

Now he's stepping o'er the threshold into man-
 hood's golden realm,
 Will he choose a trusty pilot, put discretion at
 the helm ?
 For life's dangers soon will threaten, and fierce
 storms may overwhelm
 E'er he cross the sea of time !

Firm at first, he's steering wisely, mark the
 rhythm's steady beat,
 He is winning fame and fortune by his art of
 music sweet,
 Rung by rung he mounts the ladder, with am-
 bition's tireless feet,
 Till the goal is almost won ;
 Fashion woos him in her salons,—'mid the danc-
 ing and the glare
 He forgets that mother's warnings, he forgets
 that mother's prayer,
 Rosy lips pronounce the challenge, " Drink it,
 drink it, if you dare ? "
 And the deed of hell is done !

Hark ! 'Tis creeping, curling, crawling, curdling
 upward from below,
 Where the groaning bass is struggling like a soul
 in mortal woe ;
 Kill it ! Choke it ! Stamp its life out e'er it strike
 its venom blow !
 Bravely done, 'tis surely slain !