

## ALWAYS WITH US.

Words by ALEXANDER CLARK

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1. In our homes and on our way Christ is with us all the day  
Thills a boy us ach song Burns with in us such a

CHORUS  
He, That our footsteps ne-ver tire, As we journey hence a-long  
O how sweet His presence is He is

Ours and we are His; O how sweet His presence is He is ours and we are His  
He is ours and we are His; O how sweet His presence is!

Evening shadows, one by one,  
Mark our journey nearly done—  
And we turn aside for rest:  
Jesus, Master, know before,  
Tarry with us evermore:  
Thou our Guide, be Thou our Guest.  
O how sweet, etc.

Risen for us from the grave,  
Mighty Saviour, save, O save!  
Hide we low ourselves in Thee,  
Resurrection is achieved:  
Seeing not, we have believed:  
Blessed ones indeed are we!  
O how sweet, etc.

an earnest Christian, and she was watching to bring her pupil, if possible, to Jesus; and at last she succeeded, and the young lady, under her teaching, worked hard for Christ and brought many companions to Him, and that occupation carried her mind right out of the world. Her father and mother were much disappointed, and strove hard to bring her out into what is called "society" or high life. They gave large and fashionable parties, but she had no taste for such frivolities, and she turned her attention to the Sabbath-school, and asked the superintendent of one if he could give her a class. He was sorry to decline, but was obliged to say no, as they had more teachers than they really needed. One day as she was walking up the town she came across a very dirty, ragged, bare-backed little street-Arab-looking lad running out of a shoemaker's shop as if for his very life. The shoemaker was running after him, but not being able to catch him, flung a last at him with all his might, which hit the boy in the back, and then went into his shop again. Well, the young lady stepped up to the lad (no doubt the Lord had moved her to the work), and said, "My little boy, what is the matter?" and he, not believing she was sympathising with him, for he had not been used to it, said, "None of your business." "Oh," but she said, "I want to be your friend;" and after a short time she won his confidence, and then she said, "Did you ever go to school?" "No," said the lad; and then she found that his father kept him hawking articles instead of going to school. So she said to him, "If you will come and meet me next Sunday, I will tell you some beautiful stories": and he promised at last to meet her next Sunday at the crossing of such and such a street.

I don't know whether any of you have tried that, but I have, many a time. I have often promised to meet a boy at the corner of a street, but he has not been there. Well, she got the little fellow to go to the Sabbath-school, and when he returned home he said he had been among the angels, he never heard such singing, they seemed like angels. So his mother said, "Ah, that's a Protestant school! you must not go there again"; and his father told him he would flog him if he did so; but the boy went next Sunday, and sure enough he was flogged. Well, he went again and again, and got a flogging every time, until one Sunday he said, "Father, I wish you would flog me before I go, and then I shan't have to think

about it coming afterwards." Well, the boy was so determined to go to the school that the father promised, if he would give it up, he would allow him to go out to play every Saturday afternoon, and to keep for himself what he had made by hawking.

So when the boy heard this he begged the young lady to teach him every Saturday as he had only an hour on the Sunday, and she did so, spending the whole of the Saturday afternoon in teaching this poor boy to become a Christian. And when she at last succeeded, although he durst not tell his father and mother, he became kind, dutiful, and obedient to them, and they saw the change in him.

Well, one day he was at the railway station hawking as usual. He was standing on the footboard of the train, his foot slipped and he fell, and the train passed over his two legs. When he had been carried away, and attended to, he said to the doctor, "Shall I live to get well, doctor?" The doctor told him, No, he was dying. Then the little lad looked up into his face, and said, "Doctor, won't you tell my father and mother that I'm dying a Christian, and I want to meet them in heaven?"

Ah, my friends, I think I see him standing on the happy shore waiting for that teacher, and taking her by the hand and saying to the angels, "This is she who took me and led me to Christ!" I sometimes think if an angel were to wing its way to heaven, and tell them that there was one little child here on earth — it might be shoeless, coatless, what you call a street Arab — with no one to lead it to the cross of Christ, and if God were to call the angels round His throne in heaven and ask them to go and spend, ay, fifty years, in teaching that child, there would not be an angel in heaven who would not respond gladly to the appeal.

We should see even Gabriel saying, "Let me leave my exalted position that I may go and win that soul to Christ." We should see Paul buckling on his old armour again, and saying, "Let me go back again to earth that I may have the joy of leading that child to his Saviour in heaven." Ah, my friends, the churches want rousing; there is too much apathy amongst professing Christians. Let us pray God that He may send His Holy Spirit to inspire us with fresh energy and zeal to do His work.