

O would some christian statesman hence might come,
 An enemy keen to drinking and to rum ;
 A patriot WILBERFORCE, devoutly meek,
 That ne'er his own but his country's weal would seek ;
 Sternly 'd demand a rescinding of this trade,
 That dolls the drink among men of ev'ry grade ;
 Drink that ne'er nourisheth, but only consumes,
 Burns up the liver and fills the head with fumes ;
 O'er all spreads nakedness—mayhap mourning, too,
 And sooner or later makes each drinker rue
 The sad hour he raised the cup to his lip,
 And learned by example the poison to sip.
 And here I'm reminded of one other woe—
 (O land God hath blessed !) would it were not so :
 Edward Wild was a farmer in * * * * township ;
 For not to breed disputes the name I now skip ;
 Suffice it to say—'twas in broad Canada,
 Where the summer and winter alternate aye.
 'Twas night, and the snow is covering the lone ways,
 The travellers weary have retir'd with their sleighs ;
 The forest is hush'd—the ice creeps o'er the lake—
 O who will arise for poor Edward's sake !
 Some friends he has been treating at "the Red Swan,"
 And now in wending homewards he is a gone man.
 The road, once familiar, he now does not know,
 He's dizzy with drinking—he's lost 'mong the snow.
 His eye sees a drift wreath like a sea billow,
 He lays him down there as if 'twere his pillow.
 Whether he was weary and could not keep his feet,
 Or thought 'twas downy bed on which he should sleep—
 In either case 'tis certain the mishap dire
 Did come by the drinking of alc'holic fire.
 Yes, O Edward Wild, it was no common foe,
 That weaken'd your strength and laid you thus low.
 Had night-pad assail'd thee, it had been in vain—
 One blow of thine arm, he'd ne'er risen again.