

X.

“But vain that call, for still he disregards
Those fond entreaties I’ve so often made ;
Full well I know intemperance retards
Each virtuous thought, and sinks it to the shade ;
Nought but the hand of heaven, in might arrayed,
Can chase him from the vile, bewitching bowl,
Back to that virtuous path from whence he strayed,
And bid content again around me roll—
My sinking hopes revive, and all those fears control.

XI.

“Sleep on, sweet babes, thou nurslings of the storm,
Perchance, on you may dawn some happier day,
When no dark cloud shall linger to deform,
Nor stern misfortune chase those joys away ;
That season yet may come, O, that it may,
And Heaven’s propitious smile upon you fall ;
But I must never catch one cheering ray
While Edward haunts the drunkard’s loathsome
hall,
Destroys each thought of Heaven, and wastes his
earthly all.”