the free,  
 To this great cause their life devote,  
 Then raise the Temperance shout on high,  
 And sing the fount that's never dry.

D. RUSSELL.

WAS

W

W

TH

Sm

An

Co

A

A

T

In

F

A

“

O! so

In the

And b

In the

## 26.

## WASHINGTONIAN SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

TUNE :—"Auld Lang Syne."

We come! we come, that have been held  
 In burning chains so long,  
 We're up! and on we come a host  
 Full fifty thousand strong.

The chains we've snapped that held us round  
 The Wine-vat and the Still;—  
 Snapped by a blow—nay, by a word,  
 That mighty word: I WILL!

And on—and on—a levelling host  
 Of temperance men we come,  
 Contemning and defying all  
 The powers and priests of rum;  
 A host redeemed; who've drawn the sword,  
 And sharpened up its edge,  
 And hewn our way, through hostile ranks,  
 To the tee-total pledge.

To God be thanks, who pours us out  
 Cold water from his hills,  
 In crystal springs and babbling brooks,  
 In lakes and sparkling rills!  
 From these to quench our thirst we come,  
 With freemen's shout and song:  
 A host already numbering more  
 Than fifty thousand strong.

PIERPONT.

## 27.

## LIFT NOT THE WINE-CUP.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red."—PROV.

O! soft sleep the hills in their sunny repose,  
 In the lands of the south where the vine gaily grows;  
 And blithesome the hearts of the vintagers be,  
 In the grape purple vales, in the Isles of the sea.

And fair is the wine when its splendour is poured  
 'Mid silver and gold round the festival board,  
 When the magic of music awakes in its power,  
 And wit guilds the fast falling sands of the hour.

Yet lift not the wine-cup, though pleasure may swim  
 'Mid the bubbles that flash round its roseate brim ;  
 For dark in the depths of the fountain below,  
 Lurk the sirens that lure to the vortex of wo.

They have led the gay spirit of childhood astray,  
 While it dreamed not of wiles on its radiant way ;  
 And the soft cheek of beauty they've paled in its bloom,  
 And quenched her bright eyes in the damps of the tomb.

They have torn the live wreath from the brow of the brave,  
 And changed his proud heart to the heart of a slave ;  
 And e'en the fair fame of the good and the just,  
 With the grey hairs of age, they have trod to the dust.

Then lift not the wine-cup, though pleasure may swim  
 Like an angel of light round its roseate brim :  
 For dark in the depths of the fountain below,  
 Lurk the sirens that lure to the vortex of wo.

## 28.

## THE COLD WATER ARMY.

TUNE :—" *Auld Lang Syne.*"

With banner and with badge we come,  
 An ARMY true and strong,  
 To fight against the host of rum,  
 And this shall be our song :

We love the clear cold water springs,  
 Supplied by gentle showers :

We feel the strength cold water brings—  
 "The victory is ours."

"Cold Water Army," is our name,—

O may we faithful be,  
 And so in truth and justice claim  
 The blessings of the free.

We love the clear, &c.

Hark,

A

As loo

Resp

While

And

Send h

Fro

And th

Be r

And n

As

While

Eve

Ring o

And

Though others love their rum and wine,  
 And drink till they are mad,  
 To water we will still incline,  
 To make us strong and glad,  
 We love the clear, &c.

I pledge to thee this hand of mine,  
 In faith and friendship strong;  
 And, fellow-soldiers, we will join  
 The chorus of our song:  
 We love the clear, &c.

REV. MR. THOMAS.

29.

"HARK, THE SWEET MUSIC."

Hark, hark, the sweet music that sounds o'er the land,  
 As it thrills in the ears of us all;  
 As loud, and more loud does each cold water band  
 Respond to the Temperance call;  
 While thousands spring up from each valley and hill,  
 And seizing the spirited strain,  
 Send back the glad challenge with hearty good will,  
 From hill-top to valley again.

And thus may the sounds of the cold water song  
 Be round us while lasts the glad day;  
 And night in its stillness, the echo prolong,  
 As time with us all wears away;  
 While hope with her warm light, each beaming eye fills,  
 Evermore may that soul-stirring strain  
 Ring out as an earnest of joy, till it thrills,  
 And echoes to heaven again.

30.

ODE.

TUNE:—"Queen's Anthem."

Yon silver fountain's basin,  
 'Tis sweet to see thy face in,  
 Fair harvest moon!

And, when the sun has shone in,  
 On the white pebbles thrown in,  
 'Tis sweet to see our own in,  
 At sultry noon.

Sweet is the light that quivers  
 On water brooks and rivers;  
 Fresh are the trees  
 Whose feet the wave carcases,  
 And fresh the bloom that dresses  
 Their loose and fragrant tresses  
 For evening breeze.

## 31.

## FOR JUVENILE CELEBRATIONS.

Children, who have rallied now  
 Where Immanuel's soldiers bow,  
 Who will take the Temperance vow,  
 And be a volunteer?

Children! hear the battle cry,  
 Sounding loud, and sounding nigh,  
 From the throne of God on high;  
 Who'll be a volunteer?

See! the foe is gathering fast:  
 Hark! his clanging trumpet-blast!  
 Who will fight him to the last.  
 And march a volunteer?

Lo! o'er all the tented field,  
 God will be our sun and shield;  
 Alcohol, the foe, shall yield,  
 If all will volunteer.

## 32.

## SONG.

We grasp no bowl, though in it glows  
 The radiant hue that decks the rose,  
 Though melted rubies glance within,  
 That bowl but leads to woe and sin.

We loathe the bowl, though Pleasure's wreath  
Sheds o'er its tide, its incense-breath,  
Though mirth's gay sunlight on it gleams,  
There's death beneath its poison streams.

Give us bright water, pure and bright,  
Health glows within its sparkling light,  
Gladdens the soul beneath its powers,  
As to its flow earth yields her flowers.  
Our flag is waving in the air,  
A mighty band is rallying there,  
Temperance beams with steady ray,  
To cheer our hearts and guide our way.

A. B. STREET.

### 33.

#### ABSTAIN.

TUNE :—" See the Conquering Hero comes."

There's a blessing on the wing,  
Sons of want and misery, sing;  
This the simple solemn strain,  
This the word of hope, "abstain:"  
Touch nor taste; for dark despair  
Fills the cup of poison there:  
With a heaven uplifted eye,  
From the fell destroyer fly!

Tens of thousands he has slain,  
Tens of thousands court his chain;  
Never more his portion take,  
For your souls' and mercy's sake,  
Hear your wives, your children plead,  
Hear the gospel intercede!  
Helpless drunkards, hither fly!  
"Touch not, taste not," or you die.

Die! alas! there is a doom,  
Darker than the darkest tomb.  
Blacker than the blackest night,  
Rayless sorrow, endless blight;

There the dying drunkard goes,  
 Draining draught of bitter woes;  
 List, then, to the simple strain,  
 Hear the word of joyful news—*abstain*.

## 34.

## INTEMPERANCE.

Parent! who with speechless feeling,  
 O'er thy cradled treasure bent,—  
 Found each year new charms revealing,—  
 Yet thy wealth of love unspent,—  
 Hast thou seen that blossom blighted  
 By a drear, untimely frost?—  
 All thy labour unrequited?—  
 Every glorious promise lost?

Wife! with agony unspoken,  
 Shrinking from affliction's rod,—  
 Is thy prop, thine idol broken,—  
 Fondly trusted—next to God?—  
 Husband! o'er thy hope a mourner,—  
 Of thy chosen friend ashamed?—  
 Hast thou to her burial borne her,—  
 Unrepentent—unreclaimed?

Child! in tender weakness turning,  
 To thy heaven appointed guide,—  
 Doth a lava poison burning,—  
 Tinge with gall affection's tide?  
 Still that orphan burden bearing,—  
 Darker than the grave can show,—  
 Dost thou bow thee down despairing,  
 To a heritage of woe?

Country!—on thy sons depending,—  
 Strong in manhood—bright in bloom,—  
 Hast thou seen thy pride descending  
 Shrouded to the unhonored tomb?

Rise! on eagle pinion soaring,—  
 Rise! like one of godlike birth,  
 And Jehovah's aid imploring,  
 Sweep the spoiler from the earth.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

35.

AULD LANG SYNE.

*Altered for a Scene on Andrew's Day, in Montreal.*

Should auld acquaintances be forgot  
 And never brought to mind,  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
 And days of lang syne.

We need not fill the mad'ning bowl,  
 Nor drink the sparkling wine;  
 We feel our hearts o'erflow with love,  
 At thoughts of lang syne.

Though distant from our native land,  
 We mind her mountains blue,  
 Her heathery hills and primrose glens,  
 Her gowans wet with dew.

[Can we not grasp a brother's hand;  
 Or, greet a welcome guest,  
 Without a fiery draught to curse  
 The day we honour best.

Yet, still amidst our festive joys,  
 We sadly call to mind,  
 That oft we drink the drunkard's drink,  
 In days of auld lang syne.

What, though that drink we taste no more,  
 Still many drink and die;  
 Up and be doing, then, till all  
 Its thousand streams are dry.]

Here's welcome to the friends we love,  
 From lands wher'er they come,  
 And hail to thee Columbia's land  
 Where Temperance has her home.

Here's fond regrets for friends we've lost,  
 And loved one's left behind,  
 Though far away, our hearts are near,  
 When thinking on lang syne.  
 We need not, &c.

## 36.

'TIS RUM—'TIS RUM—MY CHILD!

WRITTEN BY A POOR MOTHER.

What means that bloated, reddened face?  
 That staggering gait, devoid of grace?  
 That fetid breath, those blood-shot eyes?  
 Dost thou inquire?—A voice replies,  
*'Tis rum—'tis rum—my child!*

What means that woe-worn mother's tears?  
 How pale and wretched she appears!  
 Her heart is sad, it must be so:  
 What is the cause of all her woe?  
*'Tis rum—'tis rum—my child!*

Those tattered children, see them stand,  
 To hear their Father's stern command;  
 What makes him beat and scold them so?  
 Tell me, my mother if you know:  
*'Tis rum—'tis rum—my child!*

Then, mother, let us all unite,  
 To drive rum off, far out of sight—  
 Then will not joy and comfort come,  
 To cheer that wretched mother's home?  
*O yes—O yes—my child!*

PART THIRD.

