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PRINCE
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A SELECTION

OF

HYMNS AND POETRY,

FOR THE USE OF

INFANT AND JUVENILE SCHOOLS
AND FAMILIES.

IN FIVE PARTS.

PREPARED AT THE REQUEST OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE
HOME AND COLONIAL SCHOOL SOCIETY.

Fifth Edition,

ENLARGED BY MANY ORIGINAL PIECES.

LONDON:

R. GROOMBRIDGE & SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
INFANT SCHOOL DEPOSITORY, GRAY'S INN ROAD.

M DCCC LIII.

PRINTED BY I. CHAPMAN,
STAR STREET, EDGWARE ROAD, PADDINGTON.

P R E F A C E

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THIS little volume, consisting of pieces partly original, but chiefly selected from the works of Dr. Watts, Miss Taylor, and other approved writers for the young, has been prepared at the request of the Home and Colonial Infant School Society ; and the Committee hope it will be found useful as an assistant to teachers of infant schools, as well as to parents and governesses, who have the charge of young children.

It is the desire of the Committee that the pleasure children so generally find in verse should be early consecrated to the Lord, and in consequence most of the little poetical pieces convey some pious or moral sentiment, or tend to impress some religious truth. A few verses have been admitted for the mere purpose of affording amusement and cheerful relaxation to the very young ; but, in general, even the lighter pieces aim at the cultivation of the kindly affections, or lead to that taste for the beauties of nature, which, when combined with a grateful perception of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, is so rich a source of gratification, and so beneficial to the human mind.

No pieces are inserted on arithmetic, geography, &c., as it is considered that the knowledge of such subjects can be much better imparted by direct lessons.

The work is divided into five parts, and the easier hymns and verses are arranged in the two first, so that the infant-school teacher will find no difficulty in making a suitable choice. The third part consists of portions of Scripture history in

verse, and may be used in connexion with Scripture prints, to impress the subject on the minds of the children.

In the fourth and fifth parts a few pieces of a higher character have been introduced, as well with reference to the nursery and school-room of the upper classes, as to children above the age of seven.

The Committee entertain a hope also that the system of early instruction will, ere long, be more extensively introduced into the manufacturing districts, where it is now so difficult to obtain the attendance of children at school after they have entered the factories ; and they confidently expect, that when the existing law which precludes the employment of children in these factories under the age of nine is duly enforced, and when parents actually witness the improvement of their offspring, and reap the benefit of their more orderly and obedient habits at home, they will allow them to remain at the infant-school until a later period than is at present usual.

The Committee desire to present their acknowledgments to those friends who have kindly supplied original pieces ; and, as the second and third parts are still deficient, they would be glad to receive contributions for another edition.

It is the earnest prayer of the Editor, that the gracious Lord of all may condescend to bless this humble effort to feed his lambs, and so abundantly pour forth his Spirit on the rising generation, and on all who seek their good, that precious fruit may be gathered unto life eternal, and that both those who sow, and those who reap, may rejoice together in the kingdom of their Father.

MODEL SCHOOLS,
GRAY'S INN ROAD, NEAR KING'S CROSS,
September 17th, 1838.

P R E F A C E

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

IN preparing a second edition of this little work for the press, the Editor has to regret the necessity of leaving out many excellent and suitable hymns by Miss Taylor and Mrs. Gilbert. The present selection is still enriched with some of their pieces, but the large number previously introduced was objected to as an encroachment upon the copyright.

The Editor has carefully revised the book, and hopes that it will be found on the whole to have materially increased in value ; many original pieces of great merit having been kindly contributed by friends, among whom she desires gratefully to mention the names of Miss Thrupp and Miss Stodart.

September 17th, 1840.

P R E F A C E

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE alterations in the third edition will chiefly be found in the fourth and fifth parts, which have been considerably enlarged to meet the capacities of the Juvenile School, added to the Infant School since the publication of the last edition.

It is hoped that parents and teachers will find a

sufficient variety of pieces to instruct and please all the young members of their respective circles ; and that the volume, as now prepared, may be found useful not only in Infant Schools, but in those also for older children.

In a few instances hymns have been *slightly* altered, and the language of assurance and experience exchanged for that of hope and prayer ; the Editor feeling anxious that children's early affections should be associated, and their memories stored, with hymns calculated to be valuable to them in after-life, and yet deeming it undesirable to give them expressions to which the heart, at their age, can scarcely be expected to respond.

The Editor has introduced a few extracts from "The Great Exemplar" and "Creation," two interesting and excellent little books, by M. B. Tuckey, which she strongly recommends to the attention of parents and teachers.

An index of subjects has been added for the convenience of teachers.

October 17th, 1845.

NOTICE.

THE Editor has been requested to mention that the hymns, &c., selected from "Hymns for Infant Minds," "Original Poems," and "Nursery Rhymes," have been introduced by permission of the owners of the copyrights, to whom payment has been made for the privilege.

July 25th, 1849.

NOTICE
TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

MR. LOWELL MASON, of Boston, having given gratuitous instruction in singing to a class of the Children in the Home and Colonial Schools to their great delight and improvement, and having kindly permitted the Editor to insert some of the songs in this volume, a selection from "The Primary School Song Book" and "The Song Book of the School Room" will be found in the Appendix.

May 9th, 1853.

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PART FIRST.

HYMNS FOR INFANTS.

1. THE LOWLINESS OF CHRIST.

“For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.”—2 Cor. viii. 9.

CHRIST is merciful and mild,
He was once a little child ;
He whom heavenly hosts adore,
Lived on earth among the poor.

Jesus laid his glory by,
When for us he stooped to die ;
How I wonder when I see
His unbounded love to me !

He the sick to health restored :
To the poor he preached the Word ;
And let little children share
In his love and tender care.

Every bird can build its nest,
Foxes have their place of rest ;
He by whom the world was made
Had not where to lay his head.

He who is the Lord most high,
Then was poorer far than I,
That I might hereafter be
Rich to all eternity.

2. GOD LISTENS TO CHILDREN.

DOES God stoop down to hear
 What little children say?
 Will he incline his ear
 To listen when I pray?
 How happy should I feel,
 How thankful should I be!
 Oh! let me humbly kneel
 To God, who thinks of me.
 Let me his pardon seek,
 Let me his grace implore,
 With joy his praises speak,
 And love him evermore.

D. A. T.

3. GOD IS IN HEAVEN.

GOD is in heaven!—can he hear
 A little prayer like mine?
 Yes, thoughtful child, thou need'st not fear,
 He listens unto thine.
 God is in heaven! can he see
 When I am doing wrong?
 Yes, that he can; he looks at thee
 All day, and all night long.
 God is in heaven!—would he know
 If I should tell a lie?
 Yes, though thou saidst it very low,
 He'd hear it in the sky.
 God is in heaven!—does he care,
 Or is he good to me?
 Yes, all thou hast, to eat or wear,
 'Tis God that gives it thee.
 God is in heaven!—can I go
 To thank him for his care?
 Not yet; but love him here below,
 And he will see it there.

God is in heaven!—may I pray
 To go there when I die?
 Yes, seek his grace; and then one day
 He'll call thee to the sky.*

4. CHILDREN BY NATURE SINFUL.

LORD, look upon a little child,
 By nature sinful, rude, and wild:
 Oh! put thy gracious hands on me,
 And make me what I ought to be.

Lord Jesus! take me to thy breast,
 And bless me, that I may be blest;
 Both when I wake and when I sleep,
 Thy little lamb in safety keep.

5. PRAYER TO GOD.

LORD! to thee I lift mine eyes,
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 Let my prayer accepted rise,
 Weak, imperfect, though it be.

Teach me, Lord, thy name to know,
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 May I do thy will below,
 As thy will is done above.

When I lay me down at night,
 O'er me watch, and near me stay;
 And when morning brings the light,
 May I wake to praise and pray.

D. A. T.

6. "HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."

WHEN infants sing Jehovah's praise,
 Solemn should be the notes they raise;
 Each look, each thought, and every word,
 Be "Holiness unto the Lord."

CHORUS.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy is our God.

* "Hymns for Infant-Schools." By Ann Gilbert.

When infants bow the knee in prayer,
The great, the holy God is there ;
Then should not every thought and word
Be "Holiness unto the Lord ?"—Holy, &c.

Above, where happy angels dwell,
Infants the heavenly chorus swell ;
And there the feeblest note that's heard
Is "Holiness unto the Lord."—Holy, &c.

Then how must angels grieve to hear
The thoughtless song—the heartless prayer ;
Think, children, think,—let ev'ry word
Be "Holiness unto the Lord."—Holy, &c.

7. PRAISE TO GOD FOR MERCIES.

ALMIGHTY GOD !—thy name I praise
For parents, teachers, Christian friends ;
For peaceful nights and happy days,
And every gift thy mercy sends.

In praise to thee my heart I lift,
But more than all Thy love has given,
I bless thee for the wondrous gift
Of Jesus Christ, our Lord from heaven.

O may thy Spirit from above
Stoop down and make my heart his care,
And shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And write his name and likeness there.

D. A. T.

8. PRAYER FOR A NEW HEART.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God ; and renew a right
spirit within me."—Ps. li. 10.

LORD ! teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace to me impart ;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.

A sinful creature I was born,
 And from my birth have strayed ;
 I must be wretched and forlorn
 Without thy mercy's aid.

But Christ can all my sins forgive,
 And wash away their stain ;
 Can fit my soul with him to live,
 And in his kingdom reign.

To him let little children come,
 For he hath said they may ;
 His bosom then shall be their home,
 Their tears he'll wipe away.

For all who early seek his face
 Shall surely taste his love ;
 Jesus shall guide them by his grace
 To dwell with him above.

9. PRAYER FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

LORD JESUS, teach a child to pray,
 Who humbly kneels to thee ;
 And every night and every day
 My Friend and Saviour be.

While here I live, give me thy grace ;
 And when I'm called to die,
 O! take my soul to see thy face,
 And sing thy praise on high.

D. A. T.

10. PRAYER FOR SINCERITY.

My heavenly Father! when to thee
 I lift my hands and pray,
 May I not only bow the knee,
 But feel the words I say.

My every sin, O Lord, forgive,
 My every want supply ;
 For Jesus died that I might live,
 And pleads for me on high.

O send thy Holy Spirit down,
 To dwell within my heart ;
 There may he make thy glory known,
 And never, Lord, depart.

D. A. T.

11. PRAYER FOR A CHILD.

“Teach me to do thy will; for thou art my God.”
 Ps. cxliii. 10.

O LORD! wilt thou teach me to pray,
 And afterwards answer my prayer?
 I know thou canst hear what I say,
 Because thou art everywhere.

Not even a sparrow can fall,
 But, Lord, it is noticed by thee ;
 And though I'm so young and so small,
 Thou art not unmindful of me.

O teach me to do what is right,
 And when I offend thee, forgive ;
 And make it my greatest delight
 To serve thee as long as I live.

Whatever distress I am in,
 To thee I may cheerfully call ;
 Especially keep me from sin,
 For that's the worst evil of all.*

12. “GODLINESS WITH CONTENTMENT IS GREAT GAIN.”

POOR and needy though I be,
 God Almighty cares for me ;
 Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
 Gives me all I have of good.

He will hear me when I pray,
 He is with me night and day ;
 When I sleep and when I wake,
 For the Lord my Saviour's sake.

* From “Original Hymns for Sunday-Schools.”

He who reigns above the sky,
 Once became as poor as I ;
 He whose blood for me was shed,
 Had not where to lay his head.

Though I labour here a while,
 He will bless me with his smile ;
 And when this short life is past,
 I shall rest with him at last.

Then to HIM I tune my song,
 Happy as the day is long ;
 This my joy for ever be,
 God Almighty cares for me.

D. A. T.

13. GOD CARES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

WHEN I look up to yonder sky,
 So pure, so bright, so wondrous high,
 I think of One I cannot see,
 But One who sees and cares for me.

'Tis he my daily food provides,
 And all that I can want besides ;
 And when I close my sleeping eye,
 I rest in peace, for he is nigh.

Then shall I not for ever love
 This gracious God who reigns above ?
 For very good indeed is he
 To love a little child like me !

14. PRAYER FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

COME, Holy Spirit, come ;
 O hear an infant's prayer !
 Stoop down and make my heart thy home,
 And shed thy blessing there.

Thy light, thy love impart,
 And let it ever be
 A holy, humble, happy heart,
 A dwelling-place for thee.

Let thy rich grace increase,
Through all my early days,
The fruits of righteousness and peace
To thine eternal praise.

D. A. T.

15. GOOD DESIRES

“ Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps.”—1 Pet. ii. 21.

I WISH to be like Jesus,
A meek, obedient child ;
He kept his parents' word, and was
So holy and so mild.

I wish to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer :
Alone upon the mountain-top,
He sought his Father there.

I wish to be like Jesus ;
For never do I find,
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

But, oh ! I'm not like Jesus,—
I am a sinful child ;
My heart is full of wickedness,
I am not meek or mild.

Ah, no, I'm not like Jesus,
From evil tempers free :
Oh, gentle Saviour, send thy grace,
And make me more like Thee.

16. GOD LOVES THOSE WHO SEEK HIM.

“ I love them that love me ; and those that seek me early shall find me.”—Prov. viii. 17.

God loves the little child that prays,
And humbly seeks his face ;
And walks in all his holy ways,
And looks to him for grace.

God loves the child whose early youth
Is given to the Lord ;
Who learns, and keeps, and speaks the truth,
And loves his holy word.

God loves all those who prize his love,
And till this life be past,
Will shine upon them from above,
And save them to the last.

O Heavenly Father, shine on me,
And all my heart unite
To love, and serve, and honour thee,
And make thee my delight.

D. A. T.

17.

MORNING HYMN.

“ I laid me down and slept ; I awaked, for the Lord
sustained me.”—Ps. iii. 5.

WHEN morning comes, the birds arise,
And raise their voices to the skies ;
With warbling notes and cheerful lays
They sing their great Creator's praise.

Shall I from rest to labour go,
Or any work presume to do,
Before I've sought the God of heaven,
And first to him my tribute given ?

Come, then, my soul, awake and pray,
And praise thy Maker day by day ;
Bless him for raiment, health, and food,
And for each peaceful night's abode.

Let every bird's sweet morning song
Remind me as I walk along,
Of Him whose love and guardian power
Uphold and keep me every hour.

18. AN EVENING HYMN.

“ I will both lay me down in peace and sleep : for thou,
Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.”—Ps. iv. 8.

LORD, I have passed another day,
And come to thank thee for thy care :
Forgive my faults in work or play,
And listen to my evening prayer.
Thy favour gives me daily bread,
And friends, who all my wants supply ;
And safely now I rest my head,
Preserved and guarded by thine eye.
Look down in pity and forgive
Whate'er I've said or done amiss ;
And help me, every day I live,
To serve thee better than on this.
Now, while I speak, be pleased to take
A helpless child beneath thy care ;
And condescend, for Jesus' sake,
To listen to my evening prayer.*

18.*

THE SAME.

JESUS, tender shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night ;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.
Through this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care ;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.
Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well ;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy, there with thee to dwell.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

* “ Hymns for Infant Minds.” Ann Taylor.

19. THE LORD'S DAY MORNING.

THIS is the day when Christ arose
 So early from the dead ;
 Why should I keep mine eyelids closed,
 And waste my hours in bed ?

To-day with pleasure Christians meet
 To pray and hear thy word,
 And I would go with cheerful feet
 To learn thy will, O Lord !

Incline me now to read and pray,
 Prepare my soul for heaven :
 O may I love this blessed day,
 The best of all the seven.

19.*

THE SAME.

THIS is God's most holy day ;
 We must neither work nor play ;
 But we'll try to pray and sing,
 And to serve our heavenly King.

O, 'tis pleasant now to go
 To our Saviour's house below ;
 And we hope to sing and love
 In our Saviour's house above.

MRS. PARSON.

20. FOR GRACE TO RESEMBLE THE
LORD JESUS.

LORD ! hear a little infant pray
 The little simple prayer I say ;
 O Saviour, listen from thy throne,
 And deign to call a child thine own.

I would be thine, and like to Thee,
 And serve Thee in simplicity :
 Renew my heart, my sins forgive,
 And teach me, Saviour, how to live.

I would be like Thee : give me grace
That as in water, face to face,
So thine own image I may show,
And daily in thy likeness grow.

When other little ones I see,
Loving and gentle may I be ;
Affection to my parents show,
And learn how much to them I owe.

Oh, never, Saviour, never let
My heart thy wondrous love forget :
Thou who wast mock'd and crucified !
Thou who for love of me hast died !

21. PRAISE FOR CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eyes ;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the skies.

There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glory known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

In heaven he shines with beams of love,
He sees the hell beneath ;
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye ;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ?

22. GOD MADE ALL THAT IS.

OUR God is good, and he is great,
Around his throne the angels wait ;
He made the sun with beams so bright,
He made the moon which shines by night,
The glittering skies that look so fair,
With every star that sparkles there.

The mountains and the rocks he made,
And all the hills in order laid ;
He poured the water in the seas ;
He made the grass, the herbs, the trees,
The valleys, and the fields so fair,
And every flower that blossoms there.

The lion and the tiger bold,
The sheep and cattle of the fold,
The little birds that sweetly sing,
The insect with its beauteous wing,
The fishes,—all we see that's fair
Or good,—He made and placed them there.

23. GOD OUR CREATOR.

GOD made me too with curious art,
 A thinking head, a feeling heart,
 A soul to understand His will,
 And set before it good and ill ;
 He sees if it be dark or fair,
 And knows each thought that enters there.

Then let me try and seek his face,
 Implore his mercy and his grace ;
 Ask for the blessings of his love,
 And pray to dwell with him above.
 For in that world where all is fair,
 He is the light and glory there.

And when this life's short scene is o'er,
 When sun and moon shall be no more,
 May I with saints and angels stand,
 Arrayed in white at his right hand,
 And worship in that world so fair,
 The Lord who reigns for ever there.

D. A. T.

24. GOD EVERY WHERE PRESENT.

It was my heavenly Father's love;
 Brought every being forth,
 He made the shining worlds above,
 And every thing on earth.

Each lovely flower, the smallest fly,
 The seas, the waterfall,
 The bright green leaves, the clear blue sky,
 'Tis God that made them all.

He gave me all my friends, and taught
 My heart to love them well,
 And he bestowed the powers of thought,
 And speech my thoughts to tell.

My father and my mother dear,
 He is their Father too :
 He bids me all their precepts hear,
 And all they teach me do.

God sees and hears me all the day,
 And 'mid the darkest night ;
 He views me when I disobey,
 And when I act aright.

He guards me with a parent's care
 When I am all alone :
 My hymns of praise, my humble prayer,
 He hears them every one.

God hears what I am saying now,
 O what a wondrous thought !
 My heavenly Father, teach me how
 To love thee as I ought.

25. ABOUT GOD, WHO MADE THE SUN AND MOON.

CHILD.

I SAW the glorious sun arise
 From yonder mountain grey ;
 And as he travelled through the skies,
 The darkness went away,
 And all around me was so bright,
 I wished it would be always light.

But when his shining course was done,
 The gentle moon drew nigh,
 And stars came twinkling one by one,
 Upon the shady sky :—
 Who made the sun to shine so far,
 The moon, and every twinkling star ?

MOTHER.

'Twas God, my child, who made them all,
 By his almighty skill :
 He keeps them that they do not fall,

And guides them as he will ;—
That glorious God, who lives afar
In heaven beyond the highest star.

CHILD.

How very great that God must be,
Who rolls them through the air !
Too high, I fear, to notice me,
Or listen to my prayer !
Oh ! mother, will he condescend
To be a little infant's friend ?

MOTHER.

He will, my love ; for though he made
Those wonders in the sky,
You never need to be afraid
He should neglect your cry ;
For, humble as a child may be,
A child that prays he loves to see.
Behold the daisy where you tread,
That little lowly thing ;
Behold the insects over-head,
That play about in spring :
Though we may think them mean and small,
Yet God takes notice of them all.
And will not Jesus deign to make
A feeble child his care ?
Ah ! yes, he died for children's sake,
And loves the infant's prayer.
God made the stars and daisies too,
And watches over them and you.*

26. MAN FORMED TO PRAISE GOD.

SUN, moon and stars, by day and night,
At God's commandment give us light ;
And when we wake, and while we sleep,
Their watch, like guardian angels, keep.

* "Hymns for Infant Minds." Ann Taylor.

The bright blue sky above our head,
The soft green earth on which we tread,
The ocean rolling round the land,
Were made by God's Almighty hand.

Sweet flowers that hill and dale adorn,
Fair fruit-trees, fields of grass and corn,
The clouds that rise, the showers that fall,
The winds that blow—God sends them all.

The beasts that graze with downward eye,
The birds that perch, and sing, and fly,
The fishes swimming in the sea,
God's creatures are as well as we.

But us he formed for better things ;—
As servants of the King of kings
With lifted hands and open face,
And thankful heart to seek his grace.

Thus God loved man, and more than thus,
He sent his Son to die for us,
And now invites us when we die,
To come and live with him on high.

But we must live to Him below,
For none but such to heaven will go ;
Lord Jesus, hear our humble prayer,
And lead the little children there.

MONTGOMERY.

27. HYMN OF PRAISE FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

God made the world in which we live,
The sea and all the land ;
And every thing that lives and moves,
Is nourished by his hand.

God made the flowers that bud and bloom
About my little feet ;
He made them look so very gay,
And smell so very sweet.

God made the lambs that skip and run
 In yonder mead all day ;
 Good little lambs, they are so kind,
 They never fight—but play.

God gives me life, and food, and clothes,
 And friends, and all I need ;
 I cannot tell how good he is,
 He's very kind indeed.

God bends an ear to all I pray,
 He hears an infant's praise :
 Oh ! may he teach my heart to love
 And thank him all my days.

28.

THE AIR.

How cool, how sweet, the breeze of morn !
 It moves the trees, it waves the corn ;
 It makes the buds to bloom :
 But for the air all plants would die ;
 No beast could move, no bird could fly ;
 Nor could we breathe or live.
 Then with one breath our praise should flow
 To Him who makes the winds to blow.
 Praise ye the Lord !

29.

THE GIFT OF HEARING AND SPEECH.

HEARING.

FOR ears to hear my God I'll praise ;
 How sad would be my life's dull days,
 If, dead to all that charms the ear,
 I no sweet sound or voice could hear !
 The bird's soft note, so sweet and gay,
 How pleasantly it cheers my way !
 But sweeter still the voice that brings
 Good news to man, of heavenly things ;

That tells how streams of mercy flow,
 To free my soul from sin and woe,
 How I a child of grace may be
 Through Jesus Christ, who died for me.
 Since such blest sounds have reached my ears,
 To raise my joy and soothe my fears,
 O never more will I attend
 To words which may my God offend ;
 But pray for grace, when sin is near,
 To close my heart, and shut my ear.
 Yet may I quick and ready be
 To hear what's good and best for me ;
 The precious word of truth and grace,
 And the sweet hymns of joy and praise ;
 That word which came from heaven above,
 Those hymns which sing his wondrous love,
 Who is so good to me !

SPEECH.

God gave my tongue to speak his praise,
 And the sweet sounds of joy to raise
 For all his gifts so free !
 Then to speak good to all I know,
 And the Lord's love and praise to show
 Whilst he grants life to me.

Lord, let the lip of truth be mine ;
 'Tis what thou lov'st, the gift is thine.
 Put each false speech away ;
 One single word that harm may do,
 That is not meek, and kind, and true,
 Grant I may never say.

Oh ! may it be my grief and pain,
 To hear men take thy name in vain ;
 Lord, turn them from their sin !
 Guard me and my companions dear,
 And may we in thy love and fear
 A life of praise begin.

30. THE USE WE SHOULD MAKE OF THE BIBLE.

MUCH will I prize God's holy book,
 And day by day in it will look ;
 And pray for grace that it may be
 The word of life and light to me :
 That it may rule my heart and ways,
 And be my guide through all my days,
 And teach my soul sweet songs of praise
 To the great Lord who gave it.

31. TRUE WISDOM.

“ Wisdom is the principal thing.”—Prov. iv. 7.

WHAT are we in the scriptures told
 Is sweeter far than honey ?
 Better than silver or than gold,
 Than houses, lands, or money ?

Why, wisdom far surpasses wealth,
 And all the precious stones ;
 For to the soul she's life and health,
 And marrow to the bones.

True wisdom shows the peaceful road,
 The sweet, the pleasant path,
 Which leads to life, and joy, and God,
 And saves from guilt and wrath.

True wisdom is to fear the Lord,
 And trust his pardoning grace ;
 To do his will, and love his word,
 And long to see his face.

The blessed Saviour from his birth
 Walked in this heavenly way :
 And all the time he dwelt on earth,
 He never went astray.

The way of life he plainly showed,
 And marked it with his blood,
 That all his Saints might find the road
 To glory and to God.*

32. "OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

GREAT GOD, and wilt thou condescend
 To be my Father and my Friend ?
 I a poor child, and thou so high,
 The Lord of earth, and air, and sky.

Art thou my Father ? Canst thou bear
 To hear my poor imperfect prayer ?
 Or wilt thou listen to the praise
 That such a little one can raise ?

Art thou my Father ? Let me be
 A meek, obedient child to thee ;
 And try in word, and deed, and thought,
 To serve and please thee as I ought.

Art thou my Father ? I'll depend
 Upon the care of such a friend ;
 And only wish to do and be
 Whatever seemeth good to thee.

Art thou my Father ? Then at last,
 When all my days on earth are past,
 Send down and take me in thy love,
 To be thy better child above. †

33. ABOUT JESUS CHRIST, WHO DIED FOR SINNERS.

JESUS, who lived above the sky,
 Came down to be a man and die ;
 And in the Bible we may see
 How very good he used to be.

* "Hymns for Young Minds." Anne Houlditch.

† "Hymns for Infant Minds."

He went about, he was so kind,
 To cure poor people who were blind ;
 And many who were sick and lame,
 He pitied them and did the same.

And more than that, he told them too
 The things that God would have them do ;
 And was so gentle and so mild,
 He would have listened to a child.

But such a cruel death he died !
 He was hung up and crucified !
 And those kind hands that did such good,
 They nail'd them to a cross of wood !

And so he died !—and this is why
 He came to be a man and die :
 The Bible says he came from heaven
 That we might have our sins forgiven.

He knew how wicked men had been,
 And knew that God must punish sin ;
 So, out of pity, Jesus said,
 He'd bear the punishment instead.

Now God will pardon those who pray,
 And strive from sin to turn away ;
 O may we early seek his face,
 And share the riches of his grace !*

34. THE BIBLE TELLS US OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

“ Search the Scriptures.”—John v. 39.

COME, let us search God's holy word,
 And see what we can find
 About that loving, gracious Lord,
 The Saviour of Mankind.

See there how humble was his birth,
 No bed but straw or hay ;
 Though he was Lord of all the earth,
 He in a manger lay.

* “ Original Hymns for Sunday Schools.”

So lowly was he at the first ;
And as he older grew,
Cold, hunger, weariness, and thirst,
The Lord of glory knew.

But poor and needy as he seemed,
His mighty actions showed,
Though little by the world esteemed,
He was the son of God.

He healed the Sick, and raised the dead,
The deaf and blind he cured ;
At his command the devils fled,
The sea obey'd his word.

And when he was by sinners' hands
Scourged, crucified, and slain,
He brake asunder all their bands,
And rose to life again.

Who would not love a Lord so kind,
Or fear a God so great ?
Whoever waits on him will find
Tis not in vain to wait.*

35.

JESUS ONCE A CHILD.

AND was my Saviour once a child,
A little child like me ?
And was he humble, meek, and mild,
As little ones should be ?

O why did not the Son of God
Come as an angel bright ?
And why not leave his fair abode,
To come with power and might.

Because he came not then to reign,
As sovereign here below ;
He came to save our souls from sin,
Whence all our sorrows flow.

* "Hymns for Young Minds." Anne Houlditch.

And did the Son of God most high,
 Consent a man to be ?
 And did that blessed Saviour die
 Upon the cross for me ?
 And did my Saviour freely give
 His life for sinful men ?
 What ! did he die that we might live ?
 Oh, how he loved us then !

36.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

LET us sing with one accord
 Praise to Jesus Christ our Lord ;
 He is worthy whom we praise,
 Hearts and voices let us raise.
 He hath made us by his power,
 He hath kept us to this hour,
 He redeems us from the grave,
 He who died, now lives to save.
 What he bids us, let us do,
 Where he leads us, let us go ;
 As he loves us, let us love
 All below, and all above.
 Angels praise him, so will we,
 Sinful children though we be ;
 Poor and weak, we'll sing the more,
 Jesus loves the weak and poor.
 Dear to him is childhood's prayer,
 Children's hearts to him are dear ;
 Heart and voice, let all be given :
 All will find the way to heaven.

37.

THE CHILD'S GOOD WISH.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus dwelt here among men,
 And called little children as lambs to his fold,
 I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been put on my head,
 And that I had been placed on his knee,
 And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
 "Let the little ones come unto ME."

Yet still to my Saviour, in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in his love ;
 And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
 I shall see him, and hear him above—

In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
 For all who are washed and forgiven ;
 And many dear children are gathering there ;
 "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

MISS THOMPSON.

38. THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RELIGION.

HAPPY the child, whose youngest years
 Receive instructions well ;
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
 'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;
 A flower, when offered in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares
 To mind religion young :
 Grace will preserve our following years,
 And make our virtue strong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee
 Our childhood we resign ;
 'Twill please us to look back, and see
 That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
 Employ my youngest breath ;
 Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
 Or fit for early death.

39. SEEKING THE SAVIOUR'S GUIDANCE.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need thy tender care ;
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use thy folds prepare :
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us—thine we are.

We are thine, do thou befriend us,
 Be the guardian of our way ;
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray :
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear young children when they pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be ;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free :
 Blessed Jesus,
 Let us early turn to thee.

Early let us seek thy favour,
 Early let us do thy will ;
 Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,
 With thyself our bosoms fill :
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us—love us still.

40. FOR A BLESSING ON BENEFACTORS.

FATHER of mercy, hear our prayers
 For those who do us good ;
 Whose love for us a school prepares,
 Storing our minds with food.

And while their bounty is our theme,
 Thy praise, O Lord, we'll sing ;
 They are the kind refreshing stream ;
 But thou the unfailing spring.

Their kind compassion claims our love,
Oh make their souls thy care ;
Raise them to heavenly bliss above,
And may we meet them there !

41. THE EYE OF GOD EVERYWHERE.

GOD reigns in glory, and on high
Sits on his throne of majesty ;
Yet from that glorious throne he bends,
And even to a child attends.

Asleep, awake ; by night, by day ;
Where'er I go, whate'er I say ;
Although the Lord I cannot see,
His eye is always fixed on me.

He hears me when I pray or praise,
He also ponders all my ways ;
May I so live as God approves,
May I be one whom Jesus loves.

God never will forsake his own,
He will not leave me all alone ;
When not another friend is near,
May I remember God is here.

Oh ! may I try to praise him still,
To know, and love, and do his will ;
Then will my joy and gladness be,
That God's own eye is fixed on me.

D. A. T.

42. THE CHILD'S WARNING AGAINST SIN.

A WATCHFUL eye looks from above ;
God marks and grieves to see,
When lightly you esteem his love,
Nor care his *child* to be.

You think, perhaps, 'twill make you glad,
To have your foolish way ;
And little know how very sad
It is to disobey.

But would you taste unfailing joy,
 And from each sorrow cease,
 God's love will all your wants supply—
 His ways alone are peace.

43. THE LITTLE CHRISTIAN'S RESOLVE.

“Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.”—Matt. i. 21.

I HAVE an evil heart within,
 A heart that's often prone to sin;
 What can a feeble infant do,
 His naughty tempers to subdue?
 This will I do, when first I find
 An evil thought within my mind;
 I'll go to Jesus, and I'll say,
 Lord, take this sinful thought away.

Does not the name of Jesus mean
 One that has power to save from sin?
 O Lamb of God, take mine away,
 And give me a new heart, I pray.

44. AGAINST LYING.

O 'TIS a lovely thing for youth
 To walk betimes in wisdom's way;
 To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
 That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,
 Though they should speak the thing that's true;
 And he that does one fault at first,
 And lies to hide it, makes it two.

45. PRAYER FOR A CHILD THAT HAS TOLD A FALSEHOOD.

“Set a watch, O Lord, upon my mouth: keep the door of my lips.”—Ps. cxli. 3.

O LORD, my sinful heart renew,
 Thy Holy Spirit send,
 Forgive what I have said untrue,
 And help me to amend.

Upon my mouth, oh ! set a watch,
 That I may sin no more,
 Preserve my lips from falsehood's touch,
 Oh ! do thou keep the door.

I know, O Lord, thou lovest truth ;
 Help me to love it too,
 And through my childhood and my youth,
 The strictest truth pursue.

C. M.

46. THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

“ Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required.”—Luke xii. 48.

OH, if some little heathen child
 On whom the Gospel just had smiled,
 Who just had learned to know the Lord,
 And read and love his holy word,—

If such a child came o'er the sea,
 Our happy English homes to see,
 And listen while we join to sing,
 Or bow before our heavenly King ;—

Would not that child expect to find
 That we were holy, gentle, kind—
 And at the Saviour's sweet command,
 Were journeying to a better land ?

And is it so ? Let conscience tell—
 She the dark story knoweth well ;
 No secret sins from her may hide,
 No angry words, or thoughts of pride !

Lord ! we *have* sinned—though Gospel light
 Hath shone around us, fair and bright ;
 Oh ! help us to repent to-day,
 Nor grieve thy Spirit quite away.

We would not cease our earnest prayer,
 That heathen lands thy love may share ;
 May they and we—alike forgiven—
 Be thine on earth, and thine in heaven !

E. M. I.

47. LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

THOUGH quarrels may disturb the street,
 There should be peace at home ;
 Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
 Disputes should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree,
 And 'tis a shameful sight,
 When children of one family
 Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
 Our selfishness remove ;
 That, as we grow to riper age,
 Our hearts may all be love.

48. BROTHERLY LOVE.

THE God of heaven is pleased to see
 That little children all agree ;
 And will not slight the praise they bring
 When loving children join to sing.

For love and kindness please him more
 Than if we gave him all our store ;
 And children here who dwell in love,
 Are like his happy ones above.

The gentle child who tries to please,
 Who hates to quarrel, fret and tease,
 Who fears to say an angry word—
 That child is pleasing to the Lord.

O God ! forgive whenever we
 Forget thy will and disagree ;
 And grant that each of us may find
 The sweet delight of being kind.*

49.

FAMILY UNION.

“ Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them
 that weep.”—Rom. xii. 15.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee ;
 May we in thy name agree ;
 Let us for each other care,
 Joy or grief together share.

Make us one in heart and mind,
 Courteous, pityful and kind,
 Lowly, meek, in thought, and word,
 That we may be like our Lord.

50.

THE HAPPY HOME.

HAPPY the home, when God is there,
 And love fills every breast ;
 Where one their wish, and one their prayer,
 And one their heavenly rest.

Happy the home, where Jesus' name
 Is sweet to every ear ;
 Where children early lisp his fame,
 And parents hold him dear.

Happy the home, where prayer is heard,
 And praise is wont to rise ;
 Where parents love the sacred word,
 And live but for the skies.

Lord ! let us in our homes agree,
 This blessed peace to gain ;
 Unite our hearts in love to THEE,
 And love to all will reign.

51. THE LAW OF CHRIST.

OH ! that the Saviour's heavenly law
 My constant rule might be,
 "To do to others as I would
 "That they should do to me."

No vexing speech, nor act unkind
 Would then from me proceed,
 But love and gentleness direct
 My every word and deed.

I should not seek to raise myself,
 And others to abase,
 But rather this my happy choice,
 To take the lowest place.

And how shall I, a sinful child,
 To pride and wrath inclined,
 Subdue my nature, and attain
 This lovely, gracious mind ?

Oh ! blessed Jesus, unto thee
 Alone for grace I seek,
 Who wast on earth the lowly One,
 The gentle and the meek.

Be Thou my teacher and my guide ;
 So shall my practice be,
 To do to others as I would
 That they should do to me.*

52. TIME AND ETERNITY.

How long sometimes a day appears !
 And weeks, how long are they !
 Months move along as if the years
 Would never pass away.

* "Hymns for Young Minds." By Anne Houlditch.

But months and years are passing by,
 And soon must all be gone :
 For day by day, as minutes fly,
 Eternity comes on.

Days, months, and years, must have an end,
 Eternity has none ;
 'Twill always have as long to spend
 As when it first begun.

Great God ! an infant cannot tell
 How such a thing can be ;
 I only pray that I may dwell
 That long, long time with thee.*

53. DIFFERENCE OF COLOR.

“ He is Lord of all.”

