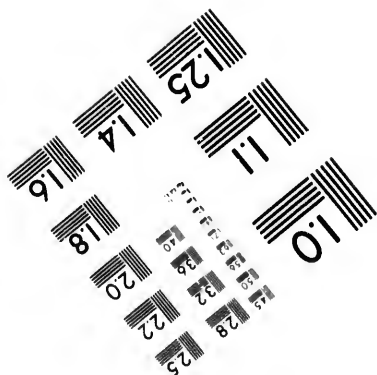
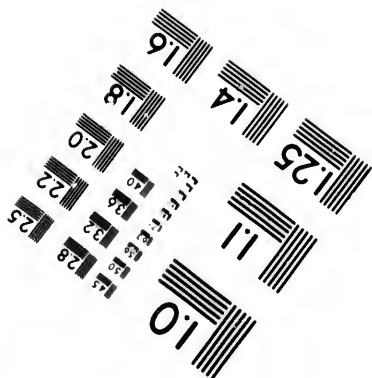
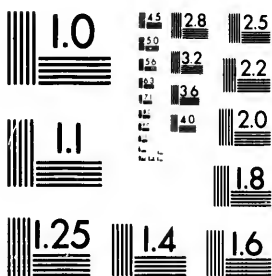


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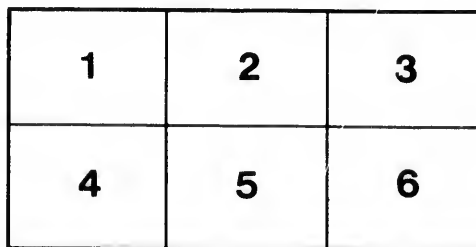
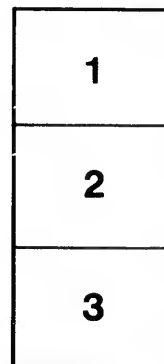
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COMPOSED BY

EDWARD BOYNE

A BLIND MAN.

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PRICE 5 CENTS.

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TORONTO:  
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97 VICTORIA ST.  
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L P 153. 084. (10

PART I.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

O the death that Jesus died for me,  
On the Cross of Calvary.  
Oh what love and what compassion,  
For our lost and ruined condition.

His hands and feet were nailed fast,  
To redeem our soul at last,  
The blood flowed down His wounded side,  
To redeem a world so wide.

O that from temptation I was free,  
That I could wholly worship Thee,  
That I with Jesus should ever be  
For ever in eternity.

All glory to his Holy Name.  
To the Heavenly Father be the same,  
O Holy Ghost, one, yet three,  
We worship the Holy Trinity.

THE DRUNKARD.

The wind and storm was raging wild,  
The snow tumbled helter skelter,  
A drunkard turned out his wife and child  
From there only little shelter.

CHORUS. O fancy facing such a storm,  
With not enough to keep them warm.  
The drunkard in his fury wild,  
Has turned out his wife and only child.

And as they wandered through the streets,  
Not knowing where to go ;  
So they sat down on the kerbing stone,  
And soon were covered with snow.

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“ O hug me closer mother dear,  
 I'm sure we'll freeze, if we sit here,”  
 His mother hugged him closer to her breast,  
 And tried to quiet him to rest.

The policeman walking on his beat,  
 Found them both dead upon the street,  
 Never more shall they be driven be,  
 By a drunkard's mad brutality.

When the drunkard's fury it had gone,  
 He looked about for his wife and son,  
 And when he knew what he had done,  
 To end his life in the lake did run.

### THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath bells are chiming clear,  
 Bidding the people to God draw near,  
 It is the best day of the seven,  
 To prepare our souls for Heaven.

The hum of the city now is stopped,  
 And the chiming bells there echoes drop,  
 Sounds of a nation singing praise,  
 Unto God their voices raise.

Our trials and troubles we bring to Him,  
 For God is the Almighty King,  
 He will guide us on our way,  
 If we humbly watch and pray.

To Jesus then for salvation cry,  
 O Lord, to save us or else we die ;  
 He will light us on the way,  
 To an eternal Sabbath Day.

