

XIV.

The spirit, fair, of Temperance passing by,
Lingered a moment and the scene surveyed ;
And as she gazed, her tender beaming eye
Distilled soft drops, fast gliding to the shade—
In a pure robe of sympathy arrayed,
With heart to envy and ill-will unknown,
She raised her hands and sighed—perhaps she
prayed,
And scarcely did suppress the rising groan,
While she invoked a power superior to her own.

XV.

Nor did these midnight revelers once pause,
Or, for one moment, dream that other eyes
Gazed tearfully, and sought to plead their cause—
That other ears, with horror and surprise,
Listened each swelling oath, and marked its rise,
'Mid fears which love and pity, joined, impart ;
As flies the sere autumnal leaf, so flies
Reflection from the drunkard's callous heart,
Leaving a leafless branch exposed to every dart.