

With a proud look of scorn she clos'd the door,
 When, as if to increase his anger more,
 He read these words, at a house on the right,
 "A TEMPERANCE MEETING held here to night."—
 "The rebels," cried he, "are daring and bold ;
 I'll attend this meeting they purpose to hold ;
 But first I'll adjourn to the rendezvous,
 And choose from my train a spirit or two."

He pass'd thro' the gloom, and beaming with light,
 The place that he sought stood greeting his sight ;
 'Mid the dens of the poor the palace arose,
 At once both the *source* and *mock*er of woes,
 Ah ! many the homes, all fireless and drear,
 Paid for the blaze that was frolicking here,
 Ah ! many the wretch, steep'd in crime and in woe,
 Supported this mansion of guilty show !

And, as if each frantic victim to mock,
 High o'er the front shone a luminous clock,
 That nightly proclaim'd time's unceasing flight
 To numbers, who ne'er spent that time aright ;
 In this palace of *lies*, the eye could view
 Nought else save the clock, that gave warning true
 Of the swift-wing'd hours, the priceless boon
 So oft withdrawn, unexpected, and soon !

King Alcohol's slaves pass'd out and pass'd in,
 Ragged and woe-worn, shivering and thin ;
 The portal once pass'd, his keen eye could trace
 His signet of grief stamp'd on every face.
 He paus'd not to notice each livid brow ;
 His spirits were flocking around him now ;—
 He scarcely answer'd their fiery greeting,
 But briefly spoke of the TEMPERANCE MEETING.

"Why, 'tis flat rebellion ;" fierce BRANDY cried ;
 RUM jestingly strove the whole to deride ;
 GIN, with a look more than usually *blue*,
 Exclaim'd with a sigh, "Alas ! 'tis too true ;