Our Sabbath Day will soon be past,  
 O receive our souls at last,  
 Then loud anthems we will sing,  
 All glory to the Immortal King.

### MOTHER.

Those dove-like eyes and winning face,  
 From my memory never can be chased,  
 In this country or any other,  
 Never will I forget my dear mother.

Gently bending o'er my bed,  
 Asking God's blessing on my head,  
 That my path may be bright and clear,  
 As through this world my course I steer.

Our dearest mother, our wants attend,  
 And, while we sleep, our clothes she mends,  
 Not forgetting our dear father,  
 Who is so kind as gentle mother ?

A true Mother's love can never be told,  
 It's purer than the finest gold ;  
 When he dies, that Heavenly band to swell,  
 May I with Jesus and Mother dwell.

### THE BLIND SHALL SEE.

The beauties of nature I no longer see,  
 The birds, the trees, or the humming bee,  
 Then farewell to this valley of tears,  
 Behold! my blessed Saviour appears.

In regions of glory with its beauties untold,  
 Whose walls are of jasper, and streets of bright gold,  
 In mansions of glory, and a robe of pure white,  
 I shall dwell with my Jesus, and have a clear sight.

O blind of this world, why will you not see,  
 O come unto Jesus, and thou shalt be free;  
 For Jesus is calling, calling for thee  
 The spirit is waiting from its bondage to flee.

In that heavenly land, where all sorrow is gone,  
 We'll sing unto Jesus that ever new song,  
 Hunger nor thirst there never shall be,  
 All glory to God the whole Trinity.

### TO "SISTER MARY."

"For Mary has chosen the better part,"  
 And unto God has given her heart,  
 And while she does his voice obey.  
 Jesus will lead her all the way.

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At the Mission House, of work there's plenty  
 For a strong and helpful hand ;  
 But our " Sister Mary's " always ready—  
 God bless and cheer that little band.

Along the street her way she wends,  
 To reach the cottage of her friends,  
 To cheer the sick, or counsel give,  
 And speak of Him who died, that they might live.

But Sister Mary 'tis well-known  
 That your path, though steep, is clear ;  
 For every one who Christ do own,  
 Esteems and loves you very dear.

For your sacrifice and self-denial,  
 God will own you for His child ;  
 He will preserve you on the way,  
 While you never from him stray.

And when your labour here is done,  
 Then God will claim you as his own.  
 I know the prize you will obtain,  
 You ever shall with Jesus reign.

MR. BOYNE ON THE DEATH OF A  
 NEIGHBOUR'S CHILD.

Tilley Field has gone to rest,  
 And with the Saviour she is blest.  
 Here she suffered pain untold,  
 Now she walks the streets of gold.

Who can tell a mother's anguish,  
 When her poor heart is wrung ;  
 For the losing of her loved one,  
 Dying, O so very young.

Father and mother do not worry,  
 For your little pet.  
 She is happy with the angels,  
 It would be very wrong to fret.

But our wise Heavenly Father,  
 Who doeth all things well,  
 He has called your little daughter  
 Up with Him to dwell.

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. MISS

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 shown to me,  
 Never shall forgotten be;  
 But I will forever pray,  
 That God will 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  
 take pity,  
 Though blind, I've come to settle down, in this  
 Toronto city.  
 Of all the cities I've been in, where the chi  
 sparrow perches,  
 It is the greatest town of all, for its Charitie  
 Churches.

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

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

VE. MISS Keep up good heart, and steadfast be, if you would  
 not tumble,  
 You'll find trouble on your way, 'tis easy now to  
 stumble  
 y, But if your training right has been, you'll sure to be  
 nd pray the gainer,  
 ive. Then you'll sit down with the King, and be His guest  
 forever,  
 ways find, All glory to our God and King, we see this race hast  
 nd; started,  
 poor, to never be deceived with sin, nor never be faint-  
 re. hearted.  
 me, or when the laurelled crown you won,  
 ou'll forever live with God's dear son,

r way.

