

He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb,

And that I can well believe, for he look'd so coarse and so red,
I could think he was one of those who would break their jests
on the dead,

And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawn'd at
his knee—

10 Drench'd with hellish oorali—that ever such things should be!

II.

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would
die

But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting
eye—

Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seem'd out of its
place—

Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless case :
15 And he handled him gently enough ; but his voice and his face
were not kind,

And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up
his mind,

And he said to me roughly 'The lad will need little more o
your care.'

'All the more need,' I told him, 'to seek the Lord Jesus in
prayer ;

They are all his children here, and I pray for them all as my
own ;'

20 But he turn'd to me, 'Ay, good woman, can prayer set a
broken bone ?'

Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him
say

'All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had his day.'

III.

Had ? has it come ? It has only dawn'd. It will come by
and by.