GOD gave to Afric's sons
 A brow of sable dye,
 And spread the country of their birth
 Beneath a burning sky :
 And with a cheek of olive, made
 The little Hindoo child,
 And darkly stained the forest tribes
 That roam the western wild.

To me He gave a form
 Of fairer, whiter clay ;
 But am I, therefore, in His sight
 Respected more than they ?
 No,—'tis the hue of deeds and thoughts
 He traces in His Book ;
 'Tis the complexion of the heart
 On which He deigns to look.

Not by the tinted cheek
 That fades away so fast,
 But by the color of the soul
 We shall be judged at last ;

* “ Hymns for Infant Minds.”

And God, the Judge, will look at me
 With anger in His eyes,
 If I my brother's darker brow
 Should ever dare despise.*

54. AN ENGLISH CHILD'S HYMN OF PRAISE.

I THANK the goodness and the grace
 Which on my birth have smiled,
 And made me, in these Christian days,
 A happy English child.

I was not born, as thousands are,
 Where God was never known ;
 And taught to pray a useless prayer
 To blocks of wood and stone.

I was not born a little slave,
 To labour in the sun,
 And wish I were but in the grave,
 And all my labour done.

I was not born without a home,
 Or in some broken shed ;
 A gipsy baby, taught to roam,
 And steal my daily bread.

My God, I thank thee, who hast planned
 A better lot for me,
 And placed me in this happy land,
 Where I may hear of thee.†

55. GRATITUDE FOR THE BIBLE.

“The seed is the Word of God.”—Luke viii. 11.

OH ! are we not thankful for Bibles to read,—
 The seed of the kingdom, unperishing seed ?
 And shall we not seek that good seed to send forth
 To the East, and the West, and the South, and the
 North ?

* From “The Child's Wreath of Hymns and Songs.”

† “Hymns for Infant Minds.”

Oh yes! where the cold snow of Greenland
descends, —

Where the slave 'neath a western sun wearily
bends, —

Where China's vast wall rises dark to the view,
Or the Southern Isles gleam 'mid the waters so
blue ;—

Wherever a dear little baby hath smiled,
Or the heart of a mother hath yearned o'er her
child ;

Wherever mankind have a home or a name,
The Saviour of sinners we long to proclaim !

We would send forth the seed, and ask God to
impart

His blessing to make it spring up in the heart ;
But, oh ! we would seek, while we scatter it round,
That in *our own garden* some fruit may be found.

Dear Saviour ! thy smile is like sunshine, which
brings

Life, gladness, and light to earth's beautiful
things ;—

Oh ! let it to every heart's garden be given,
And fit us to dwell with our Father in Heaven.

E. M. I.

56. PRAYER FOR GRACE TO UNDERSTAND THE SCRIPTURES.

O MERCIFUL and gracious Lord !
Teach me to understand thy word ;
Teach me, in childhood's early hour,
To love thy name, to fear thy power.

To know that my Redeemer gave
His precious blood, my soul to save ;
O may I ever grateful prove,
For that amazing act of love.

57. FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD IN SICKNESS.

ALMIGHTY GOD, I'm very ill,
But cure me, if it be thy will ;
For thou canst take away my pain,
And make me strong and well again.

Let me be patient every day,
And mind what those who nurse me say ;
And grant that all I have to take
May do me good, for Jesus' sake.*

58. FOR A CHILD IN SICKNESS.

MY FATHER ! I am very ill,
Thou knowest all I feel ;
And if it be thy blessed will,
Thou canst my sickness heal.

In trouble, if I call on Thee,
Thy holy word declares,
Thou wilt look down and pity me,
And listen to my prayers.

Since Jesus pleads for me on high,
Oh take away my pain ;
Be very gracious to my cry,
And make me well again. D. A. T.

59. THANKSGIVING FOR RECOVERY.

I PRAYED to God, He heard my prayer,
And made a little child his care ;
When I was sick, he healed my pain,
And gave me health and strength again.
O let me now his grace implore,
And love and praise him evermore.

D. A. T.

* "Hymns for Infant Minds."

60. FOR A CHRISTIAN CHILD IN SICKNESS WHEN THERE IS NO PROSPECT OF RECOVERY.

WHY do you weep ?
 I am falling asleep,
 And Jesus, my Shepherd,
 Is watching his sheep :
 His arm is beneath me,
 His eye is above ;
 His spirit, within me,
 Says, "Rest in my love :
 With blood I have bought thee.
 And wash'd thee from sin ;
 With care I have brought thee,
 My fold to be in ;
 Refresh'd by still waters,
 In green pastures fed,
 Thy day has gone by—
 I am making thy bed."

EXTRACT, IN "THE TWIN BROTHERS."

61. THE CHILD SEPARATED FROM ITS PARENTS.

PAPA, mamma, are gone away,
 Far, far beyond the sea,
 Though very much they wished to stay,
 And live at home with me.
 I feel sometimes a lonely child,
 Now that they are not here :
 My kind mamma, who sweetly smiled,
 And wiped off every tear.
 Papa, who took me on his knee,
 His arm around me press'd ;
 Oh ! when will they come back to me,
 And clasp me to their breast ?
 I've books, I've friends, a happy home,
 And much to make me glad ;
 But still, when thoughts of India come,
 My heart is very sad.

It is not that I would complain,
 'Tis wrong to fret and cry,
 And God can bring them back again,
 And God is always nigh.

Then, while my father's far away,
 Beyond the broad blue sea,
 O Lord! in Jesus' name I pray,
 A Father be to me!

Look on me as thy little one,
 Teach me to feel thy love;
 And take me, when this life is done,
 To live with thee above.

M. A. STODART.

62. A CHILD'S LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH OF A DEAR MOTHER.

A POOR afflicted child, I kneel
 Before my heavenly Father's seat,
 To tell Him all the grief I feel,
 And spread my sorrows at His feet.

Yet I must weep; I cannot stay
 These tears, that trickle while I bend,
 Since Thou art pleased to take away
 So dear, so very dear a friend.

And now I recollect with pain
 The many times I grieved her sore;
 Oh! if she would but come again,
 I think I'd vex her so no more.

How I would watch her gentle eye!
 'Twould be my play to do her will!
 And she should never have to sigh
 Again, for my behaving ill!

But since she's gone so far away,
 And cannot profit by my pains,
 Let me this child-like duty pay
 To that dear parent that remains.

Let me console his broken heart,
 And be his comfort by my care ;
 That when at last we come to part,
 I may not have such grief to bear.*

63. THE HAPPINESS OF HEAVEN.

HERE we suffer grief and pain ;
 Here we meet to part again ;
 In Heaven we part no more.
 Oh ! that will be joyful !
 Joyful, joyful, joyful !
 Oh ! that will be joyful !
 When we meet to part no more !

All who love the Lord below,
 When they die to heaven will go,
 And sing with saints above.
 Oh ! that will be joyful ! &c.

Little children will be there,
 Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
 From many an infant school.
 Oh ! that will be joyful ! &c.

Teachers, too, will meet above,
 And our parents whom we love,
 Shall meet to part on more.
 Oh ! that will be joyful ! &c.

Oh ! how happy we shall be !
 For our Saviour we shall see,
 Exalted on his throne !
 Oh ! that will be joyful ! &c.

There we all shall sing with joy,
 And eternity employ
 In praising Christ the Lord.
 Oh ! that will be joyful ! &c.

64.

WHITE ROBES.

Rev. vii.

WHO are they in heaven who stand
Clothed in white, at God's right hand,
In their robes so fair and white,
Bright and shining, like the light ?

Harp of gold and palms they bear ;
All are good and happy there ;
Much I wonder whence they came,
Who they are and what their name.

They who now are praising God,
Once the path of sorrow trod ;
Now by Christ their Saviour led,
Crowns of joy are on their head.

They shall never weep again,
Never know a grief or pain ;
All is bright and shining day :
God has wiped their tears away.

May I also with them stand
Robed in white at God's right hand,
And with joy for ever sing
Praises to my God and King.

D. A. T.

65.

HEAVEN.

“ In thy presence is fulness of joy ; at thy right hand
there are pleasures for evermore.”—Ps. xvi. 11.

“ THERE is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love ;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.”

There perfect bliss is found,
And pleasures never cease ;
But through eternity abound,
And still, and still increase.

Lord of that world above !
Teach us to watch and pray,
And never let our steps remove
From life's delightful way.

Help us to trust in Thee,
And run the heavenly race ;
Then take us, when by death set free,
To see thee face to face.

M * * M.

66. CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand :
Children, whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed :
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing glory, glory, glory,

Once they were little things like you,
And lived on earth below,
And could not praise, as now they do,
The Lord who loved them so,
Singing glory, glory, glory,

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love ?
How came those children there,
Singing glory, glory, glory ?

Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin ;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing glory, glory, glory,

On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name ;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing glory, glory, glory.*

67. BLESSEDNESS OF TRUE RELIGION.

“Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.”—
1 Tim. iv. 8.

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity :
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

* “Hymns for Young Minds.” By Anne Houlditch.

PART SECOND.

EASY VERSE FOR INFANTS.

68. THE SENSE OF SEEING.

THE Lord is good, who gave to me
The sense of sight, for I can see ;
I see my father's cheerful look,
He shows me pictures in the book :
I love to climb upon his knee,
And see him sweetly smile on me.
And mother too, and sister dear,—
How many things are pleasant here !
Our baby's face so soft and bright,
Oh is not that a pretty sight ?
When I go out I see the sky,
And merry little birds that fly ;
The houses, and the busy street,
The garden and the flowers sweet,
The daisied grass, the lofty tree,
The blossoms and the busy bee.
I see bright colours all around,
In the blue sky and on the ground :
I see the sun, the cheerful light,
I'll praise the Lord, who gave me sight.

69. GRATITUDE TO PARENTS.

OF LITTLE WILLIAM'S FATHER, WHO IS A
LABOURER IN THE FIELDS.

At early morn to plough he goes,
Through wintry rain and sleet ;
In summer, when he reaps and mows,
He faints beneath the heat ;
And what he earns he shares with me,
How very thankful I should be !

OF LITTLE MARY'S FATHER, WHO IS A SHEPHERD.

On hills and moors his days he spends
In watching o'er his sheep ;
His weak young lambs at night he tends,
When I am fast asleep ;
And what he earns he shares with me,
How very thankful I should be !*

OF LITTLE ANNIE'S FATHER, WHO WORKS IN A
FACTORY.

My father works amidst the noise,
And busy hum of men :
And little he his home enjoys,
Till Sunday comes again :
Oh, happy day ! then may he see
A grateful, loving child in me.

70. MY LITTLE SISTER.

I HAVE a little sister,
She is only two years old ;
But to us at home, who love her,
She is worth her weight in gold.
We often play together ;
And I begin to find,
That to make my sister happy,
I must be very kind ;

“ From the “ Peep of Day.”

And always very gentle
 When we run about and play,
 Nor ever take her playthings
 Or little toys away.

I must not vex or tease her,
 Nor ever angry be
 With the darling little sister
 That God has given me.*

71. SONG FOR AN INFANT SCHOOL.

CHILDREN go, to and fro
 In a merry, pretty row ;
 Footsteps light, faces bright,
 'Tis a happy sight ;
 Swiftly turning round and round,
 Do not look upon the ground.
 Follow me full of glee,
 Singing merrily.

Work is done, play's begun ;
 Now we have our laugh and fun.
 Happy days, pretty plays,
 And no naughty ways ;
 Holding fast each other's hand,
 We're a loving little band.
 Follow me, full of glee,
 Singing merrily.

72. SONG FOR A RAINY DAY.

THE rain is falling very fast,
 We can't get out to play ;
 But we are happy while in school,
 Though 'tis a rainy day.
 Then clap, clap, all together,
 Clap, clap away ;
 Oh ! the infant school's a happy place,
 Upon a rainy day.

* From "The Child's Wreath."

For while the rain comes pattering down
 We merrily sing our song ;
 And to hearts content and spirits light
 Time quickly speeds along.
 Then clap, clap, all together, &c.

We listen all attentively,
 To what our teachers say,
 But when our lessons all are o'er
 'Tis then the time for play.
 Then clap, clap, &c.

With smiling faces at our posts
 So orderly we stand,
 Then quickly turn and march away
 When master gives command.
 Then march, march, all together, &c.

73. THANKS AND PRAISE.

SONG FOR AN INFANT SCHOOL.

THUS we sing as we march, and we march as we
 sing,
 And the joy of our hearts in our voices shall ring ;
 The little birds fill all the air with their glee,
 Yet the've not half so much to be glad of as we ;
 So with thrushes and blackbirds we'll joyfully sing
 All thanks to our Father, all praise to our King.

The grasshopper chirps in the long summer grass,
 The frisking lambs bleat in the fields as we pass ;
 So with wee things and young things we'll joyfully
 sing
 All thanks to our Father, all praise to our King.

The river shouts glad, as it dances along ;
 The little stream murmurs a sweet quiet song ;
 So with rivers and streamlets we'll joyfully sing
 All thanks to our Father, all praise to our King.

The breezes sing soft 'mid the thick leaves of June ;
 E'en the hoarse wintry wind tries to whistle a tune ;
 So with soft winds and strong winds we'll joyfully
 sing
 All thanks to our Father, all praise to our King.

Pleasant songs at his work hums the blithe busy bee,
 And we'll not be less blithe or less busy than he ;
 So with all busy creatures we'll joyfully sing
 All thanks to our Father, all praise to our King.

Thus God gives a measure of gladness to all,
 And a share of his praises to great and to small ;
 So we who owe most will most thankfully sing,
 And our voices, tho' weak, to his footstool shall ring.*

74.

PLAY AND WORK.

OH ! how pleasant 'tis to see
 Little children full of glee,
 Full of frolic, full of mirth
 As the kitten on the hearth.
 Harmless as the little lamb
 Gaily sporting by its dam.
 Oh ! how pleasant 'tis to see,
 Little children full of glee.

But we must not always play,
 Frolic days and months away ;
 Like the bee upon the wing,
 We must gather in the spring ;
 Summer comes and winter too,
 We shall find enough to do ;
 Let us learn as well as play,
 Mindful of a future day.

M. F.

* By the Author of " Tales and Sketches of Christian Life."

75. WHERE ALL IS LOVE.

MARCH FOR AN INFANT SCHOOL.

Two and two, and hand in hand,
 Here we march, a happy band ;
 They are happiest in the land
 Where all is love.

Two and two, both girls and boys,
 We march and sing with cheerful noise ;
 None have sorrows, all have joys
 Where all is love.

Two and two, and arm in arm,
 Friendly, kindly, free from harm ;
 Who can tell how great the charm,
 Where all is love !

Two and two we march along,
 Singing still our cheerful song :
 All is right and nothing wrong,
 Where all is love !

76. HAPPY AND FREE.

MARCH FOR AN INFANT SCHOOL.

Now let us march along,
 Singing our pleasant song,
 Hearts full of glee ;
 And while we softly tread,
 All by good humour led,
 We may hold up our head,
 Happy and free.

Friends who are kind and good,
 Give us our clothes and food,
 Kind we should be ;

Trying with all our might,
 As in our teacher's sight,
 To do what's good and right,
 Happy and free.

When the loud tempest blows,
 When it hails, rains, or snows,
 Sheltered are we :

But with a shining sun,
 When all our work is done,
 We may walk out or run,
 Happy and free.

He who would spend the day
 Only in idle play,
 Foolish must be :

He who from evil flies,
 And on God's truth relies,
 He will be truly wise,
 Happy and free.

Then as we march along,
 Singing our pleasant song,
 Wise let us be :

Dwelling in peace and love,
 Till we from earth remove,
 Then fly to heaven above,
 Happy and free.

D. A. T.

77.

MERRY AND WISE.

MARCH FOR CHILDREN.

Now steadily, steadily, let us walk,
 And merrily sing, or else soberly talk ;
 Hold up our heads high, and then point out our toe,
 And step altogether, wherever we go.

Then cheerful and happy, a smile on our face,
 Keep all in right order of time and of place,
 Begin with the left foot, go on with the right,
 And march like good soldiers, but not for to fight.

We march like good soldiers, but live like good friends,
 In love and in peace till our travelling ends ;
 And so from our hearts and our voices shall rise
 One song and one chorus, Be merry and wise.

D. A. T.

78. AWAY WITH NEEDLESS SORROW.

MARCH FOR CHILDREN.

AWAY with needless sorrow,
 Though troubles may befall,
 A brighter day to-morrow
 May shine upon us all.
 We still may march together
 When rain is falling fast,
 And wet and windy weather
 Will turn to fair at last,
 Then away with needless sorrow, &c.

We cannot tell the reason
 For all the clouds we see,
 Yet every time and season
 Must wisely ordered be.
 Let us but do our duty
 In sunshine and in rain,
 And Heaven all bright with beauty
 Will bring us joy again.
 Then away with needless sorrow, &c.

Though evening skies should lower,
 The morning may be fine,
 For He who sends the shower
 Can cause his sun to shine ;
 Then away with needless sorrow,
 Though trouble should befall,
 A brighter day to-morrow
 May shine upon us all.

D. A. T.

79.

EARLY RISING.

Up in the morning's cheerful light,
 Up in the morning early ;
 The sun is shining warm and bright,
 And the birds are singing cheerily.

Now summer dews are on the grass,
 Hanging pure and pearly,
 And morning moments quickly pass :
 Up in the morning early.

Heard you not the blackbird's song ?
 Loud he sings and cheerily ;
 I shall be with you ere 'tis long,
 Tripping light and merrily.

Up in the morning's cheerful light,
 The dew is pure and pearly ;
 The sun is shining warm and bright,
 And the birds are singing cheerily.

M. A. STODART.

80.

ON EARLY ATTENDANCE AT
SCHOOL.

COME, sister, let us haste to school,
 Or we shall break that happy rule ;
 For teacher says, we should be there
 By nine o'clock—the hour of prayer.

'Tis almost nine, I must away,
 I cannot stop to talk or play :
 I'll wash my face, and comb my hair,
 And so get there in time for prayer.

It is in prayer that we shall find
 The Lord so very good and kind :
 O never let us heedless prove,
 But truly seek our Father's love.

His smile, his blessing, through the day,
 Are worth a thousand hours of play ;
 Let us endeavour to be there
 Every day in time for prayer.

81. ATTENTION.

A GALLERY SONG.

Now let us watch our teacher's hands,
 Just what he does we'll do :
 And up and down, and round and round,
 His movements we'll pursue.

He lifts them very slowly up,
 We slowly raise up ours,
 And now they stop—and see, they drop,
 Both hands he slowly lowers.

Now round and round they gently move,
 Now back again they turn,
 Now this way round—then that way round,
 To follow him we learn.

Both hands he puts upon his head,
 Now straight in front you see ;
 One finger now, upon each brow—
 Then softly on his knee.

Oh ! that in every other thing,
 We copied what is good,
 And took delight to do what's right,
 As closely as we could.

82. ONE THING AT A TIME.

WORK while you work,
 Play while you play,
 That is the way
 To be cheerful and gay.

All that you do,
 Do with your might ;
 Things done by halves
 Are never done right.

One thing each time,
 And that done well,
 Is a very good rule,
 As many can tell.

Moments are useless
 Trifled away ;
 So work while you work,
 And play while you play.

M. A. STODART.

83. PERSEVERANCE ; OR, TRY AGAIN.

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
 Try, try, try, again.
 If at first you don't succeed ;
 Try, try, try, again.
 Then your courage should appear ;
 For if you will persevere,
 You will conquer, never fear,
 Try, try, try again.

Once or twice though you may fail,
 Try, try, try again.
 If at last you would prevail,
 Try, try, try again.
 If we strive 'tis no disgrace,
 Though we may not win the race ;
 What should we do in that case ?
 Try, try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,
 Try, try, try again.
 Time will bring you your reward,
 Try, try, try again.
 All that other people do,
 Why with patience should not you ?
 Only keep this rule in view—
 Try, try, try again.

84. AFTERNOON SCHOOL SONG FOR AN INFANT SCHOOL.

HARK ! the old church bell is booming
 One and two, one and two ;
 Merrily through the street we're coming
 Two and two, two and two.

Pinafores and hands and faces
 White and clean, white and clean ;
 Happy faces in their places
 Must be seen, must be seen.

Teacher will be there to meet us,
 We'll not be late, we'll not be late,
 With kind looks and words to greet us,
 She must not wait, she must not wait.

Pretty pictures she will show us,
 Look and learn, look and learn,
 Of things above, around, below us,
 Turn and turn, turn and turn.

Pretty pictures, useful lessons,
 Old and new, old and new ;
 Stories from God's book of blessing,
 Good and true, good and true.

Telling of the love He bears us,
 You and me, you and me ;
 Telling of the gift he gave us,
 Great and free, great and free.*

85. THE CRUST OF BREAD.

I MUST not throw upon the floor
 The crust I cannot eat ;
 For many little hungry ones
 Would think it quite a treat.

* By the Author of "Tales and Sketches of Christian Life."

My parents labour very hard
To get me wholesome food ;
Then I must never waste a bit,
That would do others good.

For wilful waste makes woeful want,
And I may live to say,
Oh ! how I wish I had the bread
That once I threw away !

85* AGAINST WASTE.

ONLY see, little girl, what a waste you have made,
Your milk you have spilt, and you've crumbled
your bread.

How many poor children have little to eat,
And would thankfully take the least morsel of meat !

And far more than that—when five thousand were
fed

With two little fishes and five loaves of bread,
Though our Lord fed them all without labour or
cost,

Yet the fragments were gathered that nought might
be lost.

His eye upon you at this moment is placed,
He gave you your breakfast—he likes not that
waste ;

So pick up the crumbs—there are some on the floor,
And try, my dear child, not to waste any more.

M. A. STODART.

86. THE STAR.

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are !
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
 When he nothing shines upon,
 Then you show your little light,
 Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark,
 Thanks you for your tiny spark ;
 He could not tell which way to go,
 If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
 And often through my curtains peep ;
 For you never shut your eye,
 Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
 Lights the traveller in the dark,
 Though I know not what you are,
 Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

NURSERY RHYMES.

86.*

THE STAR.

“TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
 How I wonder what you are !
 Up above the world so high,
 Like a diamond in the sky.”

Who was it made thy tiny light,
 Sparkling in the darkest night ?
 Whose hand doth hold thee up so far,
 When thou twinklest, little star ?

’Twas God who made thee shine so bright,
 The God who gave me life and light ;
 And though you’re beautiful, bright star,
 Yet God doth love me, better far.

For Jesus spake the word, and thou
 Didst shine at first as thou dost now ;
 But oh ! that Jesus died for me,
 And thus God loves me more than thee.

And though thou lookest bright and free,
 Thou will wax old, and changed shall be ;
 But God shall make me brighter far
 When thou art faded, twinkling star.*

MONTAGUE STANLEY.

87. GOD IS GOOD.

God is good ! the pleasant flowers
 Growing in the fair greenwood,
 And this pretty world of ours,
 Tell us children God is good.

The sparkling brook that runs along,
 Where so often we have stood,
 Sings for us a gentle song,
 Saying, " Children, God is good !"

The birds that flutter, warbling gay
 To their happy nestling brood,
 Could they speak to us, would say,
 " Little children, God is good !"

He provides us, day by day,
 Home and clothing, friends and food ;
 Should we not, then, always pray—
 " Make, O make us children good !"†

88. ON INSTINCT.

Who taught the bird to build her nest
 Of wool, and hay, and moss ?
 Who taught her how to weave it best,
 And lay the twigs across ?

* Mr. Stanley was so much delighted with the first verse of these beautifully simple lines, that being unable to procure the remaining verses, he composed those now given, for his little boy to sing.

† " Songs for the Young." Edited by C. H. Purday.

Who taught the busy bee to fly
 Among the sweetest flowers ;
 And lay her store of honey by,
 To eat in winter hours ?

Who taught the little ants the way
 Their narrow holes to bore,
 And through the pleasant summer's day
 To gather up their store ?

'Twas God who taught them all the way,
 And gave their little skill,
 And teaches children, when they pray,
 To do His holy will.

HYMNS FOR INFANT SCHOOLS.

89.

THE BUTTERFLY.

THE pretty little butterfly
 We know by God was made ;
 And spots and streaks of various dye
 Upon its wings are laid.

He made those wings, and it can rise
 Far, far above my head ;
 And he has taught it how to know
 On what it may be fed.

Not all the men in all the world
 Can make one if they try ;
 The power belongs to God alone
 To form a butterfly.

Then surely I should never dare
 To be unkind at all ;
 Nor hurt whatever God has made,
 Although it be but small.

90.

THE LITTLE FLY.

LITTLE fly—little fly,
 You may lift your wings and try,
 You will never reach the sky,
 It was not made for you :

You may frisk about, and play
In the sunshine all the day,
But when sunshine goes away,
Then—what will you do ?

Little fly—little fly,—
God, who made both earth and skies,
He can give me wings to rise
Up to him in heaven ;
Here I read of him and pray,
Learn to love him and obey ;—
Holy keep the Sabbath day ;—
God's one day in seven.
Little fly—little fly,—
Which is happiest, you or I ?

D. A. T.

91. THE LITTLE BUSY BEE.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower !

How skilfully she builds her cell ;
How neat she spreads her wax ;
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour, as of skill,
I would be busy to ;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past ;
That I may give, for every day,
Some good account at last.

92.

LITTLE PUSSY.

COME, little brother, come with me,
 I've something you will like to see ;
 Its eyes are round and very bright,
 Its breast is beautifully white.
 Its back and sides are striped with gray ;
 Like you, its very fond of play ;
 And playthings easily are found,
 Its tail it chases round and round,
 Darts after mother's ball of wool,
 Springs at the corners of the stool,
 Then bounds away, and quick returns,
 And ever some new antic learns.
 'Twill fill your laughing eyes with glee
 Its many playful tricks to see ;
 But you must be a gentle child,
 And not make little pussy wild,
 But softly stroke her glossy fur,
 And listen till you hear her purr.
 So, darling brother, come with me,
 My pretty little puss to see.

M. * * M.

93.

THE LITTLE DOG.

I'LL never hurt my little dog,
 But stroke and pat its head ;
 I like to see it wag its tail,
 I like to see it fed.
 Poor little dogs are very good,
 And very useful too ;
 For do you know that they will mind
 What they are bid to do ?
 Then I will never beat my dog,
 Nor ever give him pain,
 But treat him kindly every day,
 And he will love again.

94. THE COW.

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day, and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank ;
But the yellow cowslips eat,
They will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

NURSERY RHYMES.

95. A VISIT TO THE LAMBS.

MAMMA, let's go and see the lambs ;
This warm and sunny day
I think must make them very glad,
And full of fun and play.

Ah ! there they are ; you pretty things,
Now don't you run away ;
I'm come on purpose with mamma
To see you this fine day.

What pretty little heads you've got,
And such good-natured eyes,
And ruffs of wool all round your necks,
How nicely curled it lies !

Come here, you little trembler, come,
And lick my hand, now do ;
How silly to be so afraid !
Indeed I'll not hurt you.

Just put your hand upon its back,
Mamma, how nice and warm ;
There, pretty lamb, you see I don't
Intend to do you harm.

96.

THE HORSE.

No one deserves to have a horse,
 Who takes delight to beat him ;
 The wise will choose a better course,
 And very kindly treat him.

If ever it should be my lot
 To have, for use or pleasure,
 One who could safely walk or trot,
 That horse would be a treasure.

He soon should learn my voice to know,
 And I would gently lead him ;
 And should he to the stable go,
 I'd keep him clean and feed him.

I'd teach my horse a steady pace,
 Because, if he should stumble
 Upon a rough or stony place,
 We both might have a tumble.

Should he grow aged, I would still
 My poor old servant cherish ;
 I could not see him weak or ill,
 And leave my horse to perish.

For should he get too weak to be
 My servant any longer,
 I'd send him out to grass, quite free,
 And get another,—stronger.

D. A. T.

97.

THE SQUIRREL.

AY, there's the squirrel perched aloft,
 That active little rover ;
 See how he whisks his bushy tail,
 Which shadows him all over.

Now rapid as a ray of light
 He darts up yon tall beech !
 He skips along from branch to branch,
 And now the top can reach.

Now view him seated on the bough,
 To crack his nuts at ease,
 While blackbirds sing, and stock-doves coo,
 Amid the neighbouring trees.

The light wind lifts his silky hair,
 So long and loosely flowing ;
 His quick ear catches every sound—
 How brisk he looks, and knowing !

With cunning glance he casts around
 His merry sparkling eye :
 In yonder hazel, by the brook,
 Rich clusters he can spy.

His lofty station soon he quits,
 To seize the milky store ;
 You ne'er can catch him, dearest child,
 The useless chase give o'er.

The butterfly you once surprised,
 And had him in your power,
 While he his painted wings displayed
 Upon the passion-flower.

As in the foxglove's bell he dived,
 You caught the humble bee ;
 Examined well his velvet coat,
 Then gave him liberty.

With lambkins you might run a race,
 Though swift they hied away,
 The nimble kid attempt to chase
 Along the healthy brae ;

But little squirrel's more alert
 Than butterfly or bee ;
 No lamb or kid is half so light,
 So swift of foot as he.

Come, dearest child, the chase give o'er,
 And, in this pleasant shade,
 Let us remember Him whose love
 Has all these creatures made.

98. THE LITTLE CHILD'S SONG
 ABOUT THE BIRDS.

I.

If ever I see,
 On bush or tree,
 Young birds in their little nest.
 I must not, in my play,
 Steal those young birds away,
 To grieve their poor mother's breast,

II.

My mother, I know,
 Would sorrow so,
 Should I be stol'n away ;
 So I'll speak to the birds
 In my softest words,
 And watch them while they play.

III.

And when they can fly
 In the bright blue sky,
 They'll warble their song to me !
 I think, were I sad,
 It would make me glad
 To think they were happy and free.

99. THE BIRD'S NEST.

I WOULD not be a cruel boy
 For all this world could give ;
 Why should I take away the joy
 Of those who happy live ?
 God made the bird, and gave it wings
 To bear it through the air ;
 When on the tree it sits and sings,
 He makes it happy there.

Her little nest so soft and warm,
God teaches her to make it ;
I would not dare to do her harm,
I would not dare to take it.

If God should say, "Where is my bird,
The pretty bird I made ?"
I could not answer Him a word,
For I should be afraid.

But children that are good and kind
Need never frightened be ;
When I do right, I always find
God very kind to me.

Go, pretty bird, and build your nest
With twigs, and straws, and moss ;
There with your little nurslings rest,
You need not fear their loss.

Go, pretty bird, and fly away ;
Be happy and be free ;
And I may live to see the day
When you shall sing to me.

D. A. T.

100.

TO A LARK.

AH ! little lark, I see you there,
So very, very high !
Just like a little tiny speck
Upon the clear blue sky.

How good is he who strengthens thus
Your slight and tender wing,
And teaches such a little throat
So sweet a song to sing.

101.

THE LARK.

HARK ! hark ! the lark, with fluttering wing,
 Has risen with the sun ;
 In sweet harmonious notes to sing,
 And teach its new-fledged young.

Hark ! how it sings, while mounting high,
 And chanting in the air,
 As if it fain would reach the sky,
 To echo praises there.

Hark ! does it say, as up it flies,
 Come, children, join my lays ;
 You little creatures, can you rise,
 And sing your Maker's praise ?

Yes, pretty bird, our minds can soar,
 Though in our school we stand ;
 And we can echo praises o'er,
 Though but an infant band.

102.

THE KIND LITTLE BOY.

HAVE you ever heard of a dear little bird,
 That fled all about through the cold and the sleet ;
 And hither, and thither, and no one knows whither,
 Went hopping about on his cold little feet ?
 For the frost was all round, and the snow on the
 ground,
 And this poor little bird could find nothing to eat.

When a kind little boy, as he saw him flit by,
 Thought how hungry and cheerless and cold he
 must be,
 So out to him he comes, with a handful of crumbs,
 And scattered them round for the birdie to see—
 When the bird saw them flung, only think how he
 sung,
 And while picking them up how delighted was he !

103. TO A REDBREAST.

LITTLE bird, with bosom red,
 Welcome to my humble shed,
 Daily near my table steal,
 While I pick my scanty meal.
 Doubt not, little though there be,
 But I'll cast a crumb to thee ;
 Well repaid, if I but spy
 Pleasure in thy glancing eye ;
 See thee, when thou'st ate thy fill,
 Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.
 Come, my feather'd friend again !
 Well thou know'st the broken pane.
 Ask of me thy daily store ;
 Ever welcome to my door !

104. THE ROBIN.

SEE, James, what a sweet little prize I have found !
 A robin, that lay half-benumbed on the ground !
 I caught him, and fed him, and warmed in my
 breast,
 And now he's as nimble and blithe as the rest.
 Look, look how he flutters ! he'll slip from my hold ;
 Ah, rogue ! you've forgotten both hunger and cold !
 But, indeed, 'tis in vain, for I shan't set you free,
 Fór all your whole life you're a prisoner with me.
 Well housed and well fed, in your cage you will
 sing,
 And make our dull winter as gay as the spring.
 But stay—sure 'tis cruel, with wings made to soar,
 To be shut up in prison and never fly more ;
 And I who so often have longed for a flight,
 Shall I keep you prisoner ? Oh no ! 'tis not right !
 No, come, pretty robin, I must set you free,
 For your whistle, though sweet, would sound sadly
 to me !

105. KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

LITTLE children, never give
 Pain to things that feel and live,
 Let the gentle robin come
 For the crumbs you save at home.
 Never hurt the timid hare,
 Peeping from her green grass lair ;
 Let her come and sport and play
 On the lawn at close of day.
 The little lark goes soaring high,
 To the bright and sunny sky ;
 Oh ! let him sing his happy song,
 Nor do these gentle creatures wrong.

106. THE SPARROW.

GLAD to see you, little bird,
 'Twas your pretty chirp I heard :
 What did you intend to say ?
 " Give me something this cold day ?"

That I will, and plenty, too ;
 All these crumbs I saved for you ;
 Don't be frightened—here's a treat ;
 I will wait and see you eat.

Frost and snow have made you bold ;
 I'll not hurt you, though I'm told
 There are many reasons why
 Every sparrow ought to die.

Thomas says you steal his wheat,
 John complains his plums you eat ;
 Choose the ripest for your share,
 Never asking whose they are.

Shocking tales I hear of you ;
 Chirp, and tell me, are they true ?
 Robbing all the summer long :
 Don't you think it very wrong ?

Yet you seem an honest bird ;
 Don't be vex'd at what I've heard :
 Now, no grapes or plums you eat ;
 Now, you cannot steal the wheat.

So I will not try to know
 What you did so long ago :
 There's your breakfast, eat away,
 Come and see me every day.*

107. THE SPARROW.

UPON a bed of sickness laid,
 An open window near
 Gave me a sound—as though it said,
 A child of want is here.

It was a prayer that rose on high,
 Although no words I heard—
 It was a quick repeated cry—
 The chirrup of a bird.

And was there One who would attend
 That faint and feeble cry ?
 Was there an ever-present friend
 Who would its wants supply ?

O yes ! the Lord's great name be praised,
 His ever-open ear—
 There's not a cry in trouble raised
 But *that* is bent to hear.

But will the Lord for sparrows care,
 Who cannot speak a word ?
 Will God stoop down to hear the prayer—
 The chirrup of a bird ?

O yes ! it is the Lord who gives
 Both life and its supply
 To every moving thing that lives,
 Or it must faint and die.

There's not a bird can hop around,
 Or traverse through the air,
 Or pick a crumb from off the ground,
 But God first placed it there.

Then let us come to God with prayer,
 And seek him day by day—
 The Lord who does for sparrows care,
 Will hear when children pray.

D. A. T.

108. THE HEN AND HER BROOD; OR, THE COTTAGE-DOOR.

SEE the chickens round the gate,
 For their morning portion wait ;
 Fill the basket from the store,
 Open wide the cottage-door :
 Throw out crumbs, and scatter seed,
 Let the hungry chickens feed.
 Call them—now how fast they run,
 Gladly, quickly, every one ;
 Eager, busy hen and chick,
 Every little morsel pick.
 See the hen with callow brood,
 To her young how kind and good ;
 With what care their steps she leads,
 Them, and not herself, she feeds ;
 Picking here, and picking there,
 Where the nicest morsels are,
 As she calls, they flock around,
 Bustling all along the ground ;
 Till their daily labours cease,
 And at night they rest in peace,
 All the little tiny things
 Nestling close beneath her wings ;
 There she keeps them safe and warm,
 Free from fear and free from harm.
 Now, my little child, attend :
 Your Almighty Father, Friend,

Though unseen by mortal eye,
 Watches o'er you from on high.
 Though no creature can express
 God's kind care and tenderness ;
 Yet are you, by day and night,
 In your heavenly Parents sight.
 As the hen her chickens leads,
 Shelters, cherishes, and feeds ;
 So by him your feet are led,
 Over you his wings are spread.
 All the children of his care
 In his gentle pity share ;
 He, in whom all goodness dwells,
 He, whose love all love excels ;
 He, your every want supplies,
 And this Parent never dies.
 May you by his grace be taught
 Here to love him as you ought,
 Then to him, in heaven raise
 Songs of everlasting praise.

