

And after a good tea was served,
 Thus John began, though quite reserved
 By my looks, Thomas, you can see
 Things have not gone so well with me.

John, you have been so long away,
 You ought to have good news to-day ;
 'Tis ten years since you left this place ;
 I trust you've suffered no disgrace.

I feel it to be a disgrace
 To meet you, Thomas, face to face.
 My clothing is quite old, you see ;
 But worse than this doth trouble me.

When this town, you know, was small,
 We were then lads, and known by all ;
 But now those days have passed away,
 My dear old parents, where are they ?

I know they are now gone to rest,
 And that they are forever blest ;
 Their lives, our neighbors all could see,
 Were such as Christians ought to be.

Now the world looks cold and dreary,
 With its false charms I am quite weary ;
 Oh ! that I could lost hours reclaim,
 And have my youthful days again.

SECOND PART.

The loss which John sustains by not attending to his Uncle's
 counsel, and his repentance.

A merchant was my uncle John,
 And wealthy one as in the town ;
 And me he chose to be his heir,
 If for business I would prepare,

Mind, John, he oft to me would say,
 You must not fool your time away ;
 You'll find that it will quickly fly—
 Your schoolboy days will soon pass by.

To be a merchant, you must know
 That into business you must grow ;
 And schooling you must have, said he ;
 A steady lad, too, you must be.