

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

One day he to his mother went,
And said: My youth round here I spent,
 I now must earn my bread;
And should kind fortune favor me,
Your loving son again you'll see
Then cold, and want, and poverty,
 You never more need dread.

She blessed him though her heart did ache,
For well she knew 'twas for her sake,
 That he was going away;
And said: "Think when beset with care,
Of Him who can our burdens bear;
Approach Him with a heartfelt prayer,
 And you won't go astray.

Obedience pledged, he then set out,
But all day long he looked about
 In an exciting chase;
Till twilight spread her pall around,
O'er hill and dale and grassy mound;
At last a spacious house he found,
 In a dark, gloomy place.

Its owner seated by the fire,
Asked Shawn what 'twas he might desire;
 "Kind Sir! I wish a bed;
For I have travelled a long way
In quest of work, and I must say,
I didn't eat a thing all day,
 Nor make a single "red."

"Be seated, pray!" the other said;
You can have supper and a bed,
 If in yon tower you'll stay:
You can besides have fire and light,
And if you are not dead of fright,
Ere morning's beam dispels the night,
 Ten guineas I will pay.