D. A. T.

109.

THE FLOWERS.

THE children of an infant school,
 Whene'er allowed to play,
 Should neither fruit nor blossoms pull,
 Nor on the borders stray.

But we may look upon them all,
 Their names and colors tell,
 And may around the garden-wall
 Their pleasing fragrance smell.

Without the sun, nor hill nor plain
 Could yield us fruit or flowers ;
 Nor could they flourish, if the rain
 Fell not in gentle showers.

'Tis thus within each infant heart
 No holy seed can grow,
 Till Jesus does his grace impart,
 And light and warmth bestow.

110. BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

BUTTERCUPS and daisies,
 Oh, the pretty flowers ;
 Coming ere the spring time,
 To tell of sunny hours.
 While the trees are leafless,
 While the fields are bare,
 Buttercups and daisies
 Spring up here and there.

Ere the snow-drops peepeth ;
 Ere the crocus bold ;
 Ere the early primrose
 Opes its paly gold,
 Somewhere on a sunny bank
 Buttercups are bright ;
 Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
 Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,
 Like to children poor,
 Playing in their sturdy health
 By their mother's door.
 Purple with the north-wind,
 Yet alert and bold ;
 Fearing not, and caring not,
 Though they be a-cold !

What to them is weather !
 What are stormy showers !
 Buttercups and daisies
 Are these human flowers !
 He who gave them hardships
 And a life of care,
 Gave them likewise hardy strength
 And patient hearts to bear.

MARY HOWITT.

111. THE VIOLET.

DOWN in a green and shady bed,
 A modest violet grew ;
 Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
 At if to hide from view.

AND yet it was a lovely flower,
 Its colours bright and fair ;
 It might have graced a rosy bower,
 Instead of hiding there.

YET there it was content to bloom,
 In modest tints arrayed ;
 And there diffused a sweet perfume,
 Within the silent shade.

THEN let me to the valley go,
 This pretty flower to see ;
 That I may also learn to grow
 In sweet humility.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

112. THE BUD.

PRETTY bud, I love to see
 Much in you resembling me ;
 And, from your instructive look,
 Learn, as from a little book.

I am young, and so are you,
 Life with us is fresh and new ;
 Yet fair buds oft withered lie,
 And the youngest children die.

Riper flowers may wide expand,
 Win the eye and court the hand ;
 But, like you, oh may I be
 Graced with humble modesty.

When 'tis evening, dark and chill,
 Close you wrap yourself from ill ;
 So may God my heart secure
 Safe from every thing impure.

And as, when the sun is up,
 You expand your little cup ;
 So thy beams may I possess,
 Christ, the Sun of Righteousness.*

S. W. P.

113. THE MARCH GARLANDS.

OH! I've gather'd a nosegay, so brilliant and bright,
 Of the crocus, and primrose, and violet white ;
 With the daffodil gay, that bent low to the blast,
 Till it rear'd its bright head, and told winter was
 past.

I'll blend them together in garlands so fair,
 Mezereon and laurel, they, too, shall be there ;
 And the poplar's red blossom, and willow-tree's
 bloom,
 Shall cheer the dark yew of its sadness and gloom.
 But when from these flowers all beauty is past,
 The laurel shall shine bright and green to the last ;
 So beauty, like them, shall soon vanish away,
 But worth, like the laurel, shall never decay.

113.* THE MAY GARLAND.

COME, see our new garland so green and so gay,
 'Tis the first fruits of spring and the glory of May :
 Here are cowslips, and daisies, and hyacinths blue ;
 Here are buttercups bright, and anemones too ;
 Here the pansies all varied, and hawthorn so sweet,
 And the violets fragrant together do meet ;
 But yet there's no garland that we may entwine
 Like a garland of virtues, unfading, divine.

* From "The Child's Book of Poetry."

114. THE INFANTS MAY-DAY SONG.

THE flowers are blooming everywhere,
 On every hill and dell ;
 And, oh ! how beautiful they are,
 How sweetly, too, they smell !

The little birds they spring along,
 And look so glad and gay ;
 I love to hear their pleasant song,—
 I feel as glad as they.

The young lambs bleat and frisk about,
 The bees hum round their hive ;
 The butterflies are coming out ;
 'Tis good to be alive !

The trees that looked so stiff and grey,
 With green wreaths now are hung :
 O mother ! let me laugh and play,
 I cannot hold my tongue.

See, yonder bird spreads out his wings,
 And mounts the clear blue skies ;
 And, hark ! how merrily he sings,
 As far away he flies.

Go forth, my child, and laugh and play,
 And let your cheerful voice
 With birds and brooks, and merry May,
 Cry out, Rejoice, rejoice !

I would not check your bounding mirth,
 My happy little boy ;
 For He who made this blooming earth,
 Smiles on an infant's joy.

115. THE SPRING MORNING.

GET up, little sister, the morning is bright,
 And the birds are all singing to welcome the light ;
 The buds are all opening—the dew's on the flower ;
 If you shake but a branch, see, there falls quite a
 shower.

By the side of their mothers, look under the trees,
 How the young lambs are skipping about as they
 please ;
 And, by all those rings on the water, I know
 The fishes are merrily swimming below.

The bee, I dare say, has been long on the wing,
 To get honey from every flower of the spring ;
 For the bee never idles, but labours all day,
 And thinks (wise little insect !) work better than play.

The lark's singing gaily ; it loves the bright sun,
 And rejoices that now the gay spring is begun ;
 For the spring is so cheerful, I think 'twould be
 wrong,
 If we did not feel happy to hear the lark's song.

Get up, for when all things are merry and glad,
 Good children should never be lazy and sad ;
 For God gives us day-light, dear sister, that we
 May rejoice like the lark, and may work like the
 bee.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

116. THE SUMMER MORNING.

How beautiful the morning,
 When summer days are long ;
 O, we will rise betimes and hear
 The wild bird's happy song—

For when the sun pours down his ray,
 The bird will cease to sing ;
 She'll seek the cool and silent shade,
 And sit with folded wing.

How beautiful the morning—
 'Tis nature's sweetest hour !
 While pearls of dew adorn the grass,
 And fragrance fills the flowers.

How beautiful the morning !
 Come let us bound abroad,
 And fill our hearts with melody,
 And raise our songs to God.*

117. CHILD'S WELCOME TO SPRING.

I'm very glad the spring is come—the sun shines
 out so bright,
 The little birds upon the trees are singing for
 delight ;
 The young grass looks so fresh and green, the
 lambkins sport and play,
 And I can skip and run about as merrily as they.
 I like to see the daisy and the buttercups once more,
 The primrose and the cowslip, too, and every pretty
 flower ;
 I like to see the butterfly fluttering her painted wing,
 And all things seem just like myself, so pleased to
 see the spring.
 The fishes in the little brook are jumping up on
 high,
 The lark is singing sweetly as she mounts into the
 sky ;
 The rooks are building up their nests upon the great
 tall tree,
 And every thing's as busy and as happy as can be.
 There's not a cloud upon the sky, there's nothing
 dark or sad,
 I jump, and scarce know what to do, I feel so very
 glad :
 God must be very good, indeed, who made each
 pretty thing,
 I'm sure we ought to love him much for bringing
 back the spring.

M. A. STODART.

* From "The Child's Wreath."

118. A MIDSUMMER'S SONG.

O COME, let us go to the meadows,
 It is a fine summer day !
 The men have been mowing the grass,
 And the people are making hay.
 And all the beautiful flowers,
 The yellow, and white, and red,
 That looked so gay in the morning,
 Are now cut down and dead.
 And let us think when we see them
 Of what the Scriptures say—
 That we are like the flowers,
 So soon we pass away ;
 That this short life is given
 To seek the things above,
 And learn the way to heaven
 Through our Redeemer's love.
 For thus we may learn some lesson,
 Whenever we walk abroad ;
 And the beautiful flowers and meadows
 May help to lead us to God.

119. AN AUTUMN SONG.

FAR, far o'er hill and dale,
 Green woods are changing,
 Autumn, her many hues
 Slowly arranging :
 And o'er the smiling land,
 Fruits, as the countless sands,
 God pours, from open hand,
 With love unchanging.
 See to the harvest field
 Gleaners have hasted,
 Gathering the scattered ears,—
 None should be wasted ;

Freely we all receive,
 Freely then we should give ;
 On Him "in whom we live,"
 All our care casting.

Spring came, and passed away,
 Summer is ending ;
 Autumn will soon decay,
 With winter blending :
 While time is given us here,
 Oh, may we prize it dear !
 In love and godly fear
 Each moment spending !

Life has its seasons, too,
 Blooming and fading—
 We're in its spring-time now,
 Flowery paths treading.
 Teachers the good seed sow—
 Autumn *our* fruit will show—
 Oh ! pray that it may grow,
 Unto heaven leading.

120.

A WINTER SONG.

WHEN winter winds are blowing,
 So stormy and so high,
 And very fast 'tis snowing,
 And very dark the sky ;
 How thankful we should then be
 For house and home and food,
 To God who keeps us safe from harm,
 And always does us good !

His mercy watches o'er us
 In every season still,
 Nor cold nor heat can harm us,
 Unless it be his will ;
 If he send pain or sorrow,
 He still will be our stay—
 Then "let the unknown morrow
 "Bring with it what it may.

"It can bring with it nothing
 "But he will bear us through ;
 "Who gives the lilies clothing,
 "Will clothe his people too ;
 "Beneath the spreading heavens
 "No creature but is fed,
 "And he who feeds the ravens,
 "Will give his children bread."

Oh ! may we do his will then,
 In our appointed place ;
 And labour, "working with our hands ;"
 Still praying for his grace,
 To help us love and serve him
 Whose life for us was given—
 To turn us from our sinful ways,
 And train us up for heaven

121. SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

"WHY waste the wheat I see you throw
 About the fields in handfuls so ?"
 Thus asked a child, with curious eye,
 When his fond father made reply :
 "It is not waste ; the seed I drop
 Will bring a noble harvest crop.
 When winter's frost, and winter's rain,
 And summer's suns have reached my grain,
 And, when, in answer to my prayer,
 My God has kindly blest it there ;
 Autumn will smile, and all I spread
 Will furnish thee and me with bread.
 Hence learn this moral : Who would reap,
 Must toil, and wait, and patience keep,
 And praise, and pray, and win from heaven
 Blessings to faith and working given.
 And little children that would rise
 Must make a willing sacrifice
 Of time, and ease, and pleasures now,
 Just as I harrow, sow, and plough."

122. "NEVER MAN SPAKE LIKE THIS MAN."

John vii. 46.

FROM everything our Saviour saw
 Lessons of wisdom he would draw ;
 The clouds, the colours in the sky ;
 The gentle breeze that whispers by ;
 The fields, all white with waving corn ;
 The lilies that the vale adorn ;
 The reed that trembles in the wind ;
 The tree where none its fruit can find ;
 The sliding sand, the flinty rock
 That bears unmoved the tempest's shock ;
 The thorns that on the earth abound ;
 The tender grass that clothes the ground ;
 The little birds that fly in air ;
 The sheep that need the shepherd's care ;
 The pearls that deep in ocean lie ;
 The gold that charms the miser's eye—
 All from his lips some truth proclaim,
 Or learn to tell their Maker's name.*

122.* "WHO IS LIKE UNTO THE LORD
 OUR GOD?"—Ps. cxiii. 5.

OH! who is like the God of grace,
 Filling the high and holy place,
 Yet looking from his throne of bliss
 Upon a world so low as this ?

The Hand that spread the starry sky.
 Preserves the sparrows as they fly ;
 And He, who spans the earth we tread,
 Counts every hair that clothes the head. †

* From "The Great Exemplar."

† From "Creation."

123. THE HEAVENLY BODIES PRAISE THE LORD.

THE glorious sun, so dazzling bright,
The moon that sheds her milder light,
And all the stars in glory,
From night to night, from day to day,
As they pursue their shining way,
Repeat their wondrous story.

As servants, at their Lord's command,
They go to earth's most distant land,
His holy word obeying ;
Without a voice, without a sound,
They speak his praise to all around,
Their Maker's name displaying.

May I from them a lesson learn,
And never from my duty turn ;
Forsake my Saviour!—never ;
They praise him best who do his will,
And, oh ! may I, delighted, still
Thus praise his name for ever !

D. A. T.

124. THE SNOW-STORM.

I MARKED at eve the snow flakes fall
So gently all around ;
Like lightest feathers down they came,
And softly touched the ground.

And as with ceaseless shower they fell
Upon each shrub and tree,
The brilliant wreaths which there they hung
Were beautiful to see.

But when the early night closed in,
The winds came howling by ;
They tore the wreaths from off the bough,
And whirled them through the sky.

Where are the poor and friendless now—
 Children of want and woe ?
 How many feel the bitter wind,
 And cold and driving snow.

How many, chill'd and pale with fear,
 To some lone garret creep ;
 And there, with scarce a covering,
 Lie down to wake and weep.

While I, beside a blazing fire,
 My cheerful hours can spend ;
 And see, whene'er I lift my eye,
 A kind and smiling friend.

And when the huge clock tells the hour
 That I to bed must go,
 That friend will see me wrapp'd up well
 With covering white as snow.

And then, with sweet and earnest voice,
 Will breathe a gentle prayer,
 That God would bless her darling boy,
 And guard him sleeping there.

And oh ! to Him who rules the storm
 How thankful should I be,
 For such a home, and such a friend
 To watch and care for me !

AMERICAN.

125.

THE STORM.

THE air is chill, the rain falls fast,
 And dark and wintry is the night,
 Keen is the bleak and stormy blast,
 And not a star affords its light ;
 How can I then ungrateful be,
 Who have a house to cover me !

How many poor around me roam,
 Not knowing where to lay their head ;
 Without a friend, without a home,
 Except it be a mud-walled shed !
 How can I then ungrateful be,
 Who have a house to cover me !

How can I then, while thus I live,
 Be discontented with my lot !
 The Lord does countless mercies give,
 Yet who so often is forgot ?
 Oh may I ever grateful be,
 For all the Lord has given to me !

125.* THE THUNDERSTORM.

WHEN the dark and heavy cloud
 Lifts on high its awful form,
 And above us, pealing loud,
 Rolls the thunder of the storm ;
 Do not fear the lightning's flash—
 God directs it where to fall ;
 Do not fear the thunder's crash,
 For your Saviour rules it all.

D. A. T.

126. THE SHOWER.

SOFTLY now the showers of rain
 From the clouds descend again ;
 Drop by drop, so very small,
 Hurting nothing as they fall.

Little flowers now suck them up,
 By the root or in the cup ;
 Richly they supply the need
 Of each tender plant and seed.

Now the meadow grass will grow,
 It will soon be fit to mow ;
 And the corn's green rising blade
 Will be strong and healthy made.

That same God who sends the showers
 On the trees and seeds and flowers,
 Ready is on us to pour
 Gifts from his abundant store.

Let us, then, on Jesus call,
 To send showers of grace on all ;
 Then his spirit he will give ;
 Dry and barren souls shall live.*

126.* THE RAINBOW.

COME, see how fast the weather clears,
 The sun is shining now ;
 And on the last dark cloud appears
 A beauteous-coloured bow.

'Tis God who makes the storm to cease,
 And sun to shine again ;
 The rainbow is the sign of peace
 Between himself and men.

This lovely bow he stretches forth,
 And bends from shore to shore,—
 His own fair token to the earth,
 He'll bring a flood no more.

Just such a bow shines brightly round
 The throne of God in heaven,
 Which shows his mercy has no bound,
 And speaks of sins forgiven.

127. "HE IS FAITHFUL THAT PROMISED."

OH ! let us praise our God above ;
 His name is Truth, as well as Love ;
 One single word has never failed
 Of all his early promise sealed.

* From "The Child's Book of Poetry."

Still does the rainbow's radiant form
 Shine brightly on the passing storm ;
 Still do the seasons roll away,
 And still the night gives place to day ;
 Our bread from him is still secure,
 And water from his hand is sure :
 Yea and amen, in Christ the Lord,
 Is every promise of his word.*

128. CHRISTMAS-DAY.

LITTLE children, can you say
 Why you're glad on Christmas-day ?
 Little children, can you tell
 Why you hear the sweet church bell ?
 Can you tell me who was born
 Early on the Christmas morn ?

I hope you will at once reply,
 Yes, we are glad and we know why ;
 This day is joyful upon earth
 In honour of our Saviour's birth.
 The angels came from heaven to say,
 That Christ was born on Christmas-day.

Christ is our Saviour, and we know
 When little children to him go,
 For all the good he gives—to pray
 He will not turn his face away ;
 His word in God's own book we see,
 "Let little children come to me."

This is the birth-day of our King,
 And we our little offering bring :
 This is our Saviour's holiday,
 And therefore we are glad and gay :
 Will sing, and pray, and read his word,
 And keep the birth-day of our Lord.

* From "Creation."

129. THE CHILDHOOD OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

DEAR "*children*," there was once on earth
 A little Child, that from his birth
 No sinful passion ever knew ;
 Nor said a word that was not true ;
 Nor ever set his heart upon
 What did not to himself belong ;
 Nor cried for things that he had not ;
 Nor wish'd for more than he had got ;
 Nor ever spent his precious day
 In idle talk, or foolish play ;
 No selfish grief he ever felt ;
 No anger in his bosom dwelt ;
 But thoughts of love, and praise, and prayer,
 Like cloudless sunshine, rested there.*

130. JOY INCREASED BY BEING SHARED WITH THOSE WE LOVE.

I NEED not, dearest *children*, tell,
 Because I'm sure you know it well,
 How all our pleasures sweeter prove,
 When they are shared with those we love ;
 When some dear friend is by our side,
 To whom we may our thoughts confide ;
 And to whose listening ear reveal
 The gladness that our spirits feel.
 How often on some lovely day,
 Your heart has seemed to spring away,
 As if 'twould borrow wings to fly,
 And join the birds that warbled nigh ;
 The sky has never seemed to you
 To wear so pure, so soft a blue ;
 So bright the sun has never been ;
 The fields were never half so green ;

* From "The Great Exemplar."

All nature seemed in beauty clad,
 As if attired to make you glad ;
 Yet 'twas not sky, nor sun, nor flower,
 That made so bright the passing hour ;
 'Twas some kind voice, or smile as kind,
 That poured such gladness o'er your mind,
 And bade your lively feelings draw
 Delight from everything you saw.
 But if no loved mamma were near
 The story of your joy to hear ;
 No dear papa beside you walked,
 And listened while his darling talked ;
 No young companion with you played,
 Or through the groves and meadows strayed ;
 No friend beheld your harmless glee,
 With sweet affection's sympathy ;—
 As fair might be the summer day,
 And nature dressed in hues as gay,
 Yet, with a sigh your lips would own,
 'Twas very sad to be alone.*

131. BROTHERLY LOVE.

“LITTLE children, love each other,”
 'Tis the blessed Saviour's rule ;
 Every little one is brother
 To his play-fellows at school.

We're all children of one Father,
 That great God who reigns above ;
 Shall we quarrell ? No, much rather
 Would we dwell like him in love.

He has placed us here together,
 That we may be good and kind ;
 He is ever watching whether
 We are one in heart and mind.

* From “Creation.”

Who is stronger than the other ?
 Let him be the weak one's friend ;
 Who's more playthings than his brother ?
 He should like to give or lend.
 All they have they share with others,
 With kind looks and gentle words ;
 Thus they live like happy brothers,
 And are known to be the Lord's

131.* BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

BROTHERS and sisters are a gift
 Of mercy from the skies ;
 Oh may I always think of this
 Whene'er they meet my eyes :
 Be tender, good and kind,
 And love them in my heart,
 Lest I should sigh with better grief
 When we are called to part.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

132. MY MOTHER.

I MUST not tease my mother,
 For she is very kind ;
 And every thing she says to me,
 I must directly mind.

For when I was a baby,
 And could not speak or walk,
 She let me in her bosom sleep,
 And taught me how to talk.

I must not tease my mother ;
 And when she likes to read,
 Or has the headache, I will step
 Quite silently indeed.

I will not choose a noisy play,
 Nor trifling troubles tell ;
 But sit down quiet by her side,
 And try to make her well.

I must not tease my mother ;
 I've heard my father say,
 When I was in my cradle sick,
 She nursed me night and day.

She lays me in my little bed,
 She gives me clothes and food,
 And I have nothing else to pay
 But trying to be good.

I must not tease my mother ;
 She loves me all the day,
 And she has patience with my faults,
 And teaches me to pray.

How much I'll strive to please her,
 She every day shall see ;
 For should she go away and die,
 What would become of me ?

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

132.*

MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
 And hushed me in her arms to rest,
 And on my cheek sweet kisses pressed ?
 My mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
 Who was it sung sweet hushaby,
 And rocked me that I should not cry ?
 My mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
 When sleeping on my cradle bed,
 And tears of sweet affection shed ?
 My mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
 Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
 And wept for fear that I should die ?
 My mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
 And would some pretty story tell,
 Or kiss the place to make it well?

My mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
 And love God's holy book and day,
 And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?

My mother.

And can I ever cease to be
 Affectionate and kind to thee,
 Who wast so very kind to me?

My mother.

Ah no ! the thought I cannot bear ;
 And if God please my life to spare,
 I hope I shall reward thy care,

My mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,
 My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
 And I will soothe thy pains away,

My mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
 'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
 And tears of sweet affection shed,

My mother.*

133.

THE BABY.

SAFE, sleeping on its mother's breast,

The smiling babe appears,

Now sweetly sinking into rest,

Now washed in sudden tears.

Hush, hush, my little baby dear,

There's nobody to hurt you here.

Without a mother's tender care

The little thing must die ;

Its pretty hands too feeble are,

One service to supply ;

And not a tittle does it know

What kind of world 'tis come into.

* "Original Poems."

The lamb sports gaily on the grass
 When scarcely born a day ;
 The foal, beside its mother ass,
 Trots frolicsome away ;
 And not a creature, tame or wild,
 Is half so helpless as a child.

Full many a summer's sun must glow,
 And lighten up the skies,
 Before its tender limbs can grow
 To anything of size ;
 And all the while the mother's eye
 Must every little want supply.

Then surely when each little limb
 Shall grow to healthy size,
 And youth and manhood strengthen him
 For toil and enterprize,
 His mother's kindness is a debt
 He never, never can forget.*

134. LITTLE MARY.

BEFORE the bright sun rises over the hill,
 In the cornfields poor Mary is seen,
 Impatient her little blue apron to fill
 With the few scattered ears she can glean.

She never looks off, nor goes out of her place,
 To play, or to idle, and chat,
 Except now and then just to wipe her warm face,
 And to fan herself with her straw hat.

“ Why don't you leave off, as the others have done,
 And sit with them under the tree ?
 I fear you will faint in the beams of the sun,
 How tired and warm you must be !”

* “ Original Poems.”

“ Oh no ! my dear mother lies sick in her bed,
 Too feeble to spin or to knit ;
 My poor little brothers are crying for bread,
 And we hardly can give them a bit.

“ Then could I be idle, or merry, or play,
 While they are so hungry and ill ?
 Ah no ! I had rather work hard all the day,
 My little blue apron to fill.”*

135. THE TIDY GIRL.

WHO is it each day in the week may be seen,
 With her hair short and smooth, and her hands and
 face clean ;

In a stout cotton gown of dark and light blue,
 Though old, so well mended, you'd take it for new ;
 Her handkerchief tidily pinned o'er her neck ;
 With a neat little cap, and an apron of check ;
 No great flouncing border, no ragged old lace,
 But a hem, neatly plaited, sits close round her face ;
 Her shoes and her stockings, all sound and all clean,
 She's never fine outside and dirty within.

Go, visit her cottage, though humble and poor,
 'Tis so neat and so clean, you might eat off the floor ;
 No rubbish, no cobwebs, no dirt could be found,
 Though you hunted each corner, and searched all
 around.

Who sweeps it so nicely, who makes all the bread,
 Who tends her sick mother, and works by her bed ?
 'Tis the neat, tidy girl, she needs no other name,
 Abroad, or at home, she is always the same.

135.* AGAINST PRIDE IN CLOTHES.

How proud we are, how fond to shew
 Our clothes, and call them rich and new :
 When the poor sheep and silkworms wore
 That very clothing long before !

* “ Original Poems.”

The tulip and the butterfly
 Appear in gayer coats than I :
 Let me be dressed fine as I will,
 Flies, worms and flowers exceed me still.

Then will I set my heart to find
 Inward adornings of the mind ;
 Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
 These are the robes of richest dress.

No more shall worms with me compare,
 This is the raiment angels wear ;
 The Son of God, when here below,
 Put on this blest apparel too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old ;
 Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould ;
 It takes no spot, but still refines ;
 The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

136. ANNIE AND HER GRANDMOTHER ; OR THE LITTLE MARKET GIRL.

BESIDE the lowly cottage gate,
 See little Annie's pony wait,
 While flowers and fruit, arranged with care,
 Perfume the early morning air ;
 And each full pannier at his side
 Looks gay with all the garden's pride.
 Well pleased she views her fragrant store,
 And guides her pony from the door,
 Across the heath, and down the hill,
 And near the foaming water mill ;
 Then o'er the little bridge of stone,
 With moss and ivy overgrown,
 They pass the church and school-house neat,
 And reach the busy market street.
 Amidst the crowd, with modest grace,
 See Annie seeks her usual place,
 Close to the friendly sheltering side
 Of a kind neighbour to abide—

One who lives near them on the wild,
 And loves to help the gentle child.
 Though silent now amidst the scene,
 Had you upon the journey been,
 Young Annie's voice you might have heard
 Sweet as the song of early bird.—
 "Who'll buy my currants, red and white,
 In shining clusters clear and bright ;
 My strawberries, too, so fine and good,
 Fresh gathered in the hawthorn wood ;
 Ripe bunches from the cherry trees,
 Sweet honey made by the busy bees ?
 Here's mignonette to scent the air,
 And roses red, and lilies fair,
 Forget-me-not of azure blue,
 And heart's-ease of each varied hue ;
 Here's jessamine with its starry eye,
 And fragrant herbs for you to dry.
 My grandmother is old and poor,
 She lives beside the upland moor ;
 She's little else to help her now,
 But the plants which in her garden grow ;
 And no one lives with her but me,
 And I'm but a little girl you see ;
 She's kinder to me than tongue can tell,
 And little Annie loves her well ;
 She teaches me to read and pray,
 And when an orphan babe I lay,
 She took me home with her to live,
 And gave me all she had to give.
 Oh ! could I now but helpful be
 To her who was so kind to me !"
 And here a tear drops on the cheek,
 Speaks plainer far than words can speak,
 How dearly Annie longs to prove
 Her grateful zeal and filial love.
 Dear children, think what debts you owe,
 How best affection you can show.

136.* ANNIE; OR, THE LITTLE SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

ON Sunday it is Annie's rule
 To hasten to the Sabbath-school,
 That she the Bible well may know,
 And in the paths of wisdom grow ;
 With young and dear companions raise,
 Sweet songs of gratitude and praise,
 And learn to love His blessed name
 Who to this world of sorrow came,
 And dwelt with sinful man below,
 To save us both from sin and woe.
 And what though summer skies are clear,
 And woods and pleasant fields are near,
 (In which on any other day
 Dear little Annie loves to play,
 To gather cresses in the brook,
 Or on the bank for strawberries look),—
 What though the birds so gaily sing,
 And flowers beneath her footsteps spring,
 They cannot tempt her now to stray
 Or linger trifling on her way ;
 But rather prompt within her mind
 The thought, "How very good and kind
 Is God, who makes each pretty thing,
 The flowers that bloom, the birds that sing !"

Then Annie lifts her grateful eyes
 To Him who dwells above the skies,
 And hymns and texts the way beguile,
 Until she meets her teacher's smile.
 And now, dear children, could I tell
 How Annie says her lesson well,
 And how with pleased, yet serious look,
 She listens to God's holy book ;
 And how her answers, meek and wise,
 Prove that she does that volume prize,
 Making her teacher's heart o'erflow,
 And with the purest pleasure glow ;

Then could I tell you how, at night,
 'Tis little Annie's great delight
 To read aloud the sacred page,
 Cheering her feeble parent's age,
 While on her youthful duteous head,
 Those trembling hands are fondly spread.
 Oh! could you see the happy pair,
 And listen to their evening prayer,
 Then see them calmly sink to rest,
 With faith and love so richly blest ;
 Oh, would you not, like Annie, try
 To seek a blessing from on high ;
 Like her, your parent's joy to prove ;
 Like her, your Saviour's name to love ;
 Like her, on his own truth to feed ;
 Like her, to practise what you read ?

M * * M.

137. COMPASSION.

AROUND the fire, one wintry night,
 The farmer's rosy children sat,
 The faggot lent its blazing light,
 And jokes went round, and harmless chat.

When, hark ! a gentle hand they hear
 Low tapping at the bolted door,
 And thus, to gain their willing ear,
 A feeble voice was heard implore :

“Cold blows the blast across the moor,
 The sleet drives hissing in the wind ;
 Yon toilsome mountain lies before,
 A dreary, treeless waste behind.

“ My eyes are weak and dim with age,
 No road, no path can I descry ;
 And these poor rags ill stand the rage,
 Of such a keen inclement sky.

“ So faint I am, these tottering feet
 No more my palsied frame can bear,
 My freezing heart forgets to beat,
 And drifting snows my tomb prepare :

“ Open your hospitable door,
 And shield me from the biting blast ;
 Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
 The weary moor that I have passed.”

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
 And close beside the fire they place
 The poor half-frozen beggar-man,
 With shaking limbs and pale-blue face.

The little children flocking came,
 And chafed his frozen hands in theirs ;
 And busily the good old dame
 A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul,
 And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
 The big round tear was seen to roll,
 And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children then began to sigh,
 And all their merry chat was o'er ;
 And yet they felt, they knew not why,
 More glad than they had done before.

138. THE APPLE-TREE.

OLD John had an apple-tree, healthy and green,
 Which bore the best codlings that ever were seen,
 So juicy, so mellow, and red ;
 And when they were ripe, as old Johnny was poor,
 He sold them to children that passed by his door,
 To buy him a morsel of bread.

Little Dick, his next neighbour, one often might see
 With longing eye viewing this nice apple-tree,
 And wishing a codling might fall :

One day as he stood in the heat of the sun,
 He began thinging whether he might not take one,
 And then he looked over the wall.

And as he again cast his eye on the tree,
 He said to himself, "O how nice they would be,
 So cool and refreshing to-day !
 The tree is so full, and I'd only take one,
 And old John won't see, for he is not at home,
 And nobody is in the way."

But stop, little boy, take your hand from the bough,
 Remember, though John cannot see you just now,
 And no one to chide you is nigh—
 There is One, who by night, just as well as by day,
 Can see all you do, and can hear all you say,
 From his glorious throne in the sky.

Oh then, little boy, come away from the tree,
 Content, hot, or weary, or thirsty to be,
 Or anything rather than steal ;
 For the great God, who even in darkness can look,
 Writes down every crime we commit in his book,
 However we think to conceal.*

139. THE OLD BEGGAR MAN.

I SEE an old man sitting there,
 His withered limbs are almost bare,
 And very hoary is his hair.

Old man, why are you sitting so ?
 For very cold the wind doth blow ;
 Why don't you to your cottage go ?

Ah, master, in the world so wide,
 I have no home wherein to hide,
 No comfortable fire-side.

When I, like you, was young and gay,
 I'll tell you what I used to say,
 That I would nothing do but play.

And so, instead of being taught
 Some useful lesson, as I ought,
 To play about was all I sought.
 And now that I am old and grey,
 I wander on my lonely way,
 And beg my bread from day to day.
 And oft I shake my hoary head,
 And many a bitter tear I shed,
 To think the useless life I've led.*

139.* THE SLUGGARD.

God did not make the lovely day
 That we might waste its hours away,
 In needless slumbering on our bed,
 Till morning's precious hours were fled.
 See how the dreamy sluggard lies
 Upon his couch, and hates to rise ;
 He folds his hands upon his breast,
 And begs a little longer rest :
 The sunbeams meet his eyes in vain ;
 He turns away, and sleeps again.
 I passed beside a field, and found
 Its fence was broken to the ground ;
 With weeds and thorns 'twas overgrown ;
 The sluggard called that field his own. †

140. THE CONTENTED BLIND BOY.

Oh say, what is that thing called light,
 Which I must ne'er enjoy ?
 What are the blessings of the sight ?
 Oh tell your poor blind boy.
 You talk of wondrous things you see,
 You say the sun shines bright ;
 I feel him warm, but how can he
 Or make it day or night ?

* "Nursery Rhymes."

† From "Creation."

My day or night myself I make,
 Whene'er I sleep or play :
 And could I always keep awake,
 With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hapless woe ;
 But sure with patience I can bear
 A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind destroy ;
 I know that He who died to save
 Can bless a poor blind boy.

When I can hear of all the love
 My Saviour bears to me,
 I'm happy, for I look above,
 Although I cannot see.

140.* THE LITTLE CRIPPLE.

I'm a helpless crippled child,
 Gentle Christians, pity me ;
 Once in rosy health I smiled,
 Blithe and gay as you may be ;
 And upon the village green,
 First in every sport was seen.

Now, alas ! I am weak and low,
 Cannot either work or play ;
 Tottering on my crutches slow,
 Drag along my weary way ;
 Now no longer dance and sing
 Gaily in the merry ring.

Many sleepless nights I live,
 Turning on my weary bed ;
 Softest pillows cannot give
 Slumber to my aching head ;
 It is pain that makes it fly
 From my heavy, wakeful eye.

But, oh! let me not complain,
 Still sweet comfort shines for me;
 'Tis enough to soothe my pain,
 When I think, O Lord! of thee;
 All thy tender love and care,
 And kind answers to my prayer.

From my chamber-window high,
 Lifted to my easy chair,
 I the village green can spy:
 Once I used to frolic there.
 All those joys indeed are past,
 But my better pleasures last.

Gentle Christian, passing by,
 Stop awhile and comfort me,
 Tell me of the joys on high,
 Of the God I long to see;
 And for you I'll breathe a prayer,
 Leaning in my easy chair.*

141. THE FIRST GRIEF.

“OH call my brother back to me!
 I cannot play alone;
 The summer comes with flower and bee;
 Where is my brother gone?”

“The butterfly is glancing bright,
 Across the sunbeam's track;
 I care not now to chase its flight—
 Oh call my brother back!”

“The flowers run wild; the flowers we sowed
 Around our garden tree;
 Our vine is drooping with its load—
 Oh call him back to me!”

“He would not hear my voice, dear child!
 He may not come to thee;
 The face that once like spring-time smiled,
 On earth no more thou'lt see.

* “Original Poems.”

“A rose’s brief, bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given!—
Go! thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven.”

“And has he left the birds and flowers?
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?”

“And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o’er?
Oh, while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more!”

MRS. HEMANS.

142. THE LITTLE WANDERING JEW.

FAR, far from Zion, far from God,
And suffering still the chastening rod,
Hopeless and homeless meets your view
The little weary wandering Jew!

No Father’s name, no worship sweet,
No Saviour’s love, no mercy-seat,
(Though by his nation brought to you)
Now bless the little weary Jew.

O Christian Gentiles! can you hear
That Gospel, to your souls so dear,
And yet no sympathy from you
Await the little wandering Jew?—

Or canst thou view the eastern star
Which brought the wise men from afar,
And whilst it shines so bright on you,
Forget the darkness of the Jew?

Or canst thou hear thy God’s address—
“Who blesseth thee, I’ll ever bless;”
And yet refuse the tribute due,
To teach and cheer the little Jew?

143. THE HEATHEN'S CRY FOR HELP.

Acts xvi. 9.

WHILE Paul was sunk in slumber,
 A stranger met his eye ;
 "To Macedon come over
 And help us," was his cry.

With God the Holy Spirit,
 And Jesus for his stay,
 He listened to the vision,
 And thither bent his way.

That cry *even now* is sounding
 From near and distant land ;
 And shall we all unheeding,
 Withhold the helping hand ;

No ! on where duty calls us,
 'Tis little we can do,
 Yet let us use our efforts,
 And to our God be true.

Our pennies and our farthings
 We may give to the Lord,
 And pray for those who labour
 To spread abroad His word.

M. A. STODART.

144. A LESSON FOR CHILDREN.

A GRAIN of corn an infant's hand
 May sow upon an inch of land,
 Whence twenty stalks may rise and yield
 Enough to crop a little field.

