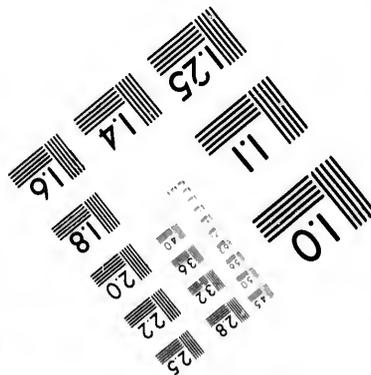
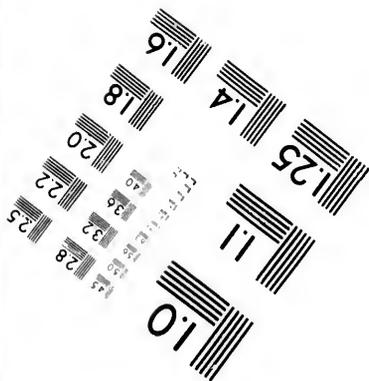
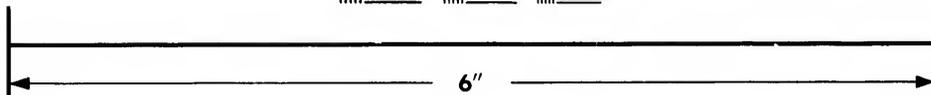
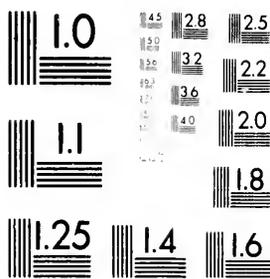


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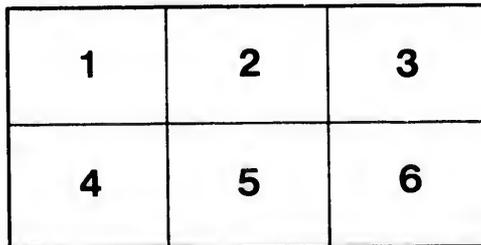
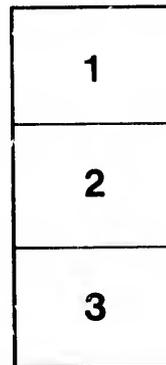
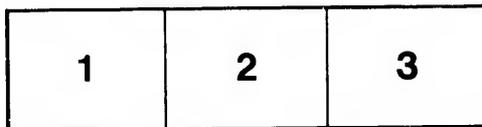
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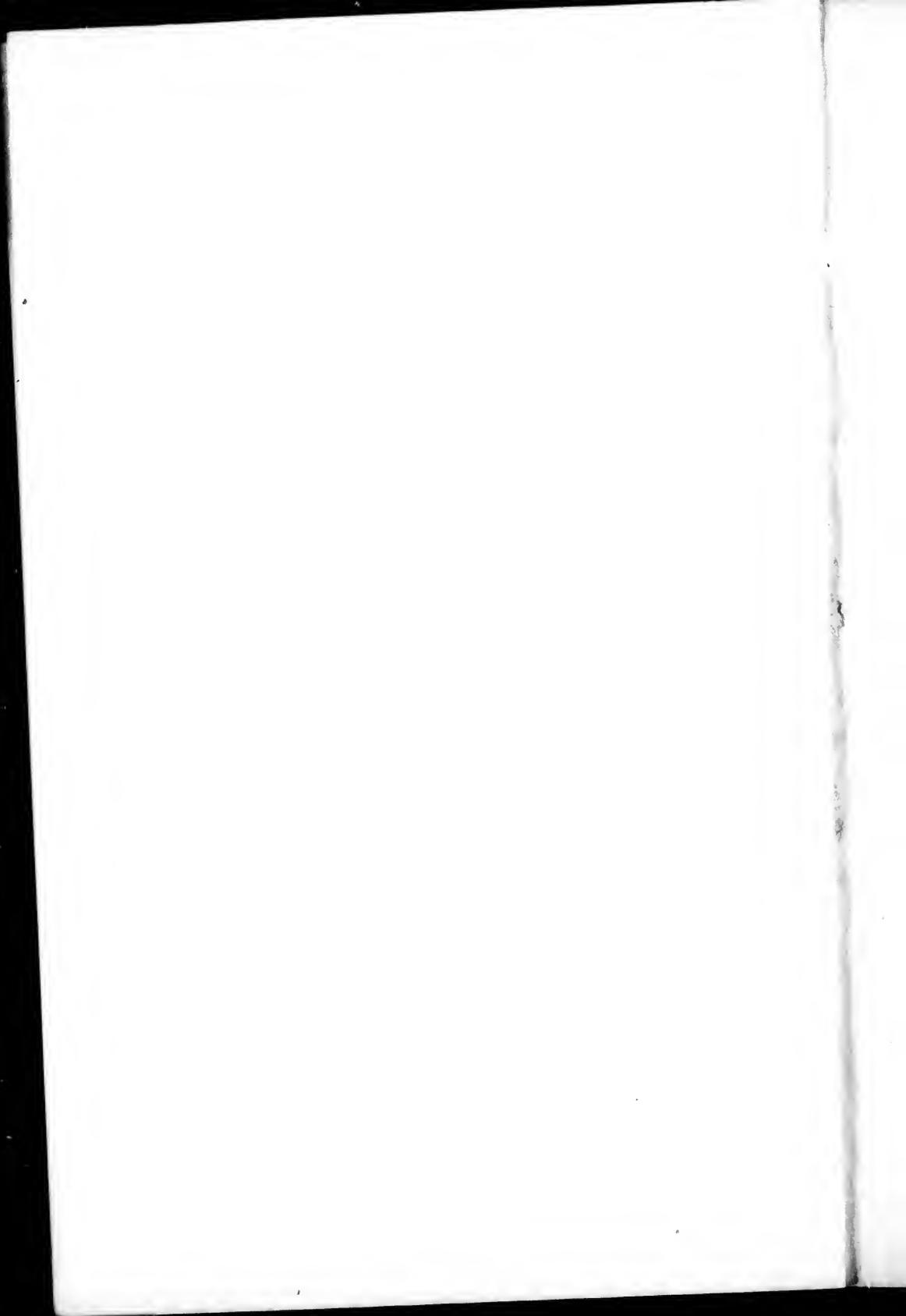
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SONGS

OF

Christian Life and Work,

SUNG BY

T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON, B.A.,

OF LONDON, ENGLAND,

IN BEHALF OF

THE CHILDREN'S HOME,

LONDON, EDGORTH, AND GRAVESEND,

(IN ENGLAND), AND

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, CANADA.

WITH

FOUR ENGRAVINGS OF THE HOMES,

AND A SKETCH OF THEIR HISTORY.

~~~~~  
INTRODUCTION BY

REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.

~~~~~  
PUBLISHED BY

SAMUEL ROSE,

TORONTO.

1877.

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INTRODUCTION.

MANY persons into whose hands this little book will come may ask, "Who is the Compiler? What has he done?" To this it is not right that he should give a detailed answer; but it may be thought not inconsistent that I, as his friend, should say, in a few words, why this book is published, and what Mr. Bowman Stephenson is trying to accomplish by this and other means.

The accompanying sketch, written by a gentleman whose literary and Christian character may well free him from all suspicion of bias, will inform the reader of the nature of the work to which Mr. Stephenson has devoted his life. But before he was led to work thus for the children, he was, as he still is, a minister of the Gospel, and earnestly engaged in Evangelistic efforts. Having received some education in music during his College days, he did not hesitate to use his musical ability for the cause of his blessed Master, and nearly ten years ago was the first man who "sang the Gospel" in England. Engaged at that time in conducting missionary work in one of the darkest neighbourhoods in London, he was able, by singing and preaching, to gather together large audiences of working-men. Since that time he has found singing most helpful in many Christian enterprises, and has been frequently called on to aid by this means evangelistic efforts. In some of the principal theatres

and halls in London, he has sung and preached the Gospel to multitudes. During the remarkable movement associated with the names of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, he assisted by singing at several of the meetings. He has been associated, in like manner, with Mr. Aitken, the celebrated missionary of the Church of England. And at the "Brighton Convention," where ten thousand people were in attendance, he was one of those who conducted the singing of the vast throng, by solo and chorus, making "melotly unto the Lord." Generally, however, he has spent such days and weeks as he could snatch from his immediate and urgent duties, in conducting evangelistic services, pressing music into the cause of Christ; and in Newcastle, Bradford, Bolton, London, and many other great towns of England, he has had proofs of the power and value of this mode of doing good, in view of which he has not dared to refuse the many invitations that have poured in upon him.

He is now about to visit America, and hopes to spend some weeks in preaching, singing, and holding meetings, to give information and excite interest on behalf of the work committed to him by Divine Providence. Though he has been sustained by a most generous Committee, both in England and America, the chief burden of the organisation and management of the work, as well as of the gathering of money, has rested upon himself. During the last eight years, by God's blessing, he has received from various sources about 300,000 dollars; and the Children's Home now possesses property on both sides the Atlantic worth not less than 180,000 dollars. Nine hundred children have been received and benefited by

the Home. By the missions in connection with it many hundreds of children and adults have been brought under the influence of Christian truth, and extensive appliances have been elaborated for a still larger work in the future. Yet at this moment, there is absolutely no reserve in the treasury of the Institution; and four hundred and fifty children are dependent on it daily for food, clothing, and education. Under these circumstances, Mr. Stephenson feels bound to bend all his energies to the support of this work; whilst, at the same time, he is glad to assist, as far as he may be able, any and every enterprise of true Christian philanthropy. *Whatever he may receive from any source during his visit to America, will be sacredly devoted to the support of the children; for, as his income is derived from sources apart from the funds of the Home, he does not ask nor require any contribution for himself. He will, however, be thankful to be allowed to preach in any of the churches, or to hold meetings in halls, or other suitable buildings. He will be glad to preach or sing on behalf of Churches, Sunday-schools, or local charities; but in such case, he will expect that a contribution shall be made in support of the Children's Home. Mr. Stephenson is a minister of the Wesleyan-Methodist Church; but he has been accustomed to co-operate with many Christian denominations, and the broadly Christian character of his work is shown by its having received the public support of such men as the Bishop of Manchester, Dean Stanley, Canon Morse (of Nottingham), Rev. W. Arthur, M.A., Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, Mr. Archibald G. Brown, Rev. Dr. Allon, Rev. Dr. Rigg, Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., Sir Edmund H. Currie, Sir Charles*

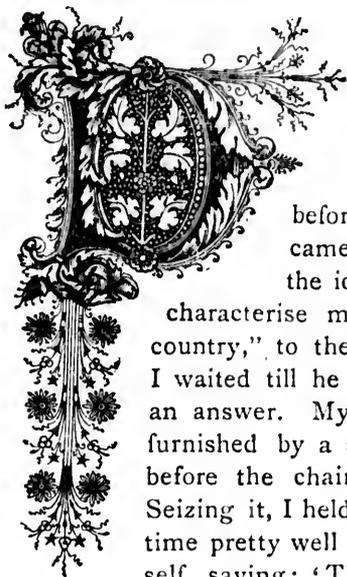
Reed, Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson, M.A., and the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, who have declared their intention to attend in State a service at City-road Chapel, London, when a collection is to be made on behalf of this work. Mr. Stephenson will be glad, therefore, to preach or lecture in any Evangelical church for any enterprise connected with that Church, or for his own work, as far as time and strength will permit. There are few missions in which the spirit of the Master is more lovingly enshrined, there are few which a clear-sighted political economy, as well as the tender human sympathy which makes all nations kin, would sooner or more heartily commend.

