

Followers of Him who came  
To seek and save the lost ;  
Fulfil His blessed will,  
And keep his sacred trust.

Gather the outcasts in,  
And win a star-gemmed crown ;  
Do it alone for Him,  
Who for the lost came down.

Soon will this life be o'er ;  
Soon will your race be run ;  
Soon will you hear your Saviour's voice  
Pronounce the glad, "Well done."

"Because ye did it unto these,  
The very least, for me ;  
Come up, ye blessed, enter in,  
And all My glory see."

### THE WANDERER.

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He bent low o'er the burial stone  
Of her who loved him best ;  
Hot tears were falling one by one,  
Down where her head did rest.

Mother, he murmured, sad and low,  
Oh ! would I now could rest  
My aching head, my throbbing brow,  
Once more upon your breast.

For you would draw me close, and kiss  
Away this burning pain ;  
Would love me still ; yes, even bless  
Your sinning boy again.