

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.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages detached/
Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Showthrough/
Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 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 | <input type="checkbox"/> Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 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. | <input type="checkbox"/> 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. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires: | |

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

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

410 *Journal Can. No. 2*

TEMPERANCE ODES

Bibliothèque

Le Séminaire de Québec

3, rue de l'Université

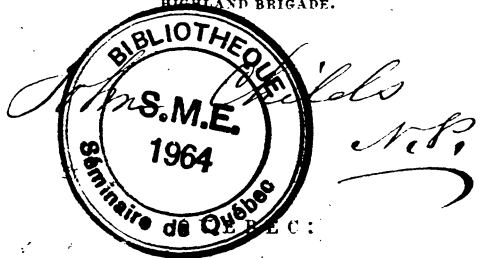
Québec 4, QUEBEC

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS



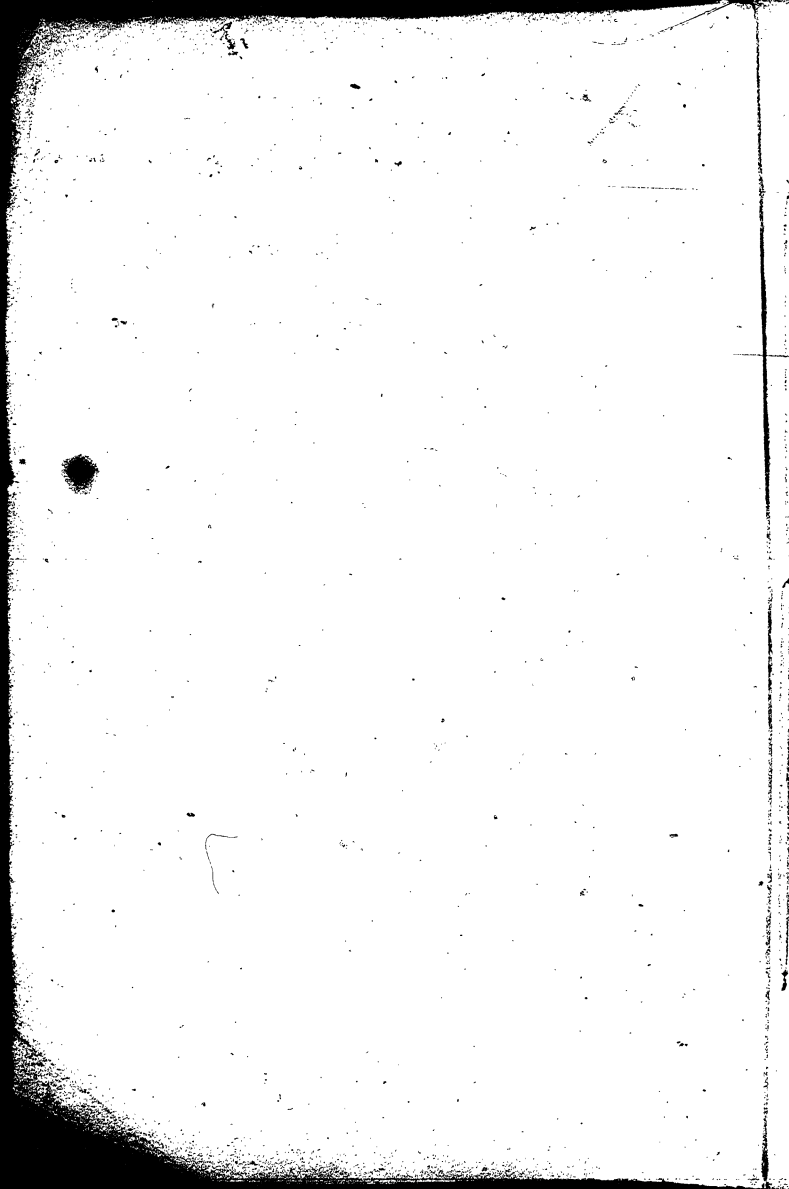
BY ARCHIBALD McKILLOP,

AUTHOR OF PRIZE POEM ON THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE
HIGHLAND BRIGADE.



PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY THOMPSON & COMPANY,
SAINT URSULE STREET.

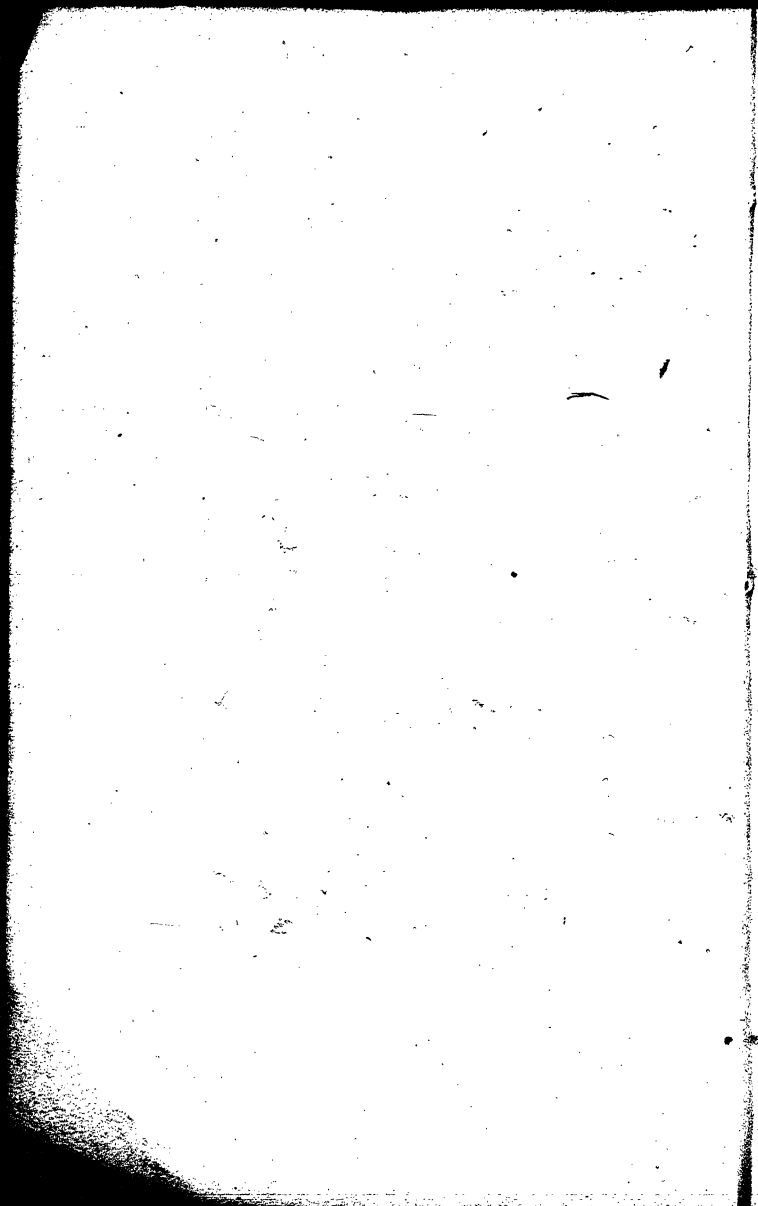
1860.



TEMPERANCE ODES

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



TEMPERANCE ODES

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY ARCHIBALD MCKILLOP,

AUTHOR OF PRIZE POEM ON THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE
HIGHLAND BRIGADE,

QUEBEC:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY THOMPSON & COMPANY,
SAINT URSULE STREET.

1860.

*Enregistered, according to Act of Provincial Parliament, in the
Year 1860, by ARCHIBALD MCKILLOP, in the Office
of the Registrar of Canada.*

PREFACE.

The facts related in the following poems have occurred, either within the knowledge of the author, or have been derived from reliable sources of information.

The arguments used by liquor-sellers are given as nearly as possible in their own words, even "A christian fills my casks," is no exaggeration, and the individual who used the expression evidently thought it the highest recommendation to his liquors and traffic that he was thus associated with professors of religion.

Should any think that they or their friends are specially referred to, let them bear in mind that the sad effects of Intemperance are much the same everywhere :

So these need not be taken as personal hits,
Though a garment is best worn wherever it fits.

The English reader will excuse the insertion of the Gaelic Poem, for which a silver medal and purse of

money was awarded by the "Canadian Highland Society" in 1859, and of which a literal translation is given.