WM. MORLEY PUNSHON.

*Wesleyan Mission House,
June 7, 1877.*

ORPHAN AND OUTCAST.

BY GEORGE STEVENS, OF THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

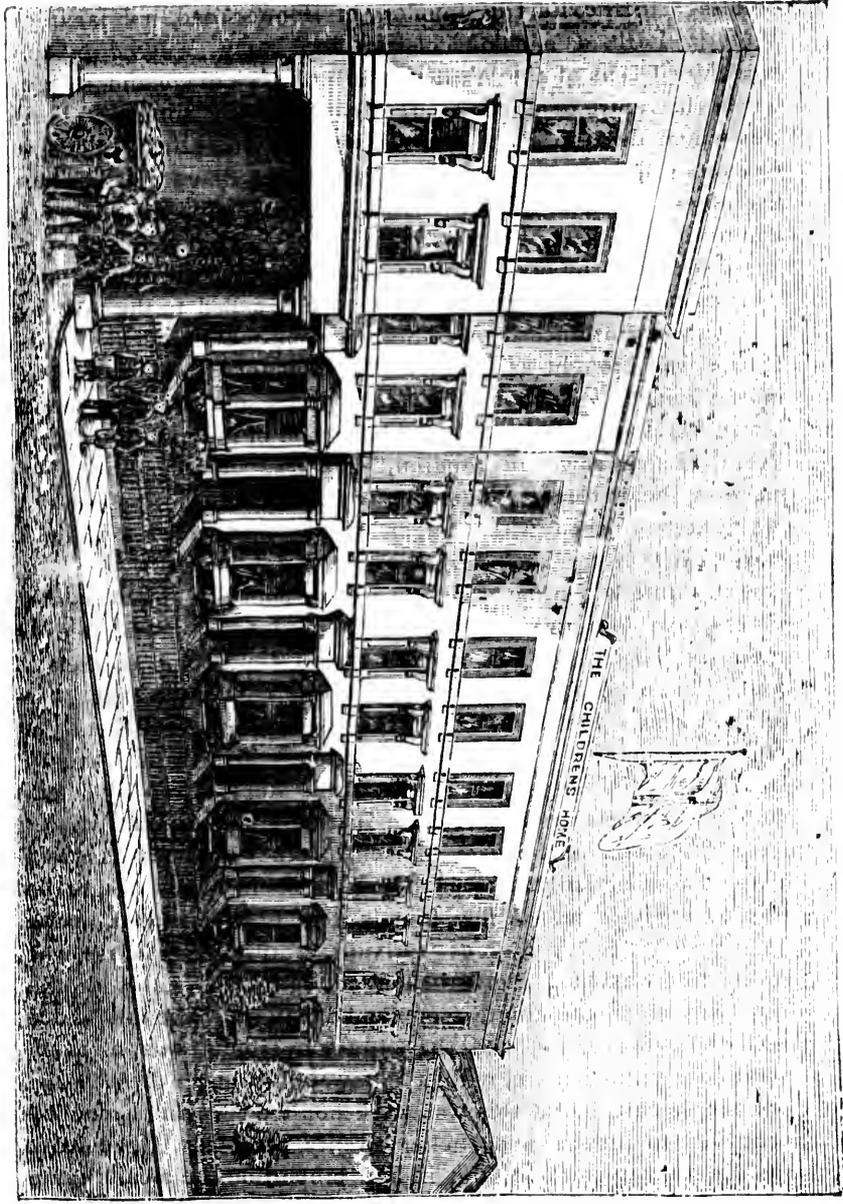


R. GUTHRIE tells a good story in one of his letters of the manner in which he once carried a point in favour of Ragged Schools before a hostile Committee:—"After me came the Attorney-General, who opposed the idea of sending out, as he chose to characterise my proposition, "the scum of the country," to the colonies. This set up my *birse*. I waited till he was done, then rose and gave him an answer. My finisher, the *coup de grâce*, was furnished by a sheet of paper lying on the table before the chairman (the Duke of Manchester). Seizing it, I held it out before the meeting, by that time pretty well wrought up in sympathy with myself, saying: 'This was once the scum which the gentleman charged me with wishing to introduce into the colonies—once foul, dirty, wretched rags. In it—now white as the snows of heaven—this gentleman (who spoke, I believe, in sheer ignorance of the subject) may see an emblem of the material we would send to the colonies, of the work our Ragged Schools have achieved.' So, tossing down the paper and bowing to the Duke amid the cheers of the audience, taken by surprise and manifestly pleased with this illustration, I left, thankful to God that I was ready-witted enough for the occasion; the last words I heard as I left the room to scribble off this letter being: 'Well done, Guthrie!'" It was one of his happiest utterances: we too, say, "Well done!" but better done is the transformation of "the scum" which has since been effected. In the spirit of this illustration, a great work has been accomplished within the last twenty years among the ragged children of London, the fruits of which are appearing in thousands of rescued and useful lives scattered the world over.

"The Children's Home" is the name borne by a group of buildings in the East of London, in Bonner-road, not far from Victoria Park, a populous district too rarely explored by the wealthy citizens of the West. It is both orphanage and refuge, but is the centre of a much larger work, having some peculiarities which deserve attention. Like many other institutions, it owes its origin to one man; for happily the doors of Christian usefulness are open to all who will knock at them. In this work among the outcasts of our great cities, it is remarkable how little has been done by organisations, and how much by the patient labours of individual men whom God has called to the task by special circumstances. Mr. Stephenson, the founder of this Home, was brought as a minister from country duties to reside in the midst of London, and eight years ago or more found himself in Lambeth, in the neighbourhood of the notorious New Cut. "I soon saw little children," he says, "in a condition that made my heart bleed. There they were, ragged, shoeless, filthy; their faces pinched with hunger, and premature wretchedness staring out of their too bright eyes; and I began to feel that now my time was come. Here were my poor little brothers and sisters, sold to hunger and the devil, and I could not be free of their blood if I did not at least try to save some of them." Long before he had been brought to the conviction that "the religion which does not fathom the social deeps, and heal the social sores, cannot be Christ's religion." The work done by Immanuel Wichern at the Rauhe Haus Refuge, and by Theodore Fliedner at the Kaiserswerth Institute, had especially interested him, and he had set himself to study the methods best adapted to English habits, in hope that some day he might be able to apply them. A few friends were first consulted, and a beginning made, by way of "private venture." A house was taken that was little more than a cottage. "A stable at the back was made the dining-room and lavatory. The loft above became a dormitory, and the only playground was a patch some four yards square, with a gateway, meant for the passage of a single cart. And this was workshop too!" But here they contrived to receive and shelter twenty poor lads. The work rapidly grew upon them, and in like proportion the means came in, so that week by week all debts were paid. A small committee was formed; and a year had hardly passed when the

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THE CHILDREN'S HOME (HEAD-QUARTERS) BONNER ROAD, LONDON, E.



adjoining house was taken, and the number of boys under care increased to thirty-seven. The more that was accomplished, the greater seemed the need; the applications for admission were soon too numerous; children were being turned almost daily from the doors, and beyond them and around them was a great world of wretchedness all untouched. Another effort was made, and premises at length found on the site of the present buildings, which were adapted to the purpose, and gradually fitted to the still growing work.

The institution has since developed into a wider field; it has now a Certified Industrial School associated with it near Gravesend; it has a Farm Branch, near Bolton, in Lancashire; and it has a Reception Home in Canada. It has now four hundred and thirty-five children in residence in these four branches; and it has sent forth four hundred to earn their living by honest labour. Mr. Stephenson is widely known as a Wesleyan minister, and his special work, gradually demanding his almost exclusive attention, could not but be recognised with thankfulness by his brethren in the ministry. The Children's Home has therefore been adopted as a Methodist institution; it makes its annual report to the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, and Mr. Stephenson holds his place of right as Principal with the sanction of the Connexional authorities; but we believe it is the only Methodist institution so recognised, the committee of which is not wholly Methodist; and the association with them of other experienced labourers on the same ground, such as Mr. John Macgregor, is pledge that denominational ends are lost sight of in the single aim to rescue and elevate these neglected children. They are received from all parts of the country, without any distinction of sect, and solely according to their need; and they are trained in the knowledge of the Gospel that was given to redeem and bless them, without any admixture of sectarian teaching. The work commends itself to the sympathy of Christians of every community, and it asks their practical support.