POETRY.

1.

LICENSE LAWS.

"For so much gold, we license thee,"  
So say our laws—"a draught to sell,  
That bows the strong, enslaves the free,  
And opens wide the gates of hell.  
For *public good* requires that some,  
Since many die, should live by RUM."

Ye civic fathers! while the foes  
Of this destroyer seize their swords,  
And heaven's own hall is in the blows  
They're dealing—will ye cut the cords  
That round the falling fiend they draw,  
And o'er him hold your shield of law?

And will ye give to man a bill  
Divorcing him from heaven's high sway,  
And while God says, "thou shalt not kill"—  
Say ye, "for gold, ye may—ye may?"  
Compare the body with the soul;  
Compare the bullet with the bowl!

In which is felt the fiercer blast  
Of the destroying angel's breath?  
Which blinds its victim the more fast?  
Which kills him with a deadlier death?  
Will ye the felon fox restrain,  
And yet take off the tiger's chain?

The living to the rotting dead  
 The God-contemning Tuscan tied,  
 Till, by the way, or on his bed,  
 The poor corpse-carrier drooped and died—  
 Lashed hand to hand, and face to face,  
 In fatal and in loathed embrace.

Less cutting, think ye, is the thong  
 That to a *breathing* corpse, for life,  
 Lashes, in torture loathed and long,  
 The drunkard's child—the drunkard's wife?  
 To clasp that clay—to breathe that breath—  
 And no escape!—O, that is death!

Are ye not fathers? When your sons  
 Look on you for their daily bread,  
 Dare ye, in meekery, load with stones  
 The table that for them ye spread?  
 How can ye hope your sons will live,  
 If ye, for fish, a serpent give?

O, Holy God! let light divine  
 Break forth more broadly from above,  
 Till we conform our laws to thine—  
 The perfect law of truth and love:  
 For truth and love alone can save  
 Thy children from a hopeless grave.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

2.

GIVE ME WATER.

Give me water—give me this—  
 Take your drunkard's drinks away—  
 How these lands would rise in bliss!  
 How would darkness turn to day!  
 Were we all with this imprest,  
 Did this truth but fill each breast.

Give me water—blessed stream—  
 Emblem of the light divine—  
 It doth point to that fair beam,  
 Which through endless years shall shine:  
 Kindled first on Zion's hill,  
 By Almighty wisdom's skill!

Give me water!—when in health,  
 It will joy and peace impart;  
 Friend of virtue, freedom, wealth;  
 Solace of a wounded heart.  
 See the springs and mountain streams  
 Sparkling pure in sun-lit beams!

Give me water!—this alone—  
 From the glorious crystal tide;  
 How can words its worth make known,  
 Frisking in its summer pride!  
 Let me quench my thirst from thee—  
 Fountain—flowing bright and free.

Give me water!—friends of man—  
 Friends of temperance—firmly stand;  
 Teach mankind your simple plan,  
 It will save a drunken land.  
 Let our motto ceaseless be—  
 "Water!—water!—best for me."

## 3.

## THE PURE STREAM OF EDEN.

In Eden's green retreats,  
 A water brook,—that played  
 Between soft, mossy seats,  
 Beneath a plane-tree's shade,  
 Whose rustling leaves  
 Danced o'er its brink,—  
 Was Adam's drink,  
 And Mother Eve's.

Beside the parent spring  
 Of that young brook, the pair  
 Their morning chant would sing;  
 And Eve, to dress her hair,  
 Kneel on the grass  
 That fringed its side,  
 And made its tide  
 Her looking-glass.

And, when the man of God  
 From Egypt led his flock,  
 They thirsted, and his rod  
 Smote the Arabian rock,  
 And forth a rill  
 Of water gushed,  
 And on they rushed,  
 And drank their fill.

Would Eden thus have smiled,  
 Had wine to Eden come?  
 Would Horeb's parching wild  
 Have been refreshed with rum?  
 And had Eve's hair  
 Been dressed in gin,  
 Would she have been  
 More heavenly fair?

Had Moses built a still,  
 And dealt out to that host,  
 To every man his gill,  
 And pledged him in a toast,  
 Would cooler brains,  
 Or stronger hands,  
 Have braved the sands  
 Of those hot plains?

"Sweet fields, beyond" death's flood  
 "Stand dressed in living green;"  
 For, from the throne of God,  
 To freshen all the scene,

A river rolls,  
Where all who will  
May come and fill  
Their crystal bowls.

REV. J. PIERPONT.

4.

THE RUM MANIAC.

“ Say, Doctor, may I not have rum,  
To quench this burning thirst within ?  
Here on this cursed bed I lie,  
And cannot get one drop of gin.  
I ask not health, nor even life—  
Life ! what a curse it's been to me !  
I'd rather sink in deepest hell,  
Than drink again its misery.

“ But Doctor, may I not have rum ?  
One drop alone is all I crave.  
Grant this small boon—I ask no more—  
Then I'll defy—yes, e'en the grave ;  
Then, without fear, I'll fold my arms,  
And bid the monster strike his dart,  
To haste me from this world of woe,  
And claim his own—*this* ruined heart.

“ A thousand curses on his head  
Who gave me first the poisoned bowl,  
Who taught me first this bane to drink,—  
Drink—death and ruin to my soul.  
My soul ! oh, cruel, horrid thought !  
Full well I know thy certain fate ;  
With what instinctive horror shrinks  
The spirit from that awful state !

“ Lost—lost—I know forever lost !  
To me no ray of hope can come :  
My fate is sealed ; my doom is fix'd,  
But give me rum : I will have rum.

But, Doctor, don't you see *him* there?  
 In that dark corner low he sits:  
 See! how he sports his fiery tongue,  
 And at me burning brimstone spits!

"Go, chase him out. Look! here he comes;  
 Now on my bed he wants to stay;  
 He shant be there. Oh God! Oh God!  
 Go way, I say! go way! go way!  
 Quick! chain me fast, and tie me down:  
 There now—he clasps me in his arms:  
 Down—down the window—close it tight:  
 Say, don't you hear my wild alarms?"

"Say, don't you see this demon fierce?  
 Does no one hear? will no one come?  
 Oh save me—save me—I will give—  
 But rum! I must have—will have rum.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah! now he's gone; once more I'm free:  
 He's gone—the boasting knave and liar—  
 He said that he would take me off  
 Down to—But there! my bed's on fire!

"Fire! water! help! come, haste—I'll die;  
 Come, take me from this burning bed:  
 The smoke—I'm choking—cannot cry;  
 There now—it's catching at my head!  
 But see! again that demon's come;  
 Look! there he peeps through yonder crack;  
 Mark how his burning eyeballs flash!  
 How fierce he grins! what brought him back?"

"There stands his burning coach of fire;  
 He smiles, and beckons me to come.  
 What are those words he's written there?  
 'In hell, we never want for rum!'"  
 One loud, one piercing shriek was heard;  
 One yell rang out upon the air;  
 One sound, and one alone, came forth—  
 The victim's cry of wild despair.

"Why longer wait? I'm ripe for hell;  
 A spirit's sent to bear me down.  
 There in the regions of the lost,  
 I sure will wear a fiery crown.  
 Accursed, I know, without a hope!  
 (One moment more, and then I'll come!)  
 And there I'll quench my awful thirst  
 With boiling, burning, fiery ram."

JOSEPH ALLISON.

5.

DASH TO THE FLOOR THAT BOWL.

Dash to the floor that bowl!  
 Dare not its sweets to sip!  
 There's peril to the soul,  
 If once it touch the lip.  
 Why will ye drown  
 The God within?  
 Avoid the sin!  
 Ay, dash it down!

Once, to the exiled John  
 A poisoned cup was brought.  
 The bearer had withdrawn;—  
 The saint, by angels taught,  
 Saw, o'er its brim,  
 An asp's head rise,  
 Whose burning eyes  
 Were fixed on him.

So Truth, by whose bright blaze  
 Is many a secret sin  
 Revealed, in these our days  
 Hath taught us, that, within  
 That narrow span,  
 The wine-cup's grasp,  
 There lives an asp,  
 There dies a man!

Then let no fire be brought,  
 In goblet, glass, or bowl,  
 Within "the dome of thought,  
 The palace of the soul;  
 Lest, in that fire  
 Of burning drink,  
 That palace sink,  
 That soul expire.

Should God, in wrath, ordain  
 A universal dearth,  
 What need he do, but rain  
 On all this green, glad earth,  
 From cloudy urns,  
 The curse that fills  
 Our vats and stills,  
 That blights and burns.

Save us from such a shower,  
 God of the eastern bow!  
 That pledge, of love and power,  
 What bends, what paints it so?  
 That bow in air  
 'Tis light that bends,  
 Heaven's light, that blends  
 With water there.

Let light on water shine,—  
 The light of love and truth!  
 Then shall that drink divine  
 Be quaffed by Age and Youth;  
 And, as that bow  
 Doth heavenward bend,  
 Shall heavenward tend  
 The way they go.

