

"My boy ! My boy ! How can I tell you all?
 And still I must ! Those things that you recall
 Are not illusions ; they are all too true.
 But Archie, more must I make known to you,
 Though through my heart it pierces like a knife ;
 That random bullet took your father's life."

And then she broke down and could say no more ;
 The warden led her from the cell, the door
 Was locked, and Archie was once more alone.
 Poor half-crazed wretch, if he had but have known
 The wiles of drink before it was too late,
 And thus avoided such an awful fate.

This very day which might have crowned his name
 With honor had, alas ! crowned it with shame ;
 Those parents had this morning come to town
 With hopes so high, and one, while walking down
 The street, had seen a sight that must have chilled
 His spirits. Yes ! By Archie had been killed.

Killed by the hand of that unworthy son,
 For whom so much he willingly had done.
 Now, had that loving mother lived to see
 Her boy, her Archibald that used to be
 Her joy and hope, almost a murderer.
 What greater sorrow could have come to her ?

And now, young man, since that eventful day
 Some forty long, long years have passed away ;
 And still, no doubt, the tale of Archie Brown
 Is oft related in the little town
 Of Greyville, that the boys may warning take,
 And never break the good resolves they make.