The sins and sorrows of the great world are reflected in the histories of these children. Not a few of them have been gathered from the streets; all have been exposed to suffering or hardship of some kind. Other institutions show similar records; but every individual life has its own pathetic story,

and every fresh case requires its own peculiar handling. Nothing can be less attractive to the eye, for example, than the appearance of some of these children when first brought under the influence of the Home; but this is the material, of which Dr. Guthrie spoke, that has to be wrought upon, and that often repays tenfold all the care bestowed upon it. Let Mr. Stephenson's account of one case serve as an illustration of one aspect of the work that is doing:—

“One night I had been out on a search-expedition; and after visiting several likely places, but without success, I was moving homeward about one o'clock in the morning, with feet very weary and heart rather heavy. I came at length to the Mansion House, and was just turning up Threadneedle-street. . . . Just at the corner of the Bank of England stood a group of three boys, and a little farther on were two others. It was a strange and moving sight. There, of all places in the world, to meet five boys, as thoroughly heathen as any savages in Africa! . . . I went up to them, and got into conversation with them. They told me many lies, and some truth. But this was plain enough: that they needed a friend and a home—some one to tell them of God, and to teach them a trade. So I offered them a supper, and took them to one of the very few eating-shops that were still open. There they had as much to eat as they liked; and then with one accord they came with me, through the silent streets and the now grey dawn, to the Children's Home. There they soon had a welcome; for at any hour of night or day, when God sends us a poor waif, we manage to open the door and spread a table for the famished and forlorn wanderer. The eldest of these boys, whom we will call 'Big Joe,' had been for a long time friendless, save for one brother, whom he saw occasionally. For months before I met Joe, he had been living by his wits—sleeping in low lodging-houses when he could get the money, and coiling himself in any temporary refuge when he had not the necessary pence at command for a bed. His face was sullen and forbidding, yet now and then it would brighten up with the gleam of a kindly heart on it. And we did not despair, for what need is there that God's grace cannot meet? So thinking that Joe's strong limbs would best be employed in subduing the earth, and that Joe's Bohemian instincts would be most likely to be tamed if he were sent to the quiet and regu-

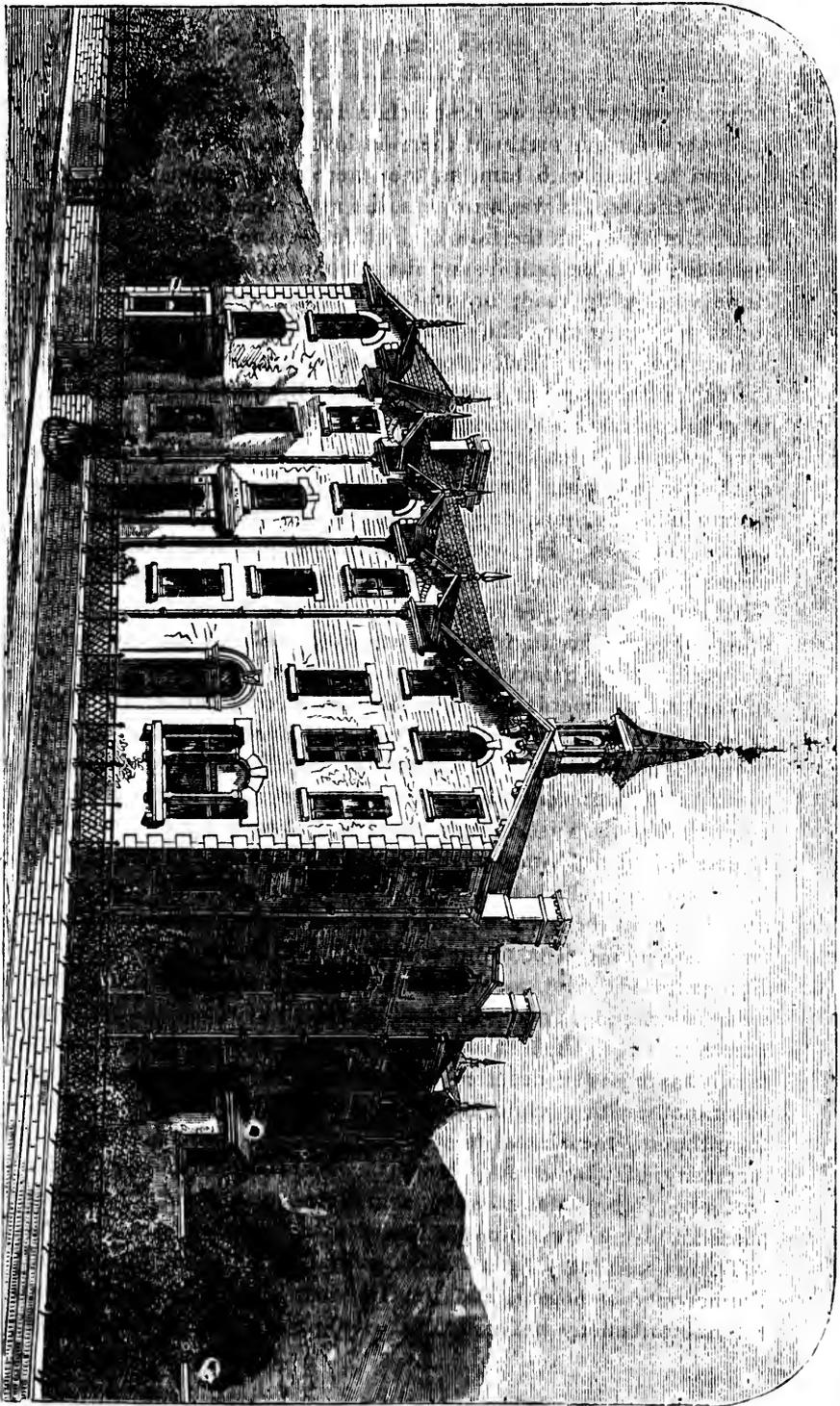
larity of country life, we despatched him to our Farm. It was hard work for our brethren there to love Joe, as they wished to do, and to bear with him, as they were often compelled to do. His sullenness, his waywardness, his selfishness were terrible to see. But at length the flow of his life became steadier; he was less liable to those half-insane fits; and now and then, when the Bible was being read, or words of peace were being spoken, Joe's eyes, fixed upon the speaker, would tell that the Word was finding lodgment. And at length the day came when I stood on the deck of the ship at Liverpool, with Big Joe's hand in mine. What a contrast, that parting from our first meeting! Now Joe was a strong, healthy-looking young man, with respectable clothes (partly paid for out of his own earnings), with a face from which the hang-dog look was gone—with the fear of God before his eyes. He was just about to put the broad ocean between himself and his miserable past. . . . A few months afterwards I saw Joe in America, standing beside his master, an intelligent Christian farmer, who told me that Joe was doing well, and giving promise of a useful and respectable life."

The School-boards are gradually overtaking the errant class of which this lad was a representative; nor should it be forgotten that whatever the defects of the Poor Law, so much genuine philanthropy was never before engaged in its administration: but the wisest regulations will always need to be supplemented by voluntary zeal. No mere system can get hold of the roots from which these social evils spring. Take any group of children in these Homes, and causes will appear to have been at work which will continue to operate till the world is changed. In one of the first rooms we happen to enter an infant lies sweetly sleeping, unconscious of the dark shadows that encompassed its little life: it has been rescued from a French baby-farm, having been deserted by both parents. In a crib close by lies another tiny child, screwing up its eyes in mimic sleep, saved from the death to which its mother had doomed it in a frenzy of shame and despair. Ask the histories of elder children; sometimes poverty, sometimes misfortune, sometimes vice or crime has brought them there: causes for which no provision can be fully made, save that which God provides in the charity of others, and in His own free love. Two poor people, forced by necessity, take lodgings in a locality where

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THE CHILDREN'S HOME (LANCASHIRE BRANCH), EDGWORTH, NEAR BOLTON.



nobody would live who could pay the rent demanded in one more respectable; they die, having by a desperate struggle kept out of the workhouse to the last, leaving behind two little boys. Many a thief in that notorious district would gladly have taken them under his training; but a kind neighbour, ready to help as only the poor help one another, took them in and shielded them. "Application was made at one of the noblest orphanages in the country; but these children were so friendless, that even the certificates as to the parents' past history, which were required by the rules, could not be obtained." They were taken into the Home, for it is a rule there "that no technicality shall ever be allowed to bar a child's entrance." In another case a tramp, whose living depended upon song-singing in public-houses, and on other things more questionable, wanted a sharp little boy to go the rounds with him, and to sing in tap-rooms. He found one, as he thought, suited to his purpose. The lad's mother gave him up, and claimed a pot of beer to clinch the bargain! What would have been his fate in such an atmosphere, had he not found other friends, who brought him to the Home? One little fellow, whose mother was dead, and whose father was a drunken, depraved man, who deserted him, summed up his story in the few pathetic words: "When I went home at night he was gone; then I did the best I could. I couldn't get into the room. The first night I walked about the streets; then for a long time I slept in the dark arches." The father of another lad was a coiner, transported for seven years; and his mother, a hard-working woman, would save her boy from a like career. All cases, however, are not of this kind. For example, an honest Yorkshire postman is stricken down with fever, and his wife with him, and within a month of each other both are dead; his scanty wages left no margin for the family, and nothing was before them but the workhouse; when, having respect for his character, and to "save these little ones from the great swamp of pauperism," two of the children were received into the Home. But why multiply such instances? Not one of the eight hundred and sixty children who have passed under its influence but have had some claim to pity.

There is nothing in the little terrace of houses fronting the Bonner-road to suggest a public institution: but the visitor who enters by the gateway at the end finds convenient and business-

looking offices on his right hand, and sees before him a small playground surrounded by buildings, some new, and others with the appearance of having been adapted to their use as the necessities of the work increased. There are no quadrangles, no long corridors, no prettiness of architecture, such as Mr. Peabody might delight in if building on new ground according to a preconceived plan. The signs of gradual growth are here, and of economical and ingenious adaptation to circumstances. Some of the new houses bear the names of special donors: one of these is called "Sunday-school House," having been erected by the contributions of Sunday-schools. We enter the houses; the rooms are comparatively small; the passages narrow; the staircases are cramped; but a good ventilation is obtained, and cleanliness and order are the rule, although there are now two hundred and ten children sheltered here. There is this advantage even in the *res augusta domi*, that the girls become accustomed to the economies of space, so necessary to comfort in most households.

The family life is maintained as the strongest bond of the place. "Yours is the right plan," said Dr. Guthrie, shortly before his death; "God's way is not to bring up children in flocks, but in families." The idea is not always practicable, but is finding general acceptance wherever it can be freshly applied. Each house is complete in itself, with play-room, dining-room, and bed-rooms. We cannot better describe the organisation that prevails than in Mr. Stephenson's own words: "In each house there is a group of twenty children, who, with the officers having charge of them, constitute a 'family.' To each there is a 'mother'—a Christian lady, who, for Christ's sake, tries to act a true mother's part towards the children. Besides, in each boys' house there are two or more young men who are engaged in various departments of service in the Home, or are being trained for some kind of Christian work [a few young men have entered here as their first preparation for the ministry], and act in the houses as elder 'brothers,' living with the boys and maintaining order. In the girls' houses the 'mothers' are helped by a younger Christian 'sister,' who also is being trained for service in some sort of church-work. The family thus constituted live together, have their own family prayer, associate at meal-times and in play-hours; have their own special festivals, keep

birthdays. know each other by their Christian names, and, in a word, live as nearly as possible like any other large family. There is great value in this system. A thorough knowledge of each child is obtained, which is almost impossible when a great number of children are massed together. A personal tie of affection and intimacy grows up between them, and discipline can be obtained with less of mechanical strictness, while allowing freer scope for the genuine child-life." The family principle also appears in the association of children of different years, as in ordinary home-life; nor are the girls always strictly separated from the boys; they not only meet in school, as it is found with some advantage to both sexes, but in some instances the little fellows enjoy something like sisterly care. Again, there is no attempt to preserve uniformity of dress; the natural diversities of outside usage are allowed.

