

7
"Do friends think of me at home?"
Are words you often sing;
Yes, boys, your names in mother's ears
Like sweetest music ring.

But, alas! 'tis to be feared
That many forget home,
And anxious parents who are left
In solitude alone.

Often until the midnight hour,
Their time how many spend;
In self-destruction they go on,
Which must in ruin end.

Christian parents deep sorrow feel,
While those who are from home
Still go the road which leads to death—
Far, far from God they roam.

Oft in the stillness of the night
For their loved ones they pray,
That they would give their hearts to Christ,
And from sin turn away.

Every young man who helps his friend
The cup of woe to shun,
A noble victory, how great,
For that friend he has won.

In dreary cells are criminals,
By treating were brought there;
Once the sunshine of happy homes,
With prospects bright and fair.

Saddened are their fond parents' hearts,
Who almost die with grief;
All human sympathy proves vain—
It affords no relief.

Were you to listen to the tale
Those poor young men could tell,
Each one would say 'twas step by step
I came to this dark cell;

The word of God we heeded not—
His name and day profaned—
And from the drunkard's cup we drank,
The convict's cell we gained;