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CANADIAN

Poems for Young People

EMBRACING

TEMPERANCE AND RELIGION.

COMPOSED BY

MRS. JANE B. READ,

BRANTFORD,

Widow of the late Samuel Read, Baptist Minister.

BRANTFORD:

PRINTED AT EXPOSITOR OFFICE.

1870.

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CANADIAN

MY YOUNG FRIENDS,—

*An humble offering true mine is,
And very small you see ;
But not too small to do some good,
I trust 'twill prove to be.*

*Through the most feeble instruments,
God oft' doth blessings send.
The writer hopes these lines may prove
To many—a true friend.*

POEMS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Young friends of our Dominion,
For you these lines are penned,
By one who your best good desires—
By one who is your friend.

Of Temperance to you they speak,
A theme not new, but old ;
The writer knows for many years
The story has been told.

But is not Temperance a theme
In which you should engage,
When through our land most fearfully
Intemperance doth rage.

If you your country truly love,
Her best good you should seek,
And against everything contend
By which she is made weak.

Behold the victims of strong drink,
Where'er you turn your eyes ;
Can you survey their wretchedness,
And not against it rise ?

The liquor fountain, from whose streams
Flow misery, death and woe ;
Its proceeds, think you, will God bless
To help our country grow ?

Through public streets and private lanes
Poor wretched people go ;
Marks left them by old Alcohol
Are all they have to show.

Of nakedness and want of bread
Trembling old folks complain ;
Often they tell their tale of grief,
When it is told in vain.

Ragged, starving little children,
 Beg bread from door to door ;
 For when their parents get their drink
 They care for little more.

Husbands who vowed they would protect
 And provide for their wives,
 By cruel barbarous treatment
 How many lose their lives !

Alas ! more like dens of demons
 For them their homes are made,
 Instead of wife and children dear,
 In happy homes engaged.

How many thousands of young men
 Are in the drunkard's grave,
 Who to their country might have been
 An honor, strength and praise ?

Fine youths, most talented and strong,
 Victims to strong drink fall ;
 And many of them while they live
 Are loathsome sights to all.

But still should the alarm be made,
 "The Fenians are at hand !"
 Great loyalty would be displayed
 Their raids all to withstand.

But Whiskey does a murderous work
 By its most fearful raids ;
 And for this murderous traffic
 How many hands are raised !

If anything is said or done
 To stop the murderous knife,
 How many voices then you'll hear
 Directly raise a strife.

The liquor traffic must go on,
 Because it brings good pay,
 Although so many thousand souls
 To it become a prey.

If all the victims of strong drink—
 Wretched, degraded band—
 Could you survey them, would you say
 That whiskey helped our land ?

Suddenly should alarm be made
 Of foreign foes at hand,
 Could such men then right service do,
 Our country to defend ?

Where is the General who would like
 An army to command ?
 With all the marks of Alcohol,
 With trembling nerve they stand.

When viewing them could he then say,
 Such men I like to see ;
 So noble, hardy, brave and strong
 As soldiers ought to be.

Remember, friends, there was a time
 These men were just like you,
 Beginning life in joyous youth
 With happy days in view.

As it was then, so it is now,
 With many when they meet ;
 The greeting is, "Come on now, boys,
 Let's go and have a treat."

With one consent they all set off,
 To the public house they go ;
 With generous feelings for their friends,
 Their friendship proud to show.

If there are some who read these lines,
 Who to this class belong,
 Your liquor-treating pray give up—
 'Tis wrong, 'tis very wrong.

If friends could see how great the harm
 By giving treats they do,
 Their friendship they would see was false,
 Instead of being true.

Follow the mother to the grave
 Of her dear darling boy :
 A noble and a sprightly youth,
 Which liquor did destroy ;

Now see her wring her hands with grief,
 And press her aching heart,
 And listen to her sobs and cries,
 That from him she must part.

But still another son she has,
 And with him should you meet,
 Could you invite him to the bar
 And offer him a treat ?

How oft a mother's tears you'd save
 For a misguided son,
 If when you know he wants a glass
 That glass you'd help him shun ?

How many comforts there would be
 In homes where there are none,
 If when together young friends meet,
 They'd mind the glass to shun.

Can it be much that young men gain,
 To work from morn till night ;
 Then waste the money hard they've earned—
 Does this look wise or right ?

And when to settle they desire,
 And comfort take in life,
 Their money then is squandered,
 And no home for the wife.

Consider when in blooming youth,
 Oh, think how much depends
 On the company you now keep,
 And choice you make of friends.

Many of you no doubt have had
 A pious father's care,
 And a kind mother by whose side
 Oft you have knelt in prayer.

But death, perhaps, has broke the chain
 Which bound some hearts to earth ;
 But still those treasures are in Heaven,
 To you of precious worth.

Dear friends, think of those parents now,
 Whose voice no more you'll hear,
 Warning you every vice to shun,
 And serve the Lord with fear.

And you, young men, who are still blest
 With homes and parents dear,
 By them you are not forgotten,
 Though far from home or near.