It is in the intermingling of the families that the *institution* appears, and in common governing order. Every morning all meet in the chapel; afterwards they gather in the school, or, according to their age, go to their several workshops or other duties. The morning service is arranged so as to secure variety, and yet to impress the memory. But this arrangement of morning service by no means represents the full teaching of the week. A religious spirit pervades the place, and is the motive-power of all its training and instruction. Each case is watched, the individual conscience is dealt with; and experience shows that no motives are so strong to elevate as those which the Gospel supplies, and no remedies so healing as the words and grace of Him who came "to seek and to save that which was lost."

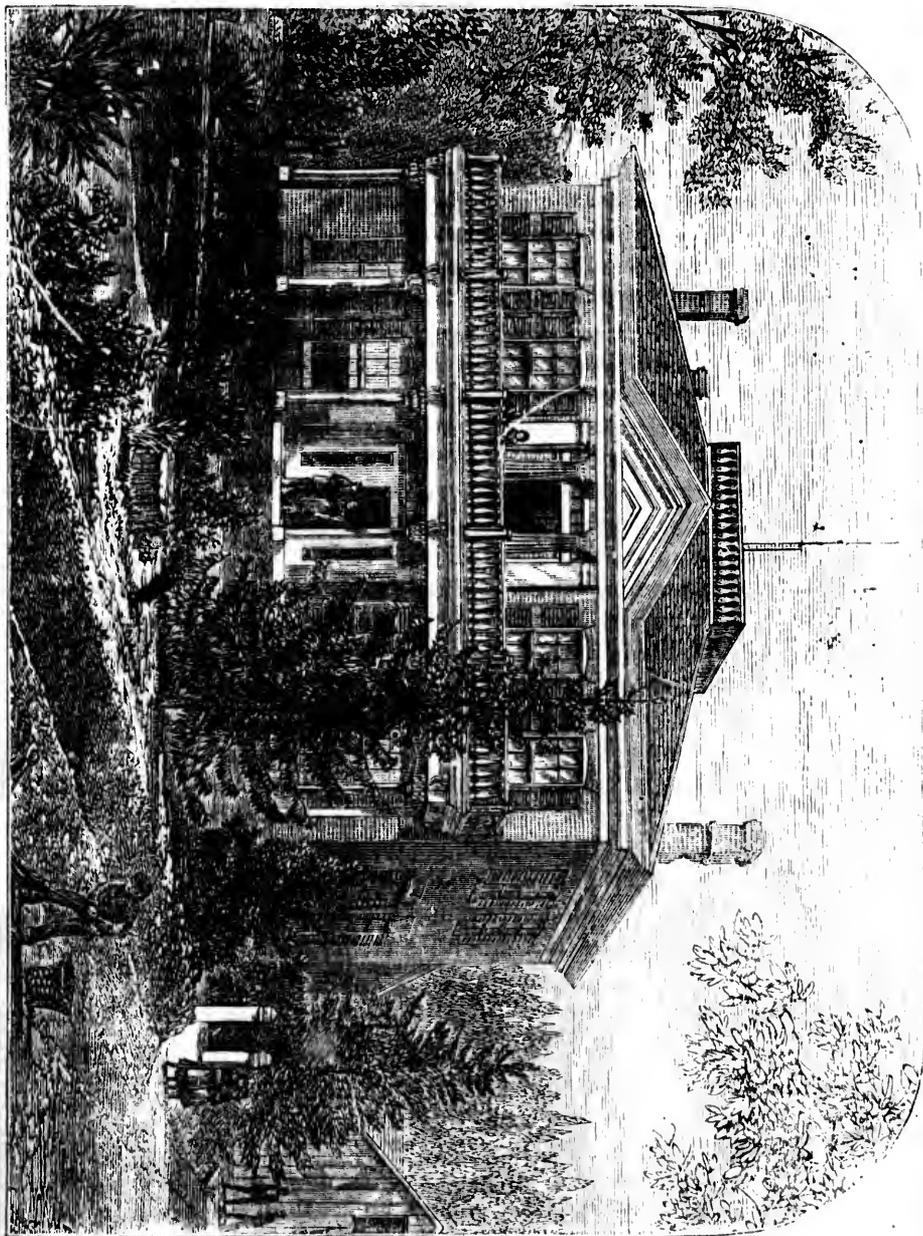
It was after school-hours when we looked into the long room dedicated to educational purposes; but the drum-and-fife band was then taking its lesson with a vigour and military precision that made the place ring again. The workshops are grouped together; the carpenter's shop (where we saw an excellent idea in shaping, namely, little tables for the use of Sunday-school teachers, to stand in the centre of the class); the shoemakers' shop; and the printing office; in all of which work is done under competent teaching. There is also a wood-chopping yard, for less skilled hands. The girls have their work in the kitchen, the laundry, the book-binding shop, or the sewing-room.

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THE CHILDREN'S HOME (CANADIAN BRANCH), HAMITTON, ONTARIO



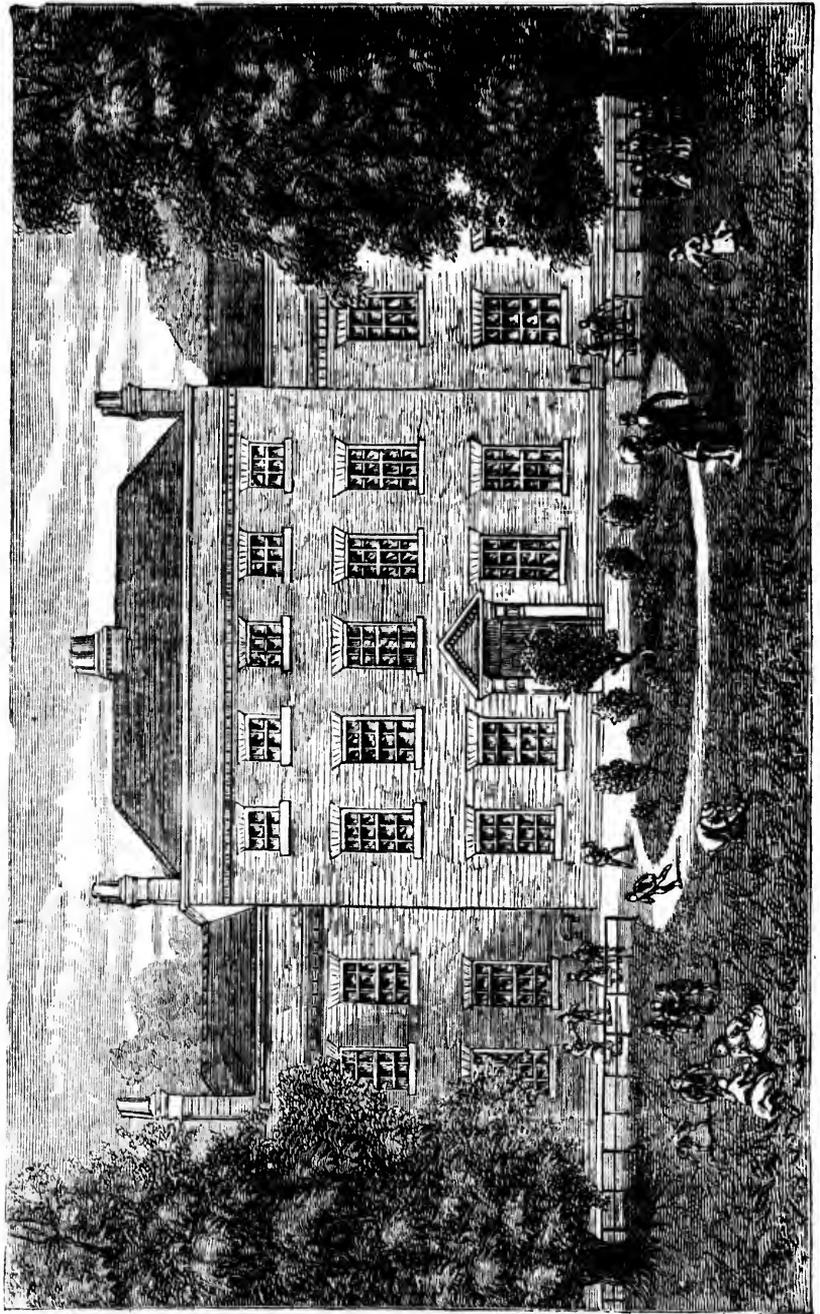
The family system multiplies officers; but it is found that this can be done without swelling the cost, where many of the officers are actuated by the purest Christian motives, and for their services receive no salary, or one that is only nominal. There is abundant scope for the highest qualities of character and mind in work of this class. As Mr. Stephenson wisely remarks, in the last Annual Report: "Thorough devotion to Christ is a first requisite, implying such an habitual realisation of His presence as will prevent the work ever sinking into routine, but will perforce keep before the mind of the worker the spiritual results which are the great object of our work. And only second to this is needed a complete and habitual self-control, together with a quick eye for peculiarities of temperament; an almost boundless patience; and a loving sympathy, which no perversity or wilfulness or ingratitude on the part of the children can tire out. Therefore it is a huge mistake to suppose that anybody, who may have proved incompetent in any other walk of life, but who can wash a child's face or sew a button upon a child's dress, is fit for such work as ours. Of all departments of educational work, there is none which makes a greater demand upon the highest moral qualities; nor is there any in which the breadth and refinement which mental culture only can give may be used to better advantage." This feature is among the most valuable in the establishment; there are ladies among those who bear the office of matron who have come to their work from a strong sense of vocation, and who soften the hard lot of the children they tend with some of the refinements of more cultivated homes; and in other departments the same superiority of character is sought and maintained. All the officers appointed pass through a special course of reading and training. Common sense and the homely virtues count for much in this work; but what a sphere for educated woman is there yet unoccupied in the wide fields which these refuges, reformatories, and orphanages have opened!

