

I am destitute, you now see,
 Just as my parents said 'twould be ;
 I see my folly, feel my shame—
 It grieves me that I gave them pain.

THIRD PART.

Mrs. Black's Counsel.

Said widow Black : But, John, my friend,
 'Tis not too late your ways to mend ;
 Ne'er despair, but with God's help try,
 And the right pursue till you die.

A blank your past life need not be ;
 Warn others from your faults to flee ;
 Tell them what sin has done for you,
 What wretchedness it brought you to.

And in this way, it may be,
 Many may yet live to bless thee,
 For helping them those sins to shun,
 Into which you have madly run.

Your parents we knew very well,
 Quite near to them we used to dwell ;
 Often for you their tears were shed,
 Often for you their prayers were made.

Some time before your mother died,
 I spent much time by her bedside ;
 Her trust on Christ alone was stayed,
 At death she did not feel dismayed.

My friend, one day she said to me,
 If my John you should ever see,
 To him my dying message give,
 Tell him—Believe in Christ and live.

Tell him his mother's earnest prayer
 Was that he might God's blessings share ;
 And that she might meet him at last,
 Where all the storms of life are past.

Said John : Now, Mrs. Black, I feel
 The loss of mother's love so real ;
 How often to me she would say,
 For daily wisdom I should pray.