The harvest of that field may then
 Be multiplied by ten times ten,
 Which, sown thrice more, would furnish bread
 Wherewith an army might be fed.

A penny is a little thing,
 Which e'en a poor man's child may fling
 Into the treasury of heaven,
 And make it worth as much as seven.

As seven!—nay, worth its weight in gold,
 And that increased a millionfold ;
 For, mark—a penny tract, if well
 Applied, may save a soul from hell.

That soul could scarce be saved alone,
 Its bliss, I trust, it would make known ;
 “Come,” it would say, “and you shall see
 What great things God has done for me.”

Hundreds the joyful sound might hear,
 Hear with the heart as well as ear ;
 And these to hundreds more proclaim
 Salvation through the only Name.

That only Name, above, below,
 Let Jews, and Turks, and Pagans know,
 That every tongue and tribe may call
 On Jesus Christ as Lord of all.

MONTGOMERY.

145. LITTLE CHARLOTTE AND MARY.

“A PENNY I have,
 ’Tis all my own,”
 Little Charlotte exclaimed
 In lively tone.
 “I cannot do much
 With a penny, I fear,
 But I’ll buy myself *something*
 To eat or to wear.”

“A penny I have,”
 Little Mary said,
 And she thoughtfully raised
 Her hand to her head.

“Both missions and schools
 Want money, I know,
 But I fear that ’tis little
 A penny can do.”

So Charlotte ran off
 And some apples she bought,
 While Mary her mite
 To the mission-box brought;
 And which of them, think you,
 More cheerfully smiled?
 And which of the two
 Was the happier child?

M. A. STODART.

146. LITTLE MARY AND THE STRAW BONNET.

(From the French of Malun.)

A GOOD and gentle child,
 Named little Mary Brown,
 Lived in a cottage on the road
 Not very far from town.

She loved to go to school,
 And in her hours of leisure,
 Reading the Lord’s most holy word
 Was her chief joy and pleasure.

One morning her mamma,
 Who brought her up with care,
 When kneeling near her humbly said,
 “O Father, hear my prayer.

“Grant that my little girl
 May choose the better part,
 And early let thy heavenly grace
 Put zeal into her heart.

“O teach her, blessed Lord,
 To follow day by day,
 The faithful Shepherd who now calls
 Young children to his way,

“A lamb of thine own flock,
By her thy will be done,
And ever may she love to spread
The kingdom of Thy Son.”

“Oh! tell me, mother dear,”
Cried Mary, full of love,
“What can a little helpless child
Do for the Lord above?”

“Mary,” her mother said,
“The very meanest thing
Will be, if offered up aright,
A worthy offering.

“There only wants the will
To labour for the Lord,
Who every little help accepts
To circulate His word.

“And if you would but try
These worthless straws to plat,
You soon might learn to make and sell
A bonnet or a hat.

“And then the little sums
Of money you would get,
You might with humble, grateful zeal
To Jesus dedicate.

“And so the Bible sent
To distant heathen lands,
Would tell men of God’s wondrous love,
And teach them his commands.”

With pleasure Mary heard
The good that she might do,
And earnestly resolved to try
This labour to pursue.

So scarce a week had passed
 Ere little Mary knew
 To choose the best and finest straws,
 And plat and sew them too.

Her little fingers worked
 With industry and care,
 And to her pious task she gave
 Each moment she could spare.

Soon she had done enough
 For something to be made,
 And then she to her mother came
 And, kneeling by her, said :

“Oh ! may my dear mamma,
 Who prays so much for me,
 Henceforth with joyful heart, O Lord,
 Daily delight in Thee.

“I humbly offer now
 This bonnet that I’ve made,
 And oh ! how thankful shall I be
 If by my humble aid,

“Thy book, more widely spread,
 To some poor sinner given,
 May teach him truly to repent,
 And lead him up to heaven.”

THE REV. J. HEALE.

147. MOTHER'S EVENING ADDRESS TO A LITTLE CHILD.

My little one, my little one,
 Night is come and day is gone,
 It is time to lay your head
 On your comfortable bed,
 But first, to God your Father pray,
 And thank him for his care to-day.

Now, my darling, lay your head
 On your soft and peaceful bed ;
 And as quietly you lie,
 Recollect that Christ is nigh,
 And your soul may safely rest
 On his kind and tender breast.

Let your latest thoughts be given
 To the Lord of earth and heaven,
 And when sleep is gone away,
 Lift your heart to him and pray ;
 Sleeping, waking, thus you'll prove
 Jesu's care, and Jesu's love.

M. A. STODART.

148. THE LITTLE BOY'S EVENING THOUGHTS ABOUT HIMSELF.

LET me think—have I done one right action to-day,
 One thing that was gentle and good ?
 Have I tried to be loving and kind in my play,
 And in school to behave as I should ?

When my dear little sister was fretful with pain,
 Did I do all I could to amuse ?

When she threw down my toys, did I bring them
 again,
 And lend her my playthings to use ?

When my dear father told me to leave off my play,
 And help him to work in the field,
 Did I cheerfully try to give up my own way,
 And ready obedience to yield ?

When repeating my hymn, did I think of the Lord,
 My heavenly Father above,
 Did I try to be thankful while hearing that word
 Which tells of his wonderful love ?

Oh, I fear I am wilful, and selfish and vain ;
 I am sorry to think of the past ;
 Yet as God is so good I will still try again,
 He will help me to please him at last.

M * * M.

149. AGAINST INTEMPERANCE.

I SAW a little girl
 With half uncovered form,
 And wondered why she wandered thus
 Amid the winter storm ;
 They said her mother drank
 What took her sense away,
 And so she let her children go
 Hungry and cold all day.

I saw them lead a man
 To prison for his crime,
 Where solitude and punishment
 And toil divide the time ;
 And as they forced him through the gate
 Unwillingly along,
 They told me 'twas intemperance
 That made him do the wrong.

I saw a woman weep
 As if her heart would break ;
 They said her husband drank too much
 Of what he should not take.
 I saw an unfrequented mound,
 Where weeds and brambles wave ;
 They said no tear had fallen there—
 It was a drunkard's grave !

They said these were not all
 The risks the intemperate run,
 For there was danger lest the soul
 Be evermore undone.
 Water is very pure and sweet,
 And beautiful to see ;
 And since it cannot do us harm,
 It is the drink for me.*

* From "The Child's Wreath."

150. THE BURNT CHILD.*

A LITTLE girl, named Annie Gray,
 Was going home from school one day,
 And, as the day was rather warm,
 Had hung her cloak upon her arm,
 The cloak was woollen—nice and thick ;
 But suddenly Ann's heart beat quick,
 As breathless ran past Sally Dyer,
 Crying out, " Fire ! oh ! John's on fire !"
 Now tell me what, in such a case,
 Would you have done in Annie's place ?
 Would you have run in search of aid,
 And thus your useful help delayed ?
 Ann to the cottage hastened on,
 Where dwelt poor Mary Williamson ;
 And then the sight that met her view
 Proved her worst fears were all too true.
 A moving column of thick flame,
 Which hither, thither, went and came,
 Was all that could be seen of John,
 The widowed mother's youngest son.
 His little sisters, trembling there,
 With screams terrific rent the air.
 But on the burning boy, Ann flung
 The cloak that on her arm was hung,
 And so well wrapped him about,
 That soon the fire was quite put out ;
 And Johnny's life was saved that day
 By the good sense of Annie Gray.

Remember this, and do the same—
 Wrap woollen round your clothes in flame.

VERNIEU.

* It is very desirable for Teachers to awaken the attention of children to the danger of fire, and to the means of extinguishing it.

151. ENGLAND AND HER QUEEN.

HURRAH! hurrah for England!
 Her woods and valleys green;
 Hurrah for good Old England!
 Hurrah for England's queen!
 Strong ships be on her waters,
 Firm friends upon her shores,
 Peace, peace within her borders,
 And plenty in her stores.
 Right joyously we're singing,
 We're glad to make it known
 That we love the land we live in,
 And our queen upon her throne.
 Then hurrah for merry England,
 And may we still be seen
 True to our own dear country,
 And loyal to our queen!

M. A. STODART.

152. THE INFANT SCHOLAR'S ADDRESS
TO THE QUEEN.

VICTORIA! Victoria!
 We hail thy gentle rule;
 Victoria, the patroness
 Of every infant school.
 The kings of old their people led
 To battles fierce and wild,
 'Tis nobler far, with fostering care,
 To train each little child.
 When spring's return with primroses
 And violets fills the green,
 We'll weave the pretty flowers to make
 A chaplet for our queen.
 When summer brings the lovely rose
 Again to deck the bowers,
 We'll think of thee when we behold
 That fairest queen of flowers.

In autumn, when the yellow crops
 Beneath the sickle bend,
 We'll pray that peace and plenty may
 Victoria's reign attend.
 And when the winter's wind and snow
 Beat cold against the door,
 We'll think of her whose laws protect
 The fireside of the poor.
 We little children scarce can tell
 What others mean by care ;
 But we are told 'tis sorely felt
 By those a crown who wear.
 Then, when thy heart with sorrow swells,
 Whate'er thy troubles be ;
 Cast all thy care on Him who wore
 A thorny crown for thee.
 May God our sovereign lady grant
 Long o'er this land to rule ;
 And children's children bless her name
 In this our infant school.
 If here we ne'er should see thy face,
 May we hereafter meet,
 Where thou wilt meekly cast thy crown
 At our Redeemer's feet.

MRS.HERSCHELL.

END OF PART II.

PART THIRD.

PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE HISTORY IN VERSE.

153. CAIN AND ABEL.

“He that loveth not his brother abideth in death.”—
1 John iii. 14.

In happy boyhood they had played
Beside their parents' knee,
Had rambled in the greenwood shade,
And climbed the forest tree.
The earth before them opened wide,
Fresh clad in living green ;
They loved to wander side by side,
Rejoicing in the scene.

How great the change ! to manhood grown,
What sight strikes on the eye ?
One brother gives a dying moan—
First of his race to die.
The murderer stands in silent fear,
His eye bent on the ground ;
“Where is thy brother ?” meets his ear ;
He trembles at the sound.

Ah ! little did their parents dream,
In childhood's merry play,
When all seemed bright as morning beam,
One should the other slay.

Deeply they mourn for Abel slain,
 The gentle and the good ;
 But more they mourn for envious Cain,
 Stained with his brother's blood.

And oh ! in childhood's thoughtless hour,
 When all seems bright and blest,
 Little we know with what strange power
 Evil may rend the breast ;
 Little we know what passions lie
 Deep in our treacherous soul ;
 But, Lord ! to Thee we lift our cry,
 Those passions to control.*

M. A. STODART.

154. THE FLOOD.

“Come thou and all thy house into the ark.”—Gen. vii. 1.

WHEN the overwhelming flood
 Came upon a world of sin,
 Noah made an ark of wood,
 God was pleased to shut him in.

As the swelling waters flowed,
 Over valley, tree, and hill,
 Then the ark in safety rode ;
 High it rose and higher still.

God to Noah granted grace,
 When all other people died ;
 He had sought his Maker's face,
 None had called on God beside.

Only love and fear the Lord,
 Lift your heart to him in prayer,
 Rest upon your Saviour's word,
 God will for his children care.

All who are, like Noah, his,
 God will safe to glory raise,
 There to dwell where Jesus is,
 See his face and sing his praise.

D. A. T.

* From “Scriptural Poems for Children.”

155. HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

“And God heard the voice of the lad.”—Gen xxi. 17.

Two travellers were on their way,
A mother and her child ;
The path they followed seemed to lay
All through a desert wild.

That child, when in his happy home,
Had spoken words of scorn ;
And therefore he was sent to roam,
A wanderer forlorn.

The water was all spent and gone—
No spring, no stream at hand,
Could they, as sad they travelled on,
See in the barren sand.

At length the mother looked around,
And there beneath the shade
Of some few shrubs, upon the ground
Her little son she laid.

And there she wept; and turned aside,
And raised her voice on high ;
And loudly in her grief she cried,
“Let me not see him die.”

She had a Friend who knew her grief,
Her trouble, and her fears ;
A Friend that brought her quick relief,
And wiped away her tears.

That gracious Friend was God, who heard
The child, in trouble, cry ;
And by his Angel sent a word,
To say he should not die.

The angel, calling from the skies,
Said, “Hagar, do not fear ;”
And then God opened Hagar’s eyes,
To see a fountain near.

Some water then with joy she drew,
 And to her child she ran ;
 He drank, revived, and lived, and grew
 To be a mighty man.

O let us bless the God of grace,
 Who hears us when we pray,
 And from the child who seeks his face,
 Will never turn away.

D. A. T.

156. THE GOD OF ABRAHAM.

“God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering.”
 —Gen. xxii. 8.

WHEN Abraham, at God's command,
 Took fire, and wood, and knife in hand,
 To slay his only son ;
 Though painful thoughts his soul oppressed,
 One thought prevailed above the rest ;
 It was, “Thy will be done.”

He loved his son—but more he loved
 The Lord, who thus his servant proved ;
 And so by duty led,
 He went, believing God, who gave
 To him his son, could also save,
 And raise him from the dead.

He stretched his hand—he raised the knife
 To take away his Isaac's life ;
 When lo ! an angel's voice—
 “Lay not thine hand upon the lad ;”
 Well might the father's heart be glad,
 Well might his soul rejoice !

Happy are they who humbly trust
 In God—the holy and the just,
 Whose eyes can see the heart ;
 Who though he may his people try,
 Will yet be found for ever nigh,
 His succour to impart.

Isaac was spared—but Christ has died—
 The Lamb God did himself provide ;
 On whom our sins were laid.
 His only Son he did not spare,
 When on the cross he hung, and there
 Our mighty debt he paid.

Oh ! may we love and trust the Lord !
 And do his will, and keep his word ;
 And we shall surely find
 The God of Abraham our friend,
 Who is, and will be to the end,
 A friend for ever kind.

D. A. T.

157. THE INFANT MOSES.

Exodus xi. 1—10.

God's people once in Egypt were,
 A strange and foreign land ;
 By Pharaoh kept in bondage there
 And ruled with cruel hand.

He ordered that their little ones,
 Wherever they were found,
 Their new-born babes, their infant sons,
 Should every one be drowned.

The wife of Amram sought a way
 Her little child to save ;
 For oh ! what mother could obey
 The order Pharaoh gave ?

Three months she hid her darling boy,
 Those months were quickly past ;
 And well she knew her treasured joy
 She must give up at last.

She also knew that God was near,
 And he could give her aid ;
 And so, with mingled hope and fear,
 A little ark she made—

An ark of bulrushes, in which
 Her babe might softly lie ;
 And pitched it in and out with pitch,
 To keep it safe and dry.

Then where the flags and rushes grew
 Did she in faith repair,
 And in its bed, so strange and new,
 She laid her infant there.

But who should on that very day
 Come to the river side,
 And with her maidens bend her way,
 Just when the ark she spied ?

King Pharaoh's daughter left her home
 To seek the cooling wave ;—
 She little thought that she had come
 A child from death to save.

She saw the ark, and wished to know
 What could therein be kept ;
 Her maidens opened it—and lo !
 An infant !—and it wept.

“It is a Hebrew child,” she said,
 And pity touched her heart :
 She wished a nurse could there be led,
 To take the mother's part.

A girl, who had kept out of sight,
 Now ventured near to speak :
 She asked the princess if she might
 A Hebrew woman seek.

The princess gave her glad assent—
 The girl, half wild with joy,
 Then for her own dear mother went
 To nurse her own dear boy.

The princess called the child her own,
 And Moses he was named ;
 But God to him his ways made known,
 And God his service claimed.

He gave up all to serve the Lord,
And wise and learned grew ;
He lived God's wonders to record,
And work his wonders too.

D. A. T.

157.* MOSES THE FAITHFUL SERVANT
OF GOD.

Heb. xi. 24—27.

God spake to Moses face to face,
As though he were his friend ;
And meek was he, and rich in grace,
And faithful to the end.

By him the Lord deliverance wrought
And set his people free ;
While they who their destruction sought
All perished in the sea.

May we, with joy, like him forsake
This world's vain, sinful ways,
And Christ our glorious portion make,
And give to him the praise.

D. A. T.

158. MARAH AND ELIM.

Exodus xv. 22—27.

THROUGH the burning wastes we've wandered
Three long days, nor once complained,
Though both flesh and spirit fainted,
For a hope our souls sustained.

Three long days of dreary sunshine,
Scorching us with dazzling beams ;
Three long nights of heavy silence,
Gladdened by no sound of streams.

Hark ! the waters now around us,
 See them sparkling in the sun ;
 Surely now our trial ceaseth !
 Surely now our goal is won !

Lips long parched and sealed in silence
 Press the joyous waves to kiss :
 Eyes, whose tears were dried by anguish,
 Overflow with tears of bliss.

Gentle girls, themselves untasting,
 Raise to dearer lips the prize,
 Drinking draughts of sweeter pleasure
 In the smile of grateful eyes.

But a moment, but a moment,
 Let the rapturous dream remain ;
 But a moment—from the nation
 Bursts a sob of wildest pain.

Children dash the bitter waters
 From them with a moaning cry ;
 Mothers by the mocking fountains
 Lay their thirsting babes to die.

Hearts that bore the trial bravely
 With this shattered hope have burst,
 For the streams our God has opened—
 Bitter streams—but mock our thirst.

Was't for this the parted ocean
 Meekly bent our feet to kiss,—
 Fiercely, then, the oppressor whelming ?
 Were our first-born spared for this ?

Better to be slaves in Egypt,
 Better to have perished there ;
 Better ne'er a hope have tasted
 Than to sink in this despair.

Israel ! Israel ! hush thy murmurs,
 Hide thy guilty head in dust !
 He who is the joy of heaven
 Feeleth grief in thy distrust.

Gently through thy wails He whispers,
 "I am he that healeth thee;"
 E'en to-day the stream thou loatest
 Shall thy best refreshment be.

And to-morrow, but to-morrow,
 He thy sins so often grieve,
 Trains thee for, and storeth for thee,
 Joys thy heart can scarce conceive.

Streams of waters, gushing, leaping,
 'Neath the shade of many a palm ;
 Let no memory of murmurs
 Mar for thee that blessed calm.

So thy Marah shall be Elim,
 And thy Elim know no fears ;
 For the fount of deepest gladness
 Lieth near the place of tears.*

159. THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth."

—Isaiah xlv. 22.

AMID the dying and the dead
 The healing type was raised ;
 The dying moved the languid head,
 And lived while there they gazed ;
 The weeping mother looked and smiled ;
 The father led his fainting child ;
 The child its feeble grandsire sought,
 And life to all who looked was brought.

A blessed type—'tis passed away,
 For types and shadows flee,
 And in the glowing light of day
 The substance we may see :

* By the Author of "Tales and Sketches of Christian Life."

To Christ the Lord we raise our eye,
 For he was lifted up on high,
 Life to a dying world to give ;
 And all who look to him shall live.

Jesus ! the precious truth I know,
 And at thy feet I bend ;
 For where should such a sinner go
 Except to such a friend ?
 My heart is false, my will is wild,
 My every thought with sin defiled ;
 O may I look with simple faith,
 And thus be saved from endless death !*

M. A. STODART.

160. THE PASSAGE OVER JORDAN.

Joshua iii. 11—17.

THE priests just dip their feet
 In Jordan's rapid stream ;
 The waters quick retreat—
 Like walls of silver seem.
 O why do Jordan's waters fly,
 And leave the stony channel dry ?

The priests in Jordan stay,
 While Israel's mighty host
 With haste pursue their way
 To Canaan's pleasant coast.
 What power restrains the flowing tide,
 While in the deep the priests abide ?

Full long the white-robed band
 Wait in the depths below ;
 But when they reach the land,
 Once more the waters flow.
 What hand has broke the unseen chain,
 That did the water's force restrain ?

* From " Scriptural Poems for Children."

It is the Lord restrains
 The rapid river's tide ;
 It is the Lord unchains
 The walls on either side ;
 It is the Lord who thus would mark
 His love to those who bear his ark.
 O bless us, Lord, like those
 Who in the river stood ;
 A way for us unclose,
 Through this world's dangerous flood ;
 And lead us with thy numerous host
 From lowest depths to heaven's high coast.*

161. RUTH AN EXAMPLE OF FILIAL PIETY.

"A full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust."—Ruth ii. 12.

"WHO is the maiden that doth bend
 Those scattered ears to glean ?"
 Thus Boaz asked, when in his field
 The stranger Ruth was seen.

From Moab's country she had come
 With her who mourned the dead ;
 She sought in Israel's land a home,
 And worked for daily bread.

That aged one she would not leave,
 But clave to her in love,
 And daily she pursues her toil,
 Looking for help above.

All day the scattered ears she gleans
 Beneath the burning sun,
 And scarcely from her labour rests
 Until her work be done.

But wherefore had that maiden left
 Her friends and early home ?
 And wherefore to a stranger land
 With old Naomi come ?

* From "Line Upon Line."

It was a ray of Israel's light
 That fell upon her heart ;
 "Thy God shall be my God," she said,
 "And nought but death shall part."

Her simple faith was not in vain ;
 The Lord is kind and just ;
 A full reward was given by Him
 In whom she came to trust.

A full reward ! O far beyond
 What fancy can conceive,
 In blessings from her Father's hand
 Did that poor maid receive.*

M. A. STODART.

162.

SAMUEL.

"Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth."—1 Sam. iii. 9.

ONCE in the silence of the night,
 The lamp of God was clear and bright ;
 And there, by holy angels kept,
 Samuel, the child, securely slept.

An unknown voice the stillness broke ;
 "Samuel!" it called, and thrice it spoke.
 He rose—he asked, "Whence came the word ?
 "From Eli ?"—No: it was the Lord !

Thus early called to serve his God,
 The paths of righteousness he trod ;
 Wisdom and mercy ruled his breast,
 And Israel, taught by him, was blest.

Speak, Lord, and from our earliest days,
 Incline our hearts to love thy ways ;
 O let thy voice now reach our ear ;
 Speak Lord, and let thy servants hear.

* "Scriptural Poems For Children."

163. DAVID; OR SUCCESS IS FROM THE LORD.

1 Sam. xvii. 45.

HE stands a stripling slight and small
 Against that man of might,
 Yet calm and tranquil is his brow,
 And firm his heart for fight.
 Why should he shrink from giant strength !
 God's word is sure and tried ;
 Why should he fear what man can do ?
 The Lord is on his side.

His brothers' scorn he hath withstood,
 The fear of doubting king,
 And there, defenceless and unarmed,
 He stands with stone and sling ;
 Goliath's brow on him is bent
 With bitter scoffing word,
 But David fears not sword nor spear,
 His trust is in the Lord.

'Tis done ! one stone has laid him low,
 The giant's on the ground,
 And gladdening shouts from Israel's camp
 Re-echo wild around.

Their youthful champion they praise—
 The faithful and the brave ;
 And David feels with silent joy,
 The Lord is strong to save.

And I, to war with mighty foes,
 A youthful soldier stand ;
 Jesus, be with me in the fight,
 Stretch forth thy helping hand ;
 The devil, world, and flesh are joined
 In all their might and pride ;
 But wherefore should I turn away
 If thou art on my side ?

M. A. STODART.

164. THE WELL OF BETHLEHEM.

“And David longed and said, Oh, that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate.”—2 Sam. xxiii. 15.

FAINT on Rephaim’s sultry side
 Sat Israel’s warrior king ;
 “Oh for one draught,” the hero cried,
 “From Bethlehem’s cooling spring!
 From Bethlehem’s spring, upon whose brink
 My youthful knee bent down to drink.”

* * * * *

Three gallant men stood nigh, and heard
 The wish their king expressed ;
 Exchanged a glance, but not a word,
 And dashed from ’midst the rest.
 And strong in zeal, with ardour flushed,
 They up the hill to Bethlehem rushed.

* * * * *

And now the city gate they gain,
 And now in conflict close ;
 Unequal odds ! three dauntless men
 Against unnumbered foes.
 Yet through their ranks they plough their way
 Like galleys through the ocean spray.

* * * * *

They come again ;—and with them bring
 Nor gems nor golden prey ;
 A single cup from Bethlehem’s spring
 Is all they bear away ;
 And through the densest of the train
 Fight back their glorious way again.

* * * * *

With deep emotion David took
 From their red hands the cup ;
 Cast on its stains a shuddering look,
 And held it heavenward up.
 "I prize your boon," exclaimed the king,
 "But dare not taste the draught you bring."

* * * * *

"To heaven the glorious spoil is due ;
 And His the offering be,
 Whose arm has borne you safely through,
 My brave, but reckless, three !"—
 Then on the earth the cup he poured—
 A free libation to the Lord.

There is a well in Bethlehem still,
 A fountain, at whose brink
 The weary soul may rest at will,
 The thirsty stoop and drink :
 And, unrepelled by foe or fence,
 Draw living waters freely hence.
 Oh, did we thirst as David, then,
 For this diviner spring !
 Had we the zeal of David's men
 To please a higher King !
 What precious draughts we thence might drain,
 What holy triumphs daily gain !*

165. SOLOMON; OR THE WISE CHOICE.

"And God said, Ask what I shall give thee."—1 Kings iii.5.

Now if the Lord should say to me,
 "What gift shall I bestow on thee?"
 Should I like Solomon reply,
 "O give me wisdom from on high !"

Yet wisdom is the only thing
 That real happiness can bring,
 And restless must my heart remain,
 Until this wisdom I obtain.

* Extracts from a Poem by the late Rev. H. F. Lyte.

It would not make me *truly* wise,
 To know the stars that fill the skies,
 Or all the fishes in the seas,
 Or beasts and birds, or flowers and trees.

Wisdom to love the thing that's right,
 'Tis this will give my heart delight.
 This wisdom then, O grant to me,
 That I may ever live with thee.*

166. JEHOVAH THE FRIEND OF THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHAN.

2 Kings iv. 1—7.

COME, trembling mourners, dry your tears,
 O'er all your sorrows and your fears,
 Let faith in God prevail:
 He is the helpless orphan's friend,
 The widow's cause he will defend,
 His word can never fail.

A widow to Elisha cries,—
 Tells him from whence her griefs arise,
 And how, in sorrow's hour,
 She trembles for her darling boys—
 Her sole remaining earthly joys—
 No longer in her power.

For now, their father's debts to pay,
 As bondmen from their home away
 Her sons are forced to go:
 She pleads, "her husband feared the Lord,"
 And she, too, hopes upon his word,
 And has no help below.

The prophet, then, with kindly care
 Leads the poor mourner to declare,
 That, spite of all her toil,

* From "Line Upon Line."

Nought of her former store remains,
 And her lone dwelling now contains
 But one small pot of oil.

Yet soon her humble faith shall prove
 That God, to those who trust his love,
 Rich mercies will renew :
 Elisha bids her quickly send,
 And ask her neighbours round to lend
 Spare vessels "not a few."

Meekly obedient is she found,
 The empty vessels ranged around,
 And closed the open door ;
 While her dear boys each vessel bring,
 As from a never failing spring,
 The oil flows more and more.

The mother asks another still,
 But not one more remains to fill,
 And now the oil is stayed ;
 But such a rich, abundant store,
 Hath God bestowed upon the poor,
 And such provision made,—

That all her debts, at once removed,
 The mother and her sons beloved
 May now securely dwell,—
 And spend a grateful life of praise,
 Walking in His most holy ways
 Who doeth all things well.

Thus round each unprotected head
 The wing of Israel's God is spread ;
 He knows each mourner's grief ;
 And still his ear is swift to hear,
 Ready his arm to save from fear,
 And strong to bring relief.

167. ELISHA AND THE SHUNAMMITE.

“Women received their dead raised to life again.”
—Heb. xi. 35.

Lo ! seated on his mother's knees, a little child appears !
Why is her face so pale with dread, her eyes so full
of tears ?
That very morning bright with health, her blooming
boy was seen,
And in the busy harvest field full many an hour has
been ;
There, by his aged father's side, bounding in sportive
glee,
Like a young lamb, as full of play, as happy, and
as free.
Say, hast thou marked the flower so fair, that scents
the early dawn ?
The mower's scythe but sweeps the field—we look,
and it is gone !
So suddenly a dart of pain ends all this infant's play,
And, “Father, oh my head ! my head !” is all that
he can say.
The parent raised his drooping child, and bade a
servant bear
The boy with tenderness and haste, to his fond
mother's care.
He sat upon her knees till noon ! she marked his
closing eye,
She felt his heart more feebly beat, she caught his
parting sigh.
Oh, who can tell what floods of grief rush o'er that
mother's soul !
Oh, who can tell what strength of faith can yet that
grief control ?
She gives no cry, she seeks no aid, but silently conveys,
And on the prophet's lowly couch, her lifeless
treasure lays.

Why does she seek that chamber out, why place the
body there ?

Oh ! 'tis because she knows, she feels, it is the place
of prayer.

The holy man of God for whom that simple room
was made,

Has often there for her and hers with pious fervour
prayed.

See how she cast one look of love ! then shuts the
chamber door,

And hastens forth with mien composed, and eyes
that weep no more.

She prays her lord with speed to send an ass and
servant too,

As she without an hour's delay would to Elisha go.
Surprised, he asks, "But wherefore now ? 'tis not

the Sabbath-day,
'Tis not new moon." "It shall be well," her gentle
accents say.

Soon by the servant see her placed, and hear her
meek command,

To drive with speed, and not for her, keep back his
urging hand.

Far off the prophet sees her come, her movements
fear inspire,

He sends Gehazi of her health and household to
inquire.

"Run now, I pray thee, forth to meet this Shunam-
mite, and say,

Oh is it well with thee, thy lord, and little child to-day?"
Simply she answers, "It is well ;" she knows her

Father's will,
Howe'er severe its dealings seem, is wise and
gracious still.

But on she presses to the hill where stands the man
of God,

And clasps his feet, and silent kneels, on Carmel's
grassy sod.

Gehazi comes to raise her up,—his master's words
forbid ;

“ Oh, touch her not, her heart is full, the cause from
me is hid ;

The Lord has not revealed the grief that weighs her
spirit down,

But deeply is her soul oppressed—stand back—let
her alone.”

“ My Lord ! did I a son desire ? ”—at last these
accents burst ;

“ Did I not say, Do not deceive thine handmaid's
simple trust ? ”

At once these words the truth reveal : Elisha's kindly
heart

To the afflicted mother's soul hastes comfort to
impart.

“ Gehazi, gird thy loins, and still with speed pursue
thy way,

Till on the pale face of the child my staff thy hand
shall lay.”

So spake the prophet ; to his feet still does the
mother cling :

No touch but his, the man of God, to her can
comfort bring.

“ As lives thy soul,” she firmly says, “ as lives thy
God above,

I will not leave thee, from thy side my steps shall
not remove.”

Then rose Elisha at her word, and to the house of
woe,

(Gehazi passing on before) they both in silence go.
No joyous child ran forth, as once, the prophet's

smile to meet,
To hail the guest so much beloved, and kiss his
honoured feet.

Gehazi (his sad task performed) as they approach
the door,

Tells them in death's cold sleep the child is lying as
before.

Elisha enters, and behold ! upon his bed is laid
The lifeless body of the child, just as his servant
said.

He closed the door upon them twain, and then in
fervent prayer,
Besought the Lord of life to show his mighty power
there.

He stretched himself upon the boy, as though he
would impart
Breath to the little lifeless frame, warmth to the
frozen heart.

His mouth he presses to the lips, so motionless and
pale :

“Lord ! wilt thou suffer faith, and prayer, and love
like this to fail ?”

Ah no ! returning signs of life, in answer from
above,

Reward the prophet’s prayer of faith—he sees the
infant move ;

Beneath his touch the flesh grows warm, the eyes
behold the light ;

How feels Elisha as he looks upon the wondrous
sight !

But not alone will he enjoy the mercies of that hour,
He calls the mother to adore and praise Jehovah’s
power.

He shows the child !—“Take up thy son”—low at
his feet she falls,

And oh what proofs of love and grace that moment
she recalls !

See how she fondly clasps the child, to her by God
twice given ;

And feels she has received again her precious son
from heaven !

Children, think of this mother’s faith : think of this
child restored,

And learn to know, and trust, and love, Elisha’s
gracious Lord.

168. THE BLESSING OF A FAITHFUL AND PIOUS SERVANT

A LITTLE captive maiden stood
Before a Syrian dame ;
A worshipper of Israel's God,
From Israel's land she came ;
The Syrian bands that land had sought,
And that young maiden with them brought.

And now in heathen land she sighed,
A child of God apart ;
No earthly friend her steps to guide,
And soothe her aching heart ;
But yet her father's God was there,
To point her path, and hear her prayer.

And he was pleased that child to make
A messenger of good,
For often of the seer she spake
Who in Samaria stood ;
And "Would to God," she sometimes said,
"My Lord were to that prophet led !"

The simple tale we need not tell,
Her words were not in vain ;
Upon her master's ear they fell,
And glorious was his gain ;
His fearful leprosy was healed,
And God was to his soul revealed.

Lord ! wheresoever I may be,
In high or low estate,
May I be faithful found to Thee,
And humbly on Thee wait ;
And strive and pray thy truth to spread,
E'en like that little captive maid !

169. DANIEL, SHADRACH, MESHACH,
AND ABEDNEGO.

“Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us.”

—Dan. iii. 17.

GOOD Daniel would not cease to pray
With all his foes in view ;
He called on God three times a-day,
As he was used to do ;
Nor feared the power of wicked men,
Who put him in the lion's den.

Nor was he of those beasts afraid,
Though ready to devour ;
The Lord his God, to whom he prayed,
Preserved him from their power :
The hungry lions did not dare
To touch the holy prophet there.

And thus the Lord did once preserve
Three good young men of old,
Who did not dare bow down and serve
The image made of gold :
For as they feared his holy name,
He saved them from the burning flame.

Then let us walk in wisdom's way,
Though troubles may afflict ;
Though wicked people dare to say,
We need not be so strict ;
For God, who keeps his servants thus,
Will surely be as kind to us.*

* Original Hymns For Sunday Schools.

NEW TESTAMENT.*

170. SONG OF THE ANGELS ON THE BIRTH
OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

WHILE humble shepherds watch their flocks
In Bethlehem's fields by night,
An angel sent from heaven appeared,
And filled the plains with light.

"Fear not," he said, (for sudden dread
Had seized their troubled mind,)

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign—

"The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the Seraph ; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of Angels, praising God, and thus
They sang their joyful song.

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good will is shown by heaven to men,
And never more shall cease."

171. THE AGED SIMEON'S JOY.

JUST and devout old Simeon lived ;
To him it was revealed,
That Christ, the Lord, his eyes should see,
Ere they in death were sealed.

* The subjects from the Gospels are arranged chronologically,
according to Newcome.

When Jesus, to the temple brought
 By Mary's pious care ;
 As Heaven's appointed rites required,
 To God was offered there.

The Holy Spirit to those courts
 The aged Simeon drew,
 He saw the Virgin with her Son,
 And straight his Lord he knew.

With holy joy upon his face
 The good old father smiled,
 Then fondly in his withered arms,
 He clasped the promised child.

And while he held the Heaven-born Babe
 Who came to bless mankind,
 He spake with earnest look, and heart
 Rejoicing, yet resigned :

“ Now, Lord ! according to thy word
 Let me in peace depart ;
 Mine eyes have thy salvation seen,
 And gladness fills my heart.

“ At length my arms embrace my Lord,
 Now let their vigour cease ;
 At last my eyes my Saviour see,
 Now let them close in peace.

“ This great salvation, long prepared,
 And now disclosed to view,
 Doth prove thy love is constant still,
 And promises are true.

“ That sun I now behold, whose light
 Shall heathen darkness chase,
 And rays of brightest glory pour
 Around thy chosen race.”

172. "GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD."

"God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved."—
John iii. 14—18.

As when the Hebrew prophet raised
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded looked, and straight were cured,—
The people ceased to die ;

So from the Saviour on the cross
A healing virtue flows ;
Who looks to him with lively faith,
Is saved from endless woes.

For God gave up his Son to death,
So wondrous was his love,
That all the faithful might enjoy
Eternal life above.

Not to condemn the sons of men
The Son of God appeared ;
No weapons in his hand are seen,
Nor voice of terror heard :

He came to raise our fallen state,
And our lost hopes restore ;
He leads us to the mercy-seat,
And bids us fear no more.

But vengeance just for ever lies
On all the guilty race,
Who God's eternal Son despise,
And scorn his offered grace.

173. THE LIVING WATER, OR JACOB'S
WELL.

To Jacob's well a woman came,
For water from a neighbouring town ;
A stranger, there, unknown his name,
Had, faint and weary, sat him down.

He meekly said, " Give me to drink,"
 As water from the well she drew ;
 Ah ! little did that woman think
 The tribute that to him was due.