The Lancashire Farm, which consisted of seventy-six acres, and was the gift of a friend, who has since secured to it the use of thirty acres additional, is conducted on the same principles. It takes time to accustom the denizen of city streets to its more solitary life and rural ways; but its training often opens to him a new career. There are now one hundred and five lads at work

in its fields. The Industrial School at Milton, near Gravesend, is under similar rule; but it is certified, and so brought under Government inspection, and it receives a certain proportion of boys brought under control by the compulsory provisions of the Education Act. One hundred and twenty-five boys are already in residence.

From the various branches about four hundred and thirty children have gone forth into the world, to fill various situations, and, with very rare exceptions, they are doing credit to themselves and to the Home. Of these two hundred and seventy-five have been brought to Canada, and placed in situations here. The Canadian friends of the movement have purchased a house at Hamilton, Ontario, to be used as a distributing Home, and is a centre from which a kindly oversight of the children might be kept until they were able to stand alone in life. The Canadian Home consists of very excellent premises, the whole cost of which has been about 12,000 dollars, and of this about 9,000 dollars have been contributed by friends in Canada. There are on the property a good house, a cottage, and a large wooden building, which can be used as a reception house when the parties of young emigrants arrive. Mr. R. Riley is the Governor in charge of the Canadian Branch of the Work; but this, like the English Branches, is under the general direction of Mr. Stephenson, who is Principal of the whole Institution. The first party of children came to Canada in 1873; successive parties have followed at various times, until two hundred and seventy-five in all have been placed upon Canadian soil.

The success of this work has been most encouraging. The exceptions to the good conduct of the children have been very rare: whilst in some cases there has been success of the most gratifying kind. For reasons which will be understood by every thoughtful reader, we do not specify instances. Suffice it to say, that some of the children have been adopted, and are growing up happily in their foster-families: some of them are valued as trusty and attached helpers; and a considerable number of the older ones have already gained a position of independence and thorough respectability. They are perhaps the most valuable emigrants that come to this country. Trained carefully, for a period which averages nearly three years, before they come, they are better



THE CHILDREN'S HOME (CORRECTED INDUSTRIAL BRANCH), MILTON-NEXT GRAVESEND.

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able to appreciate the advantages of their position in this thriving community, and to reward the patience and care and kindness which may be shown towards them by their employers. At the same time, they are young enough to form local attachments, and to become thoroughly identified with the country of their adoption. Best of all, a considerable number of them are members of various Christian Churches, and are illustrating by their consistent conduct the Gospel they have been taught with so much care. We are confident that the more Canadians examine the character of this work, the more convinced will they be of its value to the Dominion, and the more ready will they be to acknowledge that it has a strong claim on their sympathy and liberality.

It is earnestly hoped that during Mr. Stephenson's present visit to America the balance of 3,000 dollars yet to be raised for the purchase of the Canadian Home will be obtained. Mr. Stephenson does not seek for himself any advantage whatever. The entire proceeds from the meetings he holds, and the profits on the sale of the "Songs of Christian Life and Work," will be given to this object; and if any person is disposed to assist by a contribution, such contribution will be thankfully received by

W. E. SANFORD, Esq.,
Treasurer,
Hamilton;

Or by

REV. T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON, B.A.,
The Children's Home,
Main Street East,
Hamilton, Ontario.



SONGS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK.

1

I KNOW HE IS MINE.

I. D. SANKRY.

By permission, from SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS.

1. A long time I wandered in darkness and sin, And wondered if e - ver the
2. I heard the glad gos - pel of "goodwill to men;" I read "whoso - e - ver" a -
3. Oh, mer-ey sur - pris - ing! He saves e - ven me! "Thy portion for e - ver." He

light would shine in; I heard Christian friends speak of raptures di - vine, And I
- gain and a - gain; I said to my soul, "Can that promise be thine?" And
says, "will I be;" On His word I am rest - ing - as - sur - ance di - vine - 1

CHORUS.

wished—how I wished—that their Saviour were mine. I wished He were mine, yes, I
then be - gan hop - ing that Je - sus was mine. I hoped He was mine, yes, I
"hope it" no lon - ger, I know He is mine. I know He is mine, yes, I

wished He were mine; I wished—how I wished—that their Sa - vour were mine.
hoped He was mine, I thought I might hope that the Sa - vour was mine.
know He is mine, I'm hop - ing no long - er, I know He is mine.

HYMN FOR NIGHTFALL.

Words by T. B. S.

Music by MRS. KNAPP.

1. Fad - ing like a life - time ends an - o - ther day;

Bend in mer - cy, Je - su, hear us as we pray.

DUET.

The morn - ing's glo - ry's long suc - ceed - ed, The noon's strong man - hood too is dead, And

ev'ning like old age is here, And mid - night's stroke is near.

CHORUS.

Fad - ing, sure - ly tad - ling, dies an - o - ther day; Its

solemn voice to each doth say, Life glides away, Lite glides away. Its

solemn voice to each doth say, Life glides away, a - way.

2 Just beyond the nightfall comes another day;
Thou in glory throned, hear us as we pray.
The grave is not the end of all,
Our souls shall hear a trumpet call—
The summons to a grander state,
When faith's reward is great.

From beyond death's nightfall shines another day;
"If ye would live," faith hears it say: "Love, work, and pray."

3

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON.

Andante ny

1 De - side life's bar - ren high - way I lin - ger'd, blind in

sin, A beg - gar from the world, to feed The

starv - ing soul with - in: When lo! the tramp of

many feet, That fell up - on mine ear; And

BLIND BARTIMEUS—*Concluded.*

when I ask'd them why? they said, "Tis Je - sus Christ is
rall.

here." I heard the word, I knew my need, And
a tempo.

loud - ly rose my cry, "Have mer - cy, Son of
cres. cres. do.

Da - vid, Oh, do not pass me by."
Repeat Symph.

2 They thought He was too mighty
To heed me 'mid the crowd ;
They thought my cry would rudely break
On their hosanna loud ;
And in their great disdain they bade
Me hush my clam'rous prayer :
They did not know my Saviour's heart,
They could not feel my care.
But Jesus was my only hope,
So louder rose my cry,
"Have mercy, Son of David,
Oh, do not pass me by!"

3 And now He halts, and speaketh
A word so strong and sweet,
That they who late rebuked my prayer,
Now help me to His feet.
"What wilt thou I should do for thee?"
"Come from those lips divine ;
"Lord, that I may receive my sight,"
Leap'd eagerly to mine ;
And then He spake one word of power,
It brighten'd earth and sky,—
The Son of David mercy had,
He did not pass me by.

4 HAVE YOU NOT A WORD FOR JESUS?

(By permission.)

Words by F. W. HAVERGAL.

Music by T. B. STEPHENSON.

Have you, not a word for Je - sus? Not a word to say for

Chorus—Yes, we have a word for Je - sus! We will brave-ly speak for

Him? He is list-n'ing thro' the cho - rus Of the burn - ing se - ra -

Thee, And Thy bold and faithful sol-diers, Sa-viour, we would henceforth

- phim! He is list-n'ing; does he hear you Speaking of the things of

be: In Thy name set up our ban-ners, While thine own shall wave a -

earth-- On-ly of its pass-ing plea-sure, Self-ish sor - row, emp-ty

-bove. [Go to ♪ for finish of Chorus.]

mirth? He has spo-ken words of bless-ing, Par-don, pen-ce, and love to

HAVE YOU NOT A WORD FOR JESUS?—continued.

cres.

you, Glorious hope and gracious com-fort, Strong and ten-der, sweet and

true; Does He hear you tell-ing o-thers Something of His love un-

D. C. for Chorus.

- told, O-ver-flowings of thank-giv-ing For His mer-cies ma-ni-fold.

Finish of Chorus.

With Thy crimson name of Mer-cy; And Thy gold-en name of Love.

⊕ With Thy crimson name of Mer-cy; And Thy gold-en name of Love.

2 Have you not a word for Jesus?
 Will the world His praise proclaim?
 Who shall speak if ye are silent,
 Ye who know and love His name?
 You, whom He hath called and chosen
 His own witnesses to be,
 Will you tell your gracious Master
 "Lord, we cannot speak for Thee?"
 "Cannot!" though He suffered for you,
 Died because He loved you so!
 "Cannot!" though He has forgiven,
 Making scarlet white as snow!
 "Cannot!" though His grace abounding
 Is your freely-promised aid!
 "Cannot!" though He stands beside you,
 Though He says, "Be not afraid!"
 Yes, we have a word, &c.

2 Have you not a word for Jesus?
 Some, perchance, while ye are dumb,
 Wait and weary for your message,
 Hoping you will bid them "come";
 Never telling hidden sorrows,
 Lingered just outside the door,
 Longing for your hand to lead them
 Into rest for evermore.
 Yours may be the joy and honour
 His redeem'd ones to bring,
 Jewels for the coronation
 Of your coming Lord and King.
 Will you cast away the gladness
 This your Master's joy to share,
 All because a word for Jesus
 Seems too much for you to dare?
 Yes, we have a word, &c.

THIS I DID FOR THEE.

Arr. by T. B. STEPHENSON.

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That

thou might'st ransom'd be, And quickened from the dead. I

gave my life for thee; What hast thou giv'n for Me? I

gave my life for thee; What hast thou giv'n for Me?

2 I spent long years for thee,
In weariness and woe,
That one eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.
I spent long years for thee;
Hast thou spent *one* for Me?

3 My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for Me?

4 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee;
What dost thou bear for Me?

5 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love.
Great gifts I brought to thee;
What hast thou brought to Me?

6 Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for me be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
I gave *myself* for thee;
Give *thou thyself* to Me.

THE CHILD SAMUEL.

T. B. STEPHENSON.

Hush'd was the evening hymn: The temple courts were dark; The lamp was

burning dim Be-fore the sa-cred Ark; When sud-den-ly a

voice di-vine Rang through the si-lence of the shrine

- 2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was seal'd
The Lord to Hannah's son reveal'd.
- 3 Oh, give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy Word;
Like him, to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of ail.
- 4 Oh, give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits,
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates;
By day and night a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.
- 5 Oh, give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death;
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

7

THE SHEPHERD TRUE.

FABRE.

By permission, from HYMNS OF THE EASTERN CHURCH.

