

A dear, kind father, too, I had ;
Too often I have made him sad ;
For his advice I did not heed,
His wise counsel was not received.

Oh ! had I listened to their voice,
How their fond hearts would have rejoiced
Now in my loneliness I feel
My heart must have been hard as steel.

Yes, I can now young people warn
Their parents' counsel not to scorn ;
Much of my trouble they can see,
And what my sins have done for me.

It seems to me my parents dear,
Their sainted spirits now are here,
Embracing me, saying, my son,
Jesus now offers you pardon.

A penitent I really feel,
To Christ my heart I wish to yield ;
For in the world I cannot find
True happiness or peace of mind.

The wages of sin, I know well,
Is death, and leads the soul to hell ;
But to serve Christ and trust in Him,
Saves us from the power of sin.

John, said Thomas, all go astray,
But Christ calls us to Him to-day ;
To-day, if you will hear His voice,
Then you will make a happy choice.

Whoever will to Him may come,
Jesus invites, He'll cast out none ;
His offered pardon now receive,
Don't doubt His word, in Him believe.

Then all through life's stormy sea
You'll have a friend to stand by thee,
Until your toils of life are past,
Then give you an eternal rest.

Thomas, I know Christ is my friend ;
May God help me my life to mend ;
'Tis well to have a friend like you,
To tell my grief and sorrow to.