

And; lo ! o'er the ceiling the spiders have spun
 Their webs unmolested—the walls, too, are dun ;
 See hinges all broken—the table—
 And there, too's, the drink bottle wanting a neck.
 And yet I see traces of better days o'er,
 Some tokens that mark what they had been before :
 A Bible, well gilded, lies on the bureau,
 But dust on the cover most plainly doth show
 'Tis seldom read now—more's the pity, I say ;
 'Tis drink that hath filmed the eye 'gainst its ray ;
 And where, in this season of sin and rebuke—
 (For where'er o'er this western region we look—
 Along river, or lake, or midland, I ween,
 The sign of the gin-shop is there to be seen.)
 O where is the might of the magistrates sword—
 The officers surely set up by the Lord ;*
 Avenger of wrong—promoter of good—
 The terror of evil men where they intrude,
 To injure, by word or by deed in the land,
 Good order, good morals, on which all things stand ;
 The wealth of the nation, the cottar's best dow'r,
 The mechanic's skill and the patriot's power ;
 The grace of mild matrons in life's private scene—
 The strength of young men, and the fair maiden's mien.
 Be roused, then, from slumber each sword-bearing chief—
 Come, gird on your armour to bring us relief ;
 Delay not, I pray—the dread crisis is near,
 For weal or for woe to your country most dear.
 What recketh the words of the preacher of Truth—
 And what all the toils of the teacher of youth ?
 The father may counsel, the mother may pray,
 And all fondly hope for a harvest one day.
 But see ye that harpie-brood, hovering around
 Like a cloud over all the Canadian ground ;
 Than teachers or preachers more num'rous still,
 Each bent on his purpose of mischief and ill.