

"I'd rather you should meet a bear  
That's just robb'd of her young,  
Than you should meet a gentleman  
Who has a flattering tongue.

"Be sure they never mean you good,  
'Tis only sport, or worse;  
And, as you'd save yourself, don't touch  
A penny from their purse."

A glow of modesty and and pride  
Rush'd into Jessie's cheek,  
And feeling quiver'd on her lip  
As she began to speak.

"Dear mother! you may trust me well,  
Such thing shall never be;  
No saucy gentleman I know  
Shall ever speak to me.

"What business have they to insult  
A girl because she's poor?  
No! mother, I will never bring  
Dishonour to your door.

"Beside, I've found out *this* myself,  
And I believe 'tis true—  
That if *you* mind what you're about,  
*They'll* mind their business too."

"And, Jessie—John has whisper'd me  
That you must be his wife,  
And he's a gentleman in heart,  
And loves you like his life.

"Of course 'twill be a long while first,  
You both are very young;  
But if you love each other well,  
The time will not seem long."

"Ah, mother! John is just like you,  
He is so true and good,  
And steady, like his father too,  
I think 'tis in the blood."

Then Margaret kiss'd the pretty face,  
That looked in hers, and smiled,  
"Ah, little puss! I see one day  
You'll be my very child.

"But Jessie dear, still have a care,  
For woman's heart is weak."  
And tears rose up in Margaret's eyes,  
And trickled down her cheek.

A few short months—and suddenly  
There came the hand of death,—  
"God bless you all, and keep you his,"  
Was Margaret's last breath.

Then did her happy ransom'd soul  
Arise on joyful wing,  
To dwell before her Saviour's throne,  
Where blessed angels sing.

No stately hearse with nodding plumes,  
Nor mutes for mourning paid,  
Were seen around the humble grave,  
Where Margaret was laid.

A dozen hardy fishermen,  
With weatherbeaten face,  
Bore that dear body tenderly  
To its last resting place.

And many join'd the weeping train  
That stood around it there,  
And many were the stifled sobs  
That shook the quiet air;

For she was gone, whose life had been  
A constant flow of love,  
And they would see her face no more  
Until they met above.

Then Jessie kept the good man's house,  
And shared his heavy grief,  
Till time and resignation brought  
To both of them relief.

And when two years had pass'd away  
In honour of the dead,  
Her lover thought the time was come,  
When they might safely wed.

He was his father's partner now,  
They had a busy trade;  
And many times he counted up  
The earnings he had made.

The old man gave the bride away,  
And gave the wedding treat,  
And, kissing Jessie, said, "She'll be  
Another Margaret."

"Ay, that she will," said John; "she'll be  
My mother to the life,  
And folks will say my pretty bride  
Is like my father's wife."

Now, parents dear, who read this tale,  
Work on with love and prayer;  
And children's children yet may live  
To bless your faithful care.

And shut not up your charity,  
Let pity have its way;  
'Tis God you lend your service to,  
And He will richly pay.