With thanks to subscribers and friends, and trusting the reader will overlook any mistakes and imperfections that may have crept in on account of his blindness, this little volume is given to the public with the hope that it may, in some measure, promote the cause of Temperance, by the

AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

Preface v

TEMPERANCE ODES—

The Drunkards Child.....	1
The Good Example.....	9
The Awful Death.....	12
The Tavern Keeper.....	15
The Rum Selling Grocer.....	19
The Forty Gallon River.....	22
The Cold Water Pledge.....	26
The Feast of Belshazzar.....	31
To the Friends of Temperance.....	33
The Rumseller Outwitted by Himself.....	35
Bad Company and Rum.....	37
The Last of the Family.....	41
The Youth Admonished.....	44
A Strange Thing.....	47
Advice to the Laboring Classes.....	50
The Two Foes.....	52
Closing Ode for Temperance Meetings.....	55
Liquor at Funerals.....	57
An Appeal.....	58
A Tale.....	60
The Grand Trunk Railway.....	62
National Ode for Canada.....	65

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS—

The Bible.....	67
The Old Log Meeting House.....	80
Prize Poem—Gaelic.....	87
Translation.....	90
Hymn for the Queen's Birthday.....	94
Another.....	95

67
80
87
90
94
95

TEMPERANCE ODES.

The Drunkard's Child.

“Why weepest thou?” I asked a child

Whose tears were flowing fast;

“I do not like to tell,” she said,

“But we have neither wood, nor bread,
And cold, and hungry; I’m afraid

That we must starve at last.”

“Have you a mother?” I enquired,

“O yes,—but she is sick.”

“Where is your father? Is he dead?”

“O, no,” reluctantly she said,

“But yet he never brings us bread,

And we are all so weak.”

I eyed the hovel, else a house,
Where these poor suff'ers dwelt,
Great chinks let in the keen cold air,
Such utter wretchedness was there,
That words can scarcely now declare
The sympathy I felt.

And while her simple tale she told,
In accents weak and mild,
She did not ask to be relieved,
But yet a trifle she received
With gratitude, while I perceived
She was a drunkard's child.

And as I went my way I thought
Of the distiller's power,
And wished the drunkard-makers were
Assembled, and condemned to share
The miseries that I witnessed there
But for a single hour.

Who makes the drunkard? He who dwells
In yonder spacious hall,

A man of opulence and rank,
Who puts his money in the bank ;
T'was from his still this poor man drank ;
To that we trace his fall.

And all the cruelty and wrong,
His wife and children bear,
The wealthy brewer does not know,
Perhaps he does not often go
To wipe a tear, remove a woe,
Or make the poor his care.

Nor does the wealthy grocer think
Of families in need ;
Enough for him that cash comes in,
When out goes brandy, rum and gin ;
If drunkards drink, their's be the sin,
He does not guilty plead.

So does the grog retailer raise
A plea of innocence,
While doing on a smaller scale
What great professors do wholesale,

And so he doles out rum and ale,
And takes the drunkard's pence.

He cares not for the house of God,
And seldom enters there,
But well he knows, the liquor runs
To him through church frequenting ones,
Then branches off to all the dens
Where drunkards curse and swear.

With coaxing words, and winning wiles,
And hardened heart, he asks
Each one who hastens to his sink,
" Well, friend, what will you have to drink ?
I keep the best, for only think,
A christian fills my casks !"

The publican of honied lips
Receives a thousand cheers,
And then his victim's choice is made,
And from his scanty earnings paid,
Regardless of the children's bread,
And of the mother's tears.

Alas ! how many groups endure
Affliction, want and cold,
While drunken fathers seek their homes
Reeling, and less like men than gnomes,
And while they stretch in bedless rooms,
The landlord counts his gold.

And oft around the tavern bar
The Sabbath hours are spent,
And oaths and blasphemies arise
In wild confusion to the skies,
While at his ease the brewer lies
At home, self-deemed a saint.

So grocers sell, and drunkards drink,
Till sense and shame expire ;
And every cent they earn, they spend,
But when delirious horrors end
Their days on earth, their souls descend
Into the lake of fire.

March on, ye Scns of Temperance,
Your banners be unfurled ;

But ye who sell this maddening drink
By gallons, gills, or puncheons, think
What will ye say when on the brink
Of the Eternal World ?

How shall ye bear the guilty load
Of drunkard-making crime,
Then shall ye curse the glittering gold
For which ye measured out and sold
The liquor whose effects unfold,
Beyond the years of Time.

How shall ye meet the ruined souls
That ye have sent to dwell
In that dark place of fell despair,
Where drunkards shall forever bear
The wrath of God, if ye must share
With them the flames of hell ?

Say, will ye tell the Judge of all
The living and the dead,
That whiskey, brandy, rum and gin,
Were needed in that world of sin,

That ye were doomed to traffick in
 To gain your daily bread ?

Or will ye plead, as an excuse,
 That Legislators said,
 That all who bought a license might
 Sell ardent spirits day and night,
 And so your course must have been right,
 For it was in your trade.

Some brewers and distillers think
 When they destroy our grain,
 That they are doing all they can
 To benefit their fellow-man,
 Because they have devised a plan
 To increase the farmer's gain.

And grocers think that they must keep
 Intoxicating drugs,
 To make the tea and coffee sell,
 And thus they every scruple quell,
 Since others do it, we as well
 May fill the whisky jugs.

But let this plausible excuse
 Be brought to honest light,
Say, would you sell or lend a knife,
To one in haste to take his life,
Or else to kill a child or wife,
 Because another might ?

No, no, you say ; then wherefore fill
 The intoxicating bowl ?
Dispensing by your trade accursed
A liquid fire to burning thirst—
This poison kills the body first,
 And then destroys the soul.

Now is your time, awake, repent,
 While days and grace are given,
Give up your trade, your casks remove,
Which act the conscience must approve,
And by repentance, faith, and love,
 Prepare for death and heaven.

Or else await the awful words,
 “ Depart from me,” depart—

Your portion is the burning wave
Where all the lost forever rave ;
For ye have peopled many a grave,
And broken many a heart.

For while the law of God requires
The love of heart and soul,
Pure selfishness is your pursuit,
The love of money at the root,
Your sinful race must have its fruit
In endless death—the goal.

The Good Example.

A Gentleman lives on a snug little farm,
Who formerly kept an hotel,
And whether the weather was chilly or warm,
His bar-room was crowded, and there is no harm
In telling what lately befell.

One day in the barn he discovered his son,
Insensibly stupid with drink,
And he thought with himself that the evil begun
Should be instantly checked, ere the lad was undone,
Nor long did he tarry to think.

So back to his dwelling he hastily ran,
And said to his terrified wife,
"I'll out with these barrels, and empty each one,
And never a drop will I purchase again,
No, never a drop in my life.

"Why," answered his wife, "what has happened
thee now?"

Be sure you do nothing in haste,
The traffic is evil I freely avow,
But as to the liquor, I think you'll allow,
That we can have nothing to waste."

"You had better dispose of the stock, if you please,
And then we'll demolish the bar,
And so without loss, and with conscience at ease,
You can work yourself out of the trade by degrees;
This plan would be better by far."

No, no ! not a day will I harbor the foe,
Our son has been drunk in the barn,
And shall I continue to sell it, and throw
Him into temptation ? No, never ! and you
This incident also should warn.

“ But I am determined I never will sell,—
This liquor shall go to the earth ;”
And true to his words he immediately fell
To the barrels and kegs, and I think he did well,
And one and another went forth.

For there's always a way to a person who wills
To do right with deliberate aim,
And he that a good resolution fulfils
In even destroying his barrels and gills,
Will find a reward in the same.

And this very instance resulted in good,
The son from the danger is saved ;
The father is happy and I've understood
That even the *wife* has been led to conclude
It was well that the barrels were staved.

Ye liquor retailers, wherever ye are,
Behold an example for you ;
Relinquish your trade and demolish your bar,
Or something may happen more terrible far ;
This tale is undoubtedly true.

Remember the Sickle and Sheaf where they drank
Whose sequel illustrates the trade,
So accurs'd in its fruits, bearing poison so rank ;
Your daughters or sons may become just like Frank
And yourself the unfortunate Slade.

The Awful Death.

The sun was shining on the eastern hills,
The lowly vallies were already shaded,
The power of frost had fastened down the rills,
And all the flowers that bloomed in spring were
faded.

The forest trees stood stripped of every leaf,
Their branches bending 'neath their burdens hoary,
T'was winter, when the poor require relief;—
But I 've to tell a sad and painful story.

I need not give the reader place and date,
Though many will the incident remember ;
The drunkard's awful death which I may state,
Took place so suddenly in cold December.

Such was the scene without ; alas ! within—
A hurricane of angry words was blowing,
A poor unhappy woman might be seen,
Careworn and weary bending o'er her sewing.

A little girl, a child of three short years,
Close to her mother, and the embers creeping,
In innocence, beheld her bitter tears
Shed o'er an infant in the cradle sleeping.

How very sad she must have felt that night,
Her sufferings were more than could be spoken ;
Her husband, dead to every sense of right,
Herself defenceless, and her spirit broken.

But who can pen the horror of the scene ?
When by her side her little daughter screaming
Her husband seized the axe he had brought in,
And high above their heads she saw it gleaming

A Power unseen restrained him in that hour,
And they escaped from death, though wounded
badly,
And self-bereft of reason's guiding power,
The maniac rushed into the darkness madly.

