You never miss the Water till
The Well runs Dry.

ROWLAND HOWARD.

She would oft'en take me on her knee, when tired of child-ish play, And as she press'd me to her breast, I've heard my mother say:

Waste not, want not, is a max-im I would teach; Let your watchword be des-patch, and prac-tice what you preach:

Do not let your chan-ces like sunbeams pass you by. For you nev-er miss the wa-ter till the well runs dry.

1. When a child I lived at Lin-coln with my pa-rents at the farm, The les-sons that my moth-er taught to me were quite a charm;

2. As years rolled on I grew to be A mischiefs-making boy, Destruction seem'd my only sport, It was my only joy, And well do I remember when Ofttimes well chastised, How father sat beside me then, And thus has she advised.:—Cho.

3. When I arriv'd at manhood, I embark'd in public life, And found it was a rugged road, Bestrown with care and strife; I speculated foolishly, My losses were severe, But still a tiny little voice Kept whispering in my ear:—Cho.

4. Then I studied strict economy, And found, to my surprise, My funds instead of sinking, Very quickly then did rise; I grasped each chance, and always" struck The iron while 'twas hot;"

5. I'm married now and happy, I've a careful little wife; We live in peace and harmony, Devoid of care and strife; Fortune smiles upon us, We have little children three; The lesson that I teach them, As they prattle round my knee:—Cho.