

To a dear little Boy, with a present of a Gold Watch.

By MRS. H. BAYLEY,—*Author of " Tales of the Heath " &c.*

A watch thou would'st my darling boy,
Which, thou wilt receive from me,
A token of thy mother's love,—
A choice well made by thee.

'Tis not the bauble thou wilt prize
Oh, no 'tis something more,
To count the moments as they fly
And trace the minutes o'er.

To improve the hours as they pass
Will be thy anxious care,
And thou wilt feel the value then
Of each succeeding year.

Remember when a moment's lost
It ne'er can be regained—
Employ it well, that thou mayest view
Past moments without pain.

The watch will prove of value then
Not for its golden case,
But as the means, by which thou learnt
Thy hours and days to trace.

And may thou, dearest, never know
The pang of self remorse,
For having thrown thy years away
And thy best moments lost.

Isle aux Noix, Nov. 1833.