

This lovely bud, so young and fair,
 Called hence by solemn doom,
 Just came to show how sweet a flower
 In Paradise will bloom.

TO THE "SISTERS" OF JOHNSON AVE. MISSION.

I went to the Mission House to-day,
 With reverence to worship God and pray
 That he would all my sins forgive,
 And henceforth teach me how to live.

The "Sisters" there you will always find,
 They're not afraid to lead the blind ;
 To wait on the sick, or to help the poor,
 With mercies from their little store.

The kindness they have shewn to me,
 Never shall forgotten be :
 But I will forever pray,
 That God well bless them on their way.

And when this pilgrimage is o'er,
 And we enter on the other shore,
 The "Sisters" that have been so kind,
 They will their loving Saviour find.

With crowns and stars He will them bless,
 Saying, " come unto Me and be at rest " :
 And with your Saviour you shall be,
 All glory to God, the whole Trinity.

THE RACE.

In the race of life I've been outrun, so please on me
 take pity,
 Though blind, I've come to settle down, in this great
 Toronto city.
 Of all the cities I've been in, where the chirping
 sparrow perches,
 It is the greatest town of all, for its Charities and
 Churches.

In this race you'll plainly see, that Christ's Church is
 the goal,
 And all who start to win the race, must not play the
 fool.