He asked for water, but had she
 Known that the Lord of life was there,
 For his salvation full and free,
 Had been her own, her earnest prayer.

From his own lips the truth she learned,
 From his own love the gift received ;
 And in the stranger's form discerned
 That Lord in whom she now believed.

Children, that kind and gracious Lord
 Is just as full of love for you ;
 Implore his Spirit, search his word,
 And you shall know and praise him too.

He will the living stream impart,
 He will the Holy Spirit give ;
 O come, and he will fill your heart,
 O come, and drink of him, and live.

D. A. T.

174. AFFLICTIONS BRING US TO JESUS.

" And himself believed, and his whole house."
 John iv. 53.

BEHOLD the spot on which Capernaum stands,*
 How beautiful the prospect it commands ;
 The peaceful lake, the distant mountains blue,
 The rich and smiling valley charm the view.
 And fresh the breeze that sweeps across the sea,
 The deep, still, lovely lake of Galilee.
 Perhaps we think that nobleman is blest
 Who in so fair a scene has fixed his rest,

* Recent travellers describe the appearance of the lake of Gennesareth from Capernaum as singularly grand and impressive.—Rev. H. HORNE.

And quite forget that rank and wealth are vain
 To shield from grief, anxiety and pain.
 Alas ! the fevered pulse and languid eye
 Have caused that father many a mournful sigh ;
 Anxious he watches by that bed of pain,
 Oh ! will his darling son revive again ?
 But say ! what cheering thought has crossed his
 brow ?

Why hastes he from the dying chamber now ?
 He leaves the house—no lingering, no delay—
 At once to Cana's hill* he bends his way ;
 The afflicted family and servants still
 Their anxious watch, and tender cares fulfil,
 But all in vain—the fever rages high,
 And soon, it seems, the noble youth must die.
 One, trembling, holds his hand within her own,
 And bends her ear to catch his dying groan.
 Why starts she thus ?—that parched hand and
 brow

Seemed fanned, as by a sudden coolness now,
 As though a breath of pure and vital air
 Were breathed around that chamber of despair.
 Just at the seventh hour, with awe-struck heart,
 They seem to see the dread disease depart,
 And life, and health, and vigour once again
 Beam from those eyes, so late weighed down by pain.
 The faithful servants haste their Lord to find,
 And gladden with their tale the father's mind.

Now, my dear children, let us mark with care
 What Scripture tells us of his faith and prayer.
 It was to Jesus that he bent his way
 On that most painful, yet most blessed day.
 Beseeching him to come and heal his son ;
 He rests not till the gracious deed is done ;
 The Saviour's kind rebuke can scarcely hear,
 But mingling hope with sad parental fear,

* Cana is situated on a gentle eminence to the west of Capernaum.—Rev. H. HORNE.

His full heart bursts in one imploring cry,
 "My Lord, come down ere yet my child shall die."
 Hark to that voice of mercy! "Go thy way,
 Thy son doth live," we hear the Saviour say;
 And lo! it was just at the seventh hour
 That Jesus spake that word of love and power.
 Believes the man? O yes, with faithful heart,
 He does believe that word can life impart;
 And who can tell what feelings in him burn,
 As homeward now his joyful footsteps turn,
 As the glad servants tell of health restored,
 And he remembers Christ's life-giving word?
 Oh, as the happy family unite,
 And view that blooming face with fresh delight,
 As each glad tongue proclaims the Saviour's grace,
 Each grateful heart resolves to seek his face;
 Do they regret the days of anguish past,
 The grief which led to such a Lord at last?

So may we learn to trust in darkest hour,
 So may we triumph in our Saviour's power.

M * * M.

175. THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

Luke vii. 11—16.

A WIDOWED mother lost her son,
 She had no son beside;
 He was her loved, her only one,
 And he fell sick and died.

And many a friend shed many a tear,
 But none had power to save;
 They placed the body on the bier,
 To bear it to the grave.

And as they slowly passed along,
 Much people came from Nain,
 Where they had dwelt, and joined the throng,
 A sad and silent train.

When lo ! a company appears,
 A band by Jesus led ;—
 JESUS can dry the mourner's tears,
 JESUS can raise the dead !

His heart, with tender pity moved,
 Felt for the widow's grief ;
 " Weep not," he said, and soon he proved
 His hand could give relief.

He touched the bier,—the mourner's eyes
 Are fixed upon the Lord ;
 " Young man, I say to thee, Arise,"
 Is His Almighty word.

He rises up,—he speaks,—he lives ;
 No tear need now be shed ;
 Christ to the widowed mother gives
 The child she mourned as dead.

They glorify the God of heaven,
 They praise the Saviour's name,
 And oh ! to us may grace be given,
 That we may do the same.

For He who raised the widow's son
 Can raise us up on high ;
 And give us, when our work is done,
 To praise him in the sky.

D. A. T.

176. THE LITTLE SHIP ON THE WAVES.

Mark iv. 37—41.

A LITTLE ship was on the sea,
 It was a pretty sight ;
 It sailed along so pleasantly,
 And all was calm and bright.

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The shore was near at hand ;
 And those on board, with hearts at rest,
 Thought soon to reach the land.

When lo ! a storm began to rise,
 The wind grew loud and strong ;
 It blew the clouds across the skies,
 It blew the waves along.

Oh ! how that little ship was tossed !
 It filled with water fast ;
 It seemed as though it would be lost,
 And must go down at last !

And all, but One, were sore afraid
 Of sinking in the deep ;
 His head was on a pillow laid,
 And he was fast asleep.

“ Master ! we perish—Master ! save,”
 They cried,—their Master heard ;
 He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
 And stilled them with a word.

He to the storm says, “ Peace,—be still,”—
 The raging billows cease ;
 The mighty winds obey his will,
 And all are hushed to peace.

They greatly wondered ! so may we,
 And ask, as well as they,
 Who could this glorious Person be,
 Whom winds and seas obey ?

Oh ! well we know it was the Lord,
 Our Saviour and our Friend ;
 Whose care of those who trust his word
 Will never, never end.

D. A. T.

177. BREAD AND TO SPARE.

“ And Jesus saw much people, and was moved with compassion towards them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd.”—Mark vi. 34.

WHEN many people thronged to hear
 The preaching of the word,
 They came from countries far and near,
 To listen to the Lord.

He preached the gospel to the poor,
 As he was wont to do ;
 He saw them weary, and was sure
 That they were hungry too.

With kind compassion in his heart,
 And pity in his eye,
 The Saviour hastened to impart
 A blessing from on high.

He sent his own disciples round
 To bid them take their seat,
 In companies, upon the ground,
 And give them food to eat.

But no one save one little lad
 Could any food provide ;
 Five barley loaves were all he had,
 And two small fish beside.

And they were very far from home,
 And knew not what to do ;
 Nor yet from whence more bread must come,
 But ONE was there who knew.

He took the loaves, looked up, and brake,
 And blessed that little store ;
 And *then*, the more they seemed to take,
 It multiplied the more.

For when five thousand men were fed,
 Who came to Jesus there ;
 Twelve baskets full of broken bread
 Were gathered up with care.

For Jesus is a Friend indeed
 To all who are distress ;
 HE does both soul and body feed,
 HE gives the weary rest.

D. A. T.

178. THE MAN BORN BLIND RESTORED TO SIGHT.

“I am the Light of the World.”—John ix. 5.

JESUS was passing by,
One sat in darkest night,
Blind from his birth, his sightless eye
Knew not the Lord of Light ;
But Jesus marked him in the way,
And touched his eyes with healing clay.

“Unto Siloam go,
There wash,” the Saviour said ;
He went—what splendours round him glow !
The shades of night are fled ;
The pure, bright light on him is streaming,
And things, till now unseen, are beaming.

And I, too, was born blind ;
In darkness dread and deep ;
Light of the World ! illumine my mind,
Arouse me from my sleep ;
Show me the wonders of thy word ;
And make me know thee as my Lord.*

M. A. STODART.

179. CHILDREN BROUGHT TO CHRIST TO RECEIVE HIS BLESSING.

“Suffer the little Children to come unto Me.” Mark x. 14.

WHEN parents once to Christ their children brought,
That he might lay his hands on them and pray ;
The Lord’s disciples in their hurry sought
To send these little children all away.

But Jesus was displeas’d that they should send
One soul away who humbly sought his face ;
More kind is he, more ready to attend
Our simple prayer, than we to ask his grace.

* From “Scriptural Poems for Children.”

He laid his gentle hands upon their head ;
 O ! what a gracious Saviour we have got !
 "Suffer the little children," Jesus said,
 "To come unto me, and forbid them not."

As a good shepherd gathers with his arm
 The tender lambs, and in his bosom lays
 And carries them, to keep them safe from harm,
 And feed and nourish them in pleasant ways,
 So does our Saviour to his bosom take
 The little children who to him are given ;
 He calls them all his lambs, and he will make
 Their souls his care, and guide them safe to
 heaven.

With kind compassion, and with tender love,
 Jesus ! upon thy little flock look down,
 And with thy heavenly blessing from above,
 The prayers and labours of their teachers crown.

D. A. T.

180. THE SUPPER AT BETHANY.

"And the house was filled with the odour of the ointment."—John xii. 3.

WHEN evening in her crimson dye,
 Had steeped the towers of Bethany,
 At twilight's shadowy fall ;
 A feast for Jesus was prepared,
 And those who loved him gladly shared,
 The quiet festival.

Then calmly on the golden west
 The wearied daylight sank to rest—
 The world was wrapped in night ;
 O happy, chosen few, to be
 Among that blessed company,
 With Christ the Living Light !

Then Mary, at her Saviour's feet,
 Whilst thus they were in converse sweet,
 A precious ointment poured ;

And wiped it with her flowing hair,
 All silently, while kneeling there,
 And worshipped her Lord.

But soon the quiet evening air
 Bore the sweet fragrance everywhere,
 As when night-flowers unfold ;
 Her secret gift of rich perfume
 Was wafted round the quiet room,
 Her lowly love was told.

Thus, Saviour, may my grateful breath
 In trustful prayer and humble faith
 Silently rise to heaven !
 Till all may see, that on my Lord
 My heart's deep worship hath been poured,
 My love as ointment given !*

181. JESUS MOCKED AS A SAVIOUR.

“ He saved others ; Himself he cannot save.”—
 Matt. xxvii. 42.

WHEN scorn and hate and bitter envious pride
 Poured out their darts against the crucified,
 Found they no fault but this in Him so tried,
 “ He saved others !”

Those hands—thousands their healing touches knew,
 On withered limbs they fell like heavenly dew ;
 The dead have felt them, and have lived anew :
 “ He saved others !”

The blood is trickling slowly from them now ;
 Thou canst not raise them to thy bleeding brow,
 Nor on them thy parched lips and forehead bow.
 “ He saved others !”

That voice from out their graves the dead hath stirred,
 Crushed, outcast hearts grew joyful as they heard ;
 For every woe it had a healing word.
 “ He saved others !”

* “ Hymns For The Fireside,” by Mrs. Henry Lynch.

For all Thou had'st sweet tones of sympathy ;
Hast Thou no word for this Thine agony !
Thou pitiedst all—doth no man pity Thee ?
“He saved others !”

So many fettered hearts thy touch hath freed,
Physician ! and Thy wounds unstanched must bleed ?
Hast Thou no balm for this Thy sorest need ?
“He saved others !”

Lord ! and one sign from Thee could rend the sky,
One word from Thee, and low those mockers lie :
Thou mak'st no movement, utterest no cry ;
“And we are saved.”*

182. THE JOURNEY TO EMMAUS.

Luke xxiv. 13—32.

It happened on a solemn eventide,
Soon after he that was our Surety died,
Two bosom-friends, each pensively inclined,
The scene of all their sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, busied as they went,
In musings worthy of the great event :
They spake of Him they loved, of Him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurred perpetual strife ;
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The farther traced, enriched them still the more ;
They thought him, and they justly thought him one
Sent to do more than he appear'd to have done ;
To exalt a people, and to place them high
Above all else, and wondered he should die.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend ;
And asked them, with a kind, engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begged a share.
Informed, he gathered up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,

* By the Author of “Tales and Sketches of Christian Life.”

Explained, illustrated, and searched so well
 The tender theme on which they choose to dwell,
 That, reaching home, "The night," they said, "is near;
 We must not now be parted, sojourn here."
 The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
 And, made so welcome at their simple feast,
 He blessed the bread, but vanished at the word,
 And left them, both exclaiming, "'Twas the Lord!
 Did not our hearts feel all he deigned to say?
 Did they not burn within us by the way?"
 Now theirs was converse such as it behoves
 Man to maintain, and such as God approves;
 Their views, indeed, were indistinct and dim,
 But yet successful, being aimed at him:
 Christ and his character their only scope,
 Their object, and their subject, and their hope.
 They felt what it became them much to feel,
 And, wanting him to loose the sacred seal,
 Found him as prompt as their desire was true,
 To spread the new-born glories to their view.

COWPER.

183. THE HAPPY CONVERT.

Acts viii. 26—40.

"And he went on his way rejoicing."

BARREN and lonely is the desert strand,—
 A long farewell to Judah's pleasant land,—
 The land of promise! and the land of light!
 Of holy privilege, and high delight.
 To Gaza's ruins is the chariot come,
 Bearing the stranger to his distant home.
 That noble stranger! mark his thoughtful brow;
 It bears of anxious care the traces now.
 A few short weeks ago his heart had hailed
 This same lone spot with joy, while hope prevailed
 That obstacles surmounted, dangers past,
 He should ascend Jehovah's courts at last;
 With holy worshippers unite to raise
 To Israel's God the psalm of solemn praise;

And still from learned scribes instruction gain,
 And clearer views of Israel's hope obtain.
 Alas! the sigh that heaves his anxious breast
 Proves he has failed to find the promised rest.
 Dark clouds have mantled thick o'er Zion's hill,
 Uncertainty and strife her mansions fill;
 Malice he there has found, and sullen fear,
 And rumours strange have reached his troubled ear
 When Israel's doctors fail where shall he turn?
 How in Candace's palace truth discern?
 Such thoughts may move him, but with steadfast
 mind,

He grasps one treasure, trusting there to find
 The light he seeks. The Word he ponders o'er,
 And searches deep to reach its hidden store.

"Philip, arise!" Hark to that distant word!
 Thus speaks afar the angel of the Lord.

And led by him the teacher is brought nigh,
 E'en as the Ethiopian's chariot passes by.
 For man to man must preach Emmanuel's name,
 And man to man must Jesus' love proclaim.
 Surpassing grace; thus worms of earth to raise,
 And suffer sinful lips to speak thy praise!

"Stranger, returning to thy heathen land,
 The word thou readest dost thou understand?"
 Humbly Candace's minister replied,

"How can I, except one should be my guide?
 Who, in the wondrous passage I have read,
 Who is this Sheep, unto the slaughter led?
 Who is this Lamb, so silent and so meek?
 Of whom, I pray thee, does the prophet speak?"
 Then faithful Philip seated by his side,
 Tells him how Jesus lived, how Jesus died,
 How in that spotless unresisting Lamb,
 Was veiled the glory of the great "I Am."
 How He of sin endured the o'erwhelming load,
 To bring our guilty wandering souls to God.
 The stranger listens—but no words can tell
 The thoughts that in his raptured bosom swell.

In that "dry root" from out the barren ground,
 The tree of Life his anxious soul has found.
 In that meek "man of sorrows" owns his Lord,
 And sees fresh glory in each living word.
 The Sun of Righteousness with healing wings,
 Joy and salvation to his spirit brings.
 And wells of hope and love unknown before
 Yield forth the riches of their secret store.
 But heaven-taught faith to swift obedience moves,
 And ever thus its holy nature proves.
 The ardent convert longs without delay
 To own his Saviour in the face of day.
 "What now doth hinder me to be baptized?
 See, here is water!" Joyful and surprised,
 The Teacher answers, "If with all thy heart
 Thou dost believe, thou mayest." Deep thoughts
 impart
 To both an energy that suits the hour,
 And clothes the convert's simple words with power:
 "I do believe that Jesus is the Son
 Of God Most High, the anointed Holy One."
 Then he commands the chariot to stand still,
 And both the appointed rite of Christ fulfil.
 Oh, happy stranger! still more happy guide
 Ascending with him from the water side!
 Brethren in faith, in hope, in holy love,
 Rejoicing angels hail ye from above.
 Oh moments worth a life of thoughtless mirth!
 As days of heaven upon this fallen earth!
 Ye seem to tell us of the joys to come,
 Ye breathe the fragrance of our heavenly home;
 But on this earth ye were not made to stay,
 We taste your sweetness, and ye pass away.
 The Ethiopian nobleman must go
 And serve the Lord he just begins to know;
 'Midst Afric's deserts make an oasis bloom,
 And cheer with Gospel light her Heathen gloom;
 While faithful Philip at Azotus found,
 Still publishing glad tidings all around,

Must with a constant and untiring zeal,
 His Saviour's Name to other hearts reveal.
 So be it, Lord! if thus we best fulfil
 The gracious purpose of thy holy will.
 So be it, Lord! for thou wilt still abide,
 And be of each the teacher and the guide.

M * * M.

184. THE TRIUMPH OF GRACE.

“Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” Acts ix. 6.

“If any man be in Christ he is a new creature.”—
 2 Cor. v. 17.

Who is this with bearing high,
 Fiery zeal, and haughty eye?
 “Breathing slaughter,” on he rides,
 And his fierce companions guides.
 Like the dread volcano's gleam,
 Like the burning lava's stream.
 Many a Christian's doom is sealed,
 When his mission is revealed.
 By that proud and lofty brow,
 Well we “Saul of Tarsus” know.

Who is this with shrouded eyes!
 Prostrate on the ground he lies.
 See him now, with trembling feet,
 Seek Damascus' narrow street.
 Angels listen to the prayer
 Poured from contrite spirit there.
 Dawn at length breaks o'er the night,
 “Brother Saul, receive thy sight.”
 Jesus' pierced yet loving hand
 From the burning plucks the brand.

Who is this whose ardent love
 Glows with fervour from above?
 Gladly now he spends his breath,
 Welcomes danger, toil, and death.
 Henceforth *one* his constant aim,
 Free salvation to proclaim.

Jesus' boundless love declare,
 Jesus' cross and crown to share.
 Like the noble river's tide,
 Life springs up its course beside.

Hark ! the hymn of praise we hear,
 Swelling on the midnight air.
 Who are they that pour the strain ?
 Prisoners bound with cruel chain.
 Brethern they in works of love ;
 Fellow-heirs of bliss above.
 Vainly tyrants would destroy
 Springs like theirs of secret joy,
 Which can make the dungeon bright
 With its own celestial light.

Who is this on Asia's strand,
 Kneeling 'midst a weeping band ?
 Woman's love, and childhood's tear,
 Cling round him, their Father dear.
 Now they clasp his honoured feet,
 Now his longer stay entreat.
 Deep within he shares their pains,
 But a deeper love constrains.
 " Wherefore weep, and break mine heart ?
 Breaking, still I must depart."

Yawns around a watery grave !
 'Midst the dark tempestuous wave,
 Who is this unmoved by fear,
 Speaking words of hope and cheer,
 " God, who can alone preserve,
 Whose I am, and whom I serve,
 Sends his angel to declare,
 Still he will in pity spare."
 Paul, for love of Jesus bound,
 Thou art he thus dauntless found.

Who is this, the aged saint,
 With long years of labour faint ?
 Faint in body, but within,
 Rising o'er a world of sin.

Triumphing through Jesus' blood,
 Hoping soon to cross the flood ;
 Writing, praying, pleading still,
 Leaving all to Jesus' will.
 Miracle of grace below !

"Paul the aged" well we know. M * * M.

185. THE FRUITFUL DISCIPLE.

"Full of good works and alms deeds."—Acts ix. 36.

THE withering flash has struck the fruitful tree,
 Low in the dust its verdant head we see—
 And was there, then, no other to be found,
 No barren useless cumberer of the ground,
 That thou, O Death ! shouldst hither aim thy dart,
 And quench the light of love in Dorcas' heart ?

Yes, deeply had she felt her Saviour's love,
 And, quickened by His Spirit from above,
 "Receiving freely," did most freely give,
 And as a ministering angel live.

Oh, who like her could wipe the flowing tear ?
 In hour of need, oh, who like her draw near ?

Is there no hope ? oh, yield not to despair !
 Lydda is nigh, and Peter sojourns there :
 A ray of comfort cheers the sorrowing train,
 His presence will at least relieve their pain.
 And as the faithful messengers depart,
 A softened sorrow steals o'er every heart.

He comes at last ! oh, lead him to the room,
 Where she we love lies ready for the tomb !
 Fresh bursts of grief the mournful sight renews,
 And touching is the scene that Peter views—
 The tranquil features of the silent dead,
 The widowed group that stand around the bed.

Each weeping mourner will her case declare,
 And show some proof of Dorcas' tender care—
 The gifts of love, the garments she has made,
 Are by their eager, trembling hands displayed.
 The good Apostle, sorrowing, shares their grief ;
 Oh, will he be allowed to bring relief ?

And now he seeks for solitude and prayer
 Alone with Jesus, humbly pleading there :
 That voice which bade Jairus' daughter rise,
 Can that not speak in power from the skies ?
 Strong, strong in faith, he kneels beside the dead,
 Then calls the gentle spirit that has fled.

We seem to hear the wondrous word, " Arise !"
 We seem to see the gently opening eyes—
 The blood returning to each azure vein,
 The look of meek intelligence again ;
 We seem to feel the touch of Peter's hand,
 And share the joy of that rejoicing band.

Oh, for the life of love that Dorcas led !
 Such grateful tears shed o'er our dying bed,
 Such living faith in Jesus' power to save,
 A yet more blessed triumph o'er the grave,—
 A dearer voice to bid our dust arise,—
 " A morning without clouds" to meet our opening eyes.

M * * M.

185.* PRAYER ANSWERED.

" Many were gathered together praying."—Acts xii. 12.

DEVOUT and earnest is the voice of prayer,
 And anxious, trembling hearts are gathered there—
 A lowly chamber, yet a peaceful home ;
 For thither Christian brethren love to come.
 Though in the city's midst, it shares the dew
 Of Hermon's hill, for hearts both fond and true
 There dwell in union, and together prove
 The fragrant influence of Emmanuel's love.
 But now they meet in sorrow—sighs and tears
 Reveal the bitter anguish of their fears ;
 They fear for one, now in the dungeon's gloom,
 Alas ! to-morrow sentenced to the tomb.
 The madden'd people, like a savage beast,
 Have tasted blood, and would renew the feast,
 Their cruel hate unquenched by one foul deed,
 James late has fallen, Peter now must bleed ;

And Herod, marking well their savage joy,
 Learns thence what arts of pleasing to employ.
 But is there nothing loving hearts can do ?
 To cross the tyrant's will no course pursue ?
 Ah, yes ! 'tis prayer, deep, earnest, fervent prayer,
 That saves those trembling brethren from despair.
 They prayed—as pleaded Israel by the brook
 When Esau's martial bands their journey took ;
 As the proud eastern monarch's lowly wife
 Pleaded in Shushan for her people's life.
 But hark ! what sound has caught the listening ear
 Of the young Rhoda ? Now she turns to hear,
 Now hastes with eager gladness to relate
 " 'Tis Peter's voice—he stands before the gate."
 They gaze astonished on her beaming eye,
 But to her joyful tidings faith deny.
 " Sure thou art mad"—yet still the damsel pleads
 " 'Tis even so." A solemn awe succeeds :
 " It is his angel ! the death pang is o'er !"
 But that continued knocking at the door
 Claims to be answered, till with breathless gaze
 Each eye is fixed on Peter with amaze.
 But how describe the feelings that prevail,
 As that dear brother tells his wondrous tale,
 As all the scenes of that eventful night
 Pass in review before their mental sight ?
 The sleeping soldiers, and the guarded door,
 The radiance shining on the dungeon floor ;
 The angel's touch, the quickly falling chain,
 The opening gate, the fresh air breathed again ;
 The dreamy wonder passing from the mind,
 The holy awe and gratitude combined ;
 The sense of wonderful deliverance given,
 Of help vouchsafed direct from God in heaven.
 Oh, midst the rapture of that loving band,
 Who in the midnight hour round Peter stand :
 Is there no voice which gently chiding saith,
 " Why did ye doubt, oh ye of little faith ?"
 Yes, better than our fear, our hope, our prayer,
 So dost Thou oft, O Lord ! thy love declare.

Surpassing human faith, thy gifts alight,
When scarce our trembling prayers seem winged for
flight ;

Midst groans and tears, as in the dust we lie,
The threatening clouds have vanished from the sky.
Each dreaded evil fades like mist away,
Or gleams with radiance from the opening day :
Some angel hand unclasps the dungeon chain,
And light, life, liberty are ours again.

M * * M.

186. INSTANCES OF GRACE.

“ My grace is sufficient for thee.”—2 Cor. xii. 9.

I SING the wonders grace can do—
How it can change the heart ;
What mighty strength it will subdue,
And mightier strength impart.

Grace makes the towers of pride to fall,
And rage and hate relent ;
Grace turned a proud, blaspheming *Saul*
Into a praying saint.

Grace gave him boldness to declare
The truth in Jesu’s name ;
’Twas grace that made him strong to bear
Affliction, want and shame.

Grace moved a *Matthew* willingly
To leave his all for Christ ;
That little sentence, “ Follow me,”
From Jesu’s lips sufficed.

Grace in *Zaccheus* gave away
The half that he possessed ;
And taught him four-fold to repay
Whome’er he had oppressed.

Grace found its way to *Peter’s* heart,
When Jesus turned and looked ;
And bitter tears the sin confessed,
Which dying love rebuked.

Grace made a timid *Joseph* bold,
 And *Nicodemus* too ;
 Not half the wonders can be told
 That grace divine will do.*

186.* THE SAINTS IN GLORY.

Rev. vii, 13—17.

How bright these glorious spirits shipe !
 Whence all their white array ?
 How came they to the blissful seats
 Of everlasting day ?

Lo, these are they from sufferings great
 Who came to realms of light,
 And in the blood of Christ have washed
 Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
 Before the throne on high,
 And serve the God they love, amidst
 The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
 Tunes every mouth to sing ;
 By day, by night, the sacred courts
 With glad hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
 Nor suns with scorching ray ;
 God is the sun whose cheering beams
 Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
 Shall o'er them still preside,
 Feed them with nourishment divine,
 And all their footsteps guide.

In pastures green he'll lead his flock,
 Where living streams appear ;
 And God the Lord from every eye
 Shall wipe off every tear.

“ Hymns for Young Minds.” By Anne Houlditch.

4 PART FOURTH.

HYMNS FOR THE YOUNG.

187.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach,
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death :
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays ! "

The saints in prayer appear as one,
 In word, in deed, and mind ;
 While with the Father, and the Son,
 Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;
 The Holy Spirit pleads,
 And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
 For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way !
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
 Lord, teach us how to pray !

MONTGOMERY.

187*

SECRET PRAYER.

“Pray to thy Father which is in secret.”—Matt. vi. 6.

'Tis a solemn thing to pray ;
 'Tis to speak to Him who made us ;
 Who upholds us every day,
 And alone can bless and aid us.

Sweet it is when all alone,
 To pour out our hearts before him ;
 Humbly kneeling at his throne,
 There to praise and to adore him.

Saviour, all my need thou knowest,
 And my every thought canst see ;
 All I have 'tis thou bestowest ;
 Every blessing comes from thee.

Often would I kneel before thee,
 When no eye can see but thine ;
 Saviour, hear a child implore thee,
 Oh, accept this prayer of mine.

Let me love thee, let me fear thee,
 Let me follow in thy way ;
 Let me keep for ever near thee ;
 Guide me, Saviour, lest I stray.

188. THE NARROW PATH.

“Enter ye in at the strait gate.”—Matt. vii. 13.

THERE is a path that leads to God ;
 All others go astray :
 Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,
 And Christians love the way.

It leads straight through this world of sin,
 And dangers must be passed :
 But those who humbly walk therein,
 Will get to heaven at last.

How shall a feeble pilgrim dare
 This narrow path to tread ?
 For on the way is many a snare
 For youthful travellers spread :

While the broad road, where thousands go,
 Lies near and opens fair ;
 And many turn aside, I know,
 To walk with sinners there.

But lest my feeble steps should slide,
 Or wander from thy way,
 Lord, condescend to be my guide,
 And I shall never stray.

Then I may go without alarm,
 And trust his word of old,
 “The lambs he’ll gather with his arm,
 And lead them to the fold.”

Thus I may safely venture through,
 Beneath my Shepherd’s care,
 And keep the gate of heaven in view,
 Till I shall enter there.

188.* THE PATH OF PEACE.

“The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”—Prov. iv. 18.

OH guide my feet, and keep them in the way—
The way of pleasantness, the path of peace ;
Shine on my soul, and to the perfect day,
Brighter and brighter still thy light increase ;

That blessed light, which from the world above
Points out the footsteps where thy saints have trod,
And marks in wisdom, righteousness, and love,
The road to heaven, to glory, and to God!

D. A. T.

189. THE CLEAN HEART.

“Blessed are the pure in heart,”

OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !
Sprinkled with that atoning blood
So freely shed for me ;

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone :

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within :

A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

190. CONFESSION, PRAISE, AND PRAYER.

LORD! when we bend before thy throne
 And our confessions pour,
 Teach us to feel the sins we own,
 And shun what we deplore.

Our fallen spirits pitying see,
 True penitence impart;
 Then let a healing ray from thee
 Beam hope upon the heart!

Oh, when our youthful tongues essay
 Their grateful songs to raise,
 Grant that our souls may join the lay,
 And rise to thee in praise!

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
 May we our wills resign;
 And not a thought our bosom share,
 Which is not wholly thine!

May faith each meek petition fill,
 And waft it to the skies;
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still.
 That grants it, or denies!

191. PRAISE.

“Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me.”—Psalm l. 23.

LET us sing, for we have reason;
 Let us join with those above;
 Praise is never out of season;
 Let us praise the God of love.
 We have cause indeed to sing,—
 Jesus is our glorious King.

When we reach the full enjoyment
 Of the state where sorrows end,
 Praise will be our sweet employment,
 We shall praise the sinner's Friend;
 Christ, who washed us with his blood,
 Saved and brought us nigh to God.

But how different *then* our praises,
 From the thanks we render now ;
 Well our coldness may amaze us,
 When we think how much we owe !
 But no coldness will remain,
 When that glorious state we gain.
 Yet our God accepts our praises,
 Offered while we sojourn here ;
 He, on whom th' archangel gazes
 With delight and holy fear,
 Hears his people when they sing,
 And accepts the praises they bring.

192. MORNING HYMN.

“The Lord’s mercies are new every morning.”—
 Lam. iii. 23.

ANOTHER night of sweet repose !
 Again I wake in peace :
 Father of lights ! I bless thy name,
 Whose mercies never cease.
 Each day thou dost with tender love
 Rich blessings on me pour :
 I love thee, Lord ! but oh ! I would
 That I could love thee more.
 O pardon, pardon, all my sins,
 So many, and so great ;
 How often do I grieve my God !
 Yet, surely, sin I hate.
 O never let me, Lord, forget
 That Christ has died for me ;
 And may his love constrain my soul
 To live, this day, to thee.

193. MORNING, OR EVENING.

MY God, how endless is thy love !
 Thy gifts are every evening new ;
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil, like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to thy command,
 To thee I consecrate my days ;
 And daily blessings from thine hand
 Demand my daily songs of praise.

194. EVENING HYMN.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light :
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 With joy behold the judgment day.

O may my soul on thee repose,
 And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
 Sleep that may me more active make,
 To serve my God, when I awake.

*When restless in the night I lie,
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No powers of darkness me molest.

O may my soul for ever share
 The bliss of thy paternal care ;
 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
 To see thy face and sing thy love.

* The last four verses are suitable to be added in illness.

Should death itself my sleep invade,
 Why should I be of death afraid ?
 Protected by thy saving arm,
 Though he may strike, he cannot harm.

For death is life, and labour rest,
 If with thy gracious presence blest ;
 Then welcome sleep, or death to me,
 I'm still secure, for still with thee,

Praise God, &c.

195. EVENING HYMN.

“ He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.”

—Ps. cxxi. 4.

THROUGH the day thy love hath spared us,
 Wearied we lie down to rest ;
 Through the silent watches guard us,
 Let no foe our peace molest.
 Saviour ! thou our guardian be,
 Sweet it is to trust in THEE.

Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,
 Dwelling in the midst of foes ;
 Us and ours preserve from dangers,
 In thine arms may we repose ;
 And when life's short day is past,
 Rest with thee in heaven at last.

196. EVENING HYMN FOR A SCHOOL.

SEE in the west now sets the sun !
 The day declines fast, and our work is done ;
 But, ere we part, we'll bless that Friend
 Whose kindness knows no decline or end :
 Come, brothers, come, our hearts we'll raise,
 And cheerfully sing to our Father's praise.

Guide of our youth ! we thank thee, Lord,
 That we are taught early to know thy word !
 We to thy tender mercy owe
 Each various good we have below ;
 Come, brothers, come, we'll join to bless
 The Friend of the poor and the fatherless.

All we, like sheep, have gone astray,
 And every one turned his own false way.
 But, for each ill that we have done,
 There's mercy with thee, for thy dear Son.
 Come, brothers, come, we'll kneel and pray
 For pardon of all we have done to-day.

197. EVENING THOUGHTS FOR A CHILD.

“Keep me as the apple of the eye, .hide me under the
 shadow of thy wings.”—Ps. xvii. 8.

As at the fall of night,
 The bird in haste returning ;
 And wearied with its flight
 Its cradled home discerning ;
 There folds its wing, and hides its head,
 And nestles in its leafy bed ;

As by the parent dam,
 (Kind nature's voice obeying,)
 The little suckling lamb
 Its feeble form is laying ;
 Enjoying all the good it knows,
 Its pleasant food, and calm repose ;

As on the mother's breast,
 Safe in her watchful keeping,
 And softly hushed to rest,
 The little babe is sleeping ;
 Without a care, without a fear,
 Without a thought of danger near ;—

So in my Saviour's grace,
 My Saviour's love confiding ;
 And till I see his face,
 Firm in his truth abiding ;
 As safe, as happy I may be,
 For Jesus watches over me.

198. HYMN FOR SATURDAY EVENING.

SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way ;
 Let us now a blessing seek
 On the approaching Sabbath day :
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

Mercies, multiplied each hour,
 Gracious Lord, our praise demand ;
 Guarded by thy mighty power,
 Nourished by thy bounteous hand.
 Now from worldly care set free,
 May we rest this night with thee.

When the morn shall bid us rise,
 May we feel thy presence near ;
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 When we in thy house appear ;
 And may all our Sabbaths prove
 Foretastes of thy joys above.

199. SABBATH MORNING.

ANOTHER six day's work is done,
 Another Sabbath is begun ;
 May we enjoy in holy rest
 The sacred day which God has blessed.

O that our prayers and thanks may rise
 As grateful incense to the skies ;
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
 Which he who rests in Jesus knows—

That heavenly calm within the breast,
 Pledge of a yet more glorious rest,
 Which for the church of God remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains.

In holy duties let the day,
 In holy pleasures pass away :
 How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end ;

200. THE EXCELLENCY OF THE SANCTUARY.

“How aimable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!
Ps. lxxxiv. 1.

PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love ;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High !
Happier souls, that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast !

Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe ;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies.

On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length,
Grace and glory flow from thee :
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me !

201. INVITATION TO THE HOUSE OF GOD.

“Every one that keepeth the sabbath from polluting it,
and taketh hold of my covenant; even them will I
bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in
my house of prayer.”—Isaiah lvi. 6, 7.

COME to the house of prayer,
And bow before the Lord ;
Join in the praises offered there,
And hear the preached word.

Come to the house of God,
Hear what the Scripture saith,
How by the Saviour's precious blood
Man is redeemed from death.

Come to the house of prayer,
Where Jesu's people meet ;
Pour out before him all thy care,
Seek mercy at his feet.

Come to the house of God,
Come where his Spirit moves ;
Come, sound Jehovah's praise abroad,
With those whom Jesus loves.

Sinner ! I pray thee, come,
Wait not a moment's pace ;
God hath not yet pronounced thy doom,
For thee there still is grace.

Come to the house of God.
His pardon to implore ;
Forsake the dangerous downward road,
Despise his day no more.

202. FOR THE LORD'S-DAY EVENING.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee !
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below ;
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word ;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before !

With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine !
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

203. SABBATH PEACE.

AN EXTRACT.

FOR our Sabbath peace we bless Thee
 For the quiet hour of prayer ;
 For the holy stillness resting
 On nature everywhere ;
 For the soft bells gently chiming
 Upon the quiet air ;
 For our Sabbath peace we bless Thee,
 For the quiet time of prayer !

