

At the Mission House of work there's plenty
 For a strong and helpful hand;
 But our "Sister Mary's" always ready—
 God bless and cheer that little band.

Along the street her way she wends,
 To reach the cottage of her friends,
 To cheer the sick, or council give,
 And speak of Him who died, that they might live.

But Sister Mary 'tis well-known
 That your path, though steep, is clear ;
 For every one who Christ do own,
 Esteems and loves you very dear.

For your sacrifice and self-denial,
 God will own you for His child ;
 He will preserve you on the way,
 While you never from Him stray.

And when your labour here is done,
 Then God will claim you as His own.
 I know the prize you will obtain,
 You ever shall with Jesus reign.

MR. BOYNE ON THE DEATH OF A NEIGHBOUR'S CHILD.

Tilley Field has gone to rest,
 And with the Saviour she is blest.
 Here she suffered pain untold,
 Now she walks the streets of gold.

Who can tell a mother's anguish,
 When her poor heart is wrung ;
 For the losing of her loved one,
 Dying, O so very young.

Father and mother do not worry,
 For your little pet.
 She is happy with the angels,
 It would be very wrong to fret.

But our wise and Heavenly Father,
 Who doeth all things well,
 He has called your little daughter
 Up with Him to dwell.