### BOYNE'S LAMENT.

kind, heart that is broken, and soul that is sad,  
 d. Why are you troubled, or why feel so bad,  
 neglecting a Saviour so good, and so kind,  
 o all His children, seeing or blind.  
 em bless, r chances past, which ne'er shall be returned.  
 t rest"; r deeds done, or friendship spurned,  
 be, ut listen awhile to me I pray,  
 ty. ll tell you why I'm so sad to-day.

February month to me, ever will accursed be,  
 or from that time 'twas willed, I no more should see,  
 please o'rown up was I with dynamite,  
 nd that was how I lost my sight.

in this others, imagine if you can,  
 the chie hardships of a poor blind man,  
 ho on this earth is bound to be,  
 Charities ut out from all he pines to see.

t's Chur at this sad life will soon be o'er,  
 nd we'll enter on the other shore,  
 ith all those I love to see  
 not plrever in Eternity.

## TO MY SON EDWARD.

Edward, my loved and only son,  
 Your fifteenth birthday now has come,  
 Happy may your birthday be,  
 Long life and sweet prosperity.

Dear Ed. your heart is young and warm,  
 May you manly face the storm,  
 For in this life you'll find it tough,  
 As you've already proved its rough,

My dear boy, fresh courage take,  
 Be manly for your mother's sake,  
 Always to her be very kind,  
 For your poor father, he is blind.

Never mind boy, God's will be done,  
 Into His hands I will place my son,  
 Trust Him lad, He thy Father will be,  
 And God will always care for thee.

## THE BLIND MAN'S DAUGHTER.

Ada, you are my little queen,  
 Although your face I've never seen,  
 For you have been my eyes to-day.  
 To lead your father on his way.

On the sidewalks about the town,  
 You lead me on my daily round,  
 Or when to a neighbour's a visit I pay,  
 You guide me that I may not stray.

O Ada, do you understand,  
 That Jesus dwells at God's right hand,  
 And if you always watch and pray,  
 He will lead you on *your* way.

Ada, may you ever be  
 Pure, innocent and free,  
 And may your path forever shine,  
 With deeds of kindness you've left behind.

Ada darling, though we are poor,  
 I know we'll meet on the other shore,  
 With our Heavenly Father we shall be,  
 And then my little queen I'll see.

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## PART II.

*Tune—"Swanee River."*

Sin sick, sad and weary,  
Far from thee I roam,  
Take me in your arms dear Jesus,  
Come and take the wanderer home.

Alone you see I have fallen,  
Into the depths of sin,  
Nothing but thy blood can redeem me,  
Come and take the wanderer in.

I will arise and go to Jesus,  
Repenting of my sins,  
Then my Jesus will forgive me,  
He will take me in.

And with his arms enfolded round me,  
I know I cannot fall,  
Satan and his charms cannot harm me,  
O hear the blessed call.

And now I live with Jesus,  
All is peace within,  
For Jesus is my Saviour,  
He is my heavenly King.

All my friends that have gone before,  
I shall meet up there,  
Then with blessed Jesus,  
I shall their glory share.

Your time is swiftly gliding by,  
With troubles and cares and many a sigh,  
To be redeemed should be your cry,  
What have you done for Jesus.

CHORUS Jesus suffered all for me,  
Hanged upon the accursed tree,  
He alone can set you free,  
What have you done for Jesus.

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You have gathered up lots of gold in store,  
 Your barns are full unto the door,  
 You think you never can be poor,  
 What have you done for Jesus.

Chorus.

The master comes to-night my friend,  
 On earth you have no more time to spend,  
 Eternity it has no end,  
 What have you done for Jesus.

Chorus.

O ask for mercy, make up your mind,  
 Those evil works and ways decline.  
 Henceforth to live and to do right,  
 To go and work for Jesus.

Chorus.

For Jesus is the sinners friend,  
 He came to live on earth with men,  
 To teach us what we ought to do,  
 O go and work for Jesus.

#### MR. BOYNE TO A FRIEND.

Oh dearest mother wherever I may roam,  
 I never shall forget thee, nor my girlhood home,  
 And sacred to my memory is my dear brother Tom,  
 But now he is with the Saviour, to heaven he has  
 gone.

