

THE DEATH OF THE DRUNKARD.¹

I.

TERROR, and darkness, and horrid despair!
Agony painted upon the once fair
Brow of the man who refused to give up
The love of the wine-filled, the o'erflowing cup.
"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging."
No wine in death is his torment assuaging.

II.

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Just what the parson had told me when young:
Just what the people in chapel have sung:
"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging."
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Desunt cetera.

¹. This, the earliest poem ever written by me, has perished save the above fragment. Its date is 1886.—A.C.