

Some young friends perchance there'll be,
 Who read this little book,
 Who with deep grief think on that day
 When the first glass they took.

Oft they have tried and tried again
 From drinking to reform,
 When but, alas! they drink again,
 Then fear their case is gone.

Dear friends, take courage and go on,
 Till you've the victory won;
 Too dear a price 'twill be to pay,
 To sell your souls for rum.

Trials all must expect to meet—
 A warfare they must fight,
 If achievements they'd acquire
 In doing what is right.

Satan, and the world's temptations,
 Together are combined,
 With everything but what is good,
 To captivate the mind.

There is one Friend—and a true one—
 Who offers to help you;
 Almighty is His power to save,
 And strongest foes subdue.

He rules the raging of the sea,
 The tempest doth control;
 No earthly power, however great,
 But must before Him fall.

All your temptations He knows well—
 He knows your weakness, too;
 When on His arm you lean for strength,
 Temptations He'll subdue.

This Friend now offers to be yours,
 The great, the Eternal One;
 The Saviour of poor sinful man,
 God's well-beloved Son.

His Word must be our only rule,
 To teach us what is right;
 It is God's will revealed to man,
 In darkness to give light.