

This lot and dwelling are my own,
Which makes me quite a nice snug home ;
I trust I may, John, yet see you
Enjoying life's sweet comforts too.

You have no trade, I know, is true ;
It will be hard, I know, for you ;
But some employment you will find,
Which, I trust, will suit your mind.

The pay, of course, it may be small,
But better small than none at all ;
I hope you'll try to do your best,
And that your mind will have true rest.

Thank you, good friends, for your advice ;
All you have said I highly prize ;
Your counsel I feel to be right ;
My friends, I wish you both good night.

The Swearer's Prayer.

A Swearer pray ! O yes, he prays !
And what then does his prayer contain ?
He prays that God would send his soul
To hell, to everlasting pain.

And is it for himself alone
The swearer offers up his prayer ?
No,—for his neighbors and his friends,
However near and dear they are.

Swearer, while you read these lines,
Thank God you are still out of hell ;
If He had answer'd your request,
Where would your guilty soul now dwell ?

O swearer, will you pause and think
Of what must be your dreadful end ?
If God should answer your request,
With lost spirits you'd be condemned.

Shut out of heaven, shut up in hell—
This is the import of your prayer :
No God, no Saviour to be yours,—
Then who would pray the Swearer's Prayer ?