## 6.

## THE BAR MAID.

I saw a lovely girl—it was at church—  
 Who knelt before her Maker in the beauty

Of ma  
 Her ca  
 And h  
 I thou  
 Such l  
 She ap  
 With c  
 Revea  
 As she  
 With t  
 Her ey  
 And h  
 Woma  
 And e  
 Thou  
 Its hal

Again  
 Beneat  
 She ha  
 It was  
 Range  
 The na  
 With v  
 Just le  
 Cluster  
 And th  
 And la  
 Went  
 And s/  
 Young  
 As 'tw  
 Broug  
 She sto  
 Poured  
 The po  
 That v  
 Those  
 And st

Of maiden meekness. As she lifted up  
 Her calm blue eyes in confidence to heaven,  
 And her sweet lips were parted in low prayer,  
 I thought that never had been seen on earth  
 Such likeness unto angels. Presently  
 She approached the supper of the Crucified,  
 With diffidence and in humility of step;  
 Revealing lowliness of heart. And there,  
 As she partook the symbols of His death—  
 With trembling, touched the blest memorials—  
 Her eyelids swam with tears of penitence,  
 And holy hope, and joy that passeth words.  
 Woman, (I said,) though ever beautiful,  
 And every where attractive, unto me  
 Thou art truly lovely when devotion lends  
 Its halo to thy charms.

That Sabbath day

Again I saw her—'twas the same—she stood  
 Beneath her father's roof. From the high altar  
 She had hastened to her home for other service.  
 It was a room unseemly to the sight,  
 Ranged round with cups and flasks, on which was seen  
 The name of Alcohol. The place was filled  
 With vulgar men. The thoughtless youth was there  
 Just learning his sad lesson. Aged heads  
 Clustering and ripening for the grave were there :  
 And there the filthy debauchee. Strange oaths  
 And laughter rude I heard.—The jest obscene  
 Went round : and some were reeling in their drink.  
 And *she*—yes, *she*, that beauteous one, that sweet  
 Young blossom, stood amid that tainted crew,  
 As 'twere a pure bright spirit, suddenly  
 Brought in its skiey freshness to the damned.  
 She stood behind the bar :—her lily hand  
 Poured out the nauseous draught, and mixed and reached  
 The poison to those outcasts. With a leer,  
 That withered up, methought, her virgin charms,  
 Those bad men gazed on her, and laughed and drank ;  
 And still they drank, and still she filled the cup

And gave it them, and heard their brutal talk,  
And songs of hell.

Her sire is counted one  
Of the pillars of the church; he duly prays,  
Gives alms, and deems himself a journeyer  
To heaven; and he his daughter places there  
A daily sacrifice, acceptable  
Unto the Moloch RUM : and unrebuked,  
For money offers up his innocent child;  
And she, obedient, thus is sacrificed.

## 7.

## THE TOAST.

Fill up the cup, the bowl, the glass,  
With wine and spirits high,  
And we will drink, while round they pass,  
To—*Vice and Misery.*

Push quickly round the draught again,  
And drain the goblet low,  
And drink in riot's swelling strain,  
To—*Reason's overthrow!*

Push round, push round in quickest time—  
The lowest drop be spent  
In one loud round to—*Guilt and Crime!*  
And—*Crime's just punishment!*

Fill, fill again—fill to the brim,  
To—*Loss of honest fame!*  
Quaff—deeper quaff—while now we drink,  
*Our wives', our children's shame!*

Push round! push round, with loudest cheers,  
Of mirth and revelry—  
We drink to *Woman's sighs and tears,*  
*And children's poverty.*

Fill up the glass—fill yet more high!  
Thus soon ne'er let us part—  
Stop not at woman's tear and sigh,  
Give—*Beauty's broken heart!*

Wh  
The  
Hov  
Aro  
Sho  
Loo  
Hov  
Whi  
In s  
H  
Wer  
O, i  
By t  
Wit  
And  
Of d  
\* \* \*  
My  
Thy  
Yes,  
Seiz  
My  
Was  
My  
O, i  
O, t  
Qui  
The  
I lo

Once more! while power shall yet remain,  
 E'en with its latest breath,  
 Drink! *to yourselves*—DISEASE AND PAIN,  
 AND INFAMY AND DEATH!

## 8.

## SOLILOQUY OF A DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

\*\*\* Time was, when much he loved me,  
 When we walked out at close of day t'inhale  
 The vernal breeze—ah, well do I remember,  
 How, then, with careful hand he drew my mantle  
 Around me, fearful, lest the evening dews  
 Should mar my fragile health. Yes, then he would  
 Look kindly on me, when my heart was sad,  
 How tenderly he wiped my tears away,  
 While from his lips the words of gentle soothing  
 In softest accents fell.

How blest my evenings, too, when wintry blasts  
 Were loudly howling round our peaceful dwelling.  
 O, it was sweet, the daily task performed,  
 By the swept hearth and cheerful fire to sit  
 With him I loved: to view, with glistening eye,  
 And all a parent's joy, the budding graces  
 Of our little ones.

\*\*\* Then ye had a father,  
 My lovely babes, now more than helpless orphans!  
 Thy mother more than widowed grief has known;  
 Yes, sharper pangs than those who mourn the dead  
 Seized on my breaking heart, when first I knew  
 My *lover, husband*—O, my earthly all,  
 Was dead to virtue! When I saw the man  
 My soul too fondly loved transformed to brute.  
 O, it was then I tasted gall and wormwood!  
 O, then the world looked dreary! fearful clouds  
 Quick gathered round me, dark forebodings came;  
 The grave before was terror, now it smiled;  
 I longed to lay me down in peaceful rest,

There to forget my sorrows. But I lived!  
 And O, my God! what years of woe have followed!  
 I feel my heart is broken. He who vowed  
 To cherish me—before God's altar vowed—  
 Has done the deed. And shall I then upbraid him—  
 The husband of my youthful days—the man  
 For whom I gave my virgin heart away!  
 Patient I'll bear it all.

\* \* \* Peace, peace, my heart!  
 'Tis almost o'er—A few more stormy blasts,  
 And then this shattered, sickly frame will fall,  
 And sweetly slumber—where the weary rest,  
 The wicked cease from troubling!

## 9.

## THE REFORMED FATHER.

*Father.*

Come, darling, take a little toddy,  
 It is a cold and rainy day;  
 A little's good for any body;  
 Come, take a little, child, I pray.

*Child.*

O father, do not tempt me so,  
 I fear I'll love it by and by,  
 And then my love will grow and grow,  
 Till I shall drink your bottle dry.

*Father.*

Fie, fie, that uncle Charles, I think,  
 Has turned you silly quite, and wild;  
 Would your dear father bid you drink  
 If this would hurt his darling child.

*Child.*

Father, I love you from my heart,  
 But O, I fear to taste your brandy;  
 The sugared dram shall be your part,  
 And I will have my sugar candy.

O, father! tell me what's the matter  
 At Mr. Toper's house, just by;  
 O see the little children scatter,  
 And hear their mother shriek and cry!

*Father.*

Why, child, that lazy drunken hog,  
 Has just come home to beat his wife;  
 The brute is now so full of grog,  
 That all must fly to save their life.

*Child.*

And yet when he was young, they say,  
 He was as good as any body;  
 But every cold and rainy day,  
 His father gave the darling toddy.  
 Father, if he had never tasted,  
 Would he have been a drunkard now?  
 His credit gone, his money wasted,  
 His wife and children sunk in woe?

*Father.*

But ah, my child, he drank too deep,  
 He should have stopped at moderation:  
 If we in proper limits keep,  
 There is no danger in creation.

*Child.*

And, father, I may drink too deep,  
 If I should drink your sweetened grog,  
 And, oh! how would my father weep  
 To hear them call me 'drunken hog!'  
 And, father, don't the Bible say,  
 No drunkard shall with Jesus dwell?  
 That God will send them far away,  
 To sigh and weep in deepest hell?  
 I love you, father, that you know—  
 O do not spoil your darling son;—  
 But should I drink and sink to woe,  
 I'll say my father urged me on.

*Father.*

Enough, my son, I've no desire  
 To urge you on to woe and pain ;  
 I'll throw my toddy in the fire,  
 And never taste myself again.  
 My child has rescued me from shame,  
 And fill'd his father's heart with joy ;  
 Sure I had gained a drunkard's grave  
 But for this precious darling boy.  
 Another drop I will not covet ;  
 (James, break that filthy demi-john ;)  
 For when a man begins to love it,  
 He is already half undone.

## 10.

## WHO ARE THE FREE ?

Who are the free ?

They who have scorned the tyrant and his rod,  
 And bowed in worship unto none but God ;  
 They who have made the conqueror's glory dim—  
 Unchained in soul, though manacled in limb—  
 Unwarped by prejudice—unawed by wrong,  
 Friends to the weak, and fearless of the strong ;  
 They who would change not with the changing hour,  
 The self-same man in peril and in power ;  
 True to the law of right, as warmly prone  
 To grant another's as maintain their own ;  
 Foes to oppression wheresoe'er it be :—

These are the proudly free ?

Who are the wise ?

They who have governed with a self-control  
 Each wild and baneful passion of the soul,  
 Curbed the strong impulse of all fierce desires,  
 But kept alive affection's purer fires ;  
 They who have passed the labyrinth of life  
 Without one hour of weakness or of strife ;  
 Prepared each change of fortune to endure,  
 Humble though rich, and dignified though poor—

Skilled in the latent movements of the heart,—  
 Learned in the lore which nature can impart,—  
 Teaching that sweet philosophy aloud,  
 Which sees the "silver lining" of the cloud,  
 Looking for good in all beneath the skies:—  
 These are the truly wise!

## 11.

## FROM MILTON'S SAMPSON AGONISTES.

O madness! to think use of strongest wines,  
 And strongest drink, our chief support of health,  
 When God, with these forbidden, made choice to rear  
 His mighty champion, strong above compare,  
 Whose drink was only from the limpid brook.

## 12.

## WHY SO MANY DRUNKERIES.

Pass where we may, through city or through town,  
 Village or hamlet of this merry land,  
 Though lean and beggar'd, ev'ry twentieth pace  
 Conducts th' unguarded nose to such a whiff  
 Of stale debauch, forth issuing from the styes  
 That law has licens'd, as makes temp'rance reel.  
 There sit, involv'd and lost in curling clouds  
 Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,  
 The lackey, and the groom. The craftsmen there  
 Takes a Lethean leave of all his toil;  
 Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears  
 And he that kneads the dough, all loud alike,  
 All learned, and all drunk. The fiddle screams  
 Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wail'd  
 Its wasted tones and harmony unheard.  
 Dire is the frequent curse, and its twin-sound,  
 The cheek-distending oath. 'Tis here they learn  
 The road that reads from competence and peace,  
 To indigence and rapine; till at last  
 Society, grown weary of the load,  
 Shakes her encumber'd lap, and casts them out.