For the calm and deep communion
That contrite spirits feel,
 With Jesus the Redeemer,
 As in thy courts *they* kneel.
 There is water for the thirsty,
 Rest for the weary there ;
 For our Sabbath peace we bless Thee,
 For the quiet hour of prayer !

We fear not the oppressor,
 Nor the stern avenger's rod ;
 We bless Thee, that in boldness,
 We may kneel before our God.
 No chains, nor prison darkness,
 Our trembling souls to scare,—
 For our Sabbath peace we bless Thee,
 For the quiet time of prayer !

For the banner of thy love,
 That floats above our path,
 When sorrow's angry billows
 Rise in tempestuous wrath ;
 For thy sustaining presence,
 Through six day's toil and care ;
 For our Sabbath peace we bless Thee,
 For the quiet time of prayer.

MRS. HENRY LYNCH.

204. MONDAY MORNING.

Now let our heavenly plants and flowers
 Diffuse a fragrance more divine ;
 Refreshed by the sweet Sabbath showers,
 With richer beauty they should shine.

We have been wafted for awhile
 Far, far away from this low scene ;
 Been cheer'd by our Redeemer's smile,
 Been suffer'd on his breast to lean.

What has he taught us ? what should be
 The fruit of intercourse so blest ?
 O, should not all around us see
 His image on our souls imprest ?

Within His ivory palace fair
 We entered—a much favoured train ;
 Myrrh, aloes, cassia, filled the air ;
 Our garments should the scent retain.

And we should pass along the earth
 Like birds that live upon the wing ;
 Rise to the country of our birth,
 And on our way its anthems sing.*

205. EMIGRANT'S MORNING HYMN.

THE sun is ris'n again !
 Yet few his rising greet !
 No cheerful songs of happy birds,
 No stir of busy feet.
 But far and wide, on either hand,
 None hail him but this pilgrim band.

Lord Christ ! our Light and Life,
 Search Thou our dark hearts through,
 For thou who know'st each secret sin,
 Canst cleanse and pity too.
 The sun which shows our sins as night
 Will clothe the sinner in His light.

O, give us wakeful hearts,
 As children of the day,—
 Awake to watch and do Thy will,
 To labor, praise and pray.
 Slumber and dreams belong to night ;
 May we do all with all our might.

O give us lowly hearts !
 Bowed by the sense of sin ;
 Bowed lower by the wondrous love
 Which makes the sinner clean.
 Patient to bear with ill and wrong,
 As Thou hast borne with us so long.

O give us tender hearts
 To feel each other's care,
 To watch and help each other's need,
 Each other's burdens bear ;
 Rejoicing in the lowest place—
 The place of service and of grace.

That so from this lone ship
 May sweeter music rise
 Than ever filled the woods in spring,
 Floating through sunny skies,
 From hearts forgiving and forgiven,—
 The music that they love in heaven.

205.* EMIGRANT'S EVENING HYMN.

THE golden and the crimson glow
 Have faded from the sea,
 And all around us and below,
 Dark waves plash heavily.

But, Jesus ! let Thy healing ray
 Upon our hearts be shed ;
 Thy presence makes the darkness day—
 Be Thou about our bed.

The voice that whispers sin forgiven
 Can bid the storm be still ;
 The ocean is as calm as heaven,
 If such our Father's will.

The winds and waves Thy laws must keep,
 However fierce and wild,
 And rock Thy children safe to sleep,
 As a mother rocks her child.

Thus guarded by Thy love and grace,
 Calm may our slumbers be ;
 The ocean is a peaceful place
 To hearts at peace with Thee.

Or if, while in Thy blood we trust,
 The tempest o'er us rolls,
 Thou knowest whence to wake our dust,
 And where to meet our souls.*

206.

MEEKNESS.

“Peace, be still.”

JESUS, who bade the tempest cease,
 And calmed the raging sea,
 Can in my bosom whisper “Peace,”
 And say “Be still” to me.

My angry passions rise and swell,
 Just like the stormy wind ;
 And, Jesus, thou alone canst quell
 These tumults of the mind.

When wicked tempers stir within,
 And vex my troubled soul,
 Do thou, great Conqueror of sin,
 My rage and pride control.

Give me a spirit like thine own—
 The spirit of the dove ;
 And melt this stubborn heart of stone
 By the soft flame of love.†

* By the Author of “Tales and Sketches of Christian Life.”

† “Hymns for Young Minds.”

206.* GOD GIVETH GRACE TO THE HUMBLE.

“Be ye clothed with humility.”

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Saviour be,
Clothed with humility.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
Humble as a little child ;
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

Father ! fix my soul on thee,
Every evil let me flee ;
Nothing want beneath, above ;
Happy in thy care and love.

Oh ! that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined ;
Him let every saint adore,
Trust him, praise him, evermore,

207. “CONSIDER YOUR WAYS.”

Haggai 1. 5.

OH, for a wise and serious mind
To ponder well the path I take,
Ere, to eternity consigned,
In hell or heaven I awake !

Oh for a true, a living faith,
To make the promises my own :
An ear to hear what Jesus saith,
An eye to look on Christ alone !

Thy Spirit, O my Saviour ! give ;
To me that living faith supply ;
And let me to thy glory live,
And let me to thy Glory die.

208. SIN NO TRIFLE.

“Fools make a mock at sin.”—Prov. xiv. 9.

GREAT God, 'tis written in thy book,
 “Fools make a mock at sin :”
 These words of thine are light and truth,
 And show me what's within.

My conscience tells me, I the same
 Have very often done ;
 Smiled at my own and others' sin,
 And called it sport and fun.

Thus, like a fool, I've dared to love
 What God doth most detest ;
 And that which sinks the soul to hell,
 Hath been my idle jest.

O Lord, the folly of my heart
 Before thee open lies ;
 Forgive my sin for Jesu's sake,
 And make me truly wise.*

209. THE WAY OF ACCESS. .

2 Cor. v. 21.

ONE glance of thine, eternal Lord,
 Pierces all nature through,
 Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell afford
 A shelter from thy view !

The mighty whole, each smaller part,
 At once before thee lies ;
 And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart
 Is open to thine eyes.

Though greatly from myself conceal'd,
 Thou seest my inward frame ;
 To thee I always stand reveal'd
 Exactly as I am.

* “Hymns for Young Minds.”

Since therefore I can hardly bear
 What in myself I see,
 How vile and black must I appear
 Most holy God to thee!

But since my Saviour stands between,
 In garments dyed in blood,
 'Tis he, instead of me, is seen,
 When I approach to God.

Thus, though a sinner I am safe ;
 He pleads before the throne,
 His life and death in my behalf,
 And calls my sins his own.

What wondrous love, what mysteries
 In this appointment shine !
 My breaches of the law are his,
 And his obedience mine.*

210. KINDNESS TO THE POOR PROVES OUR LOVE TO CHRIST.

Matt. xxv. 40.

HIGH on a throne of light, O Lord,
 Dost thou exalted shine :
 What can our poverty bestow,
 Since the whole world is thine ?
 But thou hast brethren here below,
 Partakers of thy grace,
 Whose humble names thou wilt confess
 Before thy Father's face.
 In them thou mayest be clothed and fed,
 And visited and cheered ;
 And, in their accents of distress,
 Our Saviour's voice is heard.
 Whate'er our willing hearts can give,
 Lord, at thy feet we lay ;
 Grace will the humble gift receive,
 And grace at length repay.

* Olney Hymns.

211. THE EVER-PRESENT GOD.

GOD made the world—in every land
 His love and power abound ;
 All are protected by his hand,
 As well as British ground.

The Indian hut, the English cot,
 Alike his care must own ;
 Though savage nations know him not,
 But worship wood and stone.

He sees and governs distant lands,
 And constant bounty pours,
 From wild Arabia's burning sands
 To Lapland's frozen shores.

In forest shades, and silent plains,
 Where feet have never trod,
 There in majestic power he reigns,
 An ever-present God.

All the inhabitants of earth
 Who dwell beneath the sun,
 Of different nations, name, and birth,
 He knows them every one.

Alike the rich and poor are known,
 The cultured and the wild ;
 The lofty monarch on the throne,
 And every little child.

While he regards the wise and fair,
 The noble and the brave,
 He listens to the beggar's prayer,
 And the poor negro slave.

He knows the worthy from the vile,
 And sends his mercies down :
 None are too mean to share his smile,
 Or to provoke his frown.

Great God ! and since thy piercing eye
 My inmost heart can see,
 Teach me from every sin to fly,
 And turn that heart to thee.*

212. THE GOSPEL PREACHED IN THE OLD TESTAMENT TYPES.

ISRAEL, in ancient days,
 Not only had a view
 Of Sinai in a blaze,
 But learned the Gospel too ;
 The types and figures were a glass,
 In which they saw a Saviour's face.

The paschal sacrifice,
 And blood-besprinkled door,
 Seen with enlightened eyes,
 And once applied with power,
 Would teach the need of other blood
 To reconcile a holy God.

The lamb, the dove, set forth
 His perfect innocence,
 Whose blood of matchless worth
 Should be the soul's defence ;
 For he who can for sin atone
 Must have no failings of his own.

The scape-goat on his head
 The people's trespass bore,
 And, to the desert led,
 Was to be seen no more :
 In him our Surety seemed to say,
 "Behold, I bear your sins away."

Dipped in his fellow's blood,
 The living bird went free ;
 The type well understood,
 Expressed the sinner's plea ;
 Described a guilty soul enlarged,
 And by a Saviour's death discharged.

* Hymns for Infant Minds.

Jesus, I love to trace,
 Throughout the sacred page,
 The footsteps of thy grace,
 The same in every age !
 Oh grant that I may faithful be
 To clearer light, vouchsafed to me ! COWPER.

213. THE EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.

2 Tim. iii. 15.

GREAT GOD, with wonder and with praise,
 On all thy works I look ;
 But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
 Shine brightest in thy Book.

The stars that in their courses roll,
 Have much instruction given ;
 But thy good word informs my soul
 How I may climb to heaven.

The fields provide us food, and show
 The goodness of the Lord ;
 But fruits of life and glory grow
 In thy most holy word.

Here are our choicest treasures hid,
 Here our best comfort lies ;
 Here our desires are satisfied,
 And hence our hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law,
 Show what my faults have been ;
 And from thy Gospel let me draw
 Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has died
 To save my soul from hell ;
 Not all the books on earth beside
 Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
 And take a fresh delight
 By day to read these wonders o'er,
 And meditate by night.

214. "THE ENTRANCE OF THY WORD GIVETH LIGHT."

"My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew."—Deut. xxxii. 2.

FAIR as the sunny beams of light,
That cast upon the mountain height
Their rich and golden ray ;
Thy truth, thy glorious truth hath shone,
To make surpassing wonders known,
And guide us on our way.

Gentle, refreshing as the dew,
Which falls in silence, to renew
Earth's parched and fading face ;
Thou dost in tenderest love impart,
To cheer, renew, and bless the heart
The Spirit of thy grace.

O cherish still, direct and bless,
And keep in paths of righteousness
The purchase of Thy love ;
Till, raised from this dark vale of death,
We praise thee with immortal breath,
In Thy bright world above.

D. A. T.

215. A CHRISTIAN CHILD'S REMEMBRANCE OF PAST MERCIES.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh ! how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
The love that glows within my heart ?
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustained,
 And all my wants redrest,
 When as a helpless babe I lay
 And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
 To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flowed.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ,
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart
 That tastes these gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
 May I thy love proclaim,
 And after death in distant worlds,
 Resume the glorious theme.

When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 Oh! may my ever grateful heart
 Thy mercy still adore.

Through all eternity to Thee,
 A grateful song I'll raise ;
 For oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

215.* GRATITUDE FOR SPIRITUAL MERCIES.

“We love Him, because He first loved us”—1 John iv. 19.

WE love Thee, Lord, because when we
 Had err'd and gone astray,
 Thou didst recall our wand'ring souls
 Into the homeward way.

When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
 In sin and sorrow's night,
 Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
 Of Thy benignant light.

Because when we forsook thy way,
 Nor kept thy holy will,
 Thou wert not an avenging Judge,
 But a gracious Father still:
 Because we have forgot thee, Lord,
 But thou hast not forgot,—
 Because we have forsaken thee,
 But thou forsakest not.

Because, O Lord, thou loved'st us
 With everlasting love ;
 Because thou gav'st thy Son to die,
 That we might live above :
 Because when we were heirs of wrath,
 Thou gav'st the hope of heaven ;
 We love because we much have sinned
 And much have been forgiven.*

216

THANKSGIVING.

“What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits
 toward me ?”—Ps. cxvi. 12.

FOR mercies countless as the sands,
 Which daily I receive
 From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
 My soul, what canst thou give ?

Alas ! from such a heart as mine
 What can I bring him forth ?
 My best is stained and dyed with sin,
 My all is nothing worth.

Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
 For all He has bestowed ;
 Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
 And call upon my God.

* Spiritual Songs.

The best return for one like me,
 So helpless and so poor,
 Is, from his gifts to draw a plea,
 And ask him still for more.

I cannot serve him as I ought,
 No works have I to boast :
 Yet would I glory in the thought,
 That I shall owe him most.

217. THE MERCIES OF GOD INNUMERABLE.

“If I would declare and speak of them they are more
 than can be numbered.”—Ps. xl. 5.

LORD of Light! enthroned in glory,
 Wondrous are thy works of old ;
 Mortal tongue the matchless story
 Of thy love can ne'er unfold.

Would I reckon all I owe Thee ?
 Count Thy mercies—“ever new ?”
 Mountain heights rise up before me,—
 Depths unfathomed meet my view.

Vain the task ! what foot shall ever
 Himalay's summits gain ?
 Or what piercing eye discover
 Fountains of the Atlantic main ?

Vain the task ! yet heavenly pleasure
 Spreads like sunshine o'er my soul,
 And the still increasing treasure
 Binds me to thy sweet control.

Oh ! may gratitude constrain me,
 Living faith, which works by love,
 Humble service *here* to yield thee,
 Perfect praise in realms above.

M * * M

218. THANKSGIVING FOR HARVEST.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days !
 Bounteous Source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ !
 For the blessings of the field ;
 For the stores the gardens yield ;
 For the joy which harvests bring ;
 Grateful praises now we sing.
 Clouds, that drop refreshing dews ;
 Suns, that genial heat diffuse ;
 Flocks, that whiten all the plain ;
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain :
 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
 All that liberal Autumn pours
 From her overflowing stores :
 These, great God, to thee we owe ;
 Source whence all our blessings flow ;
 And for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

219. THE VISIBLE CREATION.

THE God of nature and of grace
 In all his works appears ;
 His goodness through the earth we trace,
 His grandeur in the spheres.
 Behold this fair and fertile globe,
 By Him in wisdom planned ;
 'Twas He who girded, like a robe,
 The ocean round the land.
 Lift to the firmament your eye,
 Thither his path pursue ;
 His glory, boundless as the sky,
 O'erwhelms the wondering view.

He bows the heavens, the mountains stand
 A highway for their God ;
 He walks amidst the desert land,
 'Tis Eden where He trod.

The forests in his strength rejoice ;
 Hark ! on the evening breeze,
 As once of old, the Lord God's voice
 Is heard among the trees.

Here on the hills He feeds his herds,—
 His flocks on yonder plains :
 His praise is warbled by the birds ;
 O could we catch their strains,—

Mount with the lark, and bear our song
 Up to the gates of light,
 Or with the nightingale prolong
 Our numbers through the night !

In every stream his bounty flows,
 Diffusing joy and wealth ;
 In every breeze his Spirit blows
 The breath of Life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
 Upon the lap of Earth,
 That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
 And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,
 Where sin and death abound,
 How beautiful beyond compare
 Will Paradise be found !

MONTGOMERY.

220. MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand ;
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand :

From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile :
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strewn ;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high—
 Shall we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! oh, salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim ;
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to regin.

HEBER.

221. MISSIONARY HYMN.

Matt. xxviii. 19. 20.

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean,
 And as thy billows flow,
 Bear messengers of mercy
 To every land below.

Arise, ye gales, and waft them
 Safe to the destined shore,
 That man may sit in darkness
 And death's deep shade no more.

O thou Eternal Ruler,
 Who rulest with thy arm
 The tempests of the ocean,
 Protect them from all harm ;
 Thy presence e'er be with them,
 Wherever they may be ;
 Though far from those who love them,
 Still let them be with thee.

222. "THY KINGDOM COME."

"THY kingdom come ;" from day to day
 We lift our hands to God and pray ;
 But who has ever duly weighed,
 Or pondered on the words he said ?

"Thy kingdom come ;" O day of joy !
 When praise shall every heart employ,
 When hatred, strife, and battles cease,
 And man with man shall be at peace.

Then all will know and love the Lord,
 And live according to His word ;
 And every evil will remove,
 For God will reign, and "*God is Love.*"

D. A. T.

223. CHRIST THE CAPTAIN OF SALVATION.

CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and guide
 Of all who seek the land above ;
 Beneath thy shadow we abide,
 The cloud of thy protecting love ;
 Our strength, thy grace ; our rule, thy word ;
 Our end, the glory of the Lord.

By thine unerring Spirit led,
 We shall not in the desert stray ;
 Our table by thy bounty spread,
 Our wants supplied from day to day ;
 As far from danger as from fear,
 While Love, Almighty Love, is there.

224. CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

SHEPHERD of thy little flock,
 Lead me by the shadowing rock,
 Where the richest pasture grows,
 Where the living water flows.

By that pure and silent stream,
 Shelterd from the scorching beam,
 Shepherd, Saviour, Guardian, Guide,
 Keep me ever near thy side.

224.* THE SAME SUBJECT.

SEE, the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
 And calls his sheep by name ;
 Gathers the feeble in his arms,
 And feeds each tender lamb.

He leads them to the gentle stream,
 Where living water flows ;
 And guides them to the verdant fields,
 Where sweetest herbage grows.

When, wandering from the peaceful fold,
 We leave the narrow way,
 Our faithful Shepherd still is near,
 To Seek us when we stray.

The weakest lamb amidst the flock
 Shall be its Shepherd's care ;
 While folded in our Saviour's arms,
 We're safe from every snare.

225. CHRIST THE TRUE PHYSICIAN.

OH, who can give the blind their sight,
 And make the simple wise,
 And pour a flood of holy light
 On nature's darkened eyes ?

Who can with vital strength supply
 The withered, halt, and lame ?
 And give a living energy
 To nature's failing frame ?

Oh, who can give the heart relief,
 The sinking spirits raise,
 And change the heavy sigh of grief
 To songs of joy and praise ?

Thou great physician of the soul,
 To thee we tune our song ;
 And thus while endless ages roll,
 The grateful theme prolong.

'Tis Jesus gives the blind their sight,
 And makes the simple wise,
 And pours a flood of holy light
 On nature's darkened eyes ;

And He will give the heart relief,
 The sinking spirits raise,
 And change the heavy sigh of grief
 To songs of joy and praise. D. A. T.

225. * CHRIST THE SURE REFUGE.

Isaiah xxv. 7.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll ;
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
 Leave, O leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me !
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing !
 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within !
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity !

226. CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

John viii. 12.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies ;
 Christ, the true and only Light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night !
 Day-spring from on high, be near ;
 Day-star, in my heart appear !
 Dark and cheerless is the morn
 Unaccompanied by thee ;
 Joyless is the day's return
 Till thy mercy's beams we see ;
 Till they inward light impart,
 Glad the eyes and warm the heart !
 Visit, then, this soul of mine :
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
 Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
 Scatter all my unbelief ;
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

226.* CHRIST THE WAY, AND THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

John xiv. 6.

THOU art *my* way, let me abide
In thee, my Lord, nor turn aside,
What voice soe'er invite ;
Nor let my trembling footsteps fail,
Till, streaming o'er death's shadowy vale,
I see heaven's glorious light !

Thou art *my* truth !—in thee I find
All that renews and heals my mind,
Enlightens it and cheers ;
On thee I feed, in thee I rest,
Nourished and satisfied and blest,
Set free from doubts and fears.

Thou art *my* life !—spring up in me,
A well of living water be,—
A fount of purity ;
Grow deeper, mightier, day by day,
Till old things shall have past away,
And sin itself shall die.

Jesus my way my truth my life,—
Sheltered from earth's turmoil and strife,
How blest a lot is mine !
Thy word I trust, thy praise I sing,
Safe 'neath the covert of thy wing,
And filled with peace divine.*

227. CHRIST THE ROCK OF AGES.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee !
Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

* From the "Christian Remembrancer" for 1846.

Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone :
 Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling ;
 Helpless, look to thee for grace,
 Guilty, plead thy righteousness.
 Vile, I to the fountain fly ;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee !

227.* CHRIST THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

Zech. xiii. 1.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Emanuel's veins ;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there may I, as vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save ;
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

COWPER.

228. CHRIST THE REDEEMER.

“I have found a ransom.”—Job xxxiii. 24,

“He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities : the chastisement of our peace was upon him ; and with his stripes we are healed.”—Isaiah. liii. 5.

OH wonder past expression !
 Chastened and bruised for me,
 Stricken for my transgression,
 The Lord, my God, I see ;
 My grief and shame enduring,
 He poured his soul to death ;
 My endless life securing,
 When he resigned his breath.

With deep humiliation
 I seek thy mercy-seat,
 Thou God of my salvation,
 To worship at thy feet :
 Teach me, this world forsaking,
 To glory in thy cross ;
 And, thee my portion making,
 Count all beside as loss.

Oh grant thy promised Spirit,
 Thine image, Lord, restore,
 And fit me to inherit
 Where thou art gone before ;
 While here, thy servant make me,
 Thy cheering presence give ;
 And then to glory take me,
 To see thy face—and live.

228.* CHRIST THE ADVOCATE.

Heb. vii. 25.

PLEAD thou,—oh, plead my cause !
 Each self-excusing plea
 My trembling soul withdraws,
 And flies to thee.

Where justice rears her throne,
 Ah ! who, save thee alone,
 May stand, O spotless One ?
 Plead thou my cause !

Ah ! plead not ought of mine,
 Before thine altar thrown :
 Fragments—when all is thine,
 All, all thine own !

Thou seest what stains they bear :
 Oh ! since each tear, each prayer,
 Hath need of pardon there,
 Plead thou my cause !

With lips that, dying, breathed
 Blessings for words of scorn ;
 With brow when I had wreathed
 The piercing thorn ;
 With breast to whose pure tide
 He did the weapon guide,
 Who hath no home beside,
 Plead thou my cause !

Plead, when the tempter's art
 To each fond wish of mine,
 Denies this faithless heart
 Can e'er be thine.

If slander whisper, too,
 The sin I never knew,
 Thou, who couldst urge the true,
 Plead thou my cause !

Oh ! plead my cause above ;
 Plead thine within my breast,
 Till there thy peaceful Dove
 Shall build her nest.

Thou knows't this will, how frail;
 Thou knows't, though language fail,
 My soul's mysterious tale:
 Plead thou my cause!

WARING.

229. CHRIST ALL-SUFFICIENT.

“Unto you which believe he is precious.”—1 Pet. ii. 7.

DRAW me, my Saviour, after thee!
 So shall I run, and never tire;
 With gracious words still comfort me;
 Be thou my hope, my sole desire.
 Free me from every snare; nor fear,
 Nor sin, can come if thou art there.
 What in thy love possess I not?
 My star by night, my sun by day;
 My spring of life, when parched with drought;
 My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,
 My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
 My robe before the throne of God.
 In weakness, Lord, be thou my strength;
 In suffering, Lord, be thou my power;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death, as life, be thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.

229.* SAME SUBJECT.

“For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell.”—Col. i. 19.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God;
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the o'erwhelming load.
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in his blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus,
 All fulness dwells in him,
 He healeth my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares ;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrows shares.

I love the name of Jesus—
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord!
 Like fragrance on the breezes,
 His name is spread abroad.

I long to be like Jesus—
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
 I long to be like Jesus—
 The Father's only child.

I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints his praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

230. "IT IS FINISHED!"

"It is finished!" Shall we raise
 Songs of sorrow, or of praise ;
 Mourn to see the Saviour die,
 Or triumph in his victory ?

If of Calvary we tell,
 How can songs of triumph swell ?
 If of man redeemed from woe,
 How shall notes of mourning flow ?

Ours the guilt which pierced his side,
 Ours the sin for which he died ;
 But the blood which flowed that day
 Washed our sin and guilt away.

Lamb of God! thy death has given
 Pardon, peace, and hope of heaven :
 " It is finished ! " let us raise
 Songs of thankfulness and praise.

230.* PRAISE TO CHRIST.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

" Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 " To be exalted thus ;"
 " Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 " For He was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

Let all creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the LAMB.

231. COMING TO JESUS.

" Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."
 —John vi. 37.

JUST as I am,—without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am,—and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am,—though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 “Fightings within, and fears without,”
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—thy love, I own,
 Has broken every barrier down:
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

231.* THE ACCEPTED BELIEVER.

“Accepted in the Beloved.”—Ephes. i. 3—6.

THE wanderer no more will roam,
 The lost one to the fold hath come,
 The Prodigal is welcomed home,
 O Lamb of God, in thee!

Though clad in rags, by sin defiled,
 The Father hath embraced his child,
 And I am pardoned, reconciled,
 O Lamb of God, in thee!

It is the Father’s joy to bless,
 His love provides for me a dress,
 A robe of spotless righteousness,
 O Lamb of God, in thee!

Now shall my famished soul be fed,
 A feast of love for me is spread,
 I feed upon “the children’s bread,”
 O Lamb of God, in thee!

Yea, in the fulness of his grace,
 He puts me in the children's place,
 Where I may gaze upon his face,
 O Lamb of God, in thee!

I cannot half his love express,
 Yet, Lord! with joy my lips confess,
 This blessed portion I possess,
 O Lamb of God, in thee!

It is *thy* precious name I bear,
 It is *thy* spotless robe I wear,
 Therefore, the Father's love I share,
 O Lamb of God, in thee!

And when I in thy likeness shine,
 The glory and the praise be thine,
 That everlasting joy is mine,
 O Lamb of God, in thee!

232. "SET YOUR AFFECTIONS ON THINGS ABOVE."

Col. iii. 2.

OH! from the world's vile slavery,
 Almighty Saviour set me free;
 And, as my treasure is above,
 Be there my thoughts, be there my love.

But oft, alas! to well I know,
 My thoughts, my love, are fixed below;
 In every lifeless prayer I find
 The heart unmoved,—the absent mind.

Oh! what that frozen heart can move,
 That melts not at the Saviour's love?
 What can that sluggish spirit raise,
 That will not sing the Saviour's praise?

Lord, draw my best affection's hence,
 Above this world of sin and sense;
 Cause them to soar beyond the skies,
 And rest not till to thee they rise.

232.* "LOOKING FOR THAT BLESSED
HOPE."

Titus xi. 13.

How long, O Lord our Saviour,
 Wilt thou remain away ?
 Our hearts are growing weary
 Of thy so long delay ;
 O when shall come the moment
 When, brighter far than morn,
 The sunshine of thy glory
 Shall on thy people dawn ?

How long, O gracious Master,
 Wilt thou thy household leave ?
 So long hast thou now tarried,
 Few thy return believe :
 Immersed in sloth and folly,
 Thy servants, Lord, we see ;
 And few of us stand ready
 With joy to welcome thee.

How long, O Heavenly Bridegroom,
 How long wilt thou delay !
 And yet how few are grieving
 That thou dost absent stay :
 Thy very bride her portion
 And calling hath forgot,
 And seeks for ease and glory
 Where thou, her Lord, art not.

O wake thy slumbering virgins ;
 Send forth the solemn cry ;
 Let all thy saints repeat it,
 "The Bridegroom draweth nigh !"
 May all our lamps be burning,
 Our loins well girded be ;
 Each longing heart preparing
 With joy thy face to see.*

* Hymns for the Poor of the Flock.

233. GLORYING IN THE LORD.

“I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.”—Rom. i. 16.

ASHAMED of Jesus! Can it be?
A *feeble child* ashamed of thee!
Of thee, whom highest angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

Ashamed of Jesus! of that Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name!

Ashamed of Jesus; Yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
And no immortal soul to save.

Till then,—nor is the boasting vain,—
Till then, I'll boast a Saviour slain!
And, oh! may this my portion be,
That Saviour's not ashamed of me!

234. PRAYER FOR THE GUIDANCE OF
THE HOLY SPIRIT.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our Guardian, and our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

234.* BEFORE READING THE SCRIPTURES.

OPEN, Lord, our understanding,
 To receive thy holy word,
 May thy heavenly grace descending,
 Inward light to us afford ;
 Heavenly Teacher,
 May our minds with truth be stored.

If thy Spirit do not reach us,
 Driving darkness from the heart,
 Vainly friends may strive to teach us,
 Thou alone the Teacher art.
 Heavenly Spirit,
 May it please thee, light impart.

235. HYMN AT DISMISSAL.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord ;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

236. A CHILD'S PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

MY FATHER, hear the humble prayer
 In sickness raised to thee,
 Thy word has bid me cast my care
 On him who cares for me.

A sinful child I know I am,
 But when I suffer pain,
 Thy word directs me to the Lamb
 Who was for sinners slain.

O help me, Saviour ! to repose
 On thine own gracious word,
 "All things shall work for good to those
 Who fear and love the Lord."

If thou shouldst life and health renew,
 And strength to me restore,
 With richer grace my soul endue
 To serve thee evermore.

237. THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

WHERE shall the child of sorrow find
 A place for calm repose ?
 Thou Father of the fatherless,
 Pity the orphan's woes.

What friend have I in heaven or earth ?
 What friend to trust but thee ?
 My father's dead, my mother's dead,
 My God, remember me !

Thy gracious promise now fulfil,
 And bid my troubles cease ;
 In thee the fatherless shall find
 Rich mercy, grace, and peace.

I've not a secret care or pain,
 But God that secret knows ;
 Thou Father of the fatherless,
 Pity an orphan's woes.

237.* THE ORPHAN'S SONG OF PRAISE.

ALONG life's road no parent's hand
 My homeless footsteps led ;
 No mother's arm in sickness soothed
 And raised my throbbing head.

But other hearts, Lord, thou hast warmed
 With tenderness benign ;
 And in the stranger's eye I mark
 The tear of pity shine.

The stranger's hand by thee is moved
 To be the orphan's stay ;
 And, better far, the stranger's voice
 Hath taught us how to pray.

Thou putt'st a new song in our mouth,
 A song of praise and joy ;
 O may we not our lips alone,
 But hearts, in praise employ !

GRAHAME.

238. RESIGNATION.

“Not my will, but thine be done.”

FATHER ! whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at the throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :—

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessing of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
 My life and death attend,
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

238.* “THY WILL BE DONE.”

MY GOD ! my Father ! while I stray
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,
 Oh teach me from my heart to say,
 “Thy will be done !”

If thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine,
 I only yield thee what was thine :
 “Thy will be done !”

E'en if again I ne'er should see
 The friend more dear than life to me,
 Ere long we both shall be with thee:
 "Thy will be done!"

Should pining sickness waste away
 My life in premature decay,
 My Father! still I'll strive to say,
 "Thy will be done!"

If but my fainting heart be blest
 With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
 My God! to thee I leave the rest:
 "Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day,
 Blend it with thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say,
 "Thy will be done!"

Then when on earth I breathe no more
 The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 "Thy will be done!"

239. THE CHRISTIAN'S WISH.

"Jesus answered and said unto him, if a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

—John xiv. 23.

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide;
 The darkness thickens: Lord! with me abide;
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
 Change and decay in all around I see:
 O thou who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
 But as Thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord—
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
 Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
 But kind and good, with healing in thy wings ;
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
 Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me !

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
 And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
 Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee :
 On to the close, O Lord ! abide with me ;

I need thy presence every passing hour,—
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
 Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !

Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes,
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies :
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
 flee ;
 In life, in death, O Lord ! abide with me.*

240. GOD IS EVERYWHERE, BUT HE IS TO BE SOUGHT FOR IN SOLITUDE.

I KNOW that God is everywhere,
 In all I see, in all I hear ;
 He makes the sun his course to know,
 He sends down lightning, rain, and snow ;
 The mighty winds his will obey,
 The rolling ocean owns his sway.

* The above Hymn was written by the Rev. F. Lyte, Rector of Brixham, Devon, before leaving Berry Head, in September, 1847. He died abroad in the following year.

But though the Lord is everywhere,
 In all we see, in all we hear ;
 If I would have him dwell within,
 Cleansing my soul from secret sin,
 Changing to flesh my heart of stone,
 I then must seek him all alone.

Teach me, O Lord, to seek thy face,
 Grant unto me thy quickening grace ;
 From follies may I turn away,
 And humbly come to thee and pray,
 Bowing the knee before thy throne
 Within my chamber, all alone.

O Thou ! who the command hast given,
 Thus, thus to seek thy face in heaven,
 Lead on thy feeble child to prove
 The secret of thy wondrous love,
 And make thy power and goodness known,
 When all is still and I'm alone.

M. A. STODART.

241. A PRAYER FOR GROWTH IN GRACE.

Mark xi. 12.

My gracious Lord, I would not be
 Like the unfruitful, barren tree ;
 I would not still from year to year
 Without some sign of grace appear.

O let thy Spirit from on high
 With life divine my soul supply,
 That I, beneath my Father's care,
 May heavenly fruit to Jesus bear ;

In faith, and love, and knowledge grow,
 With all thy plants of grace below,
 And then from earth to heaven rise
 To bloom and flourish in the skies.

242. THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

SWIFT the moments fly away,
 First the hour, and then the day ;
 Next the week, the month, the year,
 Steal away, and disappear.

Time is ever on the wing,
 While I speak, or think, or sing ;
 Whether working or at play,
 Time is rolling fast away.

Think, my soul ! awake and see
 What will soon become of thee ;
 Whither tending, canst thou tell,
 Up to heaven, or down to hell ?

Jesus, I would humbly pray,
 Guide and keep me in thy way ;
 Every gift and grace bestow,
 Wean my heart from things below.

242.* HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

As the winged arrow flies,
 Speedily the mark to find,
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;

Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
 Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view ;

Bless thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

243.

HYMN FOR EASTER.

"The Lord is risen indeed."

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;
 What joy the blest assurance gives !
 He lives, triumphant o'er the grave ;
 He lives, eternally to save.

He lives, to still his people's fears ;
 He lives, to wipe away their tears ;
 He lives, to bless them with his love ;
 He lives, to plead for them above.

He lives, their mansions to prepare ;
 He lives, to bring them safely there ;
 He lives, and whilst he lives I'll sing,
 He lives, my Prophet, Priest and King.

243.*

EASTER.

HYMN FOR EARLY RISING.

To a German Air.

WAKE ! the costly hours are fleeting,
 Haste, arise !
 Haste, and let a joyous greeting
 Quickly rise :

God to thee an angel sendeth,
 From the blue heaven she descendeth,
 Fresh as May — The new-born day.

On her head a crown she weareth
 With blessings rife ;
 In her hands a cup she beareth,
 A cup of life.

Every drop of its full measure
 Is a pearl of heavenly treasure ;
 Wake, arise — Claim the prize.

Let some drops in free libation
 First be poured ;
 Poured in lowly adoration
 To thy Lord ;

To Him who bore such anguish for thee,
 Him who living watchest o'er thee :
 Wake and raise — Songs of praise.

Nature cheerful tasks is plying
 With glad songs ;
 Birds on busy errands flying
 In blithe throngs.
 Angels are at work around thee,
 Ministers of love surround thee ;
 Let thy song—Swell the throng.

Rise ! for why should sloth imprison
 Or fetter thee ?
 Christ the victor has arisen—
 And thou art free :
 Sin no more can lord it o'er thee,
 He hath burst all fetters for thee :
 Rise, my soul, For Christ has risen.

Where the watch thou should'st be keeping,
 Child of day !
 Saints are weeping, sinners sleeping,
 Rise and pray.
 See what night is darkening o'er thee,
 Think what morning lies before thee,
 Child of day—Rise and pray.

Saviour, rouse me, nerve me, bless me
 With strength divine !
 Wholly let thy love possess me ;
 Me and mine.
 May each moment soar above,
 Laden with some work of love,
 Till we rise—To thy skies.

That, thus knit in blessed union
 Lord to thee !
 Every act may be communion
 Lord with thee !
 And thy presence ever near me,
 May o'er each temptation cheer me
 Thus to rise—Thus to rise.*

* Author of "Tales and Sketches of Christian Life."

244. CHRISTMAS HYMN.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

HARK ! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King ;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled."

Hark ! the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new born King.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness.

Hark ! the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King.

Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings :
 Let us all unite to raise,
 Hymns of gratitude and praise.

Hark ! the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King.

Mild he lays his glories by,
 Born that man no more may die :
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

Hark ! the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King.

244.* A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS HYMN.