1 was wan - der - ing and wea - ry, When my Sa - viour came un -

- to me, For the ways of singrew drea-ry, And the world no more did

woo me; And I thought I heard Him say, As He came a - long His

way, "O sim-ple souls, come near me: My sheep should never

fear Me;— I am the Shepherd True, I am the Shepherd True!"

THE SHEPHERD TRUE—*continued.*

- 2 At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow ;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow ;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way—
- 3 He took me on His shoulder,
And tenderly He kissed me ;
And bade my love be bolder.
And said how He had missed me ;
And I'm sure I heard Him say,
As He went along His way—
- 4 I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me ;
But it burneth like a beacon, [me
And its light and heat go through
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way—
- 5 Let us do, then, O my brothers,
What will best and longest please
Follow not the ways of others, [us—
But trust ourselves to Jesus.
We shall ever hear Him say,
As He comes along His way—

8

QUIET, LORD, MY FROWARD HEART.

[By permission, from "Hymns, Ancient and Modern."]

REDHEAD.



• Quiet, Lord, my froward heart, Make me teach-a-ble and mild, Upright, simple, free from art ;



Make me as a weaned child, From distrust and envy free, Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive,
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave :
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care :
Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone ;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

HOLY SPIRIT, ONCE AGAIN.

By permission, from "Hymns of the Eastern Church."



1. Ho - ly Spi - rit, once a - gain Come, Thou true e - ter - nal God;



Nor Thy pow'r de - scend in vain, Make us ev - er Thine a - bode;



So shall Spi - rit, joy, and light Dwell in us, where all was night.

2 Witness in our hearts that God
Counts us children through His Son,
That our Father's gentle rod
Smites us for our good alone;
So when tried, perplexed, distress,
In His love we still may rest.

3 Lord, preserve us in the faith,
Suffer nought to drive us thence—
Neither Satan, scorn, nor death;
Be our God and our defence;
Though the flesh resist Thy will,
Let Thy Word be stronger still.

4 And at last when we must die,
O assure the sinking heart
Of the glorious realm on high
Where Thou healest every smart,
Of the joys unspeakable,
Where our God would have us dwell.

JESUS LOVES POOR SINNERS. 10

Words by T. B. STEPHENSON.

SLAVE MELODY.

1. Jesus loves! Je-sus loves! Je-sus loves poor sin - ners! Je sus loves-

love- even me: He came from heav'n to save us. Je - sus in - vites us; His

love invites poor sinners: His wondrous love invites us all; He came from heav'n to save us.

- 2 Je-us died! Jesus died! Jesus died for sinners!
 Jesus died—died on the tree: He shed His blood to save us.
 Now Jesus calls us: from Calvary He calls us;
 His blood calls loudly from the tree;
 His blood He shed to save us.
- 3 Jesus lives! Jesus lives! Jesus lives for ever!
 Jesus lives—lives now a King: He lives a King to save us
 Jesus can keep us—from all our foes can keep us:
 Can keep us even unto death,
 He lives a King to save us!
- 4 Jesus comes! Jesus comes! Jesus comes in glory!
 Jesus comes—comes on the throne: He's coming soon to judge us.
 Jesus is c- ming: He'll come, the heavens rending;
 The Crucified will come to judge;
 He's coming soon to judge us.
- 5 Weary soul, weary soul, come at once to Jesus;
 Come at once—come now to Him: come while He waits to save you
 The Saviour loves you: He's coming soon to judge you:
 He lives to set you free from sin;
 He shed His blood to save you.

11 (By permission.)

LOST ONE.

J. M. WIGNER.

Tune—"STAR OF PEACE."

1. Lost one! wand'ring on in sad-ness, None to guide or com-fort thee,

f *p*
dim.

Vain-ly seek-ing rest and glad-ness, Far, far from Me.

f *p*
dim.

Peace I offer, and salvation,
Pardon—blood-bought, full and free—
Spurn no more My invitation,
Come, come to Me!

3 Long I've watched thee blindly straying,
Long have I been calling thee;
Time flies swiftly, cease delaying,
Haste, haste to Me!

4 Lord, I come, my sins confessing,
Jesu's blood my only plea;
Keep me in the path of blessing,
Close, close to Thee!

5 Then, when I am called to sever
From the friends so dear to me,
I shall dwell in heaven for ever,
Blest, blest with Thee!

JESUS ONLY.

II. WALLACE.

*No other Name for me, but Jesus only.**Adagio.*

1. No o - ther name for me, But Je - sus on - ly; None else in

earth or heav'n, But Je - sus on - ly. Let my lot low - ly be,

Let all for-sake but Thee, My Je - sus on - ly, My Je - sus on - ly.

- 2 Dearer than life to me
Is Jesus only;
No earthly smile so sweet
As Jesus' only,
All else seem vain to me—
All seem the same to me—
With Jesus only!
- 3 Thus, 'midst the gloom of life,
With Jesus only;
Thus free from care and strife,
With Jesus only,
My chiefest theme shall be—
Jesus hath died for me,
And Jesus only!
- 4 Oh, how I long to dwell
With Jesus only!
How long the song to swell
Of Jesus only!
From Him no more to part,
But love with all my heart,
My Jesus only!

- 5 When passing through the vale
With Jesus only;
Should earth or hell assail,
Let Jesus only
Show forth His wond'rous power.
I'll triumph in that hour,
Through Jesus only.
- 6 When I wake up in Thee,
My Jesus only,
"Light in Thy light" to see,
My Jesus only;
How o'er the heavenly plains
Shall roll the rapturous strains
Of Jesus only!
- 7 Higher and higher still,
To Jesus only,
Till on the loftiest hill,
With Jesus only,
I stand enthroned in light,
On Zion's glorious height,
With Jesus only!

O COME TO THE MERCIFUL SAVIOUR.

FABER.

1. O come to the mer - ci - ful Sa - viour who calls you, O
 come to the Lord who so free - ly for - gives; Though dark be the
 for - tune on earth that be - falls you, There's a bright home a - bove
 where the lov - ing Sa - viour lives. Bro - thers, sis - ters, come at once to
 Je - sus; Doubt not, wait not, come at once to Him.

2 O come then to Jesus, Whose arms are extended
 To fold His dear children In closest embrace;
 O come, for your exile Will shortly be ended;
 And Jesus will show you His beautiful face.

3 Come, come to His feet, And lay open your story
 Of suffering and sorrow, Of guilt and of shame;
 For the pardon of sin Is the crown of His glory,
 And the joy of our Lord To be true to His name.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

Words by FABER.

French Air.

Oh it is hard to work for God, To

rise and take His part Up - on this bat - tle

field of earth, And not some - times lose heart!

- 2 Ill masters good : good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease ;
And worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.
- 3 It is not so, but so it looks,
And we lose courage then :
And doubts will come, if God hath kept
His promises to men.
- 4 Oh blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible.
- 5 Muse on His justice, down-cast soul !
Muse, and take better heart ;
Back with thine angel to the field,
Good luck shall crown thy part.
- 6 For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

15

(By permission.)

OUTSIDE THE GATE.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

PH. PHILLIPS.

1 I stood out - side the gate, A poor, way - far - ing child ;

With - in my heart there beat A tempest loud and wild.

A fear op - press'd my soul, That I might be too late :

And oh I trembled sore, And pray'd out - side the

gate, And pray'd out - side the gate.

2 "Mercy," I loudly cried ;
 "Oh, give me rest from sin !"
 "I will," a voice replied ;
 And Mercy let me in.
 She bound my bleeding wounds,
 And carried all my sin ;
 She eased my burden'd soul,
 Then Jesus took me in.

3 In Mercy's guise, I knew
 The Saviour long abused ;
 Who often sought my heart,
 And wept when I refused.
 Oh ! what a blest return
 For ignorance and sin
 I stood outside the gate,
 And Jesus let me in.

THERE IS A BETTER WORLD.

Moderato.

Tune—"JERUSALEM."

There is a bot-ter world, they say, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!

Where sin and woe are done a - way, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!

And mu-sic fills the bal-my air, And angels with bright wings are there,

And harps of gold and mansions fair, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!

2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
Happy land,
No tear-drop glistens in the eye.
Happy land,
They drink the gushing streams of
grace,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place,
Happy land, happy land.

3 And wicked things and beasts of prey,
Come not there;
And ruthless death, and fierce decay,
Come not there;
There all are holy, all are good;
But hearts unwashed in Jesu's blood,
And guilty sinners unrenewed,
Come not there, come not there.

4 But though we're sinners every one,
Jesus died,
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died,
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of pleasure reign,
Jesus died, Jesus died.

5 Then parents, sisters, brothers, come,
Come away!
We long to reach our Father's home,
Come home,
Come away!
O come, the time is slipping past,
And men and things are fleeting fast,
Our turn will surely come at last;
Come away, come away!

17 THE SANDS OF TIME.

(By permission.)

Tune "RUTHERFORD."

LAUSANNE PSALTER.

The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of hea - ven breaks

The sum - mer morn I've sigh'd for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.

Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.

2 O Christ, He is the fount'ain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above;
There, to an ocean-fur'ness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of life He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with His love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When thrown where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

4 O I am my Belovèd's,
And my Belovèd is mine;
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His house of wine;
I stand upon His merit,
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

WAILING.

ANCIENT HEBREW MELODY.

T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON.

1 God is Light! God is Love! He hears the broken-hearted sigh:

From the heav'ns, high a - bove, "Come to me," His heart doth cry,

"Lord, help! Lord, help! We must come, or we shall die."

"Lord, help! Lord, help! We must come, or we shall die."

2 "He is given! Christ is come!
He stoops to earth from yonder throne;
Cries the Cross, of His doom,
"Come to me, for I atone."
"Jews, help!
Jesus help!
Wash and make me thus Thine own.

3 "Comforter, Holy Ghost,
Sent by the risen King Divine,
Now repeat Pentecost,
In this waiting heart of mine;
Lord of Life,
Lord of Life,
Fill with light and love Thy shrine.

4 "Crimson blood! on the tree,
'Tis pour'd out for my crimson sins;
To redeem even me,
Life by death my Saviour wins
I believe,
I believe,
Life eternal now begins.

19

THROUGH THE DESERT.

Air by MOZART.

Words by BOWMAN STEPHENSON.

1 We are marching thro' the desert, From Egypt's slav-ish chains, And our

course is ever onward, To Canaan's happy plains. We leave behind the

bond-age of self-ish-ness and sin, And we see before the glo-ry, Which

A-bram's sons shall win! March! march from Egypt's strand, March till we reach the

promised land, March march from Egypt's strand, March till we reach the promised land.