7
"Do friends think of me at home ?"
Are words you often sing ;
Yes, boys, your names in mother's ears
Like sweetest music ring.

But, alas ! 'tis to be feared
That many forget home,
And anxious parents who are left
In solitude alone.

Often until the midnight hour,
Their time how many spend ;
In self-destruction they go on,
Which must in ruin end.

Christian parents deep sorrow feel,
While those who are from home
Still go the road which leads to death—
Far, far from God they roam.

Of in the stillness of the night
For their loved ones they pray,
That they would give their hearts to Christ,
And from sin turn away.

Every young man who helps his friend
The cup of woe to shun,
A noble victory, how great,
For that friend he has won.

In dreary cells are criminals,
By treating were brought there ;
Once the sunshine of happy homes,
With prospects bright and fair.

Saddened are their fond parents' hearts,
Who almost die with grief ;
All human sympathy proves vain—
It affords no relief.

Were you to listen to the tale
Those poor young men could tell,
Each one would say 'twas step by step
I came to this dark cell ;

The word of God we heeded not—
His name and day profaned—
And from the drunkard's cup we drank,
The convict's cell we gained ;

Through drink madly we plunged in sin,
 And then committed crimes ;
 Sacrificed all on earth most dear,
 Which human love combines ;

Willing captives len by Satan,
 He's brought us thus far on ;
 Our wages he is sure to pay,
 And what a fearful sum !

The writer warns you now, young men,
 Ever that class to shun,
 Who call strong drink a friendly treat—
 Such friendship ever spurn.

You see the fruits of friendly treats,
 How far its friendship goes ;
 And those who thus befriend you most,
 Surely are your worst foes.

Drink not from the liquor fountain,
 If you should so desire ;
 If you wish for real happiness,
 Don't drink the liquid fire.

A craving appetite deny,
 Don't say, this is too hard ;
 Too hard 'twill be to lose your souls—
 The drunkard's sure reward.

To rouse the worst propensities
 Which reign within the heart,
 Satan tempts all he can with drink,—
 'Tis his successful dart.

He well knows how to set his traps
 To catch unguarded youth ;
 A glass, he'll say, will do no harm,
 I tell you what is truth.

Of his devices, friends, beware,
 Pray do not him believe ;
 Until your souls are in his grasp
 He'll craftily deceive.

If happiness you would secure,
 You must those virtues seek
 Which prompt the will, from principle,
 To every vice forsake.

Try to do all the good you can,
 The short time here you stay ;
 By your example kindly draw
 Your friends in the right way.

For all the talents you possess,
 The one, the five, or ten,
 God gave them you to be improved,
 Until your lives shall end.

Your services your country needs,
 For them she loudly calls,
 That you may high positions fill,
 And advance wholesome laws.

Then you'll be men of sterling worth,
 Yourselves true patriots prove,
 And feel that while you're doing good
 You're blessed by God above.

Mark that young man who has his mind
 With useful knowledge stored,
 Choice of the company he keeps,
 Being guided by God's word.

Boldly maintaining what is right,
 And what's wrong to oppose,
 However few his friends may be,
 Or numerous are his foes.

Firmly his principles are laid,
 And they are sure to stand ;
 On a foundation firm he builds,
 And not upon the sand.

To honor that young man will rise,
 His name will ever live ;
 A blessing to the world he'll be,
 God's blessing he'll receive.

Young men, you know nature's first law
 Is self-preserving care ;
 A mark of wisdom, then, it is,
 Of vices to beware.

Evils a prudent man foresees,
 And them he'll try to shun ;
 God's word tells us that simple ones
 Are those who pass right on.

To you the voice of wisdom cries,
 To you, young men, I call,
 Enter not in the paths of sin,
 In which transgressors fall.

But from them turn and pass away,
 For hard your lot will be,
 If not prepared to meet thy God
 When He shall call for thee.

By drinking, young men form their chain
 With which they must be bound—
 To most deep and bitter sorrows
 Which on the earth are found.

Intemperance leads to every vice,
 And sorrows the worst kind ;
 Man's best affections it destroys,
 Ruins his noble mind.

Drink is the price of your brothers' blood,
 Who by it have lost their lives ;
 'Tis the exchange of priceless worth :
 The soul which never dies!

The widow's grief—her orphans' cries,
 Poor homeless, helpless ones ;
 Fond mothers' almost bursting hearts
 For their much-loved lost sons.

These are some fruits of Alcohol,—
 That tree of death and woe!
 Then does its proceeds bless our land ?
 Young men, say yes or no.

'Tis when God's laws are put in force,
 That he our land will bless ;
 Yes, then exalted she will be,
 By works of righteousness.

When of so much sad wretchedness
 Intemperance is the cause,
 Can you refuse from principle
 To help the Temperance cause ?

Would you see Temperance prosper
 In our beloved land,—
 United strength is what we need
 Opposition to withstand.

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.

Of 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.

Of temperance, virtue, truth and love,
 That word to you doth speak :
 It tells you that from Christ alone,
 For strength that you should seek.

