

To please companions and be popular  
 He smoked, played cards, went to the theatre ;  
 And worse than all, the alcoholic glass  
 Had found its way up to his lips, alas !  
 But what is life when conscience must reprove  
 A fellow for this or some other move ?

How easy 'tis to get from good to bad,  
 And easier still, from bad to worse, how sad !  
 And thus it was with Archie who, to be  
 Like fellow students, came at length to see  
 Things he had once abhorred as far from right  
 In such an altogether different light.

It was to lesson study's heavy strain  
 That he had followed friends advice, again  
 Broken a resolution firmly made,  
 And taken "just a little wine to aid  
 Him in his work." Thus had he learned to crave  
 For that which surely makes a man a slave.

Woe to the day when Archie in his haste  
 Emptied that wine cup and acquired a taste,  
 Which ever since has clung with stubborn grip,  
 Like some huge monster clinging to a ship,  
 With arms that tighten like a vice, whenever  
 To freedom gain its victim does endeavour.

Time passed away, and Archie's final year  
 At college turned his parents from the dear  
 Old homestead ; but without complaint they bore  
 It all believing better days in store,  
 For all their hopes were centered in their boy,  
 Their boy who would so soon those hopes destroy.