

## 24.

The drunkard is a baleful star  
To all that breathe within his sphere ;  
He lives for nothing but to mar  
Whatever love considers dear.

## 25.

He aggravates his mother's cares,  
And mocks affection's fondest trust ;  
He brings his father's hoary hairs  
In silent sorrow to the dust.

## 26.

His brothers, loved in life's young day,  
Confess not now his birthright ties,  
But pass him in the public way  
With burning cheeks and tearful eyes.

## 27.

His sisters—utter not the name  
Which they, the good must blush to hear ;  
It has become a word of shame  
To all to whom it should be dear.

## 28.

His friends—the drunkard has no friends—  
Such cannot breathe in tainted air :  
Howe'er his course began, it tends  
To isolation, doubt, despair.

## 29.

Poor erring man ! who would not weep  
To see him quaff the infernal spell  
That wings him downward to the steep  
That trembles o'er the brink of Hell !

## 30.

Who would not fly with timely haste  
To stop him in his strange career,  
And bring him back to be replaced  
In life and love's protecting sphere !