It teaches you to sacrifice
 Principles which are wrong ;
 Which robs man of his happiness,
 That to him should belong.

God tells you in that blessed Word,
 That *Jesus died for you!*
 That His blood cleanses from all sin, —
 Not works that we can do.

God offers now a pardon free,
 For all who to Him come :
 Who trusts entirely in Christ's blood,
 For their sins to atone.

When you love Christ with your whole hearts,
 Your sins then you will hate ;
 That love for Jesus you'll then feel,
 Will Heavenly joys create.

Then to the world you'll show by works
 True patriotic love ;
 Works that will shed abroad their light,
 Of which God will approve.

This love will all from Jesus come,
 No merit of your own ;
 Before God's power makes us to feel,
 Our hearts are hard as stone.

Think what a dreadful thing is sin—
 So hard to make the heart,—
 To scorn away this blessed Friend,
 And bid him to depart.

Shall there be one who reads these lines,
 Who will reject this Friend ?
 Then you will have God's wrath to bear,
 And meet the lost soul's end.

Think of these words—these dreadful words :
 My soul forever lost!
 Heaven from me forever gone,—
 Forever gone—I am lost!

That this sad case may not be yours,
 No doubt is your desire ;
 That now the Saviour may be yours,
 Your Hearts he doth require.

"My son," says Christ, "give me thine heart ;
 Now is the accepted time ;
 Salvation you may have to-day—
 To-day will you be mine?"

What condensation, oh how great,
 Doth God to mortals show:
 To ask their hearts, to ask their love,
 That they to Heaven might go.

Their great decision, oh how great,
 Mortals to God must give ;
 God speaks to everyone, and says :
 "Look unto me and live!"

The Broad and Narrow Way.

BY J. B. READ.

Two classes in this world we see,
 Two masters they obey ;
 Two roads they all are travelling,—
 The *Broad* and *Narrow* way.

Deep are the plans which Satan lays
 To draw the heart from God ;
 Of his devices we are told
 In God's most holy Word.

To please our weak and sinful flesh,
 Strange schemes oft he contrives,
 To rob our souls of joys above,
 By vanity and lies.

The age, the rank, the taste of all
 He lays his plans to please ;
 Until the soul is in his grasp
 He craftily deceives.

In cities, towns and villages,
 And by-ways not a few,
 His agents faithfully at their post,—
 He keeps them busy too.

Gambling saloons and grogeries,
 And *secret places* too,
 He's plann'd to please low classes,
 Of which they are not few.

"Young men," says he, "there you may go,
 And mingle with the crowd,
 And sing your songs and drink your glass ;
 Of this young men are proud.

"You may curse and swear, drink and fight,
 And rob your neighbor too ;
 Where you choose your feet may run,—
 I'll always help you through.

"To the ball-rooms and circus-grounds,
 All classes mix and go ;
 My agents do their very best
 To please both high and low.

"No worldly pleasure," Satan says,
 "Will I deny to thee ;
 No cross will I ask you to bear
 To come and follow me.

"Just do all that which you would like,
 Whatever it may be ;
 Though at the midnight hour, be sure
 I'm always there with thee.

"Ten thousand things I have not named,
 All which I give you free ;
 And all I ask of you is now
 My faithful subject be.

"Many youths I have train'd this way,
 Who *once* thought much of death ;
 Tremble I would to hear them pray—
 Now they don't pray a breath.

"Full well I knew the games to teach,
 Which young men liked to play ;
 True, some I had hard work to turn,
 But others soon gave way.

"I did not like to have them pained
 About the thoughts of hell ;
 I coaxed them not to go to church,
 For this would-suit me well.

"Now, my service they have long tried,—
 Sabbaths they do not heed ;
 They never pray nor read God's Word,
 But serve me with full speed.

"Yes, I have got them fast enough ;
 They love my service well ;
 Seldom do they have thoughts of death,
 Or think of heaven or hell.

"Many professing christians, too,
 My skilful hand has trained ;
 With outward forms they served the Lord,
 While their hearts I obtained.

"All their outward forms of worship
 Will never trouble me ;
 For outward forms, I know full well
 What their reward will be.

" Many from youth to hoary hairs,
 I have quietly led,
 Depending on their outward forms
 Till on their dying bed."

Dear youth, to *one* class you belong :
One master you obey :
 One road you are now trav'ling in,—
 The Broad or Narrow Way.

If to please weak and sinful flesh,
 On Satan's grounds you go ;
 You choose the Broad Road which leads to
 Death, misery and woe.

What profit would it be to you
 If worlds you could obtain ?
 And then at last to lose your soul :
 Dear youth, would it be gain ?

Our nature is so prone to sin
 That all have gone astray ;
 But daily strength our God will give
 To those who *watch and pray*.

For the sake of your precious souls
Decide without delay,
And seek your daily strength from Christ,
And walk the *Narrow Way*.

That way which leads to endless rest,
From sin and sorrow free :
If we are washed in Jesus' blood,
With him we there shall be.