But censure profits little : vain th' attempt  
 To advertise in verse a public pest,  
 That, like the filth with which the peasant feeds  
 His hungry acres, stinks, and is of use—  
 Th' excise is fatten'd with the rich result  
 Of all this riot ; and ten thousand casks,  
 For ever dribbling out their base contents,  
 Touch'd by the Midas finger of the state,  
 Bleed gold for parliament to vote away.  
 Drink and be mad, then ; —'tis your country bids ;  
 Gloriously drunk, —obey th' important call :  
 Her cause demands th' assistance of your throats ;  
 Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.

COWPER.

## 13.

THE HOUSE WITH THE PICTURE HUNG OVER  
 THE DOOR.

*Joseph.*

Well Sammy ; I'm glad I've dropped on thee at last,  
 We've not had thee with us, these many weeks past ;  
 Thou knows where I'm going, thou's been there before—  
 The house with the picture hung over the door.

*Samuel.*

Friend Joe ! if it suits thee I'll speak my mind plain,  
 I was us'd there so badly, I'll not go again :  
 And if thou art wise, lad, *thou'll* venture no more  
 In the house with the picture hung over the door.

*Joseph.*

Our club that meets there, is both courteous and free,  
 As hearty and kind, as good fellows can be ;  
 There's music, and drink, and diversion in store,  
 At the house with the picture hung over the door.

*Samuel.*

I grant there are some, both kind hearted and gay ;  
 But the stuff they get there takes all virtue away ;  
 And sense, wit, and music are lost in the roar  
 Of the house with the picture hung over the door.

I'm st  
 Of th  
 From  
 At th

When  
 Like  
 But I  
 At th

This  
 And  
 I fly  
 To th

'Tis tr  
 But n  
 His g  
 At th

Pray  
 Thy  
 If th  
 At th

I've  
 My v  
 For t  
 The

And  
 Thy  
 I sho  
 At th

*Joseph.*

I'm surprised at this talk, so unsocial and sour,  
Of that blessing good drink, and its joy-giving power,  
From him who so loudly sang one bottle more,  
At the house with the picture hung over the door.

*Samuel.*

When first I went there, I was hearty and sound,  
Like a horse could I toil, like a stag could I bound;  
But I was made frenzied, and feeble, and poor,  
At the house with the picture hung over the door.

*Joseph.*

This life is made up of joys, crosses, and cares,  
And he who laughs loudest his sorrow outwears;  
I fly from my trouble—'tis vain to deplore,—  
To the house with the picture hung over the door.

*Samuel.*

'Tis true all have trials on life's changeful track,  
But man makes more painful, the rod to his back,  
His griefs he forgets but one moment—no more,—  
At the house with the picture hung over the door.

*Joseph.*

Pray what will thou do with thy earnings, my lad,  
Thy wages are good—in thy prospects be glad,  
If thou would not turn miser, then lessen thy store,  
At the house with the picture hung over the door.

*Samuel.*

I've a coat to my back, a good hat on my head,  
My wife, and my bairns, are well cloth'd and well fed,  
For these have a claim on my savings, before  
The house with the picture hung over the door.

*Joseph.*

And how gets thou over these long winter nights,  
Thy life must be bare, very bare of delights,—  
I should die, if my spirits I did not restore,  
At the house with the picture hung over the door,

*Samuel.*

The mind, free, unclouded, is ne'er at a loss,  
The deep mines of wisdom, not kings can engross—  
From the joys of my home, who would wish to explore  
The house with the picture hung over the door.

*Joseph.*

To me my own dwelling looks tiresome and dull,  
I cannot be right 'till I go and get full ;  
I fly from my home, where a plague rages sore,  
To the house with the picture hung over the door.

*Samuel.*

Stay at home with thy wife—read a book to her mind,  
If peevish before—it will make her grow kind ;  
At times with the wise, share the pleasures of lore,  
Not—the house with the picture hung over the door.

*Joseph.*

With head-piece like thine, O ! that I had been bless'd !  
I know I have been but a fool at the best ;  
I oft thought of saving—that fit was soon o'er,  
At the house with the picture hung over the door.

*Samuel.*

Would'st thou the rich fruits of thy labour retain ?  
Would'st thou taste of pleasure, that leaves thee no pain ?  
Say ! would'st thou be happy ?—then enter no more  
The house with the picture hung over the door.

T. LISTER.

## 14.

### MY LITTLE JUG OF WHISKEY.

O, thou wert once, from morn to night,  
My greatest joy, my first delight,  
And never, never far from sight,  
My little jug of whiskey.

When early from my couch I crept,  
I filled thee full, and near me kept,  
And drank thee dry before I slept,  
My little jug of whiskey.

O, seldom one short hour apart,  
 For five long years, so near my heart,  
 Resolved from thee I'd never part,  
                   My little jug of whiskey.

But yet a pest I found thee, aye,  
 Tho' I ne'er knew thee run away,  
 With but one pistareen a day,  
                   My little jug of whiskey.

One pistareen! a little sound,  
 Small sum; but when the year came round,  
 Near eighty dollars it was found,  
                   My little jug of whiskey.

Eighty! but go on further still,  
 In five years, reckon as you will,  
 Four hundred nigh it cost to fill,  
                   My little jug of whiskey.

Four hundred! such the sum you call,  
 With interest subjoined, and all,  
 Is but a calculation small,  
                   My little jug of whiskey.

Ah, me! that I thou little foe,  
 Fool that I am to love thee so,  
 In thirty more what would it grow,  
                   My little jug of whiskey.

Five thousand dollars! ah! said I,  
 I vow henceforth to lay thee by,  
 So hear my last, my farewell sigh,  
                   My little jug of whiskey.

So up the little pest I gave,  
 And took my resolution brave,  
 The pistareen a day to save,  
                   My little jug of whiskey.

Now thirty years have rolled away,  
 I've saved my pistareen a day,  
 A lot I've purchased with the sum,  
 That might, long since, have gone for rum.

And there a house I've built as neat,  
 And large as any in the street,  
 Well furnished too, and round the fire,  
 My children bless their happy sire.  
 My partner smiles with honest glee,  
 And says there's none about like me,  
 So good a father, kind a mate,  
 Nor e'er was wife so fortunate,  
 And I, depend ye, bless the day,  
 I laid my whiskey jug away.

QUONDAM TIPPLE.

15.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

Dark was the night! How dark! No light! No fire!  
 Cold on the hearth the last faint sparks expire:  
 Shivering she watches by the cradle side  
 For him who pledged her love—last year a bride!

“Hark! 'tis his footstep! No! 'tis past, 'tis gone!”  
 Tick-tick! “How wearily the time crawls on;  
 Why would he leave me thus? He once was kind,  
 And I believed 'twould last. How mad! how blind.

“Rest thee, my babe—rest on. 'Tis hunger's cry!  
 Sleep, for there is no food! The fount is dry,  
 Famine and cold their wearying work have done;  
 My heart must break! And thou!” The clock strikes  
 one!

“Hush! 'tis the revel! Yes, he's there; he's there!  
 For this, for this, he leaves me to despair!  
 Leaves love, leaves truth; his wife! *his love!* For what?  
 The wanton smile, the villain and the sot!

“Yet I'll not curse him. No, 'tis all in vain;  
 'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!  
 And I could starve and bless him, but for you,  
 My child: *his child!* Oh fiend!” The clock strikes two.

“Har  
 Moan  
 Ha!  
 'Tis b

“Can  
 Night  
 For hi  
 No, n

“Nest  
 Thou'  
 Husba  
 Oh, G

They'r

The w  
 On the  
 The ba  
 The dr  
 Dead s

"Hark! how the sign board creaks: the winds howl by;  
Moan, moan! a dirge swells through the cloudy sky!  
Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes, he comes once more!"  
'Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!

"Can he desert us thus? He knows I stay  
Night after night in loneliness to pray  
For his return: and yet he sees no tear!  
No, no. It cannot be. He will be here!

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!  
Thou'rt cold! thou'rt freezing! but we will not part.  
Husband! I die! Father, it is not he!  
Oh, God, protect my child!" The clock strikes three.

They're gone! they're gone! the glimmering spark hath  
fled!

The wife and child are numbered with the dead.  
On the cold hearth, outstretched in solemn rest,  
The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast!  
The drunkard came at last: but all was o'er;  
Dead silence reigned around. The clock struck four.

## 16.

## THE DYING DRUNKARD.

Stretch'd on a heap of straw—his bed—  
The dying drunkard lies;  
His joyless wife supports his head,  
And to console him tries:  
His weeping children's love would ease  
His spirit, but in vain;  
Their ill-paid love destroys his peace,  
He'll never smile again.

His boon companions—where are they?—  
They shar'd his heart and bowl,  
Yet come not nigh, to charm away  
The horrors from his soul.

What have *such* friends to do with those  
 Who press the couch of pain ?  
 And *he* is racked with mortal throes—  
 He'll never rise again !

And where is mercy in that hour  
 Of dread, and pain, and guilt !  
 Though Jesus' blood, of matchless power,  
 For man's sear'd soul was spilt ;  
 If Justice spurn the fear-urged prayer,  
 That stream has flow'd in vain ;  
 And lock'd in thy embrace, Despair !  
 He'll never hope again.

## 17.

## THE DRUNKARD'S ADDRESS TO HIS WIFE.

Aye, weep my wife, for what are now  
 To me those bitter tears ?  
 Though wrinkled now that once smooth brow,  
 And more by grief than years.

