

Has left on nations its unholy stain.
The site of Carthage scarcely can be found,
Both Tyre and Sidon level with the ground;
And where is Nineveh with massive walls?
And where proud Babylon with spacious halls?
Athens, the seat of learning passed away,
And Rome to luxury a wretched prey.
Where now those sinful marts upheld by greed,
Plutus presiding over every deed?
With such examples patent as the sun,
'Tis well to ask, "how shall *our* race be run?"
Let the wise men who regulate the state,
Prepare this nation for a better fate.
A recent lecture by a reverend man,*
Who has the right our frailties to scan,
Speaks of those sins which we must oft recall,
But notes dire *selfishness* the worst of all.
Look down the vista of our future years,
How full of hopes, anxieties and fears,—

But while these lines in thoughtful mood I write,
Our noble Viceroy is announced in sight,
His prestige good—experience at his side,
The ship in safety he is sure to guide.
The "Empire City" musters all her power,
With pomp and pageantry to grace the hour.
The "Merchant Princes" of that wealthy mart,
Spare no expense of ornament or art.
The French and English make one common cause,
Honoring the Queen, her virtue, and her laws.
Armed with fresh power, due honors he will give
To men who *work*, and for their country *live*;
Men who have borne the burden of the day,
Full of their duty without vain display.
If earnest laborers exalt a land,
To such our Viceroy will extend his hand.

There is a sentiment worth serious thought,
Not always quite considered, as it ought,
"That man who manages two blades to show,
Where only one before was known to grow,

* The Rev. Canon Baldwin, of Montreal.