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POEMS

ON

Moral and Religious

*SUBJECTS.*

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COMPOSED BY

MRS. JANE B. READ,

WIDOW OF THE LATE SAMUEL READ,

BRANTFORD.

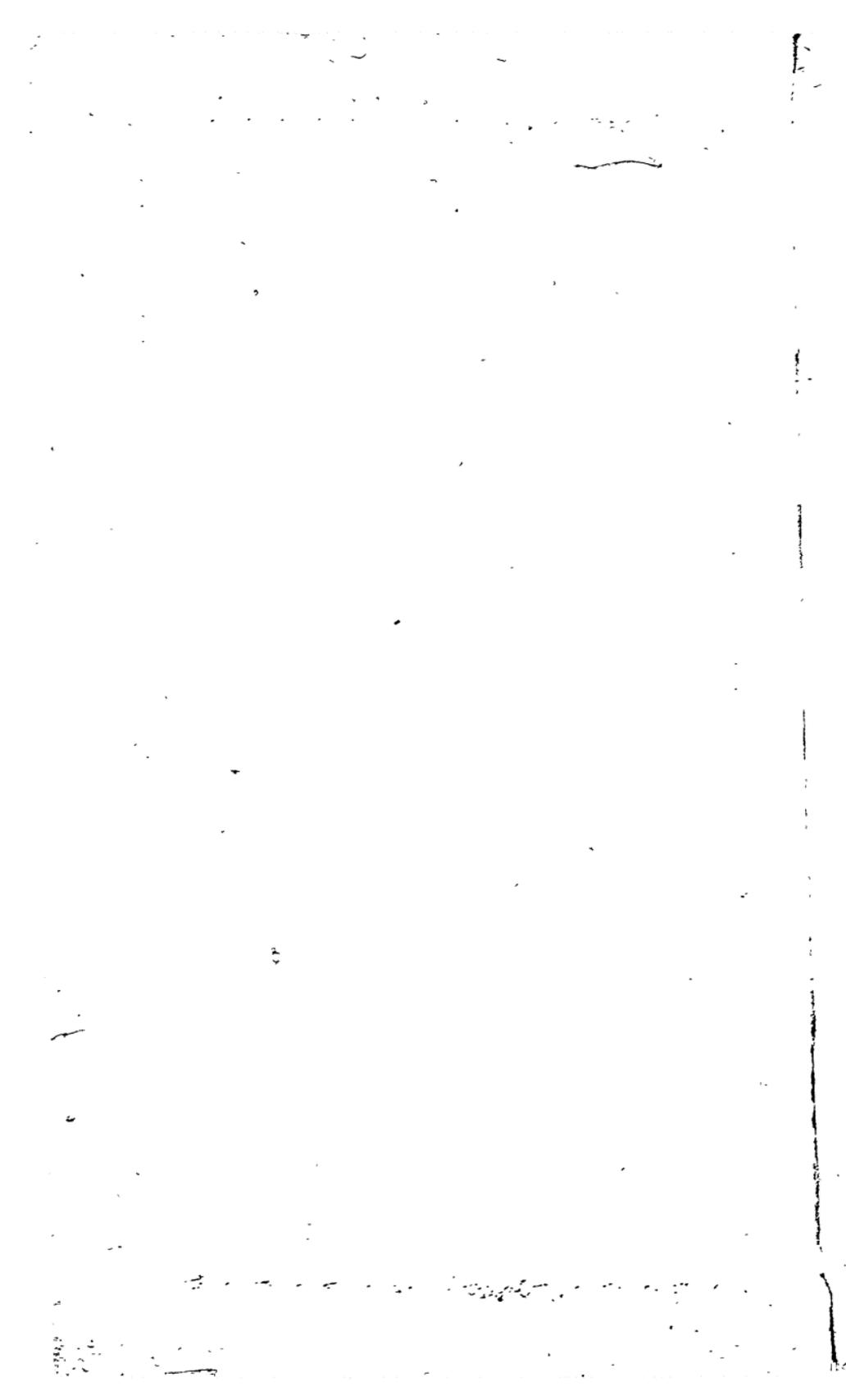
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Brantford :

PRINTED AT THE DAILY COURIER OFFICE.

