

Those parents must have often wondered why
 It was that his expenses were so high,
 But they were blind to the real, awful truth ;
 And therefore did not realize the use
 'That was made of their hard earned savings. Oh !
 Too late ! Too late ! Were they destined to know !

Examinations came and Archie passed,
 With no great honors, for he came out last,
 Just barely passing that was all. How queer !
 When he had passed so well each former year.
 Not queer at all when one will stop to think
 How fearful are the changes wrought by drink.

He during the last year had sunk so low
 That books and studies had been let to go ;
 Instead his precious evenings had been
 Spent at some club or in some hellish den,
 Where games of chance and alcohol combined
 Relieve the pocket and destroy the mind.

'Twas true that he had not lost all his pride,
 'Tis true that shame had prompted him to hide
 The truth behind some frail excuse, whene'er
 He in the class-room had failed to appear,
 Or similar offences had occurred ;
 And thus the awful facts had been defused.

'Twas Graduation Day, a date perhaps
 More glorious to ambitious college chaps
 Than any other ; but for Archie Brown
 It had no charms. That morning he strolled down,
 Cigar between his lips, to a saloon,
 Unconscious of what was to happen soon.