What though thine eye no longer beams  
 With hopes once fondly cherished ;  
 Though faded now life's early dreams,  
 And all thy young joys perished :—

Though wasted now that once full form,  
 By grief and want and care,  
 And thy young heart that should be warm,  
 Is frozen with despair :—

What though my children round me weep  
 For bread I cannot give ?  
 E'en let them starve: the last long sleep  
 Is better than to live.

For I am dead to feeling, and  
 My heart is turned to stone !  
 There is no sympathetic band  
 That binds me to my own.

I'll clutch the mad'ning, damning bowl,  
 And drink to infamy!  
 I'll "lay the unction to my soul,"—  
 Then lay me down and die.

## 18.

## THE WOFUL EFFECTS OF WINE DRINKING.

(From the Sacred Scriptures.)

Who hath contention, sorrow, woe  
 And wounds without design;  
 Redness of eyes, and blackness too?  
 The devotees of wine.

What liquor can the serpent's bite  
 And adder's sting combine.  
 To poison man with lust and spite?  
 'Tis health-impairing wine.

Who are required to wake and weep,  
 To howl, and sigh, and pine.  
 To drink, and fall, and snore, and sleep?  
 The bibbers of mixed wine.

On whom hath God pronounced a woe,  
 And fixed a Cain-like sign?  
 The mighty men whose bumpers flow,  
 Yet ne'er are drunk with wine.

What made the people early rise,  
 In revellings to join,  
 And God's forbearing grace despise?  
 'Twas vice-engendering wine.

What made the prophet and the priest  
 To err in things divine,  
 And prostitute the sacred feast?  
 'Twas God-insulting wine.

What brought on Noah deep disgrace—  
 A curse upon his line,  
 And slavery on half his race?  
 'Twas stupifying wine.

What made the soul of righteous Lot  
More filthy than the swine,  
And gave his name the foulest blot?  
'Twas brutalising wine.

What brought on Aaron's faithless sons  
Displeasure all divine,  
And made a fire consume their bones?  
'Twas priest-polluting wine.

What made weak Nabal to expire,  
At folly's madd'ning shrine,  
The victim of Jehovah's ire?  
'Twas dissipating wine.

What made Benhaded tremble, when  
He would a hero shine,  
And lose a hundred thousand men?  
'Twas life-destroying wine.

What wrought Belshazzar's woful fall,  
And caused the hand divine  
To write his doom upon the wall?  
'Twas soul-seducing wine.

What made king Herod gratify  
Base woman's vile design?  
And caused the prophet John to die?  
'Twas brain-beguiling wine.

Then let us purpose in our heart,  
With Daniel, to resign  
The woful cause of endless smart,  
The fierce-fermented wine.

With Samuel and Samson, who  
In sacred history shine,  
And Moses meek, and Aaron too  
We sacrifice our wine.

Like Jonadab the Rechabite.  
The binding pledge we sign;  
And, with each noble Nazarite,  
From henceforth drink no wine.

We publish, with undaunted Paul,  
 Th' expedient divine,  
 That, to prevent a brother's fall,  
 'Tis good to drink no wine.

O Saviour! make our pruning pledge  
 A pioneer of thine;  
 Thy kingdom needs an opening wedge,  
 Like John who drank no wine.

Smile on our country, and our cause,  
 With mercy's ray benign,  
 And save us from the yawning jaws  
 Of soul-devouring wine.

R. G. MASON.

*Keith, Scotland.*

19.

FOR THE VICTORIA SOCIETY.

Thou who can'st succour the distressed,  
 Oh! Israel's consolation hear,  
 Hear Holy Spirit our request  
 And shew thy powerful presence near;  
 Inspire the unutterable groan,  
 And breathe our wishes to the throne.

We weep for more than widow's woe,  
 For worse than orphan's want we sigh,  
 For human nature's overthrow,  
 For rage and fraud and treachery;  
 For riven hearts and dire despair,  
 'Neath auburn locks and hoary hair.

We wrestle for the wretched race  
 By alcohol inhumanized,  
 Oh magnify thy richest grace  
 On the degraded and despised.  
 Oh let the sot thy mercy prove,  
 Thou "Friend of sinners," God of love

J. B.

*Buckingham.*

## 20.

## THE RIVER OF DEATH.

*"Three feet deep, sixty feet wide, and eighty-four miles long," constituting the estimated quantity of intoxicating liquors annually consumed in the United Kingdom.*

Dread river! on thy fatal shore  
I stood and gaz'd with awe-struck sight,  
While visions passed my eye before,  
Dark as the depths of deepest night.

I gaz'd as came a joyous band,  
And thoughtless drank with youthful glee:  
With notes of praise they fill'd the strand;  
Each echo mock'd their revelry.

Again I gaz'd and onward came  
The self-same band with earnest speed,  
And long they drank that flood of flame;  
But waking, cursed the mad'ning deed.

I look'd again—but oh! how chang'd!  
That band with feeble steps drew nigh,  
And long upon the bank they rang'd  
While frenzy glaz'd each haggard eye:

Then headlong plung'd into the stream,  
And long I saw them struggle there!  
And, oh! the horrors of that dream!  
They sunk at last in dark despair!

Troop after troop came following fast;  
At first they sip'd, they deeply drank,  
But plung'd within the flood at last,  
And in the gulf forever sank.

And there the lonely widow stood,  
And there the orphan child beside;  
While sighs disturb'd the fatal flood,  
And salt tears swell'd the blacken'd tide.

I pass'd the stream, and stood beyond :  
 Myriads of fallen men I saw,  
 Who curs'd the fiend that led them bound,  
 And sank them in eternal woe.

## 21.

## OUR BRETHREN.

Hast thou a brother unreclaimed—  
 A sister yet in sin,  
 Who, though they listen to the truth,  
 Feel not its power within ?  
 Oh pray for them!—pray day and night,  
 That they may yet discern aright !

Thou answerest :

“ All my father's house  
 Are servants of the Lord,  
 They bless the Father for his Son,  
 And reverence the Word.”  
 Are all thy father's house, oh youth,  
 Humble adorers of the truth ?

Nay—nay—I tell thee they are not :  
 “ Oh yes, they are.” What, all ?  
 Whom dost thou, then, thy brethren term,  
 And whom thy father call ?  
 God is the sire of all men named ;—  
 Say, are thy brethren all reclaimed ?

JOHN C. MOSSIE.

## 22.

## WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR.

Thy neighbour ? It is he whom thou  
 Hast power to aid and bless,  
 Whose aching heart or burning brow  
 Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,  
Whose eyes with want are dim,  
Whom hunger sends from door to door—  
Go thou, and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that weary man,  
Whose years are at their brim,  
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain;  
Go thou, and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the heart bereft  
Of every earthly gem;  
Widow and orphans helpless left:—  
Go thou, and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? Yonder toiling slave,  
Fetter'd in thought and limb,  
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave—  
Go thou, and ransom him.

When'er thou meet'st a human form  
Less favour'd than thine own.  
Remember, 'tis thy neighbour worm,  
Thy brother, or thy son,

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by;  
Perhaps thou canst redeem  
The breaking heart from misery:—  
Go share thy lot with him.

The drunkard is thy neighbour too:  
Behold his visage wan  
Bears traces of the thousand woes  
Which blight the hopes of mau!

As noble ship without a helm,  
He's lash'd by every wave  
On a tempestuous sea of toils:  
O, hasten Him to save.

## 23.

## THE RUM-SELLER REFORMED IN HIS CLOSET.

At even he retired to pray,  
 And kneeling low, began to say :  
 " Our Father, still in heaven the same,  
 Hallowed be thy glorious name—"  
 When Conscience, rising in his breast,  
 The prostrate suppliant thus addressed ;  
 " To-day you sold that rum for gain,  
 Which made your neighbour so profane ;  
 And *now*, perhaps, with poisoned breath,  
 He scatters firebrands, arrows, death !  
 Can, then, your heart one wish afford,  
 That his great name should be adored ?"  
 Although convicted almost dumb,  
 He still proceeds, " Thy kingdom come"—  
 Again does the reprover rise ;  
 The monitor within replies :  
 " You still pursue that deadly craft—  
 Still vend the soul-destroying draught,  
 Which so obstructs that kingdom's course,  
 And adds to sin and Satan's force !  
 How dare you now pretend to plead  
 That heavenly kingdom to succeed ?"  
 Still venturing on, once more he said ;  
 " Give us each day our daily bread"—  
 " What ! while your bins and bags contain,  
 Exchanged for rum, the poor man's grain !  
 Or in your till the price is laid  
 Which should have brought his children bread ?"  
 His soul with keen conviction stung,  
 With struggling heart and faltering tongue,  
 He cries : " Forgive ! grant me salvation !  
 And henceforth keep me from temptation ;  
 For now no longer will I lay  
 Temptation in my neighbour's way ;  
 What thus is gained, when understood,  
 Is seen to be the price of blood.

I'd rather dig, or beg, or serve,  
 Yea, henceforth sooner will I starve,  
 Rather than once again to stain  
 My hand with such unrighteous gain !"  
 Arising calmly, from his knees,  
 His heart approved, and all was peace.

O. X. C.

## 24.

## THE TREE OF DEATH.

Let the king of the grave be asked to tell  
 The plant he loveth best ;  
 And it will not be the cypress tree,  
 Though 'tis ever the churchyard guest ;  
 He will not mark the hemlock dark,  
 Nor stay when the nightshade spreads ;  
 He will not say 'tis the sobre yew,  
 Though it springs o'er skeleton's heads ;  
 He will not point to the willow branch,  
 Where breaking spirits pine beneath,  
 For a brighter leaf sheds deeper grief,  
 And a fairer tree is the tree of Death.

But where the green rice stalks are seen,  
 Where ripe fruits gush and shine,  
 " This, this," cries he, " is the tree for me—  
 The vine, the beautiful vine ;"  
 I crouch among the emerald leaves,  
 Gemmed with the ruby grapes ;  
 I dip my spear in the poison here,  
 And he is strong that escapes.