1872.

PIDDINGTON,  
BOOK-SELLER,  
TORONTO, ONT.



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# POEMS.

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THE LATE SAMUEL READ, BRANTFORD.

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*This poem is designed for youth. It shows the contrast between the characters of the lads John Jones and Thomas Black. The result of the course they pursued is marked in after life.*

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## FIRST PART.

John Jones returns to his native town, and meets with his friend Thomas Black, after an absence of ten years.—Visits him and relates his misfortunes.

Well, my friend John, how do you do?  
I never thought of seeing you ;  
So many years you've been away,  
'Tis strange to see you here to-day.

I am glad, Thomas, to see you ;  
To me the town looks strange, 'tis true ;  
So many changes here I see,  
It does not seem like home to me.

No doubt, friend John, you must feel sad,  
Dear friends are gone which you once had,  
And strangers now their places fill,  
Who for your welfare will not feel.

Together, when we were small boys,  
We loved to share each other's joys ;  
This evening come and visit me,  
And tell how things have gone with thee.

I have a nice snug cottage home,  
Where mother and I live alone ;  
And thankful, too, I am to say,  
I am not in debt, but pay my way.

So John went there at five o'clock,  
And was welcomed by widow Black ;  
When Thomas from his office came,  
They felt 'twas good to meet again.

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.

Youth is the time to form your plan,  
 If you become a business man,  
 Trusty and faithful you must be  
 To all that is required of thee.

Search the Scriptures—there you will find  
 God's laws laid down for us to mind ;  
 When all is dark before our eyes,  
 His word gives light to make us wise.

When I was a boy, you well know,  
 To school I never loved to go ;  
 My books I did not want to see,  
 Nor know what their contents might be.

And far from home, my own dear home,  
 I from my parents went to roam ;  
 My money and my time have spent,  
 And to my follies gave full vent.

'Tis only a few days ago  
 My uncle died, Thomas, you know ;  
 And as I stood by his bedside,  
 He looked at me and deeply sighed.

John, my poor friend, he sadly said,  
 Toil hard you must for daily bread ;  
 Foolish you've been, and idle too,  
 My store I could not leave for you.

While you were strolling here and there,  
 I made choice of another heir ;  
 One who has faithful been to me,  
 And filled the place designed for thee.

I advised you to form a plan  
 To make yourself a business man ;  
 But folly you would still pursue,  
 Now see what it has brought you to.

But steady now I hope you'll be—  
 Think how friends have counselled thee.  
 John, my last words I beg you'll mind—  
 Seek that you may forgiveness find.

A merchant now I might have been,  
 And thrifty one as might be seen ;  
 I look upon that splendid stand—  
 See what I have lost and what I am.

I am destitute, you now see,  
 Just as my parents said 'twould be ;  
 I see my folly, feel my shame—  
 It grieves me that I gave them pain.

### THIRD PART.

Mrs. Black's Counsel.

Said widow Black : But, John, my friend,  
 'Tis not too late your ways to mend ;  
 Ne'er despair, but with God's help try,  
 And the right pursue till you die.

A blank your past life need not be ;  
 Warn others from your faults to flee ;  
 Tell them what sin has done for you,  
 What wretchedness it brought you to.

And in this way, it may be,  
 Many may yet live to bless thee,  
 For helping them those sins to shun,  
 Into which you have madly run.

Your parents we knew very well,  
 Quite near to them we used to dwell ;  
 Often for you their tears were shed,  
 Often for you their prayers were made.

Some time before your mother died,  
 I spent much time by her bedside ;  
 Her trust on Christ alone was stayed,  
 At death she did not feel dismayed.

