

And although you escape ev'ry court in the land,
 And in the sight of the law you most innocent stand,
 Yet I find one more court that is now close at hand,
 That you cannot escape ;
 And your soul it must answer its dreadful command,
 And in some sort of shape.

Do you think the Great God, that each thought understands,
 He shall lightly look over the work of your hands,
 When you broke His most holy and urgent commands
 In beginning to drink ;
 And in filling our houses, our workshops and lands
 With the drunkards who think ?

You will find He will judge you by what you have known,
 You will find He will judge you by what He has shown ;
 And all those who to winds all their talents have sown
 To the whirlwind must reap.
 And their faith and repentance most rudely be blown,
 And be hew'd at their feet.

Now, I own it is useless these words that I say
 To all those who are criminal drunkards to-day ;
 But those who are starting just out on that way
 Be ye warned in time,
 That although you feel happy, and social and gay,
 Yet your drink is a crime.

And, too late, you shall cry, and your God shall not hear,
 But shall laugh at your dread, and shall mock at your fear ;
 When your death and destruction is drawing quite near
 That the world has discern'd (Prov. i., 26) ;
 And you then must admit that your punishment here
 You have now wholly earn'd.

1896.

OLDER AND SIN.

You see him staggering in the street,
 With tatter'd coat and shoeless feet ;
 Satan has done his work complete,
 And sent this young man forth to sin—
 Through cider, whiskey, beer and gin.

No doubt he had a mother dear,
 Who lov'd her son while she was here,
 And for that son she had no fear
 That he a drunkard would become—
 Through cider, whiskey, beer and rum.

No doubt at first he thought it grand
 That he his drinking could command ;
 While others fell, yet he would stand,
 And never, never, never sin—
 Through cider, whiskey, beer and gin.