2 Though within the bounds of Egypt
Is many a pleasant wile;
Though the plains are green in Goshen,
And fat the banks of Nile;
Better the rock-drawn water,
And manna from above,
While round us and upon us
Rests God's bright smile of love.
March, march from Egypt, &c

3 Though Amalek arayeth
His might to bar the road,
We smite him; for we combat
Clothed with the might of God.
Though Marah's wells are bitter,

Our God doth make them sweet;
And strengthen'd by one trial,
We march the next to meet.
March, march from Egypt, &c.

4 So soon we'll reach the Jordan,
The goal of all our toil,
Dividing from the region,
That flows with wine and oil;
We'll to our cov'nant country,
March through the parted tide,
And mount the banks of heaven,
With Jesus for our guide.
March, march from Egypt, &c.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Music by Mrs. KNAPP.

1. Though trou- bles as - sail And dan - gers af - fright, Tho' friends should all

fall, And foes all u - nite, Yet one thing se - cures us, What - e - ver be - tide, The

CHORUS.
Scrip - ture as - sures us - The Lord will pro - vide. So hap - py am

I, Yes, hap - py am I, The Lord is my Shep - herd, And He will pro - vide.

2 The birds without barn
Or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread;
His saluts what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written -
The Lord will provide.
So happy am I, &c.

3 His call we obey.
Like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers
We have a sure Guide,
And trust, in all dangers,
The Lord will provide.
So happy am I, &c.

4 No strength of our own,
Or goodness we claim;
Yet, since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower
For safety we hide,
Almighty His power -
The Lord will provide.
So happy am I, &c.

THE PILGRIM'S MISSION.

REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1 Listen! the Master beseecheth, Calling each one by his name; His voice to each

loving heart reacheth, Its cheerfulest service to claim. Go where the vineyard de-

-mandeth Vine-dressers' nurture and care; Or go where the white harvest standeth, The

rit...... CHORUS.

joy of the reaper to share..... Then work, brothers! work! Let us

slumber no longer, For God's call to labour grows stronger and stronger; The light of this

rit......

life shall be darken'd full soon, But the light of the better life resteth at noon.

- 2 Seek those of evil behaviour,
Bid them their lives to amend;
Go, point the lost world to the Saviour,
And be to the friendless a friend.
Still be the lone heart of anguish,
Soothed by the pity of thine;
By waysides, if wounded ones languish,
Go pour in the oil and the wine.—*Chorus.*

- 3 Work, though the enemies' laughter
Over the valleys may sweep—
For God's patient workers hereafter
Shall laugh when the enemies weep.
Ever on Jesus reliant,
Press on your chivalrous way—
The mightiest Philistine giant
His Davids are charter'd to slay.—*Chorus.*

- 4 Work for the good that is nighest;
Dream not of greatness afar;
That glory is ever the highest
Which shines upon men as they are.
Work, though the world would defeat you;
Heed not its slander or scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles thro' the gates of the morn. *Ch.*

- 5 Offer thy life on the altar;
In the high purpose be strong;
And if the tired spirit should falter,
Then sweeten thy labour with song.
What if the poor heart complaineth,
Soon shall its waiting be o'er;
For there, in the rest which remaineth
It shall grieve and be weary no more. *Ch.*

Words by Dean STANLEY (by permission.)

MASTER! IT IS GOOD TO BE.

J. H. CROUCH.

1. Mas-ter! it is good to be High on the mountain here with Thee;

Here, in an am-pler pu-er air, A-bove the stir of

toil and care, Of hearts, op-pressed with doubt and grief, Be-

Org. p.d.

- liev-ing in their un-be-lief, Call-ing Thy ser-vants

all in vain, To ease them of their bit-ter pain.

- 2 Master! it is good to be
 Where rest the souls that dwell with Thee;
 Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
 The great old saints of other days,
 Who once received on Horeb's height
 The eternal law of truth and right
 Or caught the still small whisper, higher
 Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.
- 3 Master! it is good to be
 With thee, and with Thy faithful three;
 Here, where the apostle's heart of rock,
 Is nerved against temptation's shock:

Here, where the son of thunder leans His arm;
 The thoud'ht that breathes, the word that
 Here, where on eagle's wings we move
 With Him, whose last, best word is love.

- 4 Master! it is good to be
 Here on the holy mount with Thee,
 When darkening in the depths of night,
 When dazzled with excess of light,
 We bow before the heavenly voice,
 Which bids bewildered souls rejoice;
 Though love wax cold, and faith grow dim,
 This is My Son - O hear ye Him!

THERE WE SHALL MEET AND REST.

Words by REV. H. BONAR, D.D.

Music by J. C. GUEST.

1 Where the fa-ded flow'r shall freshen, Freshen ne-ver more to fade; Where the shaded sky shall brighten, Brighten never more to shade; Where the sun-blaze never scorches, Where the star-beams cease to chill, Whiere no tem-pest stirs the echoes of the wood, or wave, or hill;— There we shall meet and rest, There we shall meet and rest; Brother, we shall meet and rest 'Mid the ho-ly and the blest.

p *f* *p* *pp* *rall.*

- 2 Where no shadow shall bewilder,
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where the bond is never sever'd,
Partings, claspings, sob, and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide—all are done;—
There we shall meet, &c.
- 3 Where a blighted world shall brighten,
Underneath a bluer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine
Shed its healing splendour here;

- Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
Putting on their robes of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden,
Be where only wastes have been;—
There we shall meet, &c.
- 4 Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the noon the joy prolong,
When the daylight dies in fragrance,
'Mid the burst of holy song;
When the child has found its mother,
When the mother finds her child,
When the families are gathered,
That were scattered on the wild;—
There we shall meet, &c.

OUR SABBATH SONG

Words by T. B. STEPHENSON.

Music by PASTOR GERHARDT.

Smoothly.

1 Sweet - ly dawns the Sabbath morning; On the world so full of
2 'Tis the day when man's Redeem - er Rose tri - umph - ant o'er the

care; lid - ding man for - get his bo - bow, Call - ing
grave; Seal - ing thus His work com - ple - ted, Tell - ing

CHORUS.

to the house of prayer. O sweet and strong, His saints a -
thus His power to save. Then loud and long, to Christ so

mong, We sing to God our Sabbath song. Our Sabbath
strong, To save the lost, we raise our song. Our Sabbath

song, Our Sabbath song, We raise to Christ our Sabbath song.

1 'Tis the day whose rest and gladness
Show what all my life should be;
Yielding all by faith to Jesus,
Finding Jesus all to me.
O how I long, in Christ made strong,
To sing each day faith's Sabbath song.
Faith's Sabbath song.
I'd sing each day faith's Sabbath song.

4 'Tis the day whose calm so holy
Shadows forth the better rest;
Where the crowned saints are singing,
With their Lord supremely blest.
'Twill not be long, till 'mid that throng
We sing th' eternal Sabbath song.
Heaven's Sabbath song.
We'll sing th' eternal Sabbath song.

JESUS SAVES ME NOW

p
This is the glo - ri - ous Gos - pel word, Our God His heavens doth bow,

p *pp*
And cry to each be - liev - ing heart, Je - sus saves thee now!.....

Chorus. *mf* *p*

Je - sus saves thee now!..... Je - sus saves thee now! Yes,

Je - sus saves thee all the time— Je - sus saves thee now!.....

2 God speaks, who cannot lie; why then
One doubt should I allow?
I'd ubt Him not, but take His word—
Jesus saves me now!—Chorus.

3 I trust not self, 'twould throw me back
Into Despond's deep slough;
From self I look to Christ, and find
Jesus saves me now!—Chorus.

4 Temptations hard upon me press,
No strength is mine I know;
Yet more than conqueror am I,
Jesus saves me now!—Chorus.

5 What'er my future may require,
His grace will sure allow;
I live a moment at a time,
Jesus saves me now!—Chorus.

6 Why doubt Him? He who died now lives,
The crown is on His brow;
The Son of Man hath power on earth,
Jesus saves me now!—Chorus.

7 And when within the pearly gates
I at His feet shall bow,
'The heaven of heaven itself will be—
Jesus save me now!—Chorus.

Words by T. B. STEPHENSON (written and sung at "The Brighton Convention").
Music by S. J. VAIL (by permission).

BATTLE HYMN.

T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON.

I hear the voice of mer - cy sounding from the sa - cred word, And it

calls to sin - ners from their sins to turn and seek the Lord; For the

heart of Christ was pierced by the law's a - venging sword, That all might be set free.

CHORUS

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le -

lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! we all may be set free.

- 2 Though your heart has been a rebel's, serving Satan in the fight;
Though your sins may be as crimson, they shall all as wool be white;
For the fount of our salvation rolls its red waves in our sight,
And all may be set free.

Chorus.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

- 3 Though the past has seen your helpless soul enchain'd in bonds of steel,
Though beneath temptation's deadly shock the future see you reel,
You may conquer still, for Christ shall crush your foe beneath His heel,
We all may be set free.

Chorus.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

- 4 And when the grim and grisled face of Death shall on you peer,
And summon you to part from all on earth you hold most dear,
Though your heart and flesh may fail, your brother Christ shall still be near,
And you shall be set free.

Chorus.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

- 5 And then amidst the joy-bells ringing from celestial towers,
You shall enter through the pearly gates to join the heavenly powers;
And the service of your crowned Lord shall fill the golden hours,
And all shall then be free.

Chorus.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

"PEACE, BE STILL."

T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON.
Andantino.

1 When my sor - rows' waves run
2 Sa - viour, when my heart is

high, Hiding ev - 'ry glimpse of heav'n; And the
torn, For the sins which shed Thy blood; Should I

short - lived pleasures fly, Which but yes - terday were
wan - der all for - lorn, Friendless, save for Thee, my

"PEACE, BE STILL."—*Concluded.*

Stringendo. *rit.*

given; Why, my soul, these flut-ting fears? Why so quick - ly start thy
 God? When I stand before the throne, Answering for the deeds I've

ten. dim. *pp a tempo.*

tears? Hark! what whis - pers through thee
 done, May this whis - per through me

cres......

thrill, "Je - sus loves thee; peace, be still."

"Je - sus loves thee; peace, be still"

Repeat Symph.

THE RETURN HOME.

By permission from HYMNS OF THE EASTERN CHURCH.

x Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cordage, shattered deck,

Torn sails, pro - vi - sions short, And on - ly not a wreck: But

oh, the joy up - on the shore, To tell our voyage perils o'er t.