My friend, one day she said to me,  
 If my John you should ever see,  
 To him my dying message give,  
 Tell him—Believe in Christ and live.

Tell him his mother's earnest prayer  
 Was that he might God's blessings share ;  
 And that she might meet him at last,  
 Where all the storms of life are past.

Said John : Now, Mrs. Black, I feel  
 The loss of mother's love so real ;  
 How often to me she would say,  
 For daily wisdom I should pray.

A dear, kind father, too, I had ;  
Too often I have made him sad ;  
For his advice I did not heed,  
His wise counsel was not received.

Oh ! had I listened to their voice,  
How their fond hearts would have rejoiced  
Now in my loneliness I feel  
My heart must have been hard as steel.

Yes, I can now young people warn  
Their parents' counsel not to scorn ;  
Much of my trouble they can see,  
And what my sins have done for me.

It seems to me my parents dear,  
Their sainted spirits now are here,  
Embracing me, saying, my son,  
Jesus now offers you pardon.

A penitent I really feel,  
To Christ my heart I wish to yield ;  
For in the world I cannot find  
True happiness or peace of mind.

The wages of sin, I know well,  
Is death, and leads the soul to hell ;  
But to serve Christ and trust in Him,  
Saves us from the power of sin.

John, said Thomas, all go astray,  
But Christ calls us to Him to-day ;  
To-day, if you will hear His voice,  
Then you will make a happy choice.

Whoever will to Him may come,  
Jesus invites, He'll cast out none ;  
His offered pardon now receive,  
Don't doubt His word, in Him believe.

Then all through life's stormy sea  
You'll have a friend to stand by thee,  
Until your toils of life are past,  
Then give you an eternal rest.

Thomas, I know Christ is my friend ;  
May God help me my life to mend ;  
'Tis well to have a friend like you,  
To tell my grief and sorrow to.

Thomas, please, let me hear you tell  
 How you have got along so well ;  
 You have a home, and well supplied,  
 Although young when your father died.

In an office now I see you stand,  
 Of it you have the whole command ;  
 The largest one, too, in the place—  
 This makes me feel the more disgrace.

#### FOURTH PART.

Thomas relates his father's last counsel, his apprenticeship,  
 and success in life.

John, I was just fourteen years old  
 When father caught a severe cold,  
 When on his lungs soon we could see  
 Great, his sufferings seemed to be.

One day, as I sat by his bed,  
 Thomas, my son, to me he said,  
 My strength is wasting fast away,  
 Not long with you I have to stay.

My last advice now do receive,  
 My former counsel, too, believe ;  
 Then friendless you will never be,  
 God will a Father be to thee.

In the days of youth, Oh ! beware  
 How many things may prove a snare ;  
 For in the world you'll always see  
 Ten thousand things that will tempt thee.

Be choice of those with whom you go,  
 A bad companion do not know ;  
 I caution you now to beware  
 Of those who would your friendship share.

Study to please your master well,  
 By doing right you will excel ;  
 Diligence in business, you will find,  
 Is that which you must always mind.

If virtuous you wish to grow,  
 In wisdom's ways, then, you must go ;  
 Her ways are ways of pleasaness,  
 Her paths are peace and blessedness.

True piety is the only thing  
That will to you true comfort bring ;  
Seek it in youth, then you will find  
True happiness and peace of mind.

Through all the stormy sea of life,  
'Mid all its billows, all its strife ;  
Though earthly friends should fade and die  
Jesus will always be close by.

Study God's word, it gives true light,  
Its laws will always guide you right ;  
They'll shield you from the tempter's power,  
And guide you in the darkest hour.

I trust that you will always mind  
To your mother be truly kind ;  
In her widowhood try to be  
Just what God requires of thee.

I pray God to bless you, my son,  
Until your toils on earth are done ;  
And when the last loud trump shall sound,  
With the Redeem'd may you be found.