He hastened to the tavern—drank, and filled
His old black bottle for another potion :
O ! what a dreadful shriek was that which thrill'd
Throughout the railway cars, in rapid motion.

The brakes went down, the train was stopped ; alas
Too late ! His doom was sealed forever ;
And those who saw that bruised and mangled mass,
Can they forget that fearful sight ? No, never !

The Tavern Keeper.

There is a town whose citizens can boast
Its appellation in the Gazetteer,
'Tis famous on a rich and fertile coast,
But for security unmentioned here.

And in that town, there lived a certain man,
His name, denomination, I withhold ;
But his employment was a common one,
He kept a public-house, and liquor sold.

One summer eve, some people passing by,
About the time when men retiring are,
Were startled by a most distressing cry,
Proceeding from the well-known tavern bar.

" Oh! murder! mercy! spare me, I implore,"

" Well, pay me for the liquor that you got."

" O, you were paid a thousand times before,
And now I cannot give what I have not."

“ There then, take that, and that, infernal thief,”
 And kicks and blows repeatedly were given ;
 You shudder, friends, and look as grave as if
 He were the greatest scoundrel under heaven.

Not he ; he was *respectable* and lived
 On the just gains a lawful trade provides,
 And I was well informed, as I believed,
 He was a member of a church besides.

Quite philanthropic in his own esteem,
 He was a gentleman, as people said,
 But I have other thoughts to think of him
 So perfectly described in “ Simon Slade.”

Was he a human being? Yes! but oh!
 With every thought humane and feeling drown'd,
 Grown rich by his profession, spreading woe,
 And poverty, and wretchedness around.

Was he a gentleman? Yes, he might wear
 As fine a coat as any lord can boast ;
 And to his virtues many sots would swear,
 And say, with great respect, “ Our worthy host.”

Was he a citizen? O, yes! indeed,
And one that did the town a *deal* of good,
Although he seldom helped the poor in need,
By counsel, clothing, fuel, cash or food.

How did he benefit his neighbors then?
When never found engaged in works like these;
He brought together many drunken men,
Whose crimes, and quarrels raised the lawyers' fees

But while the business prospered in his hands,
The fangs of gold were fastening in his soul;
And when attraction raised the price of lands,
He seemed desirous to possess the whole.

Years rolling round, a court house there was built,
And then a gaol, to put offenders in;
And Mr. Smith his own importance felt,
And thought his lawful trade involved no sin.

Till on the evening introduced at first,
The love of money rankled in his brain,
And at the prospect of a trifle lost,
He beat his victim till the man was slain.

And when secured within the very gaol,
His influence led the citizens to build,
He asked with a bewildered piteous wail,
If Mr. Jamieson could not be healed!

“Impossible! you know the man is dead.”
“Dead! Is he? Never! Oh, it cannot be!”
His spirit failed; his self-importance fled,
A guilty, blood-stained homicide was he.

Arraigned before a circuit court he stood,
His guilt was evident, and undenied;
Some thought incarceration was too good—
He was condemned, and socially he died.

But yet he lives to breathe the bitter sighs
That realize imprisonment for life;
And near the scene of all their wedded joys
Still lives his poor, and worse than widow'd wife.

Let then the free and living learn by this,
That liquor selling is with evil rife;
The affluence it gives is transient bliss,
And often dearly paid for in this life.

The Rum-Selling Grocer.

I asked a certain gentleman
Who kept a grocery, and store,
“And how have times, and matters been
With you, since I was here before?”
“Oh,” said the grocer, “I can tell
My friends that I am doing well.”

And while I spied his yellow casks,
Three little ragged girls came in ;
One had a jug, and two had flasks,
Two asked for brandy, one for gin ;
The grocer served them—took their pence
In self complacent innocence.

But did he think while poring o'er
The Holy Book, in Sabbath dress,
That he supplied, the day before—
To sots, the means of drunkenness ?
And did he kneel in prayer to tell
His Maker, he was doing well !

If doing well is hoarding gold,
To such we may allow the claim,
But it is grievous to behold

A man that bears the christian name
Retailing rum, with heart to tell
The world that he is doing well !

A *christian* selling rum ! I thought,
Would broken-hearted mothers say,
That *he* was doing well, who taught
Their husbands and their sons to stray,
While boasting he was doing well,
Because he bought a right to sell !

O, liquor seller, does the law
Afford exemption from disgrace ?
No motive else, to guide or draw—
But love of money all thy days,
While men are by thy doing well
Exposed to want—perchance to hell.

Go see that poor besotted wretch,
With shattered nerves, and garments thin,

Go meet that urchin, sent to fetch
Thy drink to quench his thirst within ;
Return to fill his jug, and tell
Thy friends, that thou art doing well !

Thou say'st, the drunkard loves his drink,
And thou may'st sell since others will ;
Indeed ! perhaps assassins think
Since others murder, they may kill ;
But few assassins like to tell
Their friends, that they are doing well !

If thou can'st justify thy work
With consequences all involved,
Be thy connection with the church,
And christianity dissolved,
At once, Eternity will tell
If selling rum is doing well !

The Forty Gallon River.

Ho, ye that think a man may drink
With moral good intention,
A simple tale I have to tell—
To which I crave attention.

A cattle show, as all must know,
Was held at Leeds, Megantic,
And what occurred, as I have heard,
Has set some people frantic.

A house, that stood beside the road,
Was entered (some are cunning)
And through a hole King Alcohol
Was quickly set a running.

The man who bought the cask had thought
To make a handsome profit,
And so was well prepared to sell—
For he had plenty of it.

When night came on, the deed was done,
Which some have reckoned clever,
The cask was pierced, and out there burst
A Forty Gallon River !

Speed on, I say, for run he may,
According to his pleasure,
Let rum escape, in any shape,
If not in liquid measure.

Still on it flowed, along the road,
The atmosphere was foggy ;
And what a sight, the morning light
Revealed, the road was groggy !

And those who came to take a dram,
With lips as dry as tinder,
Might walk around, to smell the ground,
For there was none to hinder.

And wheeling round, they raised a sound,
A doleful note of terror,
And stiled the Sons, the guiltiest ones
That fill this earth with error.

But not a sip could wet the lip,
And not a drop was tasted ;
And tears, to grief bring no relief
When shed o'er liquor wasted.

So let them weep, in sorrow deep,
And mourn their loss unhallow'd ;
But I'm inclined to think they'll find
'Twas better spilt than swallowed.

And many stood above the flood,
As if they fain would stop it ;
'Twas vain to ask an empty cask,
Whose work it was to tap it !

When turned around, a hollow sound
Was all its declaration ;
The power of sin, that reigned within,
Had gone to exhalation.

The fumes arose, annoying those
Who passed there on the morrow,
Some laughed outright, but one poor wight
Was almost mad with sorrow.

But though great guns, denounce the Sons
With insolence of manners,
Fidelity, and Purity,
And Love; adorn our banners.

The men of Leeds, do wondrous deeds—
But who are the offenders
Who take a stand, with heart and hand,
Against the liquor venders?

Some men will guess, and then express
The merest supposition,
But those who know, had better shew
A proof beyond suspicion.

But sure enough the show went off
With neither strife nor quarrel;
And for such peace, without police,
We thank the empty barrel.

The Cold Water Pledge.

WRITTEN FOR THE HAVELOCK DIVISION SONS OF TEMPERANCE

TUNE : " *The Teetotallers are Coming.*"

Wave the Temperance banner o'er us,
There's a noble work before us—
Though the publicans abhor us,
And the Cold Water Pledge.

Chorus : " Better days are coming,
We shall triumph by and by

We'll go on in combination,
Until every man and nation
Shall put down intoxication,
By the Cold Water Pledge.

Press we forward, then, resisting
Every barrier, and enlisting
Young and old, while thus insisting
On the Cold Water Pledge.

We will tell the liquor-makers,
And the moderate partakers—
That they should, as grog-forsakers,
Take the Cold Water Pledge.

We will say to all who buy it,
And to those who drink and riot,
That the wise, the good and quiet,
Take the Cold Water Pledge

What although the *Rummies* clever
Start exclaiming, "did you ever"—
Strong in union, we will never
Break the Cold Water Pledge

There are prejudices warring—
But we fear no petty jarring,
Nor the brunt of scandal scarring,
For the Cold Water Pledge.

Be it then our pleasant duty,
While preserving health and booty,
Thus to welcome strength and beauty
Round the Cold Water Pledge

Midst so much of wicked vending,
Midst so much of foolish spending,
Future hopes are much depending
 On the Cold Water Pledge.

Forth in union then we sally,
Not with drunkenness to dally,
But to shout o'er hill and valley,
 Take the Cold Water Pledge.

Thus in city, town and village,
In the midst of rural tillage,
Meet we the destroyer's pillage,
 By the Cold Water Pledge.

When our Order's matchless motto,
We the gazing world will shew to,
Multitudes will rise and go to
 Take the Cold Water Pledge.