2 The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell:
Bare all he could endure
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm:
No more of leaguer'd camp,
And cry of night alarm
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly had he fail'd,—
How nearly had the foe prevail'd.

4 The larab is in the fold,
In perfect safety penn'd:
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 The exile is at home!
Oh, nights and days of tears!
Oh, longings not to roam!
Oh, sins and doubts and fears,—
What matter now; (when, so men say)
The King has wiped those tears away!

THE FIERCE WIND HOWLS.

Words by REV. M. G. PEARSE.

SIDNEY J. P. DUNMAN.

1 The fierce wind howls about the hills Most an - gri - ly, most drear - i - ly;

The stars shine out with brilliant light, All trem - bling - ly, all frost - i - ly;

The bird lies shelter'd in its nest; The fox creeps to his craft - y rest;

And an - gels watch by children blest, All ten - der - ly, all ten - der - ly.

- 2 But who are these that through the night
Move wearily, all drearily?
'Tis Joseph, forth from Bethlehem,
All hastily, all eagerly;
For Herod seeks the Child to slay,
And death will come if they delay,
And forth ere ever break of day,
They thus must flee, to Egypt flee.
- 3 The mother screens Him at her breast,
All carefully, all prayerfully;
She feels Him shiver in the blast,
All fearfully, all tearfully;

- And so along their way they go,
Now numbed by night winds as they blow,
Now starting, fearful of the foe,
All helplessly, all homelessly.
- 4 Had we been there, O gracious Lord,
Most tenderly, most do - ingly,
Our hands, our home, our all were given,
To comfort Thee, to shelter Thee,
And we may still—for Thou hast said
When hungry little ones are fed,
And outcast ones find home and bed,
'Tis done to Thee, as unto Thee.

30

THE SAVIOUR NEEDED EVER.

F. W. HAVERGAL. (By permission.)

SCHUBERT.

Andantino.

Dolce.

I could not do with - out Thee, O Saviour of the lost! Whose

precious blood redee'm'd me At such tremend - ous cost. Thy

righteousness, Thy pardon, Thy precious blood must be My

THE SAVIOUR NEEDED EVER.—*Concluded.*

on - ly hope and comfort, My glo - ry and my plea. Thy

righteousness, Thy pardon, Thy precious blood must be My

on - ly hope and comfort, My glo - ry and my plea.

2 I could not do without Thee !
I cannot stand alone ;
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own ;
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me ;
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee !
For oh ! the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song.
How could I do without Thee ?
I do not know the way ;
Thou knowest and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear !
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee.

5 I could not do without Thee !
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon, in solemn loneliness,
The river must be pass'd,
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me
And whisper, " It is I."

31

MY HAND IS ON THE DOOR.

(By permission.)

DR. GUTHRIE.

J. C. GUEST.

Ritard.

I'm kneel - ing at the thresh - old, So wea - ry, sick, and sore,

Wait - ing for the dawl - ing, The op - ning of the door. I'm

wait - ing till the Mas - ter Shall bid me rise and come To

His all glori - ous pres - ence, The glad - ness of His home.

MY HAND IS ON THE DOOR.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS

Kneel - ing at the thresh - old, Wea - ry, faint, and sore;

Kneel - ing at the thresh - old, My hand is on the door.

- 2 A weary path I've travell'd,
Mid darkness, storm, and strife;
Bearing many burdens,
And struggling for my life;
But now the morn is breaking,
My toil will soon be o'er:
I'm kneeling at the threshold:
My hand is on the door.

Chorus.—Kneeling at the threshold, &c.

- 3 Methinks I hear the voices,
Of loved ones as they stand,
Singing in the sunshine
In that far, sinless land.
Oh, would that I were with them,
Amid their shining throng,
And mingling in their worship,
And joining in their song.

Chorus.—Kneeling at the threshold, &c.

- 4 The friends that started with me
Have enter'd long ago;
One by one they left me,
Still struggling with the foe.
Their pilgrimage was shorter,
Their triumph surer won;
How lovingly they'll hail me
When all my toil is done.

Chorus.—Kneeling at the threshold, &c.

- 5 With them the blessed angels,
That know no grief or sin,
I see them by the portals
Prepared to let me in.
O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure,
Thy time and way are best;
But I'm all worn and weary,
O Father, bid me rest.

Chorus.—Kneeling at the threshold, &c.

"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR."

J. C. GUEST.

1 Knocking, knocking, who is there? Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!

'Tis a pil - grim strange and king - ly, Nev - er such' was seen be - fore.

Ah, my soul, for such a wonder, Wilt thou not un - do the door?

CHORUS.

cres.

pp Knocking, knocking. who is there? Waiting, waiting, Oh, so fair!

cres.

pp Knocking, knocking—what, st!ll there? Waiting, waiting, grand and fair!

- 2 Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.
- 3 Knocking, knocking—what, st!ll there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the pierced hand st!ll knocketh,

And beneath the crowned hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

- 4 Knocking! knocking! what, still there?
Wait not longer, grand and fair!
My poor heart is longing for Thee,
Beateth quick,—flings wide the door.
Come, my Saviour, whisper to me
Thy forgiveness evermore.

(By permission.)

SELF OR CHRIST?

PASTEUR THEOD. MONOD.

Rev. J. MOUNTAIN.

Slow.

1 Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could

ev - er be When I let the Sa - viour's pi - ty

Plead in vain, and proud - ly answer'd, — "All of self and

P CHORUS. *Repeat f*

none of Thee," "All of self and none of Thee."

2 Yet He found me: I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursed tree,
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father,"
And my wistful heart said faintly, —
"Some of self and some of Thee."

3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whisper'd, —
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquer'd
Grant me now my soul's desire, —
"None of self, and all of Thee."

APPENDIX.

34

FAR, FAR UPON THE SEA.

1st verse by CHARLES MACKAY. 2nd and 3rd verses by T. B. STEPHENSON.
Con spirito.

Far, far up - on the sea, The good ship speed - ing free, Up -

on the deck we ga - ther, young and old, ... And view the flap - ping sail, Swelling

out be - fore the gale, Full and round, without a wrin - kle or a fold;

Or watch the waves that glide By the ves - sel's state - ly side, Or the

wild sea - birds that fol - low through the air; Or we

FAR, FAR UPON THE SEA—Continued.

ad lib.

ga - ther in a ring, and with cheer - ful voi - ces sing, Oh!

*Marcato**ad lib.*

gai - ly goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

2 Far, far upon the sea,
 With the sunshine on our lee,
 We forget not all the blessings of the past ;
 And remember, though we roam,
 What we owe to our good Home,
 In whose shel't'ring care our childhood's lot was cast :
 And though we now go forth,
 East and west and south and north,
 We'll uphold the good name our forerunners won ;
 We'll be honest, bold, and true,
 And do well whate'er we do,
 And keep a conscience clear as the noonday sun.
 Far, far upon the sea,
 With thankful hearts and free,
 To a warm Canadian welcome we repair ;
 Still 'neath the banner brave,
 That can ne'er float o'er a slave,
 Oh ! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

3 Far, far upon the sea,
 Britons none the less are we,
 Because we seek the great Dominion's coast ;
 One good Queen pure and true
 Rules the old land and the new,
 And the same untarnished freedom each can boast.
 The Sabbath songs are sung
 By the old land and the young,
 And to each the good Book speaks the word of truth ;
 So we'll never slight the worth
 Of the land that gave us birth,
 Though we give the broad new land all our strength and youth.
 Far, far upon the sea,
 Or where'er our country be,
 Let us strive to fill the years with work and prayer ;
 Then on both sides of the tide
 Men will speak our name with pride ;
 Oh ! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

AFTER MANY ROVING YEARS.

Moderato, con espress.

1 Oh, af - ter ma - ny ro - ving years, How sweet 'twill be to

come To the dwell - ing - place of ear - ly youth, Our

kind - ly childhood's home! To turn from scenes of hon - est toil Our

man - ly footsteps thither, And see a - gain the home where we As

CHORUS.

child - ren play'd to - ge - ther. Ch. af - ter ma - ny

AFTER MANY ROVING YEARS—*Continued.*

ro - ving years, How sweet 'twill be to come To the

dwell - ing - place of ear - ly youth, Our kind - ly childhood's home !

2 And though we have to cross the sea
 Once more to view the place
 That kindly shelter'd us from want,
 And heavenward turn'd our face,
 Yet when the voyage has been made,
 Though lured by scenes of beauty,
 Our steps will surely "Home" be led,
 By love as well as duty.
 Oh, after many roving years,
 How sweet 'twill be to come
 To the dwelling-place of early youth,
 Our kindly childhood's home !

3 And if God's smile should greatly bless
 The labour of our hands,
 And we in future years should gain
 More than our need demands,
 We'll think of all we owe to those
 Who help'd us like true brothers,
 And pay the debt by helping them
 To do the same for others.
 Oh, after many roving years,
 How sweet 'twill be to come
 To the dwelling-place of early youth,
 Our kindly childhood's home !

4 But should we never more on earth
 Greet those we leave behind,
 We'll not forget the truth they taught,
 But bear it well in mind ;
 And when we fill'd whatever place
 God's Providence hath given,
 We'll strive by Jesus' mighty grace
 To meet again in heaven.
 Oh, after many roving years,
 How sweet 'twill be to come
 To the dwelling-place of all the good,
 Our Heavenly Father's "Home !"

OUT OF THE MIRE.

H. TAYLOR. (By permission of the Composer.)

The streets of the ci - ty are full Of poor lit - tle perishing souls, Who

wander a - way from the light, In places that Sa - tan con - trols;

They see not the snare at their feet; They know not the danger they're in; Dear

Saviour! can these be Thy lambs, So changed and dis - fig - ured by sin?

CHORUS. *Slower.*

Famishing, perishing ev - er - y day: Lambs of Thy flock, how they go astray.

Each day there are victories won,
By thousands and thousands they fall;
Shall Satan continue his war,
Until he has conquer'd them all?
No! no! with the armour of God,
His darts you may safely defy;
And oh! you must seek for the lambs
Where Satan has left them to die.

Chorus.—Famishing, &c.

3 Then out of the mire of sin,
And out of the darkness of night,
Go, bring the dear lambs to the flock,
And lead them up into the light,
Their natures with tenderness train,
Their wilfulness strive to subdue,
Be patient and tender with them,
As Christ has been patient with you.

Chorus.—Famishing, &c.