You sent him oft to Wakefield his health to recover  
 With medical assistance, but soon they d d discover,  
 Poor Tom's life was limited, his race was nearly  
 run,  
 From a world of trouble and care to a world to  
 come.

I oftimes picture to myself, dear Tom I loved so well,  
 In our little home at Moortown wherein we used to  
 dwell.

But now he's gone to heaven, and with God above  
 Is with a loving Saviour receiving love for love.

Dear mother I never shall forget thee, tho' for a  
the sea.

I will ask God's blessing on your head where ever  
shall be.

And dear mother if on earth we never meet no more  
May we all meet together on God's eternal shore.

There is a church on Christie Street,  
Where we plead before the mercy seat.  
To a loving father ever kind,  
To all his children seeing or blind.

The bell has tolled the hour of prayer,  
And the people are assembled there,  
With due reverence kneel and pray,  
That God will guide us on our way.

All have sinned and gone astray,  
Far from the right and narrow way,  
Through this world so dark and cold  
From the Saviours loving fold.

Holy Spirit lead us back,  
From this ruined backward track,  
O Lead us in the road the saints have trod  
That leads us to a great eternal God.

O God, what are we then but nought,  
Jesus with his soul has bought,  
Holy Spirit set us free,  
May we worship the whole Trinity.

We all shall reach the end of this life,  
By one line or another,  
On the land or upon the sea.  
Fellow traveller where are we.

We are drifting on the sands of time,  
Like a ship without rudder, the breaker's find  
Our souls are wrecked on the endless shore,  
And eternity is on before.

Stop poor traveller, stop and think,  
Change your course, your on destructions bring  
Take the eye of faith, and the anchor of hope  
Simply trusting in Jesus, then you'll all evil

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With the haven gained, and the anchor cast,  
 Happy with Jesus, we are trusting at last,  
 We shall rest evermore on eternity's shore.  
 Peaceful with Jesus, our troubles all o'er.

MR. BOYNE ON THE DEATH OF SARAH  
 FLETCHER.

Silently tread when you come near my child  
 When I think of my darling, with grief I am wild,  
 But she has gone from this world of discontent,  
 To answer a message the Saviour has sent.

But before she left this valley of tears,  
 She called for Ada, her mate it appears,  
 But poor Sarah she has gone alone,  
 And with the Saviour she is at home.

Father and mother do not fret for me,  
 It was the Saviour will you see,  
 I was lent to you for a little while,  
 But now God called your little child.

Father and mother make no delay,  
 If unto God you watch and pray,  
 You shall again behold your child,  
 And win the Saviours loving smile.

Father and mother it is very plain,  
 You will see your children all again,  
 And dwell together for evermore,  
 Upon the great Eternal shore.

O my dearest mother what pen can tell,  
 The love which in your heart does dwell,  
 When looking on your children three,  
 O'er dancing your darling on your knee.

But mother dear your heart was wrung,  
 The sorrow and misery you was undone,  
 But mother dear I am nearly wild,  
 When I think I am a drunkard's child.

But our heavenly Father who doth all things well,  
 Has called you up with him to dwell,  
 From sorrow and care your soul at rest,  
 And with the Saviour you are blessed.

But unto God I shall ever pray,  
That he will guide me on the way,  
To guide me through this desert wild,  
O God protect a drunkard's child.

And when my labour here is done,  
I shall arise with God's dear Son,  
With my mother I shall ever be  
Forever in Eternity.

*Tune:—“ There is no one left to love me but that little  
of mine.”*

The heavenly gates are opened wide, just hear the Angels  
sing,  
For Jesus Christ the Saviour is our heavenly king.  
Just listen to the Cherubim as they their anthem cry,  
The Lamb that was slain, but lives again, for you and  
did die.

#### CHORUS,

Then if you follow Jesus, He will be your heavenly  
And you shall live for ever and loud his praises sing,  
From victory to victory you ever shall go on,  
All glory to Jesus, and this shall be our song.

