

Where bald dispute a powdered wig does wear,
 To hide the shame of insult's oft commission.
 A guest she is, with naught her stay to limit,
 Unless her host does quench her light or dim it
 By visiting himself or, conscience-twined,
 And fearing some late thought to be hell-singed,
 He ranges round an host of moral aids,
 And the domain of vice straitway invades.
 Then for a time our heroine needs be still,
 Until his vigor has worn out his will,
 And Alvan's mind relaxes into vice,
 The fruit of sloth and past misdealing's price.
 Then rings the hall with her adjusting voice ;
 Then in a filial awe her sons rejoice ;
 Then sits in penitence Alvan the sinful ;
 The hall with Virtue's dreadful voice grows dinful ;
 Lowers dark the cloud of sin that drapes the life,
 But to be shattered in the wordy strife,
 And let through light that the whole world may bless,
 If Alvan will but let her forward press
 And lead the charge up toward the frowning height,
 But she can take and whence alone is light.
 In Alvan's rule she sees a Chinese wall,
 That does imprison, while it guards the hall ;
 And till its ruins are the firm foundation
 Of well-hinged gates, to mark a new relation
 Between the world and inmates of the hall ;
 Her host shall daily hear her " Ruin " call.
 Applauding voices mark her speech's end ;
 Her host's lit face an honor too does lend ;
 For Marcia's words have found a certain goal,
 And stirred the passions stagnate in his soul.
 Up Alvan rises to th' unequal fight,