



Music by J. M. BENTLEY, Mus. D.

VOICE. *dim.*

The mel - low eve is glid - ing Se -

PIANO. *Tranquillo. dim.*

- rene - ly down the west ; So, ev - 'ry care sub - sid - ing, My soul would sink to rest ; The

*pp* *pp* *p*

wood - land hum is ring - ing The day - light's gen - tle close ; ..... May an - gels, round me

*cres.* *cres.*



sing - ing, Thus hymn my last re - pose,..... my last re - pose.

3  
L.H.  
pp

The

rall.

ev - 'ning star has light - ed Her crys - tal lamp on high; So when in death be -

pp pp

- night - ed, May hope il - lume the sky. In gold - en splen - dour

3

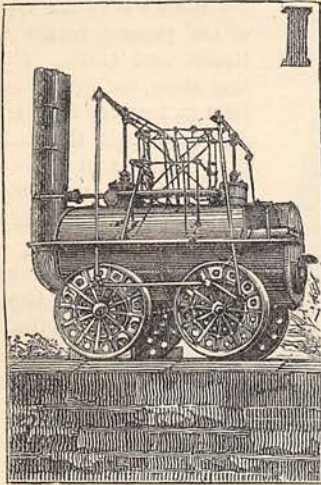
dawn - ing, The morn - ing's light shall break,..... Ah, on that last bright

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## THE CENTENARY OF STEPHENSON'S BIRTH.



INTERESTING as the celebration of the centenary of the birth of George Stephenson is to the railway traveller all the world over, and to the nation he primarily benefited, it is of especial interest to that part of the north of England which is on and near the banks of the river Tyne. Close to this river he was born, in the collieries near it he

"began life," on its banks at Willington he married, and there his son was born; whilst, only a little later, a few miles from the Tyne he perfected his plans for the construction of the locomotive; from thence he walked those long miles to meet the "Father of Railways" at Darlington, and close to the coaly river he planted the engine works that commenced the industry of locomotive erection in the world. And though it may be that some of the great works of Stephenson were done after he left Tyneside, yet it was in the northern district that he learnt his art, and possessing his soul in patience, worked on the pit-heap, in the mine, and on the engines.

There are many memorials of George Stephenson in the Tyneside district—birthplace, residence, factory, and works—and though all around tells the tale of his triumphs, yet a grateful district has added a memorial school, statue, and other reminders of the son it is proud of. Some eight miles from Newcastle, on the 9th of June, 1781, at Wylam-on-Tyne, George Stephenson was born. At that time Wylam was a little colliery village, owing its importance to its nearness to the river and to the coal-seams below it. The great dependence of the coal-consumers of a

century ago was on the coal brought over sea, and the Tyne possessed even a greater monopoly of that trade than it now does, though the industry was in miniature and the working in the primitive stage when "gins" were the mode of raising coal, when the "corf" or basket took the place of the cage, when safety-lamps were not, and when the depth of the mine was necessarily limited by the rudeness of the contrivances for working it. Half a mile east of the village—about that distance from the present Wylam station, on the Newcastle and Carlisle branch of the North-Eastern Railway—is the birthplace of the great railway engineer. It is a poor cottage, but a century ago and in a colliery district it would be regarded as far above the average of the homes of the colliers. It is close to the Tyne, the double line of what is now the North Wylam branch of railway passing immediately between. The house is a double cottage, the front presenting the one common door in its two halves, with a small window on each side; and above, three windows over those below, and over the door. An open fence rails off the house from the line; at the eastern end a gate, a notice warning trespassers from the fields, and a straggling tree complete the picture. The lower windows have rude shutters, and to them on the western side there depends a spout to catch the dripping water from the spoutless eaves. The roof is red-tiled, but with frequent patches of darker hue, and with slabs of stone covering the tops of the grey walls. Enter the door: the worn stairs are in front of you, whilst to right and left are the entrances of the two dwellings. That to the left—the western one—is the birthplace of Stephenson. Its floor is coldly flagged; the beams that protrude from the ceiling are thickened with the whitewash of generations; the huge fireplace has a great baulk of wood across it, and a circular oven of probably later date than the house seems old in shape. Here, then, one hundred years ago George Stephenson was born to Robert Stephenson and his wife Mabel. The father was a fireman, earning twelve shillings weekly, and George was the second son, so that when the coal was worked out at Wylam Colliery and the family