

THERE'S DANGER IN THE TOWN.

BY JOHN H. YATES.

There, John, hitch Dobbin to the post; come near me, and sit down;
Your mother wants to talk to you before you drive to town.
My hairs are gray, I soon shall be at rest within the grave;
Not long will mother pilot you o'er life's tempestuous wave.

I've watched o'er you from infancy, till now you are a man,
And I have always loved you, as a mother only can;
At morning and at evening I have prayed the God of love
To bless and guide my darling boy to the bright home above.

A mother's eye is searching, John—old age can't dim its sight,
When watching o'er an only child, to see if he does right:
And very lately I have seen what has aroused my fears,
And made my pillow hard at night, and moistened it with tears.

I've seen a light within your eye, upon your cheeks a glow,
That told me you are in the road that leads to shame and woe;
Oh, John, don't turn away your head and on my counsel frown,
Stay more upon the dear old farm—there's danger in the town.

Remember what the poet says—long years have proved it true—
That "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."
If you live on in idleness, with those who love the bowl,
You'll dig yourself a drunkard's grave, and wreck your reckless soul.

Your father, John is growing old, his days are nearly through,
Oh, he has labored very hard to save the farm for you;
But it will go to ruin soon, and poverty will frown
If you keep hitching Dobbin up to drive into the town.

Your prospects for the future are very bright my son,
Not many have your start in life when they are twenty-one;
Your star that shines so brightly now, in darkness will decline
If you forget your mother's words, and tarry at the wine.

Turn back, my boy, in your youth, stay by the dear old farm;
The Lord of Hosts will save you with His powerful right arm;
Not long will mother pilot you o'er life's tempestuous wave,
Then light her pathway with your love down to the silent grave.