While our noble ranks are swelling,
We are publishing and telling
That they should in every dwelling
 Take the Cold Water Pledge.

Hoping that this congregation
Will accept this invitation,
And with no more hesitation
 Take the Cold Water Pledge.

We expect to meet on Monday,
Just the evening after Sunday,
And we trust that all will one day
 Take the Cold Water Pledge.

Still maintaining our position,
For the Maine Law we'll petition,
Till they give us Prohibition,
 With the Cold Water Pledge.

We approve of moral suasion,
As a means of reformation,
But we plead for legislation,
 And the Cold Water Pledge.

Then shall there be less of madness,
More of solid bliss and gladness,
When were saved from liquor's badness
 By the Cold Water Pledge.

See the tide of human slaughters,
Flees before our healing waters,
We are happy Sons and Daughters,
Round the Cold Water Pledge.

Death, confusion and disorder,
Shall evacuate our border,
When we banish rum and murder
By the Cold Water Pledge.

Every newspaper that read is,
Shews how vile the liquor-trade is,
It will perish, for the Ladies
Take the Cold Water Pledge.

The Feast of Belshazzar.

The King was arrayed in the robes of his pride,
And his wives and his concubines sat by his side,
So charmingly gay and so beautiful :
His lords in attendance, a thousand were there,
And all that assembled his bounty to share
Were known to be chosen and dutiful.

The Monarch commanded and said " Let them bring
Us the vessels of gold that my father, the King,
Took out of Jerusalem's treasures,
In the day that the temple of God was his prey,
That I and my lords, wives and concubines may
Drink wine in their sanctified measures."

Then the voice of the heathenish king was obey'd,
And the vessels of gold on his table were laid,
For the use of his wives and his princes :
And O, what a lesson the sequel affords,
When drunken with wine in the sight of his lords,
The monarch his folly evinces.

Of the red flowing wine they partook, and extolled
The idols of wood, stone, silver, and gold—
The gods of their own preparation ;
And Bacchus had many a worshipper there,
Belshazzar the king, and his concubines fair,
And the lords of the Chaldean nation.

But a part of a hand was sent forth in their sight,
And the king and his princes grew pale with affright
At the mystical words that were written :
Ere the dawn of the morn as the prophet revealed—
His terrible doom on the monarch was sealed,
In the midst of his drunkenness smitten.

The drunkards of Ephraim had warnings of old,
And the fate of Belshazzar the king may be told,
To shew every drunkard his error.
But if all the great lords who get drunk, and carouse
Should be slain—there are some in our Parliament
House
Who have manifold reasons for terror.

And what can the people expect from such men,
As are known to be drunken again, and again ?

'Tis true we may pray and petition—
But those who are fond of the liquor themselves,
May give us our statutes in quartos and twelves,
But they're sure to oppose Prohibition.

Let have we some men in the temperance field
Who from the destroyer their country would shield,
Of such Cameron is the most noted :
He, *par excellence*, style him "the Temperance Man,"
His honors are brightest—deny it who can,
And OUR CAUSE he has greatly promoted.

To the Friends of Temperance.

Let every friend of Temperance
Perform a faithful part.
That we may be a brotherhood
United heart to heart.

Should tempters prove successful
In causing some to fall ;
In efforts to reclaim them,
Be earnest, one and all.

Then shall the ranks of tipplers,
And those who take a glass,
So greatly be diminished,
That it may come to pass,—

That every liquor-maker
Shall fall into disgrace,
And every grog-retailer
Shall blush to shew his face.

So let us work in unity,
For "Union is our Strength;"
And God will prosper our desire,
To bless the world at length !

The Rumseller Outwitted by Himself.

A lecturer once had occasion to tell
A story remarkably curious,
Concerning a man who determined to sell
The liquor that makes people furious.

For a great many years he had been in the trade,
And would have continued it longer,
But in common with others he noticed with dread,
That the temperance feeling grew stronger.

And when the authorities ventured to say
That whisky and rum were not wanted,
He shewed unmistakable signs of dismay,
For no "license to sell" would be granted.

At once he determined the village should know
That his entertainments were needed,
And the rest of the tale is sufficient to shew
How wondrously well he succeeded.

He surrounded his house with a high board-fence,
To prevent any further intrusion,
And by way of revenging a public offence
He retired into private seclusion.

But the friends of the cause would be nothing abashed,
Though such walls were much higher and thicker,
And the temperance people united with haste
To open a house without liquor.

And the traveller, coming or going would stare,
And ask why the tavern was boarded ;
Then turn in to share the superior fare
The temperance mansion afforded.

As might be expected the rumseller found
That he was completely outwitted,
So he hastily levelled his fence to the ground,
And his tavern for lodgers refitted.

But he learned with regret and undignified shame
That his premises lost all attraction ;
And he secretly wished there was some one to blame
But himself, for the blundering action.

Success to the "Temperance Union Hotel!"

But shame on all rum-selling sinners ;
And why should not travellers, far from the smell
Of the bar-room, get excellent dinners ?

Bad Company and Rum.

A man who hastens to be rich,
A worshipper of gold ;
Prepares a house, puts up a sign,
Secures a stock of rum and wine ;
"Accommodation," his design,
The rest is quickly told.

How deep his guilt whose work ensnares
A fellow-creature's soul !
The drinking usages begin
The tide of misery and sin—
Which strengthens by indulgence in
The fascinating bowl.

All ages, ranks, frequent the place,
At morn, and eve, and noon ;
Amidst the revelry and mirth,
The landlord pours his liquor forth ;
He is "the finest man on earth,"
His house a "Grand Saloon !"

A later hour, and we behold
Them in the open street,
The voice of quarrelling appalls
The citizens—and in their brawls
One draws a knife, another falls
At his companion's feet.

Amidst the darkness of the hour,
A woman screams "he's dead ;"
Among the mob assembled round
The corpse extended on the ground,
No blood-stained murderer is found—
The guilty man has fled.

Who is the murderer? A man
Well skilled in useful art,
Well educated—young, and gay,

One, who till lately led astray
From virtue's strait and narrow way,
Nobly fulfilled his part.

In vain the culprit seeks to hide
From an avenging God ;
Arrested, we behold him stand
Before the judges of the land,
Found guilty—" blood is in his hand,"
A fellow-creature's blood.

Imprisoned in the common gaol,
A short allotted space ;
He freely owned his heinous guilt,
And while in deep contrition knelt,
Expressed the confidence he felt
In God's forgiving grace.

At length the appointed morning dawned,
The fatal moment, when
He died to satisfy the law ;
The city seem'd enrapt in awe,
From earthly scenes cut off, he saw
No more his fellow-men !

And on the scaffold, just before
His voice in death was dumb,
His last—his dying counsels were,
“ Oh, all ye young, beware ! beware !
Of what has been my fatal snare,
Bad company and rum !”

And this is why this mournful tale
I tell, and keep in mind
The death, the infamy, and crime,
That mars the history of Time,
Because I thus would seek in rhyme,
The good of human kind.

Now therefore hear the warning voice
Of one upon the brink
Of an eternity of bliss
Or woe,—a world unknown to this ;—
And as ye love your souls, dismiss
Bad company and drink.

The Last of the Family.

The rays of the sun were exceedingly bright
As he rolled on his way, like a king in his might,
Diffusing his genial heat and light
 To the verges of creation.

The blooming of flowers, and the music of birds,
And the evident mirth of flocks and herds,
Would baffle the most descriptive words
 Of mortal calculation.

'Twas morn, and the air serene and calm
Floated o'er earth like a sea of balm ;
And grateful hearts breathed many a psalm
 Of praise to the God of Heaven.

And many were they in wealth and pride,
Who passed by the poor on the other side ;
And many were they by sufferings tried,
 Their heart-strings all but riven.

As the king of day went on his race,
Some professional men stood face to face,

Then went with a slow and solemn pace
To a sad and painful duty.

Stretched on a pallet, haggard and lean,
Penniless, raving, and far from clean,
Lay a poor lady, who once had been
Renowned for wealth and beauty.

Impossible! what adverse cause,
Or foe, outraging all the laws,
Could take the wealth of her who was
Foremost in rank and honor.
'Twas rum that did it; rum depraved,
Beguiled, bewildered, and enslaved,
Until in vagrancy she raved,
Her drunkenness upon her.

That was a cold and dreary night,
When she was found in a wretched plight,
Bedless, breadless, and frozen white,
In a vacant habitation.

Then the medical men assembled nigh,
And one of them said, with a deep drawn sigh,
The patient must either submit to die,
Or else to amputation.

And her limbs were severed one by one ;
But the sands of her wretched life had run,
And she closed her eyes on the light of the sun,
 And all to mortals meted.

To please his friends her husband drank,
And one by one their children sank,
And she but lived to fill a blank
 Which her decease completed.

For rum their fine estate had been sold,
Her husband died and the lady grew old
And sought to live by the charity cold
 Of the world—a besotted sinner :
But the last has departed, all of them died ;
In the grave of the drunkard they lie side by side,
Ensnared in the season of fashion and pride
 By drinking wine at dinner.