To a German Air.

THE Son of God, to save us,
 Became a little child,
 A child like us,—unlike us,
 Holy and undefiled :

His cradle was the manger,
 And lowly was his lot ;
 The world he made despised him,
 His own received him not.

Lord Jesus, who from pity becam'st a child like me,
 Oh, make me lowly, pure and meek, a holy child like
 thee.

The lost thou cam'st to ransom
 Met all thy love with pride ;
 And of the few who loved thee,
 All fled, and one denied.
 For all the love thou bor'st them,
 They tortured thee to death ;
 Yet nought but love and pardon
 Breathed in thy dying breath.

O Jesus, Lamb of God, all this thou didst for me,
 O let my heart, O let my life be wholly given to thee.

Once more, O Lord, thou comest
 With the crown upon thy brow ;
 And all who now reject thee,
 Trembling, to thee shall bow.
 And all who now confess thee,
 Thou wilt confess thine own,
 Before the holy angels,
 Upon thy glorious throne.

O Jesus, grant me here thy faithful child to be,
 That when thou comest in thy might thy smile may
 rest on me.*

245. PRAISE TO FATHER, SON, AND SPIRIT.

WE give immortal praise
 To God the Father's love,
 For all our comforts here,
 And better hopes above ;
 He sent his own eternal Son
 To die for sins that man had done.

* Author of "Tales and Sketches of Christian Life."

To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe ;
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live ;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One ;
When reason fails with all her powers,
Then faith prevails and love adores.

END OF PART IV.

PART FIFTH.

POETRY FOR THE YOUNG.

246.

THE CAMEL.

CAMEL, thou art good and mild,
Docile as a little child ;
Thou wast made for usefulness,
Man to comfort and to bless :
Thou dost clothe him ; thou dost feed ;
Thou dost lend to him thy speed ;
And through wilds of trackless sand
In the hot Arabian land,
Where no rock its shadow throws ;
Where no pleasant water flows ;
Where the hot air is not stirred
By the wing of singing bird,
There thou goest, untired and meek,
Day by day, and week by week,
With thy load of precious things,
Silks for merchants, gold for kings ;
Pearls of Ormuz,* riches rare,
Damascene† and Indian ware ;
Bale on bale, and heap on heap,
Freighted like a costly ship.‡

* Ormuz, a gulf in Asia, noted for its pearl fishery.

† Damascene goods, from Damascus in Syria.

‡ The Arabs call the Camel "the Ship of the Desert."

And when week by week is gone,
 And the traveller journeys on
 Feebly ; when his strength is fled,
 And his hope and heart seem dead,
 Camel, thou dost turn thine eye
 On him kindly, soothingly,
 As if thou wouldst cheering say,
 "Journey on for this one day ;
 Do not let thy heart despond,
 There is water yet beyond !
 I can scent it in the air,
 Do not let thy heart despair !"
 And thou guid'st the traveller there.
 Camel, thou art good and mild,
 Docile as a little child ;
 Thou wast made for usefulness,
 Man to comfort and to bless ;
 And the desert wastes must be
 Untracked regions but for thee !

MARY HOWITT.

247. THE PET LAMB.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink ;
 I heard a voice ; it said, "Drink, pretty creature,
 drink ;"

And looking o'er the edge, before me I espied
 A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden at its side.

No other sheep were near, the lamb was all alone,
 And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone ;
 With one knee on the grass did the little maiden
 kneel,

While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening
 meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
 Seemed to feast with head and ears, and his tail with
 pleasure shook ;

But now, with empty can, the maiden turned away,
 Yet ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did she stay :

“What ails thee, young one? what? why pull so at
the cord?

It is not well with thee? well both for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young one, rest; what is't that aileth
thee?

“What is it thou wouldst seek? hast thou forgot the
day

When my father found thee first in places far away?
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned
by none,
And thy mother from thy side for evermore was
gone.

“He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee
home;

A happy day for thee! then whither wouldst thou
roam?

A faithful nurse thou hast: the dam that did thee
yeen,

Upon the mountain tops, no kinder could have been.

“Thou know'st that, twice a day, I have brought
thee in this can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with
dew,

I bring thee draughts of milk—warm milk it is, and
new.

“Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they
are now,

Then I'll yoke thee to my cart, like a pony in the
plough,

My playmate thou shalt be, and when the wind is
cold,

Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy
fold.

“Alas! the mountain tops, that look so bright and
fair,
I’ve heard of fearful winds and darkness that come
there;

The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,
When they are angry, roar, like lions for their prey.

“Here thou need’st not dread the raven in the sky;
Night and day thou art safe, our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me? why pull so at thy chain?
Sleep—and at the break of day I will come to thee
again!”

WORDSWORTH.

248. THE DOG AND THE WATERLILY.

NO FABLE

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse’s silent tide!
When, ’scaped from literary cares,
I wandered on his side.

My dog, now lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight,
Pursued the swallow oe’r the meads
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse displayed
Its lilies newly blown:
Their beauties I intent surveyed,
And one I wished my own.

With cane extended far I sought
To steer it close to land;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains,
With fixed considerate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a cherup clear and strong,
 Dispersing all his dream,
 I thence withdrew, and followed long
 The windings of the stream.

My ramble ended, I returned ;
 Beau trotting on before,
 The floating wreath again discerned,
 And, plunging, left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropped,
 Impatient, swim to meet
 My quick approach, and soon he dropped
 The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight, The world, I cried,
 Shall hear of this thy deed ;
 My dog shall mortify the pride
 Of man's superior breed :

But chief myself I will enjoin,
 Awake at duty's call,
 To show a love as prompt as thine,
 To Him who gives me all.

COWPER.

249. THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

SEE the kitten on the wall,
 Sporting with the leaves that fall,
 Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
 From the lofty elder-tree !
 Through the calm and frosty air
 Of this morning bright and fair,
 Eddying round and round, they sink
 Softly, slowly : one might think,
 From the motions that are made,
 Every little leaf conveyed
 Sylph or fairy hither tending—
 To this lower world descending,

Each invisible and mute,
 In his wavering parachute.
 ——But the kitten, how she starts,
 Crouches, stretches, paws and darts
 First at one, and then its fellow,
 Just as light and just as yellow ;
 There are many now—now one—
 Now they stop, and there are none—
 What intenseness of desire
 In her upward eye of fire!
 With a tiger-leap half-way,
 Now she meets the coming prey ;
 Lets it go as fast, and then
 Has it in her power again :
 Now she works with three or four,
 Like an Indian conjuror ;
 Quick as he in feats of art,
 Far beyond in joy of heart.
 Were her antics played in the eye
 Of a thousand standers by,
 Clapping hands with shout and stare,
 What would little Tabby care
 For the plaudits of the crowd ?
 Over happy to be proud,
 Over wealthy in the treasure
 Of her own exceeding pleasure.*

250. THE FAITHFUL BIRD.

THE greenhouse is my summer seat ;
 My shrubs, displaced from that retreat,
 Enjoyed the open air ;
 Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
 Had been their mutual solace long,
 Lived happy prisoners there.
 They sang as blithe as finches sing
 That flutter loose on golden wing,
 And frolic where they list ;

* An Extract. Wordsworth.

Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
 But that delight they never knew,
 And therefore never missed.

But Nature works in every breast,
 With force not easily suppressed ;
 And Dick felt some desires,
 That, after many an effort vain,
 Instructed him at length to gain
 A pass between his wires.

The open windows seemed t' invite
 The freeman to a farewell flight ;
 But Tom was still confined ;
 And Dick, although his way was clear,
 Was much too generous and sincere
 To leave his friend behind.

So, settling on his cage, by play,
 And chirp, and kiss, he seemed to say,
 "You must not live alone."

Nor would he quit that chosen stand,
 Till I, with slow and cautious hand,
 Returned him to his own.

O ye, who never taste the joys
 Of friendship, satisfied with noise,
 With bustle, dress, and rout !
 Blush when I tell you how a bird
 A prison with a friend preferred
 To liberty without.

COWPER.

251. THE BIRD IN A CAGE.

OH! who would keep a little bird confined,
 When cowslip-bells are nodding in the wind,
 When every hedge, as with "good-morrow," rings,
 And, heard from wood to wood, the blackbird sings ?
 Oh! who would keep a little bird confined
 In his cold wiry prison?—let him fly,
 And hear him sing, "How sweet is liberty!"

W. L. BOWLES.

252.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

It wins my admiration
 To view the structure of that little work,
 A bird's nest. Mark it well within—without.
 No tool had he that wrought; no knife to cut;
 No nail to fix; no bodkin to insert;
 No glue to join; his little beak was all;
 And yet how nicely finished! What nice hand,
 With every implement and means of art,
 And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
 Could make me such another?

253.

THE LARK AND NIGHTINGALE.

THE bird that soars on highest wing,
 Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
 And she that doth most sweetly sing,
 Sings in the shade when all things rest.
 In lark and nightingale we see
 What honour hath humility.

When Mary chose "the better part,"
 She meekly sat at Jesus' feet:
 And Lydia's gently opened heart
 Was made for God's own temple meet.
 Fairest and best adorned is she,
 Whose clothing is humility.

MONTGOMERY.

254.

THE LARK.

(*From the French of Malan.*)

Now all is still around,
 Do you not hear the sound
 Of music in the air?—
 'Tis the melodious note
 Comes gushing from the throat
 Of the gay lark, up there.

She has just taken flight,
 And is springing up the height
 Of the blue cloudless sky ;
 And always as she springs,
 In lively notes she sings
 The praise of Him on high,
 And like the lark, I should,—
 Oh ! how I wish I could !
 Sing to my Maker's praise,
 And offer unto Him
 As pure and sweet a hymn,
 Now in my infant days.
 Teach me, O heavenly King,
 With holy joy to sing
 Thy mercy unto men ;
 And let me, while I live,
 For blessings thou dost give,
 Offer my songs again.
 Yes ! let my young soul be
 Always more near to thee,
 Till, like the lark, I raise
 In the bright realms above,
 With a heart full of love,
 A perfect strain of praise.

THE REV. J. HEALE.

255.

THE SWALLOW.

(From the French of Malan.)

“ He will be our Guide.”—Psa. xlviii. 14.

TELL me, pretty swallow, tell,
 Now thou art come back to dwell
 In our fields and gardens gay,
 Where thou'st been so long away ?
 Now that gladsome June is come,
 Now thou seek'st thy summer home ;
 But, oh whither didst thou go,
 When our hills were white with snow ?

Far beyond our keenest view,
 Far beyond the ocean blue,
 Say, who bade thee forward spring,
 On a swift untiring wing ?

Say what guide so wise and sure,
 Made thy feeble strength endure,
 Till the far-off land was gained
 And thy distant home attained ?

Say who taught thee when to flee
 Winter's breath, too cold for thee ?
 Say who brought thee back to sing,
 Of the sweet return of spring ?

Ah ! a lesson we should learn,
 In thy lot our own discern ;
 Like thee, passengers below,
 We to distant regions go.

God alone, whose tender love
 Watches o'er us from above ;
 God alone, who guides thy flight,
 Can conduct our course aright.

Fly, then, swallow, swiftly fly,
 Seek the warm and sunny sky,
 Glassy lake, and blooming ground,
 Where thy happiness is found.

On the fleeting wing of time,
 I too seek a happier clime,
 And upheld by love divine,
 Go where joys unclouded shine.

Far beyond the distant flood,
 Purchase of my Saviour's blood,
 I the glorious land shall see,
 The blessed home prepared for me.

256. THE SONG OF THE THRUSH.

AT the corner of Wood Street, when day-light
appears;

Hangs a thrush that sings loud—it has sung for
three years :

Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment ; what ails her ? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail ;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven : but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade ;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.

WORDSWORTH.

257. LINES TO A SEA BIRD.

BIRD of the stormy wave ! bird of the sea !
Wide is thy sweep, and thy course is free :
Cleaving the blue air, and brushing the foam,
Air is thy field of sport, ocean thy home.

Bird of the sea ! I could envy thy wing,
O'er the blue waters I mark thy glad spring ;
I see thy strong pinions as onward they glide,
Dashed by the foam of the white crested tide.

Bird of the wave ! thou art but for a day,
Ocean and earth must alike pass away ;
Why should I see thee with envious eye,
When my sweep is *more* wide, and my course is
more high ?

Yet if my thoughts on earth's pleasures are bent,
 If my desires in this low world are pent,
 Poor little bird ! I may envy thee still,
 For the end of thy being 'tis thine to fulfil.

M. A. STODART.

258. THE PATIENT BEE.

I SAT upon a bank and read,
 One morning in the spring ;
 The sun shone bright above my head,
 And sweet the birds did sing :

And flowers were growing all around,
 Cowslip and primrose fair ;
 And violets thick upon the ground
 Scented the passing air.

The bees were murmuring busily,
 And hovering all about ;
 I marked one patient little bee,
 As it flew in and out.

That busy bee might honey get
 From blossoms spreading wide ;
 But there were buds not opened yet,
 And those in vain it tried.

Away it flew to other flowers,
 And I sat reading still ;
 How pleasant were those morning hours,
 On that green sunny hill !

Beneath the sun the cowslip bells,
 And violets, opened soon ;
 The little bee of which I tell
 Came back again at noon.

And now the buds gave up their store
 Of sweetness and of food ;
 And cowslip bells, fast closed before,
 With honey-dew were strewed.

And so, I thought, it is with me,
 When I my Bible read ;
 In many a text I glory see,
 And on its sweetness feed.

In other texts, I cannot find
 The meaning of the word ;
 Then let me wait with patient mind
 The teaching of the Lord.

When light from heaven on them shall shine,
 Then they may open too ;
 And I may make the sweetness mine,—
 The hidden treasure view.

F. R.

259. THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE ;

OR, PATIENT AND STEADY USEFULNESS.

I SAW a sportive butterfly
 Fluttering its plummy wing,
 Rejoicing in the happiness
 Of bright and palmy spring.
 It rested not on fairest flower,
 On leaf of freshest green,
 But where the sunbeam brightest fell,
 Its varying course was seen.

I turned from it to mark the bee,
 With steady humming flight,
 As if she had a work to do
 Before the coming night.
 She paused upon the sweetest flowers,
 Her trunk the nectar drew,
 And when her little load was made,
 Back to her hive she flew.

I'd not be like a butterfly,
 Fluttering about the earth,
 Seeking my own amusement,
 In pleasure and in mirth.

Spring-time and summer pass away,
 Winter will soon be here ;
 I may not waste my precious time :
 The end of time is near.

For rather, like that patient bee,
 I'd work while called To-day ;
 For daylight, well employed or not,
 Will quickly pass away.
 I'd try to do my Master's work,
 Fixing on him my eye,
 And if to me 'tis Christ to live,
 It will be gain to die.

M. A. STODART.

260. THE LIMPET.

IN Nature's all-instructive book,
 Where can the eye of reason look,
 And not some useful lesson find
 To guide and fortify the mind ?
 The simple shell on yonder rock
 May seem, perchance, this book to mock :
 Approach it then, and mark its ways,
 And learn the lesson it conveys.
 At distance viewed, it seems to lie
 On its rough bed so carelessly,
 That 'twould an infant's hand obey,
 Stretched forth to seize it in its play ;
 But let that infant's hand draw near,
 It shrinks with quick instinctive fear,
 And clings as close as though the stone
 It rests upon, and it, were one ;
 And should the strongest arm endeavour
 The limpet from its rock to sever,
 'Tis seen its loved support to clasp
 With such tenacity of grasp,
 We wonder that such strength should dwell
 In such a small and simple shell,

And is not this a lesson worth
 The study of the sons of earth?—
 Who need a rock so much as we?
 Ah! who to such a rock can flee?
 A rock to strengthen, comfort, aid,
 To guard, to shelter, and to shade;
 A rock whence fruits celestial grow,
 And whence refreshing waters flow—
 No rock is like this rock of ours!
 Oh then, if you have learnt your powers
 By a just rule to estimate;
 If justly you can calculate
 How great your need, your strength how frail,
 How prone your best resolves to fail,
 When humble caution bids you fear
 A moment of temptation near,
 Let wakeful memory recur
 To this your simple monitor,
 And wisely shun the trial's shock
 By clinging closely to your rock.

261. INSTINCT AND REASON.

THE Maker and the Lord of all,
 Who gives to men their daily bread;
 Who marks each little sparrow's fall,
 And watches o'er the infant's head;
 The God who bids the waves retreat,
 Who made the sky, the earth, the sea:
 Spreads for the flock their pasture sweet,
 And guards the portion of the bee.
 For though entwined amid the grass,
 Thyme doth her fragrant sweets exhale;
 Those spicy leaves the flocks will pass,
 On scentless herbage to regale.
 While bees, that with the faintest streak
 Of early dawn the fields explore,
 Will those rejected blossoms seek,
 And revel in the palmy store.

All these their Maker's law fulfil ;
 By *instinct* led *they* cannot stray ;
 But *we*, with choice of good and ill,
 Must pray to take the better way.

262. CONTRAST BETWEEN THE SPRING AND AUTUMN.

AN EXTRACT.

OF the countless living things,
 That with stir of feet and wings,
 (In the sun or under shade,
 Upon bough or grassy blade,)
 And with busy revellings,
 Chirp and song, and murmurings,
 Made this orchard's narrow space,
 And this vale so blithe a place ;
 Multitudes are swept away,
 Never more to breathe the day :
 Some are sleeping ; some in bands
 Travelled into distant lands ;
 Others slunk to moor and wood,
 Far from human neighbourhood ;
 And, among the kinds that keep
 With us closer fellowship,
 With us openly abide,—
 All have laid their mirth aside.
 Where is he, that giddy spright,
 Blue-cap, with his colors bright,
 Who was blest as bird could be,
 Feeding in the apple-tree ;
 Made such wanton spoil and rout,
 Turning blossoms inside-out ;
 Hung with head towards the ground,
 Fluttered, perched, into a round,
 Bound himself, and then unbound ;
 Light of heart, and light of limb,—
 What is now become of him ?

Lambs, that through the mountains went,
 Frisking, bleating, merriment,
 When the year was in its prime,
 They are sobered by this time.
 If you look to vale and hill,
 If you listen, all is still,
 Save a little neighbouring rill,
 That from out the rocky ground
 Strikes a solitary sound.
 Vainly glitters hill and plain,
 And the air is calm in vain ;
 Vainly morning spreads the lure
 Of a sky serene and pure ;
 Creature none can she decoy
 Into open sign of joy :
 Is it that they have a fear
 Of the dreary season near ?
 Or that other pleasures be
 Sweeter even than gaiety ?

WORDSWORTH.

263. HAPPINESS OF ANIMALS A DELIGHTFUL SIGHT.

THE heart is hard in nature, and unfit
 For human fellowship, as being void
 Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
 To love and friendship both that is not pleased
 With sight of animals enjoying life,
 Nor feels their happiness augment his own.
 The bounding fawn, that darts across the glade
 When none pursues, through mere delight of heart,
 And spirits buoyant with excess of glee ;
 The horse as wanton, and almost as fleet,
 That skims the spacious meadow at full speed,
 Then stops, and snorts, and, throwing high his heels,
 Starts to the voluntary race again.
 These, and a thousand images of bliss,
 With which kind nature graces every scene,

When cruel man defeats not his design,
 Impart to the benevolent, who wish
 All that are capable of pleasure pleased,
 A far superior happiness to theirs,
 The comfort of a reasonable joy.*

COWPER.

264. THE DEWDROP AND THE SUNBEAM.

WHAT if the little rain should plead,—
 So small a drop as I
 Can ne'er refresh that thirsty mead,
 I'll tarry in the sky?

What if a shining beam of noon
 Should in its fountain stay,
 Because its feeble light alone
 Cannot create a day?

Does not each dewdrop help to form
 The cool refreshing shower?
 And every ray of light to warm
 And beautify the flower?

265. THE USE OF FLOWERS.

“Consider the lilies of the field.”—Matt. vi. 28—30.

GOD might have bade the earth bring forth
 Enough for great and small,
 The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
 Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough,—enough
 For every want of ours,
 For medicine, luxury, and food,
 And yet have made no flowers!

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made
 All dyed in rainbow light,
 All fashioned with supremest grace,
 Up-springing day and night?

* “The Winter Walk at Noon.”

Springing in valleys green and low,
 And on the mountains high,
 And in the secret wilderness,
 Where no man passeth by.

Our outward life requires them not ;
 Then wherefore had they birth ?
 To minister delight to man,
 And beautify the earth.

To comfort man, and whisper hope,
 Whene'er his faith is dim ;
 For God, who formed each beauteous flower,
 Will surely care for him !

MARY HOWITT.

266.

FADING FLOWERS.

I'VE been seeking fresh flowers, white, yellow, and
 blue :

I twined a sweet garland, dear mother, for you ;
 But so bright is the sun, and so hot is the day,
 Only look—my sweet garland is faded away.
 I chose all the flowers that were pretty and sweet,
 I thought you would like it—it lies at your feet.
 You're smiling, mamma, but I almost could cry,
 To think pretty flowers should wither and die.

I smile, my dear child, for I know it is so,
 The flowers that don't fade, upon earth will not grow ;
 Ourselves are but dwelling in houses of clay,
 And all things around us are going to decay.
 Earth's joys, like her flowers, a little while last,
 We think we possess them, but soon they are past.

My darling must look for a heavenly home,
 Where sin cannot enter, where death may not come :
 Where all things are joyous, and glorious, and bright,
 For the Glory of God and the Lamb is its light ;
 Where fulness of gladness is beaming around,
 Where joy has no end, and where bliss has no bound.

M. A. STODART.

267. THE DAISY.

WHAT hand but His who arched the skies,
 And pours the day-spring's living flood,
 Wondrous alike in all He tries,
 Could raise the daisy's purple bud :

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
 Its fringed border nicely spin,
 And cut the gold-embossed gem,
 That, set in silver, gleams within :

And fling it, unrestrained and free,
 O'er hill and dale and desert sod ;
 That man, where'er he walks, may see
 At every step the stamp of God.

DR. MASON GOOD.

268. THE ROSE ;

OR, THE HEART SHOULD BE GIVEN TO THE
 LORD IN EARLY LIFE.

Go forth, go forth, my child and bring
 A blushing rose of joyous spring ;
 Bring me the flower I love to view,
 All glistening with the early dew.
 From morning meal the child upsprung,
 Light was his step, and glad his song,
 As forth he went to seek the rose,
 The offering which his father chose ;
 He sees one—plucks it—and the flower
 Seems doubly sweet in morning hour.
 Why hastes he not his sire to find,
 His sire so gentle, good, and kind ?

Alas ! the thoughtless idler stands,
 Grasping the rose in eager hands,

Admires its beauty and its bloom,
 Delighted breathes its rich perfume,
 Forgetful that its beauties pass,
 Even as the dew upon the grass.

The sun ascends from eastern sky,
 The lark soars joyously on high,
 The little birds, on bough and spray,
 Are carolling their cheerful lay ;
 Far does the thoughtless truant roam,
 And when, at last, he seeks his home,
 He meets his father's eye with dread,
 For lo ! the rose he culled is dead.

A voice, dear children, speaks from heaven,
 "Let thy young heart to God be given."
 And *can* you waste your freshest powers,
 Your earliest and your brightest hours ;
 And then, when every joy is o'er,
 When vanity can please no more,
 Your worn-out heart to Jesus bring,
 A worthless, idle offering ?
 List to the words of changeless truth,
 Think on the Lord in days of youth ;
 The rose you yield will bloom more bright,
 And glow at length in realms of light.

M. A. STODART.

269.

THE LAURUSTINUS.

FAIR tree of winter ! fresh and flowering,
 When all around is dead and dry ;
 Whose ruby buds, though storms are lowering,
 Spread their white blossoms to the sky ;
 Green are thy leaves, more purely green
 Through every changing period seen ;
 And when the gaudy months are past,
 Thy loveliest season is the last.

MONTGOMERY.

270. ON MUNGO PARK'S FINDING A TUFT
OF GREEN MOSS IN THE
AFRICAN DESERT.

“Whatever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for, though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsule, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not. I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand, and I was not disappointed.”—
PARK'S “TRAVELS.”

THE sun had reached his mid-day height,
And poured down floods of burning light,
On Afric's barren land ;
No cloudy veil obscured the sky,
And the hot breeze that struggled by
Was filled with glowing sand.

No mighty rock upreared its head
To bless the wanderer with its shade
In all the weary plain ;
No palm-trees with refreshing green
To glad the dazzled eye were seen,
But one wide sandy main.

Dauntless and daring was the mind
 That left all home-born joys behind
 These deserts to explore :
 To trace the mighty Niger's course,
 And find it bubbling from its source,
 In wilds untrod before.

And, ah ! shall we less daring show,
 Who nobler ends and motives know,
 Than ever heroes dream ;
 Who seek to lead the savage mind
 The precious fountain-head to find,
 Whence flows salvation's stream ?

Let peril, nakedness, and sword,
 Hot barren sands, and despot's word,
 Our burning zeal oppose ;
 Yet, martyr-like, we'll lift the voice,
 Bidding the wilderness rejoice
 And blossom as the rose.

Sad, faint, and weary, on the sand
 Our traveller sat him down ; his hand
 Covered his burning head.
 Above, beneath, behind, around,—
 No resting for the eye he found ;
 All nature seemed as dead.

One tiny tuft of moss alone,
 Mantling with freshest green a stone,
 Fixed his delighted gaze ;
 Through bursting tears of joy he smiled,
 And while he raised the tendril wild
 His lips o'erflowed with praise :—

“Oh ! shall not He who keeps thee green
 Here in the waste, unknown, unseen,
 Thy fellow-exile save ?
 He who commands the dew to feed
 Thy fragile form can surely lead
 Me from a scorching grave !”

The heaven-sent plant new hope inspired,
 New courage all his bosom fired,
 And bore him safe along ;
 Till, with the evening's cooling shade,
 He slept within the verdant glade,
 Lulled by the negro's song.

Thus we in this world's wilderness,
 Where sin and sorrow, guilt, distress,
 Seem undisturbed to reign,
 May faint because we feel alone,
 With none to strike our favourite tone
 And join our homeward strain.

Yet, often in the blackest wild
 Of this dark world, some heaven-born child
 Expectant of the skies,
 Amid the low and vicious crowd,
 Or in the dwellings of the proud,
 Meets our admiring eyes.

From gazing on the tender flower,
 We lift our eyes to Him whose power
 Hath all its beauty given ;
 Who, in this atmosphere of death,
 Hath given it life, and form, and breath,
 And brilliant hues of heaven.

Our drooping faith, revived by sight,
 Anew her pinion plumes for flight,
 New hope distends the breast ;
 With joy we mount on eagle wing,
 With bolder tone our anthem sing,
 And seek the pilgrim's rest.

“SONGS OF ZION,” REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE.

271. GOD THE AUTHOR OF NATURE.

THERE lives and works
 A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
 The beauties of the wilderness are his,
 That make so gay the solitary place

Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms
 That cultivation glories in are his.
 He sets the bright procession on its way,
 And marshals all the order of the year ;
 He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,
 And blunts its pointed fury ; in its case,
 Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
 Uninjured, with inimitable art ;
 And ere one flowery season fades and dies,
 Designs the blooming wonders of the next.
 The Lord of all, himself through all diffused,
 Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
 Nature is but a name for an effect
 Whose cause is God. One Spirit—his
 Who wore the plaited thorns with bleeding brows,
 Rules universal nature ! Not a flower
 But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
 Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires
 Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
 And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes
 In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
 The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.
 Happy who walks with him ! whom what he finds
 Of flavour or of scent, in fruit or flower,
 Or what he views of beautiful or grand
 In nature, from the broad majestic oak
 To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
 Prompts with remembrance of a present God !
 His presence, who made all so fair, perceived,
 Makes all still fairer.

COWPER.

272. NATURE NOT A SELF-ACTING INSTRUMENT.

So soberly and softly
 The seasons tread their round,—
 So sure the seeds of Autumn
 In Spring will clothe the ground.

Amid their measured music
 What wakeful ear can hear
 God's voice amidst the garden?
 Yet hush! for He is here!

No mere machine is Nature,
 Wound up and left to play;
 No wind-harp swept at random
 By airs that idly stray;
 A spirit sways the music,
 A hand is on the chords:
 O bow your head and listen—
 That hand it is the Lord's.*

273. THE STREAMLET.

I SAW a little streamlet flow
 Along a peaceful vale;
 A thread of silver, soft and slow,
 It wandered down the dale:
 Just to do good it seemed to move,
 Directed by the hand of Love.

The valley smiled in living green;
 A tree, which near it gave
 From noon-tide heat a friendly screen,
 Drank of its limpid wave:
 The swallow brushed it with her wing,
 And followed its meandering.

But not alone to plant and bird
 That little stream was known,
 Its gentle murmur far was heard,
 A friend's familiar tone.
 It glided by the cotter's door,
 It blessed the labours of the poor.

* By the Author of "Tales and Sketches of Christian Life."

And would that I could thus be found,
 While travelling life's brief way,
 A humble friend to all around,
 Where'er my footsteps stray.
 Like that pure stream with tranquil breast,
 Like it, still blessing, and still blest.

M. A. STODART.

[The idea in the above little piece is taken from a beautiful passage in the Rev. Legh Richmond's tract, "Little Jane."]

274. POWER AND GENTLENESS; OR, THE CATARACT AND THE STREAMLET.

NOBLE the mountain stream,
 Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground ;
 Glory is in its gleam
 Of brightness—thunder in its deafening sound !

Mark how its foaming spray,
 Tinged by the sunbeams with reflected dyes,
 Mimics the bow of day,
 Arching in majesty the vaulted skies.

Thence, in summer shower,
 Steeping the rocks around. O tell me where
 Could majesty and power
 Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair ?

Yet lovelier in my view
 The streamlet, flowing silently serene ;
 Traced by the brighter hue,
 And livelier growth it gives—itself unseen !

It flows through flowery meads,
 Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse ;
 Its quiet beauty feeds
 The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.

Gently it murmurs by
 The village church-yard—its low plaintive tone
 A dirge-like melody,
 For worth and beauty modest as its own.

More gaily now it sweeps
 By the small school-house, in the sunshine bright,
 And o'er the pebbles leaps,
 Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

May not its course express,
 In characters which "they who run may read,"
 The charms of gentleness,
 Were but its still small voice allowed to plead ?

What are the trophies gained
 By power, alone, with all its noise and strife,
 To that meek wreath unstained,
 Won by the charities that gladden life ?

Niagara's streams might fail,
 And human happiness be undisturbed ;
 But Egypt would turn pale,
 Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curbed !

BARTON.

275. THE WATER-SPRING.

BENEATH a green bank glistening,
 Bubbles up a sparkling spring,
 Daisies, cowslips, violets creep
 Gently up that mossy steep :
 There, the maiden fills her can,
 Thither turns the wearied man,
 And th' impatient schoolboy knows
 Where that limpid water flows.

Yet when summer's sun is high,
 Oft that little spring is dry,
 And the circling flowerets fade,
 And the grass is parched and dead ;
 Then the maid her footstep turns,
 And the wearied traveller mourns,
 While the boy, his search in vain,
 Hies him to his sport again.

Whither tends my simple tale ?
 There is a spring which cannot fail ;
 Spring of happiness unknown,
 Flowing from th' Almighty's throne :
 Lord ! to me that water give,
 May I drink of it and live !
 In my heart, O let it be
 Rising through eternity !

M. A. STODDART.

276. FOUNTAIN OF SILOAM.

BENEATH Moriah's rocky side
 A gentle fountain springs,
 Silent and soft its waters glide,
 Like the peace the spirit brings.

The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
 Of the cool and quiet wave ;
 And the thirsty spirit stops to think
 Of Him who came to save.

Siloam is the fountain's name,
 It means " One sent from God ;"
 And thus the holy Saviour's fame
 It gently spreads abroad.

O grant that I, like this sweet well,
 May Jesus' image bear,
 And spend my life, my all, to tell
 How full his mercies are.

"SONGS OF ZION," BY THE REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE.

277. THE SCOTCH PASTOR'S REFLECTIONS ON VISITING THE SEA OF GALILEE.

How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
 O Sea of Galilee !
 For the glorious One who came to save,
 Hath often stood by thee.

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
 Where pine and heather grow,
 But thou hast loveliness far above
 What nature can bestow.

It is not that the wild gazelle,
 Comes down to drink thy tide,
 But He that was pierced to save from hell,
 Oft wandered by thy side.

It is not that the fig-tree grows,
 And palms in thy soft air,
 But that Sharon's fair and bleeding rose
 Once shed its fragrance there.

Graceful around *thee* the mountains meet,
 Thou fair reposing sea!
 But, ah! far more, the beautiful feet
 Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

Those days are past: Chorazin! where?
 Bethsaida! where art thou?
 His tent the wild Arab pitches there,
 The wild reeds shade thy brow.

Tell me, ye mouldering ruins, tell,
 Was the Saviour's city here?
 Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,
 With none to shed a tear?

O would my flock from thee might learn
 How days of grace will flee;
 How all, an offered Christ who spurn,
 Shall mourn, at last, like thee.

And was it beside this very sea,
 The new-risen Saviour said
 Three times to Peter—Lovest thou me?
 My sheep and lambs then feed.

Oh, Saviour, gone to God's right hand,
 Yet the same Saviour still;
 Graven on thy heart is this lovely strand,
 And every fragrant hill.

Oh grant me, Lord ! by this sacred wave,
 Threefold thy love divine,
 That I may feed, till I find my grave,
 Thy flock,—both thine and mine.

“SONGS OF ZION,” BY THE REV. R. M. M‘CHEYNE.

278. RIVERS; OR, THE VALUE OF TIME.

A COMPARISON.

THE lapse of time and rivers is the same,
 Both speed their journey with a restless stream ;
 The silent pace with which they steal away,
 No wealth can bribe, nor prayers persuade to stay ;
 Alike irrevocable both when past,
 And a wide ocean swallows both at last.
 Though each resemble each in every part,
 A difference strikes at length the musing heart :
 Streams never flow in vain : where streams abound,
 How laughs the land with various plenty crowned !
 But time, that should enrich the nobler mind,
 Neglected, leaves a weary waste behind.

COWPER.

279. THE ISLE IN THE OCEAN; OR, THE LIFE OF MAN.

A COMPARISON.

OPENING the map of God’s extensive plan,
 We find a little isle,—this life of man ;
 Eternity’s unknown expanse appears,
 Circling around, and limiting his years.
 The busy race examine and explore
 Each creek and cavern of the dangerous shore ;
 With care collect what in their eyes excels,
 Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells ;
 Thus laden, dream that they are rich and great,
 And happiest he that groans beneath his weight.
 The waves o’ertake them in their serious play,
 And every hour sweeps multitudes away ;

They shriek and sink—survivors start and weep,
 Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep.
 A few forsake the throng ; with lifted eyes
 Ask wealth of heaven, and gain a real prize,—
 Truth, wisdom, grace, and peace like that above,
 Sealed with his signet, whom they serve and love ;
 Scorned by the rest, with patient hope they wait
 A kind release from their imperfect state,
 And unregretted are soon snatched away
 From scenes of sorrow into glorious day.

COWPER.

280. THE EARTH.

I STOOD upon a place called Earth,
 Of mountains, valleys, rivers fair,
 And oceans wound themselves around,
 And gorgeous cities glittered there ;
 And scatered, devious, far and wide,
 I marked the humble cottage side.

And there I saw amidst the crowd,
 A thing called Man, elate and proud.
 The insect of a feverish day,—
 In chase of beauty, fortune power,
 Anguished or raptured for an hour
 With toys that bloom and pass away !
 And there I saw, depressed and base,
 The losers in that feverish chase.

And there I met the breaking heart,
 And there I saw the troubled eye ;
 And there was sin's envenomed dart,
 And there did hope extinguished sigh ;
 And there were tears, and there was blood,
 There was the recreant from his God.

Sad gave my heart the bursting tear
 And pity burnt upon my brow,

When suddenly was glowing there
 Heaven's peaceful, radiant, promised bow :
 And where that bow its brightness poured,
 I saw the mourners of the Lord.

They mourned, but not as others mourn ;
 They mourned for sin's defiling power,—
 They mourned for ruined man, the slave
 Of sin, in dark rebellion's hour :
 The contrite mourners they of God,
 Who grateful kissed his chastening rod.

Their joy, no flower of earthly bloom ;
 Their love, no lying radiance dim ;
 Their triumph, victory o'er the tomb ;
 Their anthem high acclaim to Him,
 From sin who washed them in his blood !
 Their brother man—the Lord their God.

C. S.

281. THE VEIL OF MIST.

“All things shall work together for good to them that love God.”—Romans viii. 28.

