

'O hug me closer mother dear,
 I'm sure we'll freeze, if we sit here,"
 His mother hugged him closer to her breast,
 And tried to quiet him to rest.

The policeman walking on his beat,
 Found them both dead upon the street.
 Never more shall they driven be,
 By a drunkard's mad brutality.

When the drunkard's fury it had gone,
 He looked about for his wife and son,
 And when he knew what he had done,
 To end his life in the lake did run.

THE SABBATH,

The Sabbath bells are chiming clear,
 Bidding the people to God draw near.
 It is the best day of the seven,
 To prepare our souls for Heaven.

The hum of the city now is stopped,
 And the chiming bells their echoes drop,
 Sounds of a nation singing praise,
 Unto God their voices raise.

Our trials and troubles we bring to Him,
 For God is the Almighty King,
 He will guide us on the way,
 If we humbly watch and pray.

To Jesus then for salvation cry,
 O Lord, to save us or else we die;
 He will light us on the way,
 To an eternal Sabbath Day.

Our Sabbath Day will soon be past,
 O receive our souls at last.
 Then loud anthems we will sing,
 All glory to the Immortal King.

MOTHER.

Those dove-like eyes and winning face,
 From my memory never can be chased.
 In this country or any other,
 Never will I forget my dear mother.