The Youth Admonished.

“Come take one glass, ’twill do you good,
And cannot do you harm ;
I take a little when I’m cold
As well as when I’m warm.”

“O, no, I do not drink at all,
And I sincerely think
That you had better not indulge
In alcoholic drink.”

“O, nonsense ! I do not believe
That liquor makes one ill,
See, there’s a man who drinks, and he
Is strong and hearty still.”

The gentleman thus pointed out,
Was startled at the thought
That he was such a stumbling-block,
Although he knew it not.

And conscience-stricken in himself
He thus was led to think
Of many friends and comrades dead,
The sad effects of drink.

And turning to the youth, he said
"Come, take a walk with me;"
And to the grave-yard then they went,
The monuments to see.

"Behold the grave of one I loved,"
The moderate drinker said,
"He was my only brother—but
He drank,—and he is dead.

"See there another; he was one
Of talents bright and rare,
But he was fond of company,
And rum has been his snare.

"Beneath that broken slab there lies
The bravest of the brave,
Ah! who would once have thought that he
Should fill a drunkard's grave.

“ Look at this household-tomb ! Five sons
All drunkards, moulder there.
Their father drank ;—their mother found
No solace in despair.

“ One daughter sheds a widow’s tears,
In sorrow all alone,
Her husband was a maniac,
He drank, and he is gone.

“ All these I knew, when I was young—
My comrades at the school ;
But they are dead, and I am left
The only living fool !

“ Surely these five and twenty graves
Should fill thee with alarm ;
And wilt thou ever say again
That liquor does no harm !

“ I feel that I am dying fast,
But I am now so old,
That I can scarcely hope t’escape
The fell destroyer’s hold.

“ But if I could be young again,
How would I spend my breath
In loudly warning such as you
To shun the cup of death !”

A Strange Thing.

Strange it is that men enlightened,
With the truth that saves the world,
Should be found so sadly frightened
When the temp'rance flag's unfurled.

Zealously, on such occasions,
Doing all the good they can,
They would fain convince the nations,
Liquor is a boon to man.

When we shew them the exceeding
Evil of the liquor trade,
Then they take the Bible, pleading
What the ancient writers said.

Truly they do execution,
Quoting Moses and his laws,
With an earnest elocution
Worthy of a better cause.

Alcohol, we say, is poison,
This, they venture to deny,
When they meet us criticising
Every argument we try.

When we point them to the madness,
Poverty, disease and crimes,
That produce so much of sadness,
In our own and other climes.

Then we hear such declarations,
"It is only the abuse
Of the blessing, that occasions
All those evils, not the use."

But the use of ardent spirits
Causes wretchedness and death ;
Scripture texts have certain merits
Hear, then, what the Bible saith :

“ Woe to him who gives his neighbor
Drink ;” and “ Look not on the wine ;”
Read and ponder, ye who labor
To defend your “ boon divine.”

O ! intemp'rance is an evil
Of the greatest magnitude,
But the Maine Law, we believe, will
Stay the crime-producing flood.

Advice to the Laboring Classes.

O, Laborer, whoe'er thou art,
Whate'er thy calling be,
Endeavor to perform thy part
With honest, earnest, thankful heart,
Rejoicing thou art free.

Be diligent ; if thou art poor,
What thy employment brings
Economise ; when small thy store
Be sure to purchase nothing more
Than necessary things.

With shelter, clothing, food, and light,
And useful books to read,
The sons of toil and labor might,
Without much gold or silver bright,
Contented be indeed.

And if true comfort would be thine,
I earnestly advise
Thee, not to spend a single coin
In buying either rum or wine ;
Teetotalers are wise.

For almost all the misery,
And squalid wretchedness,
Which in our daily walks we see
Are evidently shewn to be
The fruits of drunkenness.

But many persons also spend
Their gains—it is no joke—
In such a way that they ascend
In vapor ; yea, their earnings end
In worse than useless smoke.

How sad it is to think of those
With families ill-clad,
Who light a fire beneath their nose,
Where dollar after dollar goes ;
And chewing is as bad.

Be wise, ye young, be wise in time,
Contract no habit vile,
But share in this, or other clime,
According to my simple rhyme,
The fruits of honest toil.

So you will have a mite to aid
The cause of Holy Truth,
And let your hopes on God be stayed,
Who will provide your daily bread
In manhood, age, and youth.

The Two Foes.

An enemy is in the land,
His name—Intoxication ;
If 'twere not for the temp'rance cause
He'd soon destroy the nation.

He has a cunning helper, too,
His name is Moderation ;
And both are constantly engaged
In works of desolation.

In cities, towns, and villages,
They bring to degradation,
Unhappy victims, whom they take
From every rank and station.

But those who die beneath the grasp,
Of foul Intoxication,
Are every one of them ensnared
At first by Moderation.

And many of the noblest men
That ever walked creation,
By him beguiled have lost their health,
Their wealth and reputation.

He whispers to the sons of men
"Avoid intoxication,
But wine can never do you harm
If used in Moderation."

The unsuspecting taste, and drink,
At first with hesitation ;
But soon they learn to love the wine
And its exhilaration.

Thus entered on the downward course,
That leads to death eternal,
The intemperate are captive led
Down to the pit infernal.

But we, the friends of Temperance,
An army well united,
Shall overcome the foes, by whom
The brightest hopes are blighted.

Then, blessings on the Band of Hope,
Good Templars, Sons, and Daughters,
And all good men, who love the fount
Of Temperance' healing waters.

Closing Ode for Temperance Meetings.

TUNE : "O, come, come away."

O, come, come away,
Our days are quickly passing
And death shall soon our eyelids close,
O, come, come away.

Then let us raise our standard high
That we may triumph by and by,
King Alcohol shall die—
O, come, come away,

O, come, come away,
Intemp'rance is destroying
Our fellow men in multitudes,
O, come, come away.
And while we stem its fearful tide,
And faithful to our pledge abide,
Our beacon Star will guide;
O, come, come away.

O, come, come away,
Our hearts in union blending,
And let us strive for purity ;
O, come, come away.
So let each member never cease,
From earnest efforts to increase
Sobriety and peace ;
O, come, come away.

O, come, come away,
'Tis duty bids us sever ;
We part in hope to meet again,
O, come, come away.
And may we all be led aright
To walk, as in our Maker's sight,
For time is on its flight ;
O, come, come away,

Liquor at Funerals.

A moderate drinker from his cups returning,
Mistook his way, and fell into a river ;
Alone in death—his brain with fever burning,
That gloomy night—his spirit fled forever.

The neighbours, his untimely fate bewailing,
And for th' interment making preparation,
According to a custom long prevailing
Procured some liquor for the sad occasion.

But *one* objected, and the rest addressing,
Said, " I am grieved to see this drink before us,
I cannot ask the Lord to grant his blessing
On what has brought this grief and sorrow o'er us.

" If any one can pray o'er the ' good creature,'
Go on, and do it with my disapproval ;
For while I know the liquor's damning nature,
I cannot pray for aught but its removal."

Then came abuses like a torrent flowing
On him, who was in duty so persistent,
But he possessed his soul in meekness, knowing
That all teetotalers should be consistent.

And even to this day, in country places,
We find old customs held in veneration ;
And liquor used at funerals, disgraces
The better judgment of the population.

An Appeal.

Whene'er the tempted stray from virtue's path
And seek anew the luxury of death ;
Too many raise the hand of cruel scorn,
And gladly say, "we knew they would return."
Instead of feeling for a feeble worm,

Frail as themselves, and struggling to reform—
Yet overcome in dark temptation's hour,
And doomed afresh to feel the demon's power.
Instead, I say, of sympathy with such
Their self-complacent pride would say as much.
As this, "I'm wise, and cowards only sign
The pledge of total abstinence from wine.
I love my rights, I wish to be a *man*,
And show my independence while I can ;
Just free to take it, and to leave it off,
And fit to judge when I have had enough.
Since liquor is a God-sent gift to man,
His creatures ought to use it while they can."
O, erring mortal ! I am grieved to think,
That you are thus, an advocate for drink ;
You see the sad effects of drink—you knew
Some who were killed by rum, I knew them too ;
But we are seeking to remove the ban,
And you, a *Christian*, cannot aid the plan !
Yet, rest assured, that life is fleeting fast,
And you must give a strict account at last.
If influence be yours, and it is spent
On the wrong side—though not with ill intent,
But from indifference, you stand aloof,

Nor give the weak example nor reproof
 But know that Temperance, like the banyan tree,
 Shall spread its branches over land and sea ;
 'Till every isle and continent shall know
 The blissful fruits that 'neath its shadows grow.
 Yes, friends, the happy time will surely come,
 When earth, delivered from the power of rum,
 With peace and gladness shall be yet arrayed
 Though you withhold your influence and aid.

A Tale.

