

## COME AND SHELTER HERE.

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(THE BOYS' HOME, TORONTO.)

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Come, friendless, homeless orphans,  
Dry the scalding tear,  
For tender, loving voices  
Bid you welcome here.

Come, poor, neglected children,  
From sad haunts of sin ;  
Here hearts brimful of pity  
Wait to take you in.

Come, little, wandering outcasts,  
Frozen with the cold :  
O! come and find warm shelter  
In this welcome fold.

Come, destitute and helpless,  
Sorrowful and sad ;  
You, who have had no childhood,  
O! come and be made glad.

Come, ragged, hungry, dirty,  
No harsh words you'll hear,  
Love, sympathy and comfort,  
Food and raiment here.

Come, lonely and forsaken,  
Poor, deserted boys ;  
O! come and share Home's blessings,  
And all her offered joys.

Come, kindly hands will guide you  
To a nobler road,  
Which leads to honour, happiness,  
And finally to God.