

But still another son she has,
 And with him should you meet,
 Could you invite him to the bar
 And offer him a treat ?

How oft a mother's tears you'd save
 For a misguided son,
 If when you know he wants a glass
 That glass you'd help him shun ?

How many comforts there would be
 In homes where there are none,
 If when together young friends meet,
 They'd mind the glass to shun.

Can it be much that young men gain,
 To work from morn till night ;
 Then waste the money hard they've earned—
 Does this look wise or right ?

And when to settle they desire,
 And comfort take in life,
 Their money then is squandered,
 And no home for the wife.

Consider when in blooming youth,
 Oh, think how much depends
 On the company you now keep,
 And choice you make of friends.

Many of you no doubt have had
 A pious father's care,
 And a kind mother by whose side
 Oft you have knelt in prayer.

But death, perhaps, has broke the chain
 Which bound some hearts to earth ;
 But still those treasures are in Heaven,
 To you of precious worth.

Dear friends, think of those parents now,
 Whose voice no more you'll hear,
 Warning you every vice to shun,
 And serve the Lord with fear.

And you, young men, who are still blest
 With homes and parents dear,
 By them you are not forgotten,
 Though far from home or near.