Delirium Tremens ! O terrible stare,
 At reptiles and fiends, from the realms of despair !
 * * * * *
 A youth of bright talents, attractive and gay,
 Beguiled by the wine cup, at first went astray ;
 But warned of his danger, with praiseworthy haste
 He solemnly vowed no more liquor to taste :
 Reformed, and respected, his prospects were bright,

And a lovely young lady became his delight.
Accomplished and beautiful, wealthy and kind—
He loved her with pure elevation of mind :
She loved in return—and they spake of the day,
When youth's single blessedness passing away
They would enter as one on the journey of life,
And comfort each other as husband and wife :
The holidays came—'twas a season of joy,
And he glanced at his fair with a soul-speaking eye.
His merry companions, with evil design,
Combined to beguile him by proffering wine :
With firm resolution, by foiling each art
He added new strength to his fortified heart.
But then came the lady, the one he loved best,
And taking his hand, which she tenderly pressed,
And blandly she said, "if you love as I do,
Now prove your affection unchanging and true.
"If your motives are worthy in making me thine,
You'll please me by tasting, *just tasting* this wine."
She conquered his will, he tasted and drank,
His craving returned, and he rapidly sank.
He lost self-respect, reputation, and wealth,
Deep potions, and penury injured his health ;

In delirium tremens, suffice it to tell,
He perished exclaiming, "I'm going to hell."
His once lovely tempter, beheld, and bewailed
The hour when the charms of affection prevailed ;
That she was the cause of his ruin she felt,
And her reason gave way 'neath the load of her guilt.

The Grand Trunk Railway.

COMPOSED ON THE CARS WHILE RETURNING FROM THE TEMPERANCE
CONVENTION, HELD AT MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 30, 1859.

A journey on the Grand Express
Conveyed the writer, nothing less
Than forty miles an hour ;
The trees, receding from the sight
Like routed armies in affright,
Displayed the engine's power.

The fire ahead—the rolling wheels—
The pleasure—when a person feels
Like riding on a gig ;
While dashing on like speed of mind
And leaving all the world behind
Without the least fatigue.

Should Solomon or Socrates
Return to see such roads as these,
How wondrous it would seem ;
To see our engineering might
Annihilating distance quite
By all the power of steam.

Behind that locomotive-thing
To find us safely journeying
At such a rapid rate ;
To find beneath the rolling sun
Th' Egyptian horses quite outdone,
And asses out of date.

A railway-journey is a thing
The wisest and the richest king
Was forced to do without ;

Nor Greek philosopher divined,
That fire and flood would be combined
To carry *us* about.

But let our railway companies
Be careful that their employees,
Are men who take no wine ;
And they shall find their recompense
In our increasing confidence,
And safety on the line.

Throughout the earth such iron-bands
Uniting kingdoms, countries, lands,
Shew man's progressive powers ;
And though our *neighbours* like to puff
Their "lines" and "roads," yet sure enough
They've none to equal ours.

That wond'rous bridge of matchless fame,
Which bears the most illustrious name
Of our beloved Queen,
Stands like a monument of art,
Skill's triumph shines in every part,
Its equal nowhere seen.

Our Gracious Queen, Victoria
Thy gentle sway in Canada
We hail with gratitude ;
And pray the God of heaven to bless
Thy reign majestic patroness
Of all that 's great and good.

National Ode for Canada.

We sing of the land we have chosen to live in,
So famed for its forests, its rivers, and lakes ;
United to Britain—and favored by Heaven,
The noblest of colonies, Canada makes.

Exemption from war is a national blessing ;
No country on earth is more peaceful than ours ;
And cities, and villages, vastly increasing—
Are studded with colleges, churches, and towers.

Our laws and religion give social pleasures,
Each home is a castle, each citizen free ;
Agriculture and trade are increasing our treasures—
And proud of our union with Britain are we.

Of mineral riches most ample our share is,
Our resources have only begun to unfold ;
And lo ! we have sent unto London and Paris,
Superior copper, and nuggets of gold.

But we, the teetotalers, earnestly cherish
Fond hopes that the day of our triumph is near ;
Let the traffic in all that intoxicates perish,
And Temperance insure our prosperity here.

And while we enjoy our exalted position,
With freedom unknown to tyrannical knaves ;
We give to our neighbours all due recognition—
But hold no communion with owners of slaves.

Our soil is productive, our climate is healthy,
Our winters are pleasant, our summers serene ;
And while we are happy, and loyal, and wealthy,
Our watchword shall ever be "God save the Queen."

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

The Bible.

Methinks I behold, in light as of old,
Mount Zion exalted on high ;
And Israel's race, with favor and grace,
Turning many an anxious eye
To the land they delight to consider by right,
As well as by promise, their own ;
The fertile abode of the servants of God,
Where the story of grace was made known
To prophets inspired, who spake and desired,
The day of fulfilment to see ;
The advent of Him who came to redeem—
And suffered for you and for me.

The Bible alone is the Book which makes known
The way of Salvation to men
Nor shall they succeed, who wish to impede
The Bible Society's plan ;
For The Book shall go forth, to the ends of the earth,
In every language of men,
And the nations shall read, and revere, and give heed
To the words that are written therein.

Each doctrine is pure, and each promise is sure,
Its history ancient and true ;
It reveals the First Cause of the natural laws,
Of Time and Eternity too.

A fathomless mine is the Volume Divine
And if it were taken away,
All Nature would be a mysterious sea
Of ignorance, doubt, and dismay.

The kingdoms of Time would struggle in crime,
Anxiety, passion, and care ;
Like a ship on the tide, without rudder to guide,
And death would be hopeless despair.

No race-running soul could discover the goal,
Nor climb to the portal of light ;
But void of all hope, the nations would grope
In worse than Egyptian night.

But the Bible is given a message from Heaven,
When truth is impressed on the heart,
And the darkness and gloom that encircle the tomb
Before its refulgence depart.

So, friends, let us read, and always give heed
To Moses, and David, and Paul ;
For books without end, have been printed and penned,
But this one excelleth them all.

And those who despise a Teacher so wise,
And leave it to mould on their shelves,
Cannot tarnish a line of the Volume Divine,
They only can injure themselves.

Those who fain would expel the Bible; as well
Might assemble to darken the sun ;
Or gather to fight with the stars of the night,
Or roll all the seas into one.

For the truth-telling Book shall withstand the rebuke,
Of every infidel tongue ;
And it gives to the world, in beauty unfurled,
The glory of battle and song.

With pleasure I muse, on the land of the Jews,
Where the Patriarchs pitched their tents ;
And the studious mind, reflection may find
In many astounding events.

And chivalrous deeds, whose valor exceeds
The story of warriors now ;
How Gideon prayed, and his foes were dismayed,
And Jephthah's deplorable vow.

'Tis pleasant to pore o'er Biblical lore,
To find what old heroes have done ;
How Jonathan slew the Philistine crew,
By the help of his servant alone.

We must not forget the shepherd, who met
Goliath the great, with a stone ;
Nor valorous Jael, with hammer and nail,
Who fastened the Captain alone.

What stranger event can history paint,
Since wonderful things came to pass,
Than the fate of his foes, when Samson arose
To handle the bones of an ass.

I hope you intend, your leisure to spend
In tracing historical things,
From Moses to Saul, Elijah and all
The prophets, and judges, and kings.

Go back if you choose, with Adam to muse,
The progress of science to mark ;
With Enoch to walk, or with Noah to talk,
While busy preparing the ark.

The deluge comes next, and some are perplexed,
To know if all countries were drowned ;
But I must be brief, though I notice with grief,
That in drunkenness Noah was found.

And he was the first, who indulging his thirst,
Set such an example to men ;
But I think I may say, that after that day,
His name is not mentioned again.

We read of the tower, which for pride and for power,
The descendants of Noah would build,
And find all and each disagreeing in speech,
As the wisdom of Deity willed.

Then follow that race unto every place
Where Japheth and Ham have been driven ;
See how wicked they are, and given to war,
And their cry is ascending to heaven.

But, believer, rejoice ! An Immutable Voice
Hath said that the earth shall be stilled,
And warfare shall cease, in the advent of peace,
When the words of the Lord are fulfilled.

In hope that the end of war is at hand,
We return to the children of Shem,
Still further to muse, on the fate of the Jews,
And predictions relating to them.

Selected by God to make his abode
Among their divisions and tribes,
To Egypt they went, by Providence sent,
As Moses so fully describes.

wer, Read Exodus through, that you may pursue,
The way that deliverance came,
How God led the way, in a pillar by day,
And by night in a luminous flame.

It is worthy of note, that they travelled on foot,
Dry-shod, through the midst of the sea ;
Then Miriam sang, and the wilderness rang,
With the sounds of her minstrelsy.

But leaving that shore, with haste we pass o'er
The space of the forty years,
Till that numberless host, we rejoin on the coast
Of the land, where the Jordan appears.