Crouds dance round with satyr bound,  
 Till my dart is hurled from its traitor sheath ;  
 When I shriek with glee, no friend to me  
 Is so true as the vine, the Tree of Death.

O, the glossy vine has a serpent charm,  
 It bears an unblest fruit ;  
 There's a taint about each tendrilled arm,  
 And a curse upon its root ;

Its juice may flow to warm the brow,  
 And wildly lighten the eye,  
 But the frenzied mirth of a revelling crew  
 Will make the wise man sigh ;  
 For the maniac laugh, the trembling frame,  
 The idiot speech, and pestilent breath,  
 The shattered mind and blasted fame,  
 Are wrought by the vine, the Tree of Death.

Fill, fill the glass, and let it pass ;  
 But ye who quaff, O think  
 That even the heart which loves must loath  
 The lips that deeply drink ;  
 The breast may mourn o'er the close link torn,  
 And the scalding drops may roll ;  
 But 'tis better to mourn o'er a pulseless form,  
 Than the wreck of a living soul.  
 Then a health to the hemlock the cypress and yew,  
 The worm hiding grass and the willow wreath,  
 For though shading the tomb, they fling not a gloom  
 So dark as the vine, the Tree of death.

ELIZA COOK.

## 25.

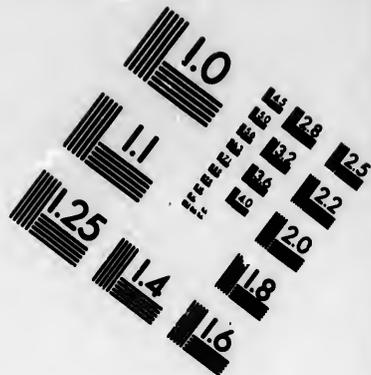
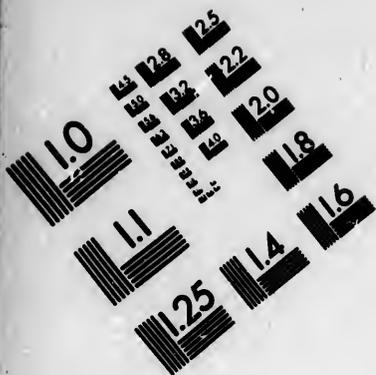
### THE UPAS TREE.

There sprang a tree of deadly name :  
 Its poisonous breath, its baleful dew,  
 Scorched the green earth like lava flame,  
 And every plant of mercy slew.

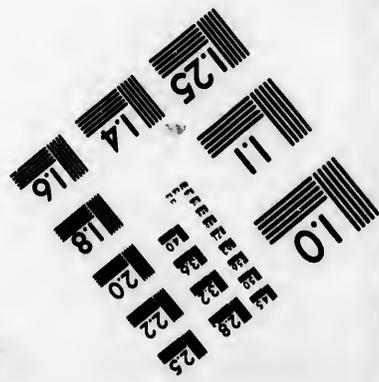
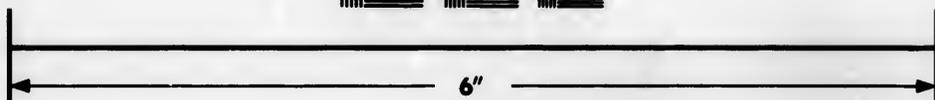
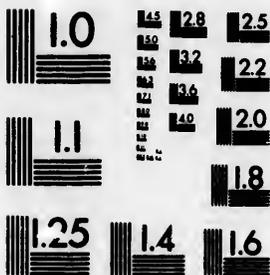
From clime to clime its branches spread  
 Their fearful fruits of sin and woe ;  
 The prince of darkness lov'd its shade,  
 And toil'd its fiery seeds to sow.

Faith pour'd her prayer at midnight hour ;  
 The hand of zeal at noon-day wrought,  
 And armour of celestial power,  
 The children of the Cross besought.





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

128  
132  
125  
22  
20  
8

10  
01

Behold ! the axe its pride doth wound ;  
 Thro' its cleft boughs the sun doth shine,  
 Its blasted blossoms strew the ground—  
 Give glory to the arm divine.

And still Jehovah's aid implore,  
 From isle to isle, from sea to sea,  
 From peopled earth's remotest shore,  
 To root that deadly *Upas Tree*.

## 26.

[ORIGINAL.]

REV. XII. 15, 16, 17, AND XX. 2, 3.

When the belov'd disciple saw  
 The serpent wide extend his jaw,  
 And thence a flood commence to flow  
 Threat'ning the Churches overthrow,  
 How little did he think  
 That Priest, Physician, Poet, Sage,  
 Prelate and Prince, in every age,  
 With maniac zeal would all conspire  
 To praise and spread the liquid fire,  
 And call it heavenly drink.

And when he saw the sparkling flood  
 Strew'd o'er with wrecks and stain'd with blood,  
 Science and morals, church and all,  
 Strutting and stag'ring to their fall,  
 How bless'd he did not know  
 That thousands of the churches sons,  
 With kills, and stills, and vats, and tuns,  
 And feasts in bacchanalian state,  
 Would the old serpent emulate,  
 To make it foam and flow.

Who could have thought the Spartan band,  
 That did so bold the foe withstand,  
 Would vow they'd leave that pass exposed  
 By which they might be all enclosed—  
 (Bewitch'd by Satan's spell !)

S  
A  
A  
'TY  
E  
A  
AN  
N  
N  
TW  
H  
I  
S  
K  
E  
Y  
W  
H  
I  
S  
K  
E  
Y

Stand pledg'd, at once, the stream to stop,  
 And yet secure the church her drop,  
 And gag each man who could not think  
 'Twas right the Church should buy and drink,  
 Yet sin to make and sell.

Ye saints rejoice, lift up your eyes,  
 E'er long an angel cleaves the skies,  
 And seized and bound the Dragon is,  
 And down the bottomless abyss  
     He's hurl'd by power divine,  
 No more the nations to deceive,  
 No more the saints to tempt and grieve,  
 No more his lies shall we believe,  
 Thou Lord our God wilt this achieve,  
     Be all the glory thine.

O. LARWILL.

*Buckingham.*

27.

## ACROSTIC.

Watch yonder wretch—mark well his haggard face,  
 H is tattered garments, and his tottering pace ;  
 I n every feature vice and dark despair  
 S ecurly reign, and penury and care.  
 Keen are his wants, and justice round him throws.  
 E ndless confusion and a cloud of woes.  
 Y ou ask what dire calamity is this

Which blights so cruelly his health and bliss ?  
 H e is a drunkard. Alcohol hath found  
 I n him a victim—and his soul is bound  
 S oon as the demon his fell torch illumes.  
 K indled within, the fatal fire consumes ;  
 E ach comfort flies at his approach ; and fade  
 Y outh, strength, and virtue, 'neath his Upas shade.

H. FAY.

*Edinburgh.*

## 28.

## THE EFFECTS OF TEE-TOTALISM.

More of good than we can tell,  
 More to buy with, more to sell.  
 More of comfort, less of care,  
 More to eat and more to wear,  
 Happier homes with faces brighter,  
 All our burdens rendered lighter,  
 Conscience clear, and minds much stronger,  
 Debts much shorter, purses longer,  
 Hopes that drive away all sorrow,  
 And something laid up for to-morrow.

## 29.

## THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

"Ye took me, William, when a girl, unto your home and heart,  
 To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part;  
 And tell me have I ever tried, that duty to forego,  
 Or pined there was not joy for me when you were sunk  
 in woe?  
 No; I would rather share your tear than any other's glee,  
 For though you are nothing to the world, you're ALL THE  
 WORLD TO ME.  
 You make a palace of my shed, this rough-hewn bench a  
 throne,  
 There's sunlight for me in your smiles, and music in your  
 tone.  
 I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears grow  
 dim,  
 I cry, 'Oh Parent of the Poor, look down from heaven on  
 him;  
 Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength and  
 soul,  
 Oh look with mercy on him, Lord, for thou canst make  
 him whole?'

And  
 How  
 I tak  
 And  
 Ther  
 And

I ask  
 I ask  
 I ask  
 Suffic  
 But

Of kn

Subtr

Make  
 If you

Less

A me  
 And

And  
 And

Y

"BE

And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelid smiled,  
 How oft are they forbid to close in slumber by our child ?  
 I take the little murmurer, that spoils my span of rest,  
 And feel it is a part of thee I lull upon my breast.  
 There's only one return I crave, I may not need it long,  
 And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched  
 feel no wrong :

I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind ;  
 I ask not for less frugal fare, my fare I do not mind ;  
 I ask not for attire more gay—If such as I have got  
 Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not.  
 But I would ask some share of hours that you on clubs  
 bestow.

Of knowledge which you prize so much, might I not some-  
 thing know ?

Subtract from meetings amongst men each eve an hour  
 for me,

Make me companion of your soul, as I may safely be.  
 If you will read, I'll sit and work ; then think when you're  
 away,

Less tedious I shall find the time, dear William, of your  
 stay.

A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious hours,  
 And teacher of those little one's you call your cottage flow-  
 ers ;

And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind,  
 And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind  
 your mind."

## 30.

" BEHOLD THE SHORT ROAD TO PERDITION !"

See here is a man,  
 With bottle and can ;  
 He's going the road to perdition.

Behold the tee-total physician,  
 Who warned the man, his bottle and can  
 Were leading him down to perdition?

But lo! a power, in evil hour,  
 Out-preached the tee-total physician,  
 Who warned the man, his bottle and can  
 Were leading him down to perdition.