Live in charity with all men and you will always find,  
The blessed love of Jesus it on your face will shine,  
Be willing and submissive, walk in the narrow way,  
Always look to Jesus and you will win the day.

#### Chorus.

And when you cross the narrow stream, He will meet  
on the way,  
He will lead you out of darkness into the light of day,  
You will behold the Jasper walls, and walk the streets  
gold,

And then your loving Jesus, His glories will unfold.

#### OUR FIREMEN.

God bless our Firemen noble and bold  
Who brave every danger through heat and cold  
All honor to our Firemen manly and gay  
Where duty calls they fly to obey.

The watch and listen to catch the alarm,  
Then off to the fire they go like a charm.  
We brave every danger our strength to display,  
When duty calls we fly to obey.

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#### MR. BOY

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They climb the ladders, some soul to save,  
Or with branch pipe in hand the fire they brave,  
God bless their manly souls we say,  
Where duty calls they fly to obey.

Our city is blessed it is plain to behold,  
Our noble firemen are worth more than gold,  
When danger threatens we hear them say,  
Where duty calls we fly to obey.

May they watch and listen the last trumpet to hear,  
May they with Jesus their Saviour appear,  
Ready are ready we hear each one say,  
Where duty calls we fly to obey.

Then hurrah for our lads dressed in blue,  
Who'se deeds we all much admire,  
Then hurrah for our lads dressed in blue,  
Who saves us and protects us from fire.

#### MR. BOYNE ON THE DEATH OF A NEIGHBOUR'S SON.

Bobby Dockeray and his dog so bold,  
Travelled together and milk he sold,  
As regular as the sun went down,  
Bobby on his route was found.

His father promoted him to a horse and waggon,  
To peddle his milk without any lagging,  
I say no boy so proud on Christe Street,  
As Bobby in his rig so neat.

Now Mr. Dockeray found Bobby quite a helper,  
As he would jump in his waggon and give his horse  
[a skelp]

And Bobby worked with right good will,  
But very soon he was taken ill.

The Doctors were summoned but to no avail,  
But still he grew worse and sad the tale,  
Poor Bobby is dead, and to Heaven he is gone,  
Where we all shall follow one by one.

Father and mother God's will be done,  
Into your hands God placed that son,  
Lent you for a while to give you joy,  
But now God calls your darling boy.

Father and mother, sister and brother,  
Please do not weep no more,  
For Bobby is not lost,  
He's only gone before.

And when our pilgrimage is o'er,  
 We shall all dwell on the heaven'y shore,  
 Where father and mother ever shall be,  
 Joined with all their family.

Holy Jesus keep me thine,  
 May thy pure love within me shine,  
 May my spirit ever be,  
 Humble, obedient unto thee.

O keep me humble in the dust,  
 That I may always watch, and trust,  
 From temptation keep me free,  
 That I may only worship thee.

Simply to thy cross I cling,  
 Sorrow and cares to thee I bring,  
 Holy Jesus save my soul,  
 Keep me safe within the fold.

All honor to thy glorious name,  
 For ever and ever be the same,  
 Holy angels sing thy praise,  
 Unto thee their voices raise.

And when I pass through deaths dark land,  
 Holy Jesus take my hand,  
 Unto thee I'll sing thy praise,  
 When with Jesus I shall raise.

Mrs. Graham, a real true friend and kind,  
 May she her loving Saviour find,  
 For whoso giveth a cup of cold water in Christs  
 Shall be rewarded for the same.

I well remember one winter day,  
 In selling my goods I called your way,  
 Only a poor blind man and his little boy,  
 But your cheerful words gave me much joy.

But our good neighbour's gone, and her friends  
 As one by one we fill up the list, [ve  
 We cannot tell who next may fall,  
 So be prepared for the great trumpet call.

Her trials and troubles now are o'er,  
 As she enters on the heavenly shore,  
 Her loving Saviour she shall find,  
 For Christ redeemeth all mankind,

Go bury thy sorrow,  
 Bury it deep with care,  
 Go tell it to Jesus,  
 Tell it to Jesus in prayer.

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