The river divides for the warrior tribes
And O ! what sensations they felt ;
When, their journeyings o'er, they set foot on the shore
Of the Canaan where Abraham dwelt.

Then we follow them round, while trumpeters sound,
Till Jericho's walls are o'erthrown ;
For they fought and excelled, and the heathen expelled,
Till the land was by conquest their own.

See Joshua's skill, and his faith on the hill,
Behold him commanding the sun,
To rest on his way, and continue the day,
Till the work of their slaughter was done.

So the great orb of light stood still in his might,
While the armies of God were at war ;
For He who controls the whole earth as it rolls,
Is greater and mightier far,
Than all the great men, who were valiant then,
And his power is forever the same ;
So the people had rest, when the land they possessed
And the heathen acknowledged their fame.

But Jeshurun grew fat, and his Maker forgat,
Ashtaroth and Baalim adored,
And foemen from Gath, came and slew them in wrath,
And they fell by Assyria's sword.

But when they returned, repented, and mourned
For their sin and idolatrous crime ;
The Lord raised up men to deliver them then,
And the country had rest for a time.

Then the people grew vain, and desired one to reign
Over them, like the heathen around ;
And the Lord gave them Saul, so comely and tall,
But in him there was wickedness found.

So he took him away, as the Chronicles say :
“ And he took him away in his wrath ;”
The Philistines slew brave Jonathan too,
And “ great was the triumph in Gath.”

When David was king, and his lyrics we sing,
Nor poet can equal the strain ;
And Solomon rolled in wisdom and gold,
And dazzled the world with his reign.

The temple he built, and Israel dwelt
In security under his sway ;
But then we are told, when the monarch was old,
That a *multitude* led him astray.

The Proverbs he wrote all tend to promote
The wisdom and morals of men ;
And though he did err, yet we safely infer,
That when old he repented again.

Rehoboam the fool, beginning to rule,
The people an embassy sent,
But the monarch despised what the elders advised,
And the kingdom was instantly rent.

But two tribes remained where Solomon reigned,
The worship of God to uphold,
And the people began, in Bethel and Dan,
To worship their idols of gold.

And envy and spite, and mutual fight,
And pestilence, famine, and woe ;
The certain reward of forsaking the Lord,
Laid Judah and Israel low.

When division at length had wasted their strength,
The ten tribes were taken away
To some foreign place, which I now cannot trace,
And there they remain to this day.

The Jews, it appears, for seventy years,
To the rivers of Babylon were driven ;
Their thraldom was long, and their harps were unstrung
But it ended with favor from Heaven.

For the Jews were restored to their land, and the Lord
Preserved them from every foe ;
Babshakeh was foiled, and Sanballat toiled
In fruitless attempts to o'erthrow
The work of their hands, but Jehovah's commands,
(Delivered through Cyrus), declared
That the temple, and all the circumference wall
Of Jerusalem, should be repaired.

But we shorten the tale by drawing a veil,
Over several hundred years ;
And hail the glad light of an era more bright,
When the "Star in the East appears."

Bright angels proclaim the wonderful name,
Emmanuel coming to earth ;
The prophets of old his mission foretold,
The shepherds rejoiced at his birth.

He suffered for us, when he died on the cross,
And made an atonement for sin ;
In triumph he rose, and conquered his foes,
And ascending, "gave gifts unto men."

And multitudes now with reverence bow
To Jesus, who calms all their fears ;
And myriads have gone, to surround the white throne,
In the last eighteen hundred years.

And many a band, in many a land,
Believing, rejoice in His name,
And look for the hour, of His coming with power,
When the earth shall dissolve into flame.

The prophecies plain, unfulfilled that remain,
By some are considered obscure ;
But of all on record in the word of the Lord,
The fulfilment is certain and sure.

And then shall it be that the Heathen shall see
The light of the glorious Sun ;
When the Jews shall return into Canaan, and mourn
For all that their fathers' have done
To the " King of the Jews," and no longer refuse
To receive the New Testament too ;
And a holier light shall burst on the sight,
Alike of the Gentile and Jew.

Then shall Gog come with haste, and design to lay
waste

The holy and beautiful land ;

But Magog, his foe, shall determine to shew

That he hath come forth to withstand

The alien host, from the infidel coast,

So terrible, cruel, and strong ;

Preparing to fight with Megiddo in sight,

And the war may bid fair to be long ;

But sudden—a crash, like the lightning's flash,

That equals a thought in its flight,

shall fill them with dread, as the Scriptures hath said,

It shall come as a thief in the night.

Then shall Gog be disarmed, and Magog alarmed,

At the sight of that wonderful sign ;

And Michael the Prince, shall appear to evince

That Jesus is truly Divine.

glorious hour of quickening power

When the spirit is shed all abroad ;

and saints from the tomb shall awaken to bloom,

Like trees “ in the garden of God ”—

And now my dear friends, creation attends
The coming of Him who shall reign ;
And many are they, who fervently pray,
“ Even so, come Lord Jesus, Amen ! ”—

The Old Log Meeting House ;

A SCENE IN MEGANTIC, CANADA EAST.

One mild evening, sad and lonely,
I pursued a silent walk,
While I sought with Nature only,
For one transient hour to talk.

Swiftly passing hills and meadows,
On, through dark sequestered wood,
In the sun's declining shadows,
On a mountain's brow I stood.

From the leafy bowers adjacent,
Not a whisper caught my ear,
Save the music sweet and pleasant,
Of the streamlet murm'ring near.

Deep and dark the valley by me—
Silence reigned throughout the glen:
Not a human creature nigh me
Could disturb my musings then.

What sensations there passed o'er me,
I can feel but ne'er portray;
Our old Meeting-House before me,
In decaying ruins lay.

Then I thought, in days departed,
How we met to worship there,
When in accents simple-hearted
Rose the strains of praise and prayer

Walls of logs 'on logs up-piléd,
Without gallery, or pew,
Rooted with bark, and never tiléd,
While the windows were but two

Rude in form,—of small area,
“Rough and right” the building stood;
City folks have no idea
Of such houses made of wood.

There our pastor, frail and agéd,
Spake the words of holy truth;
There our teacher was engagéd
In instructing us, the youth.

There we heard of Him who suffered
To redeem our souls from woe:
There were fervent prayers offered,
That we all to heaven might go.

There the news of God's salvation
Rose upon the balmy air;
Now, the place is desolation—
Not a voice is echoed there.

Doubtless many a building humble
Might throughout the land be seen,
Where there's nought but walls that crumble—
Where the House of God has been.

A new House has been up-rearéd ;
Nigh at hand, 'tis standing still ;
But the old has disappearéd
Erom the opening on the hill.

Those who'd have them both contrasted
Might a great improvement see ;
But the one that Time has wasted
Has been always dear to me.

Thickly stood the bushes round it,
Rank and rife the wild weeds grew,
And I left it where I found it,
There old scenes are always new.

Then returning through that valley,
Evening shades increased the gloom,
And I felt that death was really
Laying mankind in the tomb.

When with half-suppressed emotion,
O! what stillness, whispered I,
Quick as thought, on mem'ry's ocean,
All my school days flitted by.

“Where, I asked with accents broken?
Where are those who once did share
Youthful pleasures?”—Scarce I’d spoken,
When the mountains echoed, “Where?”

Some are living—others missing—
Some are dead, I know too well—
Many still to friends a blessing;—
But where all are, who can tell?

Serious thoughts were o’er me stealing,
While the darkness darker grew;
But how much increased the feeling
When our graveyard rose to view.

True, the spot is unprotected
By the presence of a cross:
All such emblems are rejected,
But the dead sustain no loss:

Neither was the place made holy
By a bishop’s mystic nod;
Is not consecration folly
While the Earth belongs to God?

Therefore may his children cherish
Hopes of resurrection-joys;
None of God's redeemed shall perish,
They are precious in his eyes.

Twilight's rays were growing fainter,
And by mild impulses led,
I resolved at once to enter
Silent converse with the dead.

There, two pastors' graves surveying,
Side by side in peace they lie,
And they seemed conjointly saying
"Mortal, there's a time to die."

There, my neighbors, friends, relations,
Wait to hear the judgment sound:
Oh! what solemn meditations
May among the tombs be found.

As the grass this moment growing,
In the next may lose its bloom;
So the form where health is glowing,
Soon descends into the tomb.

Vain are earthly joys and sorrows—
Life is but a passing dream;
While we fondly eye to-morrows,
Yesterdays as nothing seem.

But the souls whose hopes reposing
On the Arm that built the sky,
Calmly smile while life is closing—
They can triumph while they die:

For in Heaven their Father's home is,
Faith descends those mansions fair,
Realizing every promise,
Grace on earth, and glory there.

“*Na Gaedheil 's a Chath 's'na Gaedheil an
Sith.*”

Achievements of the Highland Brigade.

'S e mo run a bhi cantuinn air morachd nan Gael!
Cho treun ann an cath, a's an cairdeas cho fìor;
Cho dileas mar bhraithribh, 's an aonachd cho laidir,
'S nach d'rugadh an ti sin' thug buaidh air an Tir.

