

simple parents imagine that it is no harm to give their children "what is left in the glass," until the rum habit is slowly but surely formed. It grows up with the child and becomes a part of him. All at once he is noticed to be drunk. Unwary youths persuaded, or even bullied by evil companions, are trained into the rum habit in the same way. Once this fell habit is formed, who can stop it? And even if it is stopped, who can tell when it will begin again? Show me a man who never touched alcohol before he was twenty-five years old, and you will find him to be temperate, even if he does drink. Show me a man who has been tippling from his youth up, and here you will see one who, if not an habitual drunkard, is in constant danger of becoming one. It is well, therefore, for parents to put their foot on this matter in the beginning, and not allow their children to touch alcoholic fluids until they become of age, and so pass from under their charge. Not having the habit already fastened upon them, which many are physically unable to resist, they will then be old enough to have sense enough to judge for themselves. What is true of alcohol is true of other things that make people drunk, not even excepting tobacco. The one often leads to the other, and not infrequently tobacco is the stepping stone to rum.

"Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.  
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar :  
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;  
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
 Of each new hatch'd, unfiedg'd comrade.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice ;  
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;  
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
 This above all,—to thine ownself be true ;  
 And it must follow, as the night the day,  
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
 Farewell : my blessing season this in thee !"

SHAKESPEARE —*Hamlet, Act I, Scene III.*