After my father died, I felt  
I was my mother's only help ;  
I told her now that I must learn  
Something, that wages I might earn.

A printer it was my choice to be—  
My guardian to printing bound me ;  
If in business I would succeed,  
I felt I should more learning need.

My leisure hours I employed  
In study, which I much enjoyed ;  
With such knowledge I stored my mind,  
Which is a help to me, I find.

The person to whom I was bound,  
Was a true friend as could be found ;  
When my apprenticeship was served,  
He said a good name I deserved.

And in that office I should share  
His friendship, long as he was there ;  
When he resigned, he thought of me,  
Proprietor I was made to be.

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.

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## 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 ?

Who can afford to lose his soul,  
That immortal part of priceless worth ?  
Its value never can be told,  
By Angels above or Saints on earth.

If you possess'd ten thousand worlds ;  
If death should stare you in the face,—  
You then would freely give them all,  
Could you flee from death's cold embrace

God will not guiltless hold that man  
Who takes his holy name in vain ;  
Then do you think, as you are now,  
That you with Christ will ever reign ?

Swearer, how often in one day  
Do you that sacred name profane ?  
O now confess your sins to God,  
And pray that pardon you obtain.

Christ offers pardon free to all  
Who deeply feel their sins are great,—  
Who with repentance look to Him,  
He never did nor will forsake.

The greatest sinners now may come,  
Altho' they never came before ;  
Then hasten now—make no delay—  
To-morrow death may shut the door.

O, be entreated by a friend  
To plead for pardon through Christ's blood  
That your immortal soul be saved ;  
That you at last may reign with God.

But if you wilfully persist  
In offering the Swearer's Prayer,  
Then lost, O wretched man, thou art,  
And thou the Swearer's doom must bear



## The Rum-Seller.

Rum-seller, do you, can you think,  
 When death to you shall come,  
 'Twill give you happiness to think  
 You lived by selling rum ?

See that poor desolate widow  
 Now friendless has become,  
 Just gone from her husband's grave,  
 Who died from drinking rum.

Her home once shone with brightness,  
 With a loving husband's care,  
 Providing her every comfort,  
 No want or sorrow there.

It was by your invitation  
 That he took his first glass :  
 One night, as he was going by,  
 You urged him not to pass.

Now see that widow's scalding tears,  
 Her children beggars run,  
 Who had a father's care and love  
 Before you sold him rum.

O think, when that poor widow's eyes  
 Are keenly fixed on thee,—  
 'Twas you who caused her anguish ;  
 On you the curse must be.

See yonder, those fond parents now  
 With trembling footsteps come  
 From the grave of their darling boy,  
 Once noble, sprightly son.

But, like thousands of other lads,  
 A victim he's become,  
 And laid in a drunkard's grave,  
 Through you, who sold him rum.

True, you may not force all to drink,  
 But is your part *well done*,  
 To sell the cursed cup of woe  
 To all who to you come ?

All the faculties of the mind  
 Are ruined, and become  
 Quite brutalized by strong drink ;  
 And still you will sell rum.

For our deeds to God we must account,  
 When we to judgment come ;  
 Then do you think, for selling drink,  
 Will he pronounce *well done* ?

More for Satan you could not do  
 Than just what you have done,  
 To keep a groggery or saloon,  
 In order to sell rum.

If millions of worlds you should gain  
 By selling this vile drink,  
 Would it be the price of one soul ?  
 Rumseller, pause and think !

Be sure his you are whom you serve,  
 And he'll pronounce *well done* ;  
 For multitudes of precious souls  
 You've brought to him by rum.

And in that wretched world of woe,  
 If you with them shall come,  
 Will you pronounce your cursed work  
 Upon them there *well done* ?

O then, rum-seller, you will feel  
 The fruits of selling rum ;  
 And all for the sake of paltry gold  
 These hellish deeds you've done.