This is the spirit decoction and swill,  
 That run from the tun, the vat, and the still  
 That formed the power that in evil hour  
 Out-preached the tee-total physician,  
 Who warned the man, his bottle and can  
 Were leading him down to perdition,

This is the man who for silver and gold  
 Filled up the can, and the black bottle sold,  
 That held the spirit, decoction and swill,  
 That run from the tun, the vat, and the still;  
 That formed the power that in evil hour,  
 Out-preached the tee-total physician,  
 Who warned the man, his bottle and can  
 Were leading him down to perdition,

And here is a beast, with hoof and horn,  
 That plotted and planned both night and morn,  
 To back the man, who for silver and gold  
 Fill'd up the can, and the black bottle sold,  
 That held the spirit, decoction, and swill,  
 That run from the tun, the vat, and the still;  
 That formed the power that in evil hour  
 Out-preached the tee-total physician,  
 Who warned the man, his bottle and can  
 Were dragging him down to perdition.

And here is a priest, with his brandied wine,  
 Who pleads for his bottle a right divine,  
 Who aided the beast with hoof and horn,  
 That plotted and planned both night and morn,  
 To back the man, who for silver and gold  
 Filled up the can, and the black bottle sold,  
 That held the spirit, decoction, and swill,  
 That run from the tun, the vat, and the still,

That formed the power that in evil hour  
 Out-preached the tee-total physician,  
 Who warned the man, his bottle and can  
 Were dragging him down to perdition.

## 31.

## THE LITTLE SUP.

The temperance cause, I wish it well,  
 It cries, "to help come up."  
 Help, you that choose, but for myself,  
*I love a little sup.*

The noble effort I approve,  
 And ever cry it up,  
 But I'll not sign the pledge, because  
*I love a little sup.*

Ten thousand tortured wives cry out,  
 And beggared babes, "Give up!"  
 I hear their cries, and pity, but—  
*I love a little sup.*

The spirits lost in anguish shriek,  
 "O quit the poisonous cup!"  
 I feel the terror strike; but, still,  
*I love a little sup.*

The doctor says, "It hastens death,"  
 And why not quit the cup?  
 And so I would, but—I know why—  
*I love a little sup.*

The preacher urges next; "'Tis sin,  
 And shames the church," give up!  
 My secret plea is stronger yet,  
*I love a little sup.*

All argument I can out-brave  
 That bids, "the pledge take up;"  
 This one is proof against their force,  
*I love a little sup.*

Tho' groans, and blood, and death, and hell  
 All cry "Forsake the cup!"  
 I know 'twere best, but then—but then—  
*I love a little sup.*

## 32.

## WALK INTO THE AUCTION.

TUNE:—"The Spider and the Fly."

Will you walk into the auction, for the sale is just begun,  
 And bid and buy, my master's all, before the lots are done;  
 Such wondrous curiosities were ne'er exposed to view,  
 So I pray you pay attention while I read the invent'ry  
 through,

And walk into the Auction.

LOT I.—Some dirty dishes, which have once been edged  
 with blue,

But, alas! the rims are broken, and they let the water  
 through;

A broken knife, a one prong'd fork, and half a wooden  
 spoon,

And a little penny whistle, which has never play'd a tune.

Will you walk into the Auction.

LOT II.—A crazy fiddle, without finger-board or peg;  
 'Twas broken at the *Fox and Goose*, when "Scraper"  
 broke his leg;

The fiddle-bag and fiddle-stick are with it I declare,  
 But the first is full of moth-holes, and the second has no  
 hair.

Will you, &c.

LOT III.—An old oak-table, which has once been neat  
 and small,

But having lost a brace of legs, it rests against the wall;  
 The top is split, the drawers are gone, its leaves have  
 dropp'd away,

And it has not felt the weight of food for six months and  
 a day,

Will you, &c.

LOT IV.—The shadow of a chair, whose back and seat  
are fled ;  
The latter Jenny burnt, because the former broke her  
head :  
And now they've tied its crazy joints, with cords of  
hempen string,  
And it utters, when 'tis sat upon, groans like a living  
thing !  
Will you, &c.

LOT V.—A truss of barley straw, and two small pokes of  
chaff,  
Which have served for bed and pillows just a year and a  
half :  
Two sheets of home-spun matting, of the very coarsest  
grain,  
And a piece of ancient carpeting, which was the counter-  
pane.  
Will you, &c.

LOT VI.—A corner cupboard, with the things contain'd  
therein—  
A spoutless teapot, and a cup, both well perfum'd with gin :  
A broken bottle and a glass—a pipe without a head—  
And a dirty, empty meal-bag, where two mice are lying  
dead.  
Will you, &c.

LOT VII.—One old bottle neck, bedaub'd with grease so  
thick,  
Which form'd, when they'd a candle, a convenient candle-  
stick :  
Also, an old tin kettle, *minus* handle and a spout,  
And a pan, of which a neighbour's child has drumm'd the  
bottom out.  
Will you, &c.

LOT VIII.—A het'rogenous heap of bits of odds and  
ends,  
Which you may purchase very cheap as presents for your  
friends :

Also, some Locomotive Rags, which move with perfect ease,  
Like the little coach we read of, that was drawn by little fleas.

Will you, &c.

Then walk into the Auction, for my catalogue is through,  
Yet I have just one word to say before I bid adieu!  
The above are mostly *Drunkard's Lots*—which you'll do well to shun,  
Before *your* health and substance too, are "going, going—  
GONE."

Will you, &c.

H. H. DAVIS.

### 33.

#### KING ALCOHOL'S WALK.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

*King Alcohol*, bold, arose in his might,  
And quoth he, "Well I love a sultry night;  
For heat sets my frantic victims raving,  
And then my aid they are wildly craving.  
Strange rumours have come to my ears of late,  
And I'll e'en take a walk, to view the state  
Of affairs in my realm, so mighty and old,  
And see if all's *true* that I have been told."

Forth he pass'd from his palace of flame,  
Bound to a city, 'tis needless to name:  
Most carefully drest, in a choice *disguise*,  
To conceal his true features from mortal eyes.—  
He went alone, for he hoped to meet  
His minist'ring spirits in every street;  
And they, the success of their plans would tell,  
And report if things were going on well.

It chanc'd—as he walk'd o'er a lonesome way,  
He paus'd at a hovel with walls of clay;  
All dismal, fœtid, black, smoky, and dim;—  
He look'd through a rent in that dwelling grim;

The pale, squalid group round the fire he knew;—  
 “ Oh, oh !” exclaimed he, “ here are subjects true ;  
 A spirit of mine, presides o'er this scene,  
 On that fire of peat, they're making **POTHEEN.**”

On—on he went, with a laugh of delight,  
 For his soul felt gladden'd at such a sight ;  
 He pass'd o'er the water with spiteful leer,—  
 For *water* he knew was a foe severe.  
 And again he paus'd near a leafy cot,  
 Rear'd in a green, sequester'd spot ;  
 Though lowly and poor, 'twas neat and trim  
 And its cheerful look soon attracted him.

He exclaim'd—“ When a place like this I see,  
 I know they can spare some supplies to me :  
 I'll peep through the window ;—if all seems right,  
 I'll rest for a while on my walk to night.”—  
 He look'd ;—his brow was soon shaded with gloom,  
 For a *widow* knelt in her lonely room :  
 To the **HEARER** in secret that mourner pray'd ;  
 For a thankless child she implor'd His aid !

“ Oh ! save Lord !” she cried, “ my poor erring son,  
 Spare—spare, in thy mercy, mine only one !  
 Hear thou my prayer, God of mercy and truth !  
 Cut him not off in the sins of his youth.  
 Oh ! may he forsake the poisonous bowl,  
 The ruin alike of body and soul !  
 The mad'ning wine-cup has long been his bane,  
 Aid him, O **LORD** ! from its use to *abstain* !”

*King Alcohol* murmur'd—“ 'Tis very clear  
 I'm losing my time while lingering here ;  
 I always take myself off in a trice,  
 When ‘ **ABSTAIN,**’ is a woman's pert advice.  
 'Tis a sex that no careful medium knows,  
 They're *disgraceful friends*, and they're *fatal foes* !”  
 So, quite in a pet, with an angry frown,  
 He halted no more 'till he reach'd the town.

He enter'd a street all sparkling with light,  
 And spoke,—as he look'd to the left and right,—  
 “These are the care of my minister, WINE;  
 I hope in his trust he is not supine!  
 Wine is *somewhat slow*, but *matchless in art*,  
 He wins with his *smile*, and wounds with his *dart*.  
 Though with these I should meet a welcome sure,  
 Yet, to night, I'll visit my faithful *poor*.”

Just then, a song reach'd *King Alcohol's* ear,  
 And he paus'd awhile its burthen to hear;—  
 It seem'd to proceed from a drinking band,  
 Met in a house call'd “THE FRIEND AT HAND.”  
 “A capital sign,”—said the King with a leer,—  
 “No doubt the friendship is very *sincere!*”  
 At that moment each voice a chorus raves,  
 Of—“Britons will never—never be slaves!”

Ere the song had ceas'd, a tumult arose,  
 Of passionate words, and of struggling blows.  
 “Out! begone!” yell'd a voice of stern command;—  
 O! would you believe 'twas the ‘FRIEND AT HAND?’  
 “You shan't use my house in this here strange way,  
 I'll have no nonsense;—so if you can't *pay*  
 I turns you out:—that is always my plan;  
 And a roll in the mud will cool you, my man!”

In his stout strong arms through the gaping crowd,  
 Gasp'd one who had join'd in that chorus proud,  
 For the “FRIEND AT HAND,” a foul push bestow'd,  
 That hurl'd the poor reeling wretch in the road,  
 Where, heavily falling, he lay supine;—  
 (What a jest on “The human face divine!”)  
 Policemen in haste began to appear,  
 Close follow'd by *Death*, with uplifted spear.

Tho' by mortals unseen, *King Alcohol* knew  
 His old friend *Death*, and to greet him he flew!  
 “Excuse me,”—cried *Death*—“for I must away;  
 My work, as you know, admits no delay.”

Yonder slave, thrown forth in the road to-night,  
 In an hour hence will have fought his last fight !  
 Love of you made him mine my faithful friend !  
 May the like success *all* your plans attend !

