

that is threatening *every home*.

It was the father who first discovered that "Harold was not developing, or advancing in his studies, as such a bright boy might be expected to, with his advantages." "He is getting a little too fond of his cups, I fear," he remarked to his wife one day, "he does not grow in any way according to his years." (the years had passed so quickly, that he was nearly grown to manhood now.)

The sideboard was more carefully guarded with lock and key, and the lad, "must only be allowed one glass of wine at dinner." Oh, that treacherous *one glass!* has it not been the ruin of thousands! Did those fond parents imagine that the *worm*, finding entrance in the green leaf and freshness of babyhood, fostered and fed all through childhood, could be satisfied with *one glass at dinner*, or that Harold could drink as his father had drunk, always in *moderation?* Alas! no, inheriting his father's tastes, without his father's early training, his father's firmness and self denial, and with his mother's beauty, inheriting her weakness of character with her sweetness of disposition, her desire to please and her love of admiration,—all those qualities (if not judiciously restrained) so dangerous to a young man; making him an easy victim.

"Going out into the world." How the full meaning of that short sentence makes many a thoughtful mother's heart ache. "My people do not consider, saith the Lord." How few people do consider, else would that father and mother have discerned that the "one glass" only created an appetite, awakened a thirst for more, which if denied at father's table, is so easily procured in other places, carelessly provided by law, for such as Harold, the rich man's son. No need for him to enter the "low den or shanty" for his liquor; it can be obtained at the bar of the most fashionable Hotel, at the "Wholesale Liquor Dealer's,"

at the retail counter and at the Saloons everywhere. No disgrace to enter any of those places in broad day light; in fact it is considered *rather stylish* to do so. The busy merchant congratulates himself on his foresight and wisdom in restricting Harold. "Discipline must be maintained," was the motto of Dickens' old soldier. It was just as applicable, no more effectual, in the case of Harold.

The mother's fears were first aroused when her boy, after remaining out late in the evening, would go directly to his room without the accustomed good night kiss. She was one of those mothers who think, that whatever other people's children do, *hers* cannot do wrong. She would scorn the idea that Harold would ever mingle with "low fellows," or do anything not befitting a gentleman, while he, poor boy, at times would be filled with deepest remorse, after an evening spent "with the fellows," when after the wine, came the facinating cards, and the "low stakes," "just enough to make the game interesting," he would wake in the morning with a throbbing head and an aching heart, (for he was too noble a boy, too loving and conscientious, not to feel a pang when he thought of the pain it would cause his beloved parents, did they know of the company he kept and the habit that was fast growing upon him.)

"If I only had a sister," he would say to his aunt (the only one in whom he confided), "but mother does not understand; her distress and reproaches would be more than I could bear." It was too true, "Mother" did not understand that anything more was required of her than to attend to her boy's physical needs; to see that his wardrobe was bountifully supplied, and his room kept in perfect order, with every adornment that money could procure and mother-love suggest; for his mental requirements, teachers were provided and "well paid to look after all that." Are