There your customers you must meet,  
 When at the bar of God ;  
 Then for the deeds which you have done  
 You'll get your just reward.



## In Memoriam.

*Lines composed by Jane B. Read, in memory of her beloved husband, Samuel Read, who departed this life on the 17th of December, 1867, aged 61 years.*

Most deeply do I feel the loss  
Of thee, my husband dear;  
For many years we lived in love  
And toiled together here.

Each other's burdens we would bear,  
'Twas pleasant so to do,—  
Each other's joys we loved to share,  
Of which there were not few.

Another link is broken now,  
Which bound my heart to earth;  
Another treasure now in heaven,  
To me of precious worth.

Now in my lonely hours I muse  
On by-gone happy days,  
When together we conversed,  
And loved to sing God's praise.

The Scriptures thou did'st love to read,  
We loved to listen too,  
And often to us thou didst read  
Their sacred pages through.

Together we could bow the knee  
To God in sacred prayer,  
With our loved ones who are now left,  
No Father's love to share.

When any subject on my mind  
I did not understand,  
How freely I could ask thee, dear—  
The answer was at hand.

And now it often seems to me  
That thou art by my side,  
Cheering me in my lonely toil,  
Which daily cares provide.

A faithful husband, father, friend,  
We have proved thee to be ;  
And 'tis my happiness to know  
Thou didst confide in me.

Although my tears so often flow  
 When thinking of thee, love,  
 My sorrow mingles with the joy  
 Of meeting thee above.

How many times thou hast told me  
 "To put my trust in God,"  
 And not to murmur when on me  
 In love He lays the rod.

Though heavily 'tis on me laid,  
 I shall not murmur, dear ;  
 All that my Father does is well,  
 And He marks every tear.

Tears my blessed Saviour shed,  
 He lets me do the same ;  
 But when I of his sorrows think,  
 Oh ! why should I complain ?

Ah, still frail nature thou dost shrink  
 When with death thou dost contend ;  
 When thou must take the last farewell  
 Of a dear husband, father, friend.

This cup how bitter 'tis to drink,  
 "O may it pass," we cry ;  
 Nevertheless, "Thy will be done,"  
 Dear Lord, help us repiy.

That vacancy which is now left  
 In this poor heart of mine,  
 Come, blessed Saviour, fill it up  
 With that dear love of thine.

Through sovereign grace may we all meet  
 The loved one gone before,  
 To dwell forever with the Lord,  
 Our Saviour to adore.

Sweet thought ! there shall no sea be there,  
 No waves or billows rise,  
 To interrupt the calm serene  
 Of that blessed Paradise.

Together then again we'll sing,  
 And high our voices raise  
 To Him who hath washed us in His blood,  
 To Him be all the praise.

### Lines for the Young Believer.

---

When with temptations you're beset  
On every side which you may turn,  
For strength and wisdom look to God  
To help you them to overcome.

When you first commenced to walk,  
And felt your strength to be but small,  
You held your mother by the hand,  
To keep you that you should not fall.

'Tis when by simple childlike faith  
We firmly hold the Saviour's hand,  
That then by Him we are held up,  
And we have strength enough to stand.

When we our perfect weakness feel,  
The Saviour is our "All in all;"  
But when we try to stand alone,  
O then we may be sure to fall.

When one of God's dear children fall,  
'Tis when they leave their Father's hand,  
And think that they can go alone,  
But find their hopes are built on sand.

Now dear young friend, if you should think  
That you have strength enough to stand,  
Take heed, says Christ, how lest you fall,  
You'll always need your Father's hand.

But still our loving Father calls  
His wandering child back to the fold;  
And He waits to embrace His son  
With love which never can be told.

Boldly show to the world, dear friend,  
That God's laws are your chief delight,  
And in your worldly business do  
Just what His word tells you is right.

And when your days on earth are done,  
Your toils, your joys and sorrows past,  
A welcome, well done, may you hear,  
Enter into eternal rest.