" Indeed," he added, " if 'twere not for you,  
 I'm convinc'd *I* should have much less to do.  
 Fierce fever, pestilence, famine, and pain,  
 Are nothing compar'd to *your* boundless reign.  
 My prince of purveyors ! well may you speed !  
 Our compact by fate is wisely decreed." —  
 With a farewell gesture, these comrades true,  
 Parted, th-ir different paths to pursue.

As *King Alcohol* walk'd, his talk he resum'd,  
 Exclaiming,— " I think old *Death* has presum'd,  
 In so swiftly taking yon noisy slave,  
 And hurling him into the DRUNKARD'S GRAVE :  
 Imprudence like this gets me a bad name,  
 And he knows that I dearly love good fame.—  
 But whoever goes, fools in plenty stay,  
 And so I shall find down this narrow way.

He turn'd down a lane and look'd quite amaz'd,  
 At a house fresh painted and newly glaz'd ;  
 Neither riot, nor want, nor sloth, were there ;  
 'Twas the dwelling of labour and thrifty care ;  
 " Well this is a wondrous change !" cried he,  
 " I must enter the house, the cause to see :  
 I suppose my follower death has been here,  
 And taken at last this my slave sincere."

A frank dame soon answer'd his hasty call,  
 He gave no name, but his *breath* betray'd all.  
 " Go ! go !" she exclaim'd, " we are slaves no more !  
 Begone ! vile spirit, that power is o'er !  
 Wanderers, too long in thy path we trod,  
 It led us from peace, from truth, and from God :  
 Think not our dwelling to enter again,  
 For I and my house have learnt to ABSTAIN !"

With a proud look of scorn she clos'd the door,  
 When, as if to increase his anger more,  
 He read these words, at a house on the right,  
 "A TEMPERANCE MEETING held here to night."—  
 "The rebels," cried he, "are daring and bold ;  
 I'll attend this meeting they purpose to hold ;  
 But first I'll adjourn to the rendezvous,  
 And choose from my train a spirit or two."

He pass'd thro' the gloom, and beaming with light,  
 The place that he sought stood greeting his sight ;  
 'Mid the dens of the poor the palace arose,  
 At once both the *source* and *mock*er of woes,  
 Ah ! many the homes, all fireless and drear,  
 Paid for the blaze that was frolicking here,  
 Ah ! many the wretch, steep'd in crime and in woe,  
 Supported this mansion of guilty show !

And, as if each frantic victim to mock,  
 High o'er the front shone a luminous CLOCK,  
 That nightly proclaim'd time's unceasing flight  
 To numbers, who ne'er spent that time aright ;  
 In this palace of *lies*, the eye could view  
 Nought else save the clock, that gave warning true  
 Of the swift-wing'd hours, the priceless boon  
 So oft withdrawn, unexpected, and soon !

*King Alcohol's* slaves pass'd out and pass'd in,  
 Ragged and woe-worn, shivering and thin ;  
 The portal once pass'd, his keen eye could trace  
 His signet of grief stamp'd on every face.  
 He paus'd not to notice each livid brow ;  
 His spirits were flocking around him now ;—  
 He scarcely answer'd their fiery greeting,  
 But briefly spoke of the TEMPERANCE MEETING.

"Why, 'tis flat rebellion ;" fierce BRANDY cried ;  
 RUM jestingly strove the whole to deride ;  
 GIN, with a look more than usually *blue*,  
 Exclaim'd with a sigh, "Alas ! 'tis too true ;

The houses once open have now closed their door ;  
 Those that have lov'd me, now love me no more,  
 Indeed," cried he, with voice hysterical,  
 " The change seems really quit~ a miracle !"

WINE, with a manner more soft and genteel,  
 Said, " Really the change I begin to feel ;  
 For people have learnt (the more's the pity)  
 To be without me, both wise and witty."  
 Here a fighting spirit—wild and frisky—  
 Exclaim'd, " As sure as my name is WHISKY,  
 These Temp'rance Meetings tache people to *think* ;  
 And then shure they lave off taking strong drink !"

" I'll go," said *King Alcohol*, looking quite pale,  
 And take, as my staff, BEER, PORTER, and ALE,  
 For many who think we are insincere,  
 Will follow and cherish my faithful BEER."  
 In doing my work, BEER is sure if slow :  
 And so to the Temperance Meeting we'll go !"  
 With hearts filled with anger, hatred, and gloom,  
 They enter'd the crowded Temperance room,—

And looking around—they saw age and youth,  
 Hearing, with gladness, the progress of truth.  
 Both sexes—all ages—were join'd in the plan,  
 To rescue, and strengthen their weak brother man.  
 Childhood was there—with its innocent face,—  
 Matrons—and maidens—with feminine grace,  
 The words of the speaker were simple and clear,  
 And *Alcohol* list'ned with quaking fear.

" If man," said the speaker, " but understood  
 His present delight, his eternal good,  
 Would he *dare* to debase his noble powers,  
 Spending in DRUNKENNESS life's fleeting hours ?  
 Oh ! tell me, my friends, was REASON given  
 (That choicest gift of all bounteous Heaven !)  
 That man should live a degraded slave !  
 And sink, without hope, to the drunkard's grave ?

“ Then leave, while you may, the pathway of pain ;  
 From the mad’ning poison—*Abstain ! ABSTAIN ;*  
 Read nature’s fair page, and observe, and think ;  
 No creature on earth needs the drunkard’s drink ;  
 The limpid rill health and vigour supply :  
 Oh ! why then should man to sad sources fly ?  
 And *Ladies !* while flowers drink the balmy dew,  
 WATER, ’tis plain, is the best drink for you !”

“ And think not ’tis only the vile and the weak,  
 Who the stern destroyer thus madly seek !  
 Alas ! how many a brilliant mind,  
 That might have delighted and bless’d mankind,  
 Is dragg’d in chains at the chariot wheel  
 Of the TYRANT, to whom such numbers kneel ;  
 Who claims for his slaves, not a part, but the whole,  
 The perishing frame ! and *immortal SOUL !*”

*King Alcohol* whisper’d—“ I’ll hear no more !  
 Alas ! alas ! for the proud days of yore !  
 I feel quite faint, so I’ll e’en go to sup  
 With my *friends* who love a MODERATE cup :  
 I value those friends, as a *bait* and a *snare !*  
 Our frequent losses, they ALWAYS repair :  
 And while so fond of their dear ‘*little sup,*’  
 I know *they’ll* not think of giving me up !”

With many a deep, malice-breathing vow,  
 They left the full meeting with vengeful brow,  
 “ I see,” exclaim’d ALE, “ in that word ABSTAIN !  
 No hope that *we* shall e’er have them again.  
 If they did but allow *just one little drop,*  
 We know they would lean on a brittle prop,  
 Which the slightest pressure would break in twain,  
 But *we* are *defied* with that word ‘ ABSTAIN ! ’”

While thus lamenting, on—onward they pass’d,  
 As the houses and shops were closing fast :  
 While many a scene *King Alcohol* saw  
 Of woe to the slaves of his iron law :

How many reel'd forth their fury to wreak  
 On some suff'ring child, or some partner meek !  
 How many impell'd by the liquid flame,  
 Commenc'd a career of sorrow and shame !

The *King*, with his train, reach'd the river's side,  
 While the moonbeams silver'd the rippling tide,  
 Peaceful and calm stream'd the beautiful light,  
 From the pale fair queen of dim, thoughtful night ;  
 Soft—pure—serene ! as if frail man to win  
 From the foul dominion of blighting sin ;  
 To woo, by her beauty, his thoughts above,  
 To the throne of eternal Mercy and Love !

All silent and lone was the river's side ;  
 But *Alcohol* soon in the distance descried  
 A victim approaching, with frantic tread,  
 And gesture, to rouse both pity and dread :  
 'Twas a female form in youth's early prime,  
 Blighted by guilt, yet untouch'd by time ;  
 Though a shatter'd ruin, the eye could trace  
 Many a vestige of beauty and grace.

'Twas appalling to gaze on a form so young,  
 With shame and remorse, and suffering wrung :—  
 To behold the tearless and frenzied eyes,  
 And the bosom lab'ring with stifled sighs :—  
 To list to the broken, unearthly tone,  
 In which the poor outcast breath'd forth her moan ;  
 To think of the withering strife within,  
 The desolate heart of this child of sin !

"Receive me," she cried, "oh ! thou watery bed !  
 Refuse not to pillow my guilty head,  
 I can bear no longer the scorching pain  
 That burns at my heart, and kindles my brain ;  
 Oh, mother ! 'tis long since I breath'd thy name ;  
 'Tis too pure to dwell on the lip of shame ;  
 Ah ! how gladly would'st thou have died to save  
 Thy child from a drunkard's dishonour'd grave !"

"Methinks 'tis *thy* voice that exclaims, *Repent!*  
 But how can I kuit the ties I have rent?  
 How wipe from my brow the mildew of shame!  
 How cleanse from its baseness a tarnish'd name?  
 Oh! even a fiend the foul sight must scorn,  
 When intemp'rance dwells in a *female* form!  
 Guilty—lonely—and lost, my weary head,  
 I'll pillow to night in this watery bed."

With maniac strength o'er the steep, high bank,  
 She hastily climb'd—and—plunging—she sank!—  
 A single, dark cloud, like a morning veil,  
 Obscur'd at the moment the moonbeams pale.  
 The sullen splash of that deep, wat'ry tomb,  
 'Too plainly told the poor sufferer's doom!  
 While *Alcohol*, all unmov'd and grim,  
 Scarce heeded the sight,—'twas common to him!

"I think," said the *King*, "we will rest to-night,  
 At yon well known house with its tempting light;  
 'Tis MODERATE HALL—a right merry abode;  
 The toll-gate, 'tis prov'd, to the drunken road;  
 And while gulls are willing that toll to pay,  
 We shall surely maintain our powerful sway,  
 For my part I'm sure I need never complain,  
 Except when I hear that sad word—ABSTAIN."