Na saighdearean Gaidhloch a'n eaidh ro-aluin,
Bha misneachail dana, 's gun eolas air fiamh;
An claidheamh mor nan dorna 's a phiob 'deanadh
ceol dhoibh
Cha b'aithne dhoibh teicheadh, 's cha d'striochd iad a
riamh.

'S cha n'iongnadh nach teicheadh na daoine is treise—
'S gun focal sa Ghaelic, ged tha i cho deas—
Mar a deirear le daoine “retreat” anns a Bheurle;
Ach 's focal “retreat” nach bi'feum air am feasd.

O 's mor tha ri innseadh le aiteas a's fìorinn
Mu ghaisgaich a bhreacain 's nam boineidean gorm—

Chaidh ceud bliadhna seachad 's bu ghloirmhor an
la 'ud ;

'N uair 'thug iad *Quebec* o na Frangaich le stoirm.

Bha *Buonaparte* Uaibhreach 's a Fhrangaich ro-
bhuadhach—

'S an duil iad 'thoirt sgrìos air an talamh gu leir,

Aig *Waterloo* chomhail na Gaedheil an t-ollach—

A's mharbh iad a Fhrangaich, a's ruaig iad e fein.

A's choisinn iad cliu 'bhios cho-mairean r'an duthcha—

Ri darach nam beann a's ri sleibhtean an fhraoich,

Siad Gaedheil na h-Alba, aig cogadh mor *Alma*,

'Chuir saighdearean *Russia* mar cheo leis a ghaoith.

'S na h-Innsean, teith grianail, bu ghoirt a's bu chianail

An strith a thug saorsa do phrusunaich thruagh ;

B' an-iochd-mhor, 's bu ghraineil mar chlachd Nina
Sahib

E fein, mu 'n d'thug, Breatunn 's na Gaedheil air
buaidh.

Ach rug iad air *Delhi*, le cabhaig a's starum,

'S rinn greim air an Rìgh 'n uair a b'aill leis dol as—

'S air na daoine gun naire, 'mhort fir agus mnaibh
A 's naoidheanean maoth, rinn iad dioghaltas gu cas.

'N uair 'chual *Calain Caimpeil* gun robh *Lucknow*
'an teanteachd—

Ghrad-tharuing e suas iad ri guaillibh a cheil' ;
Cha robh cridh anna d'fhailnaich, 's ann dh'fhalbh iad
gu gairdeach—

'S "Tha na Caimpeilaich 'teachd," bha a phiob 'cuir
an geil.

A's chual iad 's a bhaile, an fuaim mar mhac-talla,
Mu 'n d'thainig na Gaedheil an tearnadh 'o 'n bhas—
Ach ruig iad gu grad iad a's shaoradh air fad iad ;
'S na cinnich na miletean bha sinnte air a bhlar.
'N uair dhealraich a mhaduinn le cloinn agus mnaibh,
'S ann dh'fhalbh iad g' an stuireadh gu ionnad na dion ;
Oir tha 'n Gael ro-thruacant, deadh-bheusach a's
uasail,
Ro-threun ann an cath, agus ciuin ann an sith.

Ciod e a ghne dhaoine 'bha marbheadh nan ceudan,
Cha tuigeadh na h-Innseanaich 'dh andecoin an cridh' ;

Bh' iad sgeaduite mar mhnaibh a's bha ceol tighinn o'
meadhon,
"S cha robh duine anns na h-Innsean nach ruitheadh
iad sios."

'O Albuinn! Mo dhuthcha! air son fradharc mo shuilean*
Bu tric 'bha mi' 'n dochas gu'n rachainn thar cuan—
Ach dall 's mar a tha mi, Biodh cliu chlànn nan Gael
A' sìor dhol am meud, 's bi' mo ghairdeachas buan.

Mar so, tha mi cantuinn air morachd nan Gael,
Cho treun ann an cath, a's an cairdeas cho fìor,—
Cho dileas, mar bhraithribh, 's 'an aonachd cho laidir,
"S nach d rugadh an ti sin 'thug buaidh air an Tir.

TRANSLATION OF THE GAELIC POEM.

I would sing the brave deeds of the sons of the Gael,
So mighty in battle—in friendship so true,
In union fraternal when foemen assail,
So strong that no mortal their land could subdue.

* This alludes to the author's blindness.

For the sons of the Gael so nobly arrayed,
Are courageous, bold,—unacquainted with fear ;
They draw the claymore when the bag-pipes are played,
And they yield not—nor flee when the battle is near.

No wonder the bravest ne'er fled from a foe,
When their Gaelic, (although so expressive and neat),
Contains not a word like "Retreat," but we know
That a Highlander never expects to retreat.

There is much to be told of the men whose array,
Is bonnets of blue and the tartan so bright,
Just a century past 'twas a glorious day,
When they captured Quebec, and the French put to flight.

Proud Buonaparte thought that the French would
subdue
The whole earth,—as his armies in triumph he led ;
The Highlanders met him at great Waterloo,
They conquered the French and Napoleon fled.

And the fame that they earned, like their country,
shall last,
Like the heath-covered hills and the forests of oak ;

At Alma they swept o'er the heights like the blast,
And the Russian warriors vanished like smoke.

In hot, sunny India, long and severe
Was the strife that brought freedom to poor oppressed
ones ;
Detestably vile, Nina Sahib's career,
Ere Britain prevailed through the Gael's brave sons.

But the city of Delhi they quickly subdued,
And the wicked old king, while escaping was caught,
And the heathen so shameless, whose hands were
imbrued
In the blood of the guiltless, were terribly taught.

When the great Colin Campbell, of Lucknow's sad
plight
Had heard—he assembled his Highlanders there ;
No brave heart grew faint, but they went with delight—
And "The Campbells are coming," was rung through
the air.

And long ere the Highlanders reached that dark wall,
Their echo-like music was wafted before ;—

But quickly they came, and delivered them all,
And the heathen by thousands lay stretched in their
gore.

With the dawn of the morning, they took young and
old,
Escorting them safely from danger afar,—
For the Gael is merciful, gallant, and bold ;
He is gentle in peace, and undaunted in war.

In perfect amazement the natives enquired
What wonderful people the Queen had sent forth ?
With soul-stirring music,—like women attired,
They would capture and conquer the fleetest on
earth.

O, my dear native land ! for the sight of mine eyes—
How oft' I had hoped to go over the sea ;
But blind as I am, I will always rejoice,
When my countrymen famous—more famous will be.

And thus I have sung of the sons of the Gael,
So mighty in fight, and in friendship so true ;
In union fraternal when foemen assail—
So brave that no mortal their land could subdue.

Hymn for the Queen's Birthday, 1857.

TUNE : *National Anthem.*

God, the Eternal King,
Whose praises angels sing
While saints adore ;
His richest blessings shower
On England every hour,
And spread her peaceful power
From shore to shore.

Beneath His gracious care,
May Queen Victoria share
All earthly joys ;—
Preserved from every foe,
Long may She reign below,
Then to bright mansions go
Above the skies.

May Albert long abide
Her consort by Her side
In happiness ;

And may the Heavenly Powers
Enrich the lovely flowers
That grace the royal bowers,
 With righteousness.

Thus shall Great Britain be
Blest with prosperity,
 As she has been ;
And true hearts everywhere,
Who British freedom share,
Join in the fervent prayer—
 God save the Queen.

Another, 1859.

While the nations are contending,
 And the continent is rife
With the miseries attending
 Long and sanguinary strife ;
Queen Victoria !
 Calm and tranquil be thy life

Though the earth is in commotion
And thy foes go hand in hand ;
With the noblest fleet on ocean—
And the bravest men on land ;
Mighty England !
Who can injure ? who withstand !

In the colonîes remotest,—
On our own Canadian shore ;
And in India's climate hottest,
Where a heathen rules no more.
For Great Britain !
Christians pray as heretofore.

Raise we then, this prayer in chorus,
Gladly on thy natal day,—
Blest be thy dominion o'er us,
While with earnestness we pray
For Victoria !
Born, the twenty-fourth of May.

The Life Boat;

DEVOTED TO
TEMPERANCE AND SOCIAL REFORM,
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
IN THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

TERMS:—

Single Copy for One Year 50 cents.
Five or more sent to one Address..... 40 cents each.
Agents sending an Order for 10 Copies and upwards,
receive One Copy FREE.

**In consequence of the Low Price, Payment
must be made in Advance.**

All Orders and Remittances to be sent to

HENRY ROSE,

Publisher,

St. Francois Xavier Street,
Montreal.

TEMPERANCE ODES
AND
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,
BY
ARCHIBALD McKILLOP.

FOUR COPIES
WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS IN CANADA FOR
ONE DOLLAR.

ADDRESS

ARCHIBALD McKILLOP,

North Inverness, Megantic.

Canada East.

All Money Letters should be Registered.