

He started up and looked about him ; there
 His mother stood. Oh never could he bear
 To look into those eyes again ; his head
 He buried in his trembling hands, and said,
 " Oh mother, come not near me, go away ;
 'Twere better you had died than see this day."

" My boy, my darling boy !" the woman cried,
 And threw herself upon her knees beside
 The trembling form. I am your mother still,
 I loved you once, I love you now, and will
 In spite of all that they may say or do,
 In spite of all. Oh Heaven, is it true ?

" But Archie, never shall your mother think
 That you have done this awful deed ; 'twas drink,
 And he who sold the cursed stuff, and those
 Who vote for the saloon. Your mother knows
 Her boy, her Archie is not all alone
 Condemned by God for this that has been done."

" What has been done ? Oh mother, tell me all !
 Have I been dreaming ? Will this prison wall
 Soon fade away ? Will I awake to find
 Some dread illusion has preyed on my mind !
 Oh what a dream ! It seems as if I had
 Been fighting, and was, oh, so mad, so mad.

It seems as if I drew my pistol out
 And fired it, mother, when there came a shout
 Of "murder" ; then they brought me to this place.
 But more than all that haunts me is a face,
 It is the face of father, white with fear.
 I must have seen him somewhere. Was he here ?