

Curse, then, on the calling that ever computes  
 The spirit of man as that of the brutes ;  
 That lures him away from the path of pure fame,  
 That hardens his feelings, that blackens his name ;  
 Perverts from their end the reward of his toil,  
 And drives both wife and babes from cot and from soil.  
 Ah, me ! my heart weeps when I think of the plan  
 A beneficent God has constructed for man.  
 He designs his bliss still in this world of woe—  
 He must labour, indeed—in Eden 'twas so.  
 But how large the return kind Providence gives  
 To the labouring man who virtuously lives ;  
 Who cultivates temp'rance—is diligent, too,  
 Apart from a heaven, there's recompense now ;  
 His fields yield the finest of wheat for his food,  
 The cool spring doth ouze from the rock for his good ;  
 The honey doth flow from the hive's waxy mine—  
 He's gifts from the orchard—the fruit of the vine ;  
 He hath clothing of cotton, linen, or wool,  
 Thus in winter he's warm, in summer he's cool ;  
 And beneath that good roof, (he calls it his home,  
 Well named, for from that his affections ne'er roam ;)  
 There gentle love reigns—there's the absence of guile,  
 And man now reposes in woman's fond smile.  
 But, O ! see the change when alcohol assails  
 The husband or wife—then confusion prevails ;  
 Love flees from the cottage hearth, plenty likewise,  
 And poverty, squalor, and fightings arise ;  
 No longer the garden is trimmed by the hand,  
 And thistles now grow where corn did stand ;  
 No longer the fields are fenc'd round from th' attack  
 Of bestial, intent all their treasures to sack ;  
 Their children, in ragged and filthy attire,  
 Are crowding, half-starv'd, round a flickering fire ;  
 The chill winds of winter sigh through broken panes—  
 A hole in the roof admits the cold rains ;