

The farm was mortgaged, and with many tears  
 Young Archie left the scenes of boyhood years  
 For other scenes where sin and woe are rife,  
 To realize his dreams of college life ;  
 Nor do we find as promising young men  
 At every turn as Archie Brown was then.

For some time all went well, but one away  
 From home and mother often goes astray ;  
 And so it was with even Archie, though  
 No one in Greyville would have thought it so ;  
 Strong was his will, but, ah ! alas ! too frail  
 To stay the foot that wooed the downward trail.

His ready wit and generosity  
 Made many chums, and hard it is to be  
 With those who smoke their flavored cigarettes,  
 At evening games will stake their trivial bets,  
 And find amusement at the theatre,  
 And be the "odd one" so unpopular.

His "no," so firm at first, lost all its strength  
 And changed it to a sheepish "yes" at length.  
 "No harm," he argued, "if I never do  
 Things worse than these ; so many do so too."  
 But there was conscience whispering within,  
 "This is the way that ruined lives begin."

"Beware ! Beware !" The voice seemed to say,  
 "To break a good resolve clears up the way  
 For breaking others ; Archie Brown, beware !  
 How nicely woven is the Devil's snare ;  
 Once you have entered you will come to grief ;  
 'Tis easier caught than 'tis to find relief."