

In starting you must careful be, no false weights to  
 carry,  
 For in this race be sure my friend, you'll have no  
 time to tarry.

Keep up good heart, and steadfast be, if you wou!  
 not tumble,  
 You'll fine trouble on your way, 'tis easy now to  
 stumble,  
 But if your training right has been, you'll sure to be  
 the gainer,  
 Then you'll sit down with the King, and be His guest  
 forever.

All glory to our God and King, we see this race has  
 started,  
 So never be deceived with sin, nor never be faint  
 hearted,  
 For when the laurelled crown you've won,  
 You'll forever live with God's dear Son.

#### BOYNE'S LAMENT.

O heart that is broken, and soul that is sad,  
 Why are you troubled, or why feel so bad,  
 Neglecting a Saviour so good, and so kind  
 To all His children, seeing or blind.

Or chanches past, which ne'er shall be returned,  
 Or kind deeds done, or friendship spurned,  
 But listen awhile to me I pray,  
 I'll tell you why I'm so sad to-day.

February month to me, ever will accursed be,  
 For from that time 'twas willed, I no more should see,  
 Blown up I was with dynamite,  
 And that is how I lost my sight.

Fathers, imagine if you can,  
 The hardships of a poor blind man,  
 Who on this earth is bound to be,  
 Shut out from all he pines to see.

But this sad life will soon be o'er,  
 And we'll enter on the other shore,  
 With all those I love to see  
 Forever in Eternity.