

Oh, turn a believer with haste,
 And no more doubt the power of God,
 And then you will find to your joy,
 The profit of trusting his word.

For when that your soul leaves its clay,
 Which sooner or later must be,
 Your soul will ascend up to bliss,
 A believer for ever to be.

IN PRAISE OF A GOOD CUP OF TEA.

Of all the joys that sweeten life,
 The very best to me,
 Is when I'm wearied wet or cold—
 To take a cup of Tea.

It is the same with womankind—
 With all, as well as me ;
 There's nothing gives them such delight,
 As a dainty cup of Tea.

With hoeing tired, or washing wet,
 What e'er their toil may be ;
 They'll do their task with cheerfulness,
 If they but have their Tea.

Now, husbands all, take my advice,
 From liquors keep you free ;
 But never grudge, with your own wife,
 To take a cup of Tea.

Without their tea they're sour and sad,
 And in your face they'll flee ;
 But if you want a happy life,
 Be sure give them their Tea.

They'll manage all with canny care,
 And aye will careful be ;
 And if you want a thrifty wife,
 Deny them not their Tea.

But ah, alas ! I do confess
 Its altered days with me,
 For since my dearest husband died,
 I scarce can get my Tea.

When he was well, I tell the truth,
 He was both frank and free,
 And ever said, with cheerful face—
 "Your'e welcome to your Tea."