YES—“all shall work for good”—to them that love,
 Whose heart, whose hope, whose treasure is above ;
 All, all shall work for good—*here* take thy stand,
 And from this hill of promise view the land.
 What though a veil of mist the prospect shroud,
 What though no eye of sense can pierce the cloud,
 Faith sees it tinted with celestial hues ;
 And bright with love that silvery veil she views ;
 She knows the Sun of Glory sheds the light,
 Nor asks a clearer or a lovelier sight.
 Sweetly she learns to wait, to trust, to love,
 Till heavenly breezes shall the cloud remove ;
 And as they waft the rolling mist away,
 She seeks for grace to follow and obey.

M * * M.

282. THE HEAVENLY SHOWER.

“My word shall not return unto Me void.”

Isaiah lv. 10, 11.

LORD! as the rain comes down from heaven,—the rain
 Which waters earth, nor thence returns again,
 But makes the tree to bud, the grass to spring,
 And feeds and gladdens every living thing,—
 So may thy word upon a world destroyed,
 Come down in blessing, and return not void;
 So may it come in universal showers,
 And fill earth's dreariest wilderness with flowers,
 —With flowers of promise, fill the world within
 Man's heart, laid waste and desolate by sin.*
 Where thorns and thistles curse the infested ground,
 Let the rich fruits of righteousness abound;
 And trees of life, for ever fresh and green,
 Flourish, where trees of death alone have been;
 Let Truth look down from heaven, Hope soar above,
 Justice and Mercy kiss, Faith work by Love;
 Nations new-born their fathers' idols spurn;
 The ransomed of the Lord with songs return;
 Heralds the year of jubilee proclaim;
 Bow every knee at the Redeemer's name;
 O'er lands with darkness, thralldom, guilt, o'erspread,
 In light, joy, freedom, be the Spirit shed;
 Speak thou the word: to Satan's power say, “Cease,”
 But to a world of pardoned sinners, “Peace.”
 —Thus, in thy grace, Lord God, thyself make
 known;
 Then shall all tongues confess thee God alone.

MONTGOMERY.

283. THE RAINBOW, THE TOKEN
OF PEACE.

WHEN the glorious sun is beaming
 On the shower from on high,
 And the radiant bow is streaming
 All across the clouded sky;

Then how beautifully blending
 Are the several colours seen,
 On the drops of rain descending ;
 Red and orange, yellow, green,
 Violet, indigo and blue,
 Shine to prove that God is true.

By that bow, the Lord is speaking
 To the people of his love ;
 To the children who are seeking
 Grace to dwell with him above ;
 It declares, while God in measure
 Gives to us the needed rain,
 Floods shall not in his displeasure,
 Now destroy the world again.
 Dearest child, it speaks to you ;
 Know that all God says is true.

When you see the rainbow glowing,
 Think of Him who placed it there,
 As the sign of his bestowing
 Weather seasonable, fair.
 And may He whose mighty power
 Bade the watery torrents cease,
 Smile on you with every shower
 In his covenant of peace.
 Then will mercy prove to you,
 All that Jesus says is true.

D. A. T.

284. "THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD."

Psalm xix.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine—

“The hand that made us is Divine.”—ADDISON.

285. THE SETTING SUN.

How fine has the day been ! how bright was the sun !
How lovely and joyful the course that he run !
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain ;
But now the fair traveller comes to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best,
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretels a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian ; his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears ; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way ;
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

286. MORNING AND EVENING.

“ My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord.”

Psalm v. 3.

“ And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide.”—Gen. xxiv. 63.

MY GOD, all nature owns thy sway ;
 Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day ;
 When all thy loved creation wakes,
 When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
 And bathes in dew the opening flower,
 To thee we owe her fragrant hour ;
 And when she pours her choral song,
 Her melodies to thee belong.

Or when, in paler tints arrayed,
 The evening slowly spreads her shade,—
 That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
 Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,
 Still every fond and vain desire,
 And calmer, purer thoughts inspire ;
 From earth the pensive spirit free,
 And lead the softened heart to thee.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

287. WINTER. •

WHITE ermine now the mountains wear,
 To shield their naked shoulders bare.

The dark pine wears the snow, as head
 Of Ethiop doth white turban wear.

* * * * *

Hushed is the busy hum of life ;
 'Tis silence in the earth and air.

From mountains issues the gaunt wolf,
 And from its forest depths the bear.

Where is the garden's beauty now !
 The thorn is here ; the rose, oh ! where ?

The trees, like giant skeletons,
 Wave high their fleshless arms and bare ;

Or stand like wrestlers, stript and bold,
And wildest winds to battle dare :

It seems a thing impossible,
That Earth its glories should repair ;

That ever this bleak world again
Should bright and beauteous mantle wear,

Or sounds of life again be heard
In this dull earth and vacant air.

TRENCH.

288.

SPRING.

WHO was it that so lately said,
All pulses in thine heart were dead ?

Old Earth, that now in festal robes,
Appearest as a bride new wed ?

Oh ! wrapped so late in winding-sheet,
Thy winding-sheet, oh ! where is fled ?

Lo ! 'tis an emerald carpet now,
Where the young monarch, Spring, may tread ;

He comes, and a defeated king,
Old Winter, to the hills is fled.

The warm wind broke his frosty spear,
And loosed the helmet from his head ;

And he weak showers of arrowy sleet
From his strong-holds has vainly sped.

All that was sleeping is awake,
And all is living that was dead.

Who listens now can hear the streams
Leap, tinkling, from their pebbly bed,

Or see them, from their fetters free,
Like silver snakes the meadows thread.

The joy, the life, the hope of earth,
They slept awhile, they were not dead :

Oh thou, who say'st thy sore heart ne'er
With verdure can again be spread;

O thou, who mournest them that sleep,
Low lying in an earthly bed;

Look out on this reviving world,
And be new hopes within thee bred.

TRENCH.

289.

THE AUTUMN.

(*From the French of Malan.*)

“Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of
every living thing.”—Psalm cxlv. 16.

OH welcome the autumn! with fruits and with grains,
Enriched by the God who all nature sustains;
Rich clusters of grapes on the vines we behold,
The apple-tree bends with its burden of gold.

The leaves are all gilded on each little spray,
And earth has put on her most brilliant array:
In the distance, like clouds, the blue mountains are
seen,

The flocks and the herds now repose on the green.

On the breast of the lake the boat glides along,
While borne on the breeze is the fisherman's song:
Hark! there in the brushwood the rustling of
wings—

Pursued by the sportsman the partridge upsprings.

While his flocks in the valley enjoy their repose,
To labour the husbandman cheerfully goes;
With his good team of oxen the toil still he shares,
And follows the plough, and the furrow prepares.

The noise of the uplifted flail we can hear,
As with regular fall it resounds on our ear,—
Let us haste to the barn the corn to survey,
And see how the wind wafts the light chaff away.

Our God, ever faithful, thus opens his hand,
 And pours out his bountiful gifts on our land ;
 His blessing it is makes the earth to abound,
 By Him, too, the husbandman's labours are crowned.

His power preserves all the seed that we sow,
 He blesses the labour and care we bestow ;
 While for each little bird his good providence cares,
 And on the wild hedges its nurture prepares.

Our merciful Father ! so gracious and kind,
 May He in our bosoms deep gratitude find :
 May the joy of the harvest our praises inspire,
 And to far higher bliss may each heart still aspire.

For what is this gladness compared with the joy,
 The gifts which above shall our praises employ ?
 Oh, what is this earth, though adorned by his hand,
 To our glorious home in Emanuel's land !

M * * M.

290. THE WAY TO POSSESS REAL PROPERTY AND TO ENJOY THE BEAUTY OF NATURE.

Ah! that such beauty varying in the light
 Of living nature, cannot be portrayed
 By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill,
 But is the property of him alone
 Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
 And in his mind recorded it with love !

WORDSWORTH.

He looks abroad into the varied field
 Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared
 With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
 Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
 His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
 And the resplendent rivers. His t' enjoy
 With a propriety that none can feel,
 But who, with filial confidence inspired,

Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
 And smiling say,—“My Father made them all.”
 Are they not his by a peculiar right,
 And by an emphasis of interest his,
 Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
 Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
 With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
 That planned, and built, and still upholds a world,
 So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?*

291. THE CLOSING YEAR.

THE glories of Summer and Autumn are fled,
 And Winter, stern Winter, has reared his dark head ;
 December is here, and will quickly be past,
 And another short year is finishing fast.

Another short year ! oh, the sound of its wing
 To my bosom some heart-searching questions should
 bring ;
 Have I sought for the Lord ? Do I walk in his
 ways ?
 And my thoughts are they hallowed by prayer and
 by praise ?

The days of the years of my life glide away ;
 May I earnestly labour while yet it is day,
 And, knowing that life must soon come to an end,
 Look to Christ as my Saviour, my Lord, and my
 Friend.

M. A. STODART.

292. THE WINDS.

“The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the
 sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and
 whither it goeth.”—John iii. 8.

WE come ! we come ! and ye feel our might,
 As we're hastening on in our boundless flight ;
 And over the mountains, and over the deep,
 Our broad invisible pinions sweep,

* Cowper's "Task," "The Winter Morning Walk."

Like the spirit of liberty, wild and free!
 And ye look on our works, and own 'tis we;
 Ye call us the Winds; but can ye tell
 Whither we go, or where we dwell?

Ye mark, as we vary our forms of power,
 And fell the forest, or fan the flower,
 When the harebell moves, and the rush is bent,
 When the tower's o'erthrown, and the oak is rent,
 As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,
 Or hurry its crew to a watery grave;
 And ye say it is we! but can ye trace
 The wandering winds to their secret place?

Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand;
 We come and we go at his command;
 Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,
 His will is our guide, and we look not back:
 And if, in our wrath, ye would us away,
 Or win us in gentlest airs to play,
 Then lift up your hearts to Him who binds,
 Or frees, as he will, the obedient winds!

293. THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOUND on a voyage of awful length,
 And dangers little known,
 A stranger to superior strength,
 Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
 To reach the distant coast;
 The breath of Heaven must swell the sail,
 Or all the toil is lost.

COWPER.

294. THE HEAVENLY BREEZE.

AT anchor laid, remote from home,
 Toiling, I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come!
 Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
 But fill my sails, and speed my way."

Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
 And loose my cable from below :
 But I can only spread the sail ;
 Thou, thou must breathe th'auspicious gale.

295.

THE OCEAN.

Psalm xciii. 3, 4.

I LOVE to sit by the side of the shore,
 And watch the green waves in motion,
 I love to listen while loudly they roar,
 And throw their white foam on the ocean ;
 Like mountains they rise, and with terrible force,
 Break down on the rock that opposes their course ;
 But they cannot pass over the line of soft sand,
 Which they beat in their fury and wash on the strand.
 For "Thus far and no farther," was His decree,
 Who made of soft sand a strong bar to the sea.

As proudly their crested heads they raise,
 With impetuous force advancing,
 Their thundering noise but speaks His praise,
 Whose eye over all is glancing,
 The water-floods lift up their voice and rave,
 But mightier He than the mightiest wave,
 For here shall the pride of thy billows be stayed.
 He said to the sea, and the sea obeyed :
 The Lord Jesus it was, whose firm decree
 Thus made of soft sand a strong bar to the sea,

My Saviour is Lord of that turbulent main,
 In its greatness and grandeur rolling ;
 He can bind it about with an icy chain,
 Its rage and its rest controlling ;
 He walks on the waters, he says to the deep,
 "Be still"—and the surges in silence sleep.
 Then let his high praises my thoughts employ,
 I may sing of his power, and ask with joy,
 What cannot that Saviour accomplish for me,
 Who makes of soft sand a strong bar to the sea ?

D. A. T.

296. THE SEA-SHORE.

IN every object here I see
 Something, O Lord, that leads to thee :
 Firm as the rocks thy promise stands,
 Thy mercies countless as the sands,
 Thy love a sea immensely wide,
 Thy grace an overflowing tide.

In every object here I see
 Something, my heart, that points to thee ;
 Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
 Unfruitful as the barren sands,
 Deep and deceitful as the ocean,
 And, like the tides, in constant motion,

NEWTON.

297. THE LOVE OF GOD COMPARED TO
THE SEA.

SEE, my child, that mighty ocean
 Spread its waters far and wide,
 All its waves in ceaseless motion
 Bearing on the rolling tide ;
 When that mighty deep you view,
 Think of God's great love for you.

Love that is for ever flowing,
 Pouring mercies all around ;
 Neither change nor limit knowing,
 Broad and deep without a bound.

When that swelling sea you view,
 Think of God's great love for you.

Love that pardons your transgressions,
 Love that bears you on its breast ;
 Wafts you safe from all oppressions
 To the land of endless rest.

With that heaven full in view
 Think of God's great love for you.

NEWTON.

298. THE FLOWING TIDE.

Matt. vii. 24.

CHILDREN, who have seen the sea
 Rolling in its majesty,
 Wave on wave, with deafening roar,
 Still advancing on the shore ;
 Tell me, would you build your home
 Where the billows rage and foam !
 Could you hope, in foolish pride,
 To resist the rolling tide ?

Every one of you will say,
 " Soon I should be washed away :
 None but fools would build their home
 Where the mighty waters foam."
 Dearest children ! mark me well,
 I have greater things to tell :
 You and I alike must be
 Builders for eternity.

If we seek our joy on earth,
 Present pleasure, passing mirth ;
 If by our own works is given
 Hope of happiness in heaven,
 Then we build with foolish hands
 On the ever-shifting sands,
 And our house will soon be gone,
 For the tide is rolling on.

Christ, dear children, is the Rock
 That can stand the tempest's shock ;
 Clouds will darken o'er the skies,
 Winds will roar and waves will rise ;
 Seek ye then in Christ your rest,
 Then you will be safe and blest ;
 Safe through all Life's storms will be,
 Blessed throughout eternity.

M. A. STODART.

299. "MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM."

'Twas when the sea, with awful roar,
 A little bark assailed,
 And pallid fear's distracted power
 O'er each on board prevailed—

Save one,—the captain's darling child,
 Who stedfast viewed the storm,
 And cheerful with composure smiled
 At danger's threatening form.

"Why sporting thus," a seaman cried,
 "While terrors overwhelm?"

"Why yield to fear?" the child replied,
 "My Father's at the helm!"

Christian! from him be daily taught
 To check thy groundless fear;
 Think on the wonders he has wrought,
 Jehovah's ever near.

300. FILEY BRIDGE.*—THE LITTLE BAIT-GATHERER.

ON Filey Bridge I sat alone,
 Upon a summer's day,
 Till on that long dark ridge of stone
 The light of evening lay.

And there was silence all around,
 But for the sea-bird's cry,
 And waves that told with warning sound,
 The flowing tide was nigh.

They struck and struck, with solemn shock,
 Each louder than the last,
 As on the lonely ridge of rock
 The sea was rising fast.

Even so, with life's advancing years,
 Returning birthdays come,
 Telling to man's unwilling ears
 That this is not his home.

* Near Scarborough.

“Arise ye, and depart,” it cries,
 That voice recurring still ;
 Joyful to those by heaven made wise,—
 Bright hopes their bosoms fill.

The waves were breaking all in foam,
 In the dark northern bay ;
 The south, between me and my home,
 Smooth as a mirror lay.

And sunset hues were gleaming bright
 Over the rising sea ;
 So days of age, in heavenly light,
 May sweet and placid be.

A little lass in wild attire,
 In russet cloak and hood,
 Came onward, softly creeping nigher,
 ’Till by my side she stood.

And then she said, “It’s time to go,
 The tide will soon be here.”
 Homeward we traced our pathway slow,
 The sea still flowing near.

She had a basket on her arm,—
 To gather bait she went ;
 A little child, she feared no harm,
 There by her father sent.

Yet “once,” she said, “too long I stayed,
 And high the waters grew.”
 “What then?”—“Oh, I was not afraid,
 I thought my father knew.

“I thought my father saw me there,
 Would send a boat from shore ;—
 But it grew dark, I did not dare
 To stay there any more.

“Look at that cliff ; I often knew
 Rabbits run up on high,
 And the sheep climbed and heifers too ;
 And so I thought might I.”

“Were you not frightened there to pass,
 So steep a way to find?”
 “Oh no,” replied the little lass,
 “I never looked behind.”

And such, I thought, should Christians be,
 In danger not afraid,
 Trusting their Father’s eye to see,
 Their Father’s hand to aid.

And when he bids them climb the hill
 That leads them to their home,—
 Then let them say, obedient still,
 “Father to thee I come.”

Nor look behind on evil past,
 But upward, onward gaze ;
 And not a glance be downward cast
 O’er earth’s dark, dreary ways.

There is a rock that safety gives
 To all that seek its side ;
 The Lord of life, to all that lives,
 Saviour, and Friend, and Guide.

O seek him, then, while storms arise,
 And pathless wilds affright,
 When evening darkens in the skies,—
 He is the way, the light.

F. R.

301. THE SHIP.

YON stately ship, so firmly built,
 See how she ploughs the main ;
 The wind is fair, she leaves our sight,—
 Will she return again ?

She may ; but should these limpid waves
 Which gently kiss the shore,
 In wild commotion heave and rage,
 She may return no more.

She may ; but should the angry waves
 Dash her on rocky coast :
 Ah ! then her timbers crash, she sinks,
 She can't return, she's lost !

Whene'er I see a ship return,
 Or mariner on shore,
 What should I think, what should I do,
 But God supreme adore ?

He caused the wind to waft the ship
 To regions far away ;
 He caused the winds to bring her back,
 And anchor in the bay.

He gave the sailors health and strength
 Their duties to discharge ;
 Oh, that He in his mercy may
 Their hearts with grace enlarge !

301.*

THE SHIP.

HEAVEN speed the canvass, gallantly unfurled,
 To furnish and accommodate a world,—
 To give the pole the produce of the sun,
 And knit the unsocial climates into one.
 Soft airs and gentle heavings of the wave,
 Impel the fleet whose errand is to save,
 To succour wasted regions, and replace
 The smile of Opulence on Sorrow's face.
 Let nothing adverse, nothing unforeseen,
 Impede the bark that ploughs the deep serene,
 Charged with a freight transcending in its worth,
 The gems of India, Nature's rarest birth,
 That flies like Gabriel on his Lord's commands,
 A herald of God's love to pagan lands.

COWPER.

302.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

MAN the life-boat! man the life-boat!
 Hearts of oak, your succour lend;
 See, the shattered vessel staggers:
 Quick, oh quick! assistance send.

See the ark of refuge launching,
 See her hardy crew prepare
 For the dangerous work of mercy—
 Gallant British hearts are there.

Now the fragile boat is hanging
 On the billows' feathery height,
 Now, 'midst fearful depths descending,
 While we sicken at the sight.

Courage! courage! she's in safety;
 See again her buoyant form!
 By His gracious hand uplifted
 Who controls the raging storm.

With her precious cargo freighted,
 Now the life-boat nears the shore;
 Parents, brethren, friends embracing
 Those they thought to see no more.

Blessings on the dauntless spirits
 Dangers thus who nobly brave;
 Ready life and limb to venture,
 So they may a brother save.

Christian, pause! and deeply ponder,
 Is there nothing *you* can do?
 The sinking ship, the storm, the life-boat,
 Have they not a voice for you?

There's a storm, a fearful tempest,
 Souls are sinking to despair;
 There's a shore of blessed refuge;
 Try, oh try to guide them there.

Oh, remember Him who saved you!
 Whose right hand deliverance wrought,
 Who, from depths of guilt and anguish,
 You to peace and safety brought.

'Tis His voice now cheers you onward—
 "He that winneth souls is wise:"
 Launch the Gospel's blessed life-boat,
 Venture all to win the prize.

M * * M.

303. THE GOSPEL BANNER.

Mark xvi. 15.

LIFT up the Gospel banner,
 Wide be its folds unfurled ;
 Display the love of Jesus
 Before a guilty world ;
 Go forth to every creature
 That dwelleth under heaven,
 Proclaim the wondrous tidings
 Of grace and mercy given.

O stay not—time is passing ;
 Work while 'tis called to-day ;
 Thousands of heathens perish
 Each hour that you delay ;
 They die without the knowledge
 Of God's most holy word,
 Without the hopes you cherish
 In Christ our gracious Lord.

Remember your Redeemer,
 Obey his last command,
 And, resting on his promise,
 In faithful service stand ;
 Lift up his glorious banner,
 Grace, mercy, peace, proclaim
 To all repenting sinners,
 In Christ the Saviour's name.

M. A. STODART.

304.

MISSIONS.

LIGHT for the dreary vales
Of ice-bound Labrador !
Where the frost-king breathes on the slippery sails,
And the mariner wakes no more ;
Lift high the lamp that never fails,
To that dark and sterile shore.

Light for the forest child !
An outcast though he be,
From the haunts where the sun of his childhood
smiled,
And the country of the free ;
Pour the hope of heaven o'er his desert wild,
For what home on earth has he ?

Light on the Hindoo shed !
On the maddening idol train ;
The flame of the suttee is dire and red,
And the Fakir faints with pain,
And the dying moan on their cheerless bed,
By the Ganges laved in vain.

Light for the Persian sky !
The Sophi's wisdom fades,
And the pearls of Ormus are poor to buy
Armour when death invades ;
Hark ! hark ! 'tis the sainted Martyn's sigh
From Ararat's mournful shades.

Light for the Burman vales !
For the islands of the sea !
For the coast where the slave-ship fills its sails
With sighs of agony,
And her kidnapped babes the mother wails
'Neath the lone banana-tree !

Light for the ancient race,
 Exiled from Zion's rest !
 Homeless they roam from place to place,
 Benighted and oppressed ;
 They shudder at Sinai's fearful base ;
 Guide them to Calvary's breast.

Light for the darkened earth !
 Ye blessed, its beams who shed ;
 Shrink not, till the day-spring hath its birth,
 Till, wherever the footsteps of man doth tread,
 Salvation's banner spread broadly forth,
 Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed,
 And clear the tomb
 From its lingering gloom,
 For the aged to rest his weary head.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

305. COMPARISON OF ENGLAND WITH OTHER EUROPEAN COUNTRIES.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
 In the pleasant land of France,
 Listening to her minstrel ditties,
 Standing by her merry dance ;
 And I've turned away with sadness,
 From her light and thoughtless lays,
 Longing for my own dear country,
 And the voice of prayer and praise.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
 Pleased through many a Belgic town,
 Gazing on the stately churches,
 Marking each old fortress frown ;
 Then we reached the famous river
 Of the castle and the vine,
 And we bounded o'er the waters
 Of the rapid, kingly Rhine.

Onward! onward! Alpine summits
 Lift their heads towards the sky;
 We must pierce the clouds above them,
 Commune with the Lord on high;
 Snows and glaciers stretch around us;
 Caution! for the path is steep:
 One false step might hurl you downwards
 Far into the fearful deep.

Past the Alps the air is balmy,
 Trellised vines and fig-trees grow;
 Deep blue skies,—Italian sunshine,—
 Oh, we feel its kindling glow;
 And I pluck the ancient olive,
 Emblem old of love and peace;
 But a sorrow gathers o'er me,
 When will Popish thralldom cease?

Statues of the Virgin Mary
 Rise around us everywhere;
 To dead bones are people kneeling,
 Unto stones they lift their prayer;
 Then I thought of mine own country,
 And I inly blessed the Lord
 I was born in land of Bibles,
 'Mid the teaching of his Word.

Thus, dear children, I've been roaming,
 Travellers' tales well pleased I tell;
 But, to good old England coming,
 Thankful thoughts within me swell:
 Sing we then a song of gladness
 Unto God, who placed our birth
 In our highly favoured island,
 Happiest land of all the earth.

M. A. STODART.

306. THE CHRISTIAN CHILD'S GOOD WISH FOR IRELAND.

OH! when shall Erin's lovely isle
 In more than nature's beauty smile:
 When to the land's remotest bound
 Shall songs of holy mirth resound?

When shall her mountain glens rejoice
 To hear the Saviour's gracious voice :
 And when her vales, with verdure clad,
 List to the Gospel and be glad ?
 That time shall come—nor distant far,
 Perhaps, those days of blessing are
 When superstition's sable night
 Shall yield to truth's convincing light :
 The blind no longer lead the blind,
 Till both one dreadful ruin find :
 The Bible, freely spread abroad,
 Shall tell the wondrous love of God :
 Praise and salvation, hand in hand,
 Shall walk the borders of our land :
 And sounds of violence no more
 Be heard on Erin's tranquil shore.*

307.

ENGLAND.

My English home ! my English home !
 O'er land and sea let others roam ;
 I bless my God, who placed my birth
 On the most favoured spot on earth.

And ask ye why I love the land ?
 Is it because her wide command
 Is owned by all the nations round,
 And felt wherever man is found ?

Is it because her navies ride
 Triumphant on the foaming tide,
 Thundering where'er her flag is seen,
 That Britain sits as Ocean's Queen.

Is it because her meanest son
 Is free as king upon his throne ?
 Or is it that the poor man's cause
 Is marked and guarded by her laws ?

* " Creation."

Is it because her children know
 Home comforts and the fireside glow?
 The winds may pierce that castle-home,*
 The monarch cannot, dares not come.

No, not by these—by these alone
 My country to my heart is known;
 Far greater things God's mighty hand
 Hath poured upon my fatherland.

I love her on her glorious height,
 The Bible-land, the land of light,
 Sounding the message far and wide,
 That Jesus Christ for sinners died.

I love the soil her martyrs trod,
 Who suffered for the truth of God;
 The fire they kindled blazes bright,†
 And none, we trust, can quench its light.

I love the prayers my fathers felt,
 I love the church in which they knelt;
 And ask ye now what feelings come
 In thinking of my sea-girt home?

For foreign lands let others sigh,
 In England may I live and die;
 Still praising God, who placed my birth
 On the most favoured spot of earth.

M. A. STODART.

307.* LOYAL HYMN.

BLESSINGS on our youthful Queen;
 Honour to her rule be shown;
 Mercy, truth, and right be seen
 Still attendant on her throne.

* "An Englishman's house is his castle; the winds of heaven may beat around it; all the elements may enter it; but the king cannot, the king dare not."—LORD CHATHAM.

† "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust in God shall never be put out."—BISHOP LATIMER.

Long may she with wisdom reign,
 First in worth, as first in power ;
 Ne'er meek charity disdain,
 E'en in glory's giddiest hour.

Blessings, &c.

If her foes molest her reign,
 May her arms victorious prove ;
 God of hosts ! indulgent deign
 To defend her from above.
 Peace with all is better far,
 Bind us in the bond of peace,—
 Scatter those that joy in war,
 Bid all angry passions cease.

Blessings, &c.

May thy sons in truth excel ;
 Righteousness thy priests adorn ;
 Saints of thy salvation tell,
 Praising Christ, the Saviour born.
 Bless our land with plenteous store,
 Give us hearts of thankfulness ;
 On our Queen thy Spirit pour,
 With thy love her people bless.

Blessings, &c.

308. EXTRACTS FROM A FOREST SCENE IN THE DAYS OF WICKLIFFE.*

A LITTLE child she read a book,
 Beside an open door,
 And, as she read page after page,
 She wondered more and more.

Her little finger carefully
 Went pointing out the place ;
 Her golden locks hung drooping down,
 And shadowed half her face.

She sat upon a mossy stone,
 An open door beside,
 And round for miles, on every hand,
 Stretched out a forest wide.

* Wickliffe died in the reign of Richard II., A. D. 1387.

The summer sun shone on the trees,
The deer lay in the shade ;
And overhead the singing birds
Their pleasant warbling made.

The butterfly went flitting by,
The bees were in the flowers ;
But the little child sate stedfastly,
As she had sate for hours.

“Why sit you here, my little maid ?”
An aged pilgrim spake ;
The child looked upward from her book,
Like one but just awake.

“And what is there within that book
To win a child like thee ?
Up ! join thy mates, the merry birds,
And frolic with the bee.”

“Nay, sir, I cannot leave this book,
I love it more than play ;
I’ve read *all legends*, but this one
Ne’er saw I till this day.”

“Who art thou, child, that thou shouldst read
A book with mickle heed ?
Books are for clerks—the king himself
Hath much ado to read ?”

“My father is a forester,
A bowman keen and good ;
He keeps the deer within their bounds,
And worketh in the wood.”

“Who was it taught you thus to read ?”
“Ah, sir, it was my mother,
She taught me both to read and spell,
And so she taught my brother ;

“My brother dwells at Allonby,
With the good monks alway ;
And this new book he brought to me,
But only for one day.”

“Nay, read to me,” the pilgrim said,
And the little child went on
To read of Christ, as was set forth
In the Gospel of St. John.

On, on she read, and gentle tears
Adown her cheeks did slide ;
The pilgrim sate with bended head,
And he wept at her side.

“The book it is a blessed book !
Its name, what may it be ?”
She said, “They are the words of Christ
That I have read to thee.”

“Give me the book, and let me read,
My soul is strangely stirred ;
They are such words of love and truth
As ne'er before I heard !”

And, ay, he read page after page,
Page after page he turned ;
And as he read these blessed words,
His heart within him burned.

Still, still the book the old man read,
As he would ne'er have done ;
From the hour of noon he read the book,
Unto the set of sun,

The little child she brought him out
A cake of wheaten bread ;
But it lay unbroke at eventide ;
Nor did he raise his head.

Then came the sturdy forester
Along the homeward track,
Whistling loud a hunting tune,
With a slain deer at his back.

Loud greeting gave the forester
Unto the pilgrim poor :
The old man rose, with thoughtful brow,
And entered at the door.

The two they set them down to meat,
 And the pilgrim 'gan to tell
 How he had been on Olivet,
 And drank at Jacob's well.

And then he told how he had knelt
 Where'er our Lord had prayed ;
 How he had in the garden been,
 And the tomb where he was laid ;

And then he turned unto the book
 And read in English plain,
 How Christ had died on Calvary,—
 How he had risen again.

And all his comfortable words,
 His deeds of mercy all,
 He read, and of the widow's mite,
 And the poor prodigal.

As water to the parched vale,
 As to the hungry, bread,
 So fell upon the woodman's soul
 Each word the pilgrim read.

Thus through the midnight did they read
 Until the dawn of day :
 And then came in the woodman's son,
 To fetch the book away.

All quick and troubled was his speech,
 His face was pale with dread ;
 For he said the king had made a law
 That the book must not be read.—MARY HOWITT.

309. THE CHRISTIAN'S CONDUCT UNDER FALSE REPROACHES.

Matt. v. 44.

HE loved the world that hated him ; the tear
 That dropped upon his Bible was sincere :
 Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
 His only answer was a blameless life ;
 And he that forged, and he that threw, the dart,
 Had each a brother's interest in his heart.—COWPER.

310. THE MARTYRS.

JOHN HUSS.

THE Saviour stood by him in pain,
 Nor left him in sorrow forlorn ;
 And mitred blasphemers and monarchs in vain
 Heaped on him their hatred and scorn.
 He was meek as the innocent child,
 He was firm as the storm-stricken rock,
 And so humbly he prayed, and so gently he smiled,
 And so sweet were the words that he spoke ;
 That the murderous keepers who guarded their prey
 Could weep for the man they were marshalled to slay.

B. W. NOEL.

CRANMER.

Micah vii. 8.

Too feebly nerved for so severe a trial,
 Wert thou, O Cranmer ! yet thy heart was true,
 And the Church owes thee much, and loves thee too.
 If thou didst faint beneath the fiercest vial
 That wrath could pour, oh let no harsh decial
 Tarnish the martyr's fame ! The Saviour knew
 How weak are even the best !—ere the cock crew,
 Peter thrice uttered the foretold denial !
 Think not of Cranmer to his chains descending,
 Fear-palsied, and his mind scarce half-awake ;
 But Cranmer, with the faithful Ridley, bending
 Over the liturgy ; Cranmer as he spake
 From his last pulpit ; Cranmer when extending
 His hand through flame, undaunted, at the stake !

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

311. THE YOUTHFUL KING.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF EDWARD VI. IN HIS
 ROYAL ROBES.

MONARCH, pictured here in state,
 Better honours far were thine,
 Than the grandeur of the great,
 Than the jewels of the mine.

Born to govern and command,
 Thou wast easy of control ;
 With a sceptre in thy hand,
 There was meekness in thy soul.

Of thy haughty father's frown
 Little on thy brow we trace,
 And that little softened down
 By simplicity and grace.

Child in age and child in heart,
 Gold, and gems, and bright array
 Could not joy or pride impart,
 Thou hadst treasures more than they.

More than courtiers, kneeling low ;
 More than flattery's ready smile ;
 More than conquest o'er the foe ;
 More, even more, than England's isle.

Treasures in which mind hath part,
 Joys that teach the soul to rise ;
 Hopes that can sustain the heart
 When the body droops and dies.

Therefore, star, thou art not shaded
 By the darkness of the tomb !
 Royal rose ! thou art not faded,
 In heaven, we trust, thou still dost bloom.

312. THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

“ Oh, how love I thy law.”—Psalm cxix. 97.

OH, give not up the Bible,
 God's holy Book of Truth ;
 The blessed staff of hoary age,
 The guide of early youth ;
 The lamp that sheds a glorious light
 On, else—a dreary road !
 The voice that speaks the Saviour's love,
 And leads us home to God.

Oh, give not up the Bible,
 But spread it far and wide,
 Until its saving voice be heard
 Beyond the rolling tide ;
 Till, in our own beloved land,
 We with one voice and heart
 Resolve that from God's sacred word
 We'll *never, never* part.

312.* "THY WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY
 FEET, AND A LIGHT UNTO MY PATH."

WHAT is the world ? A wildering maze
 Where sin has tracked ten thousand ways,
 Her victims to ensnare :
 All broad, and winding, and aslope,
 All tempting with perfidious hope,
 All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,
 Bearing their baubles or their loads
 Down to eternal night ;
 One humble path that never bends,
 Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
 From darkness into light.

Is there a guide to show that path ?
 The Bible—he alone that hath
 The Bible, need not stray ;
 Yet he who hath, and will not give
 That heavenly guide to all that live,
 Himself shall lose the way.

313. THE RAGGED SCHOOL.

Precept, Psalm lxxxii. 4. *Promise*, Luke xiv. 14.

"The word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Pet. i. 25.

HARK ! heard ye not that loud and startling shriek ?
 From yonder gallery's crowded rows it came ;
 'Twas long—'twas fearful—and it seemed to speak,
 A mother's anguish at her offspring's shame ;

“Left to himself,” to herd with folly’s band,
 The child *at home* was taught no useful rule ;
 And no kind Christian took him by the hand,
 To guide his footsteps to the “Ragged School.”

Had he been there he might have learned to bend
 The knee in prayer—to shun the haunts of crime,
 And gain the favour of that heavenly Friend
 Who reigns enthroned above the spheres sublime.

* * * * *

Christians of Britain ! if ye love your land,
 Your land of freedom, by the truth made free,
 Give of your substance, that each youthful band
 That truth may learn and God’s salvation see.

The band of labourers now, though scant and small,
 To see the *first-fruits* with delight begin ;
 A time will come, when in the sight of all,
 The glorious *harvest* shall be gathered in :
 And thousands then in heaven’s unclouded calm
 Shall bow to Him who doth all nations rule,
 Strike the sweet harp, and wave the victor’s palm,
 And bless the Saviour for the “Ragged School.”*

J. P.

314. THE FATHER AND THE SICK BABE.

A SCENE IN LONDON.

A FATHER—for he bore that sacred name—
 Him saw I, sitting in an open square,
 Upon a corner stone of that low wall,
 Wherein were fixed the iron pales that fenced
 A spacious grass-plot ; there in silence sate
 This one man, with a sickly babe outstretched
 Upon his knee, whom he had thither brought
 For sunshine, and to breathe the fresher air.
 Of those who passed, and me who looked at him,
 He took no heed ; but in his brawny arms
 (The artificer was to the elbow bare,
 And from his work this moment had been stolen),

* Extract from “A Sketch in Court.” By a Barrister.

He held the child, and bending over it,
 As if he were afraid both of the sun
 And of the air, which he had come to seek,
 Eyed the poor babe with love unutterable.*

315. "LOOKING UNTO JESUS."

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."

"PRAY," said a mother to her dying child,—

"Pray;" and in token of assent he smiled.

Most willing was the spirit; but so weak
 The failing frame, that he could hardly speak.

At length he said, "Dear mother, in God's book,
 Is it not written, 'Unto Jesus look?'"

I can look up—I have no strength for prayer;

'Look unto me, and be ye saved' is there."

"It is, my child, it is; thus saith the Lord,

And we may surely, safely trust his word."

Her son looked up, to Jesus raised his eyes,

And flew a happy spirit to the skies.

D. A. T. (A Fact.)

315.* THE MOTHER'S REMEMBRANCE OF A DEPARTED INFANT.

OH! there are recollections

Round mothers' hearts that cling,

That mingle with the tears

And smiles of after years,

With oft awakening.

Thou'lt say, "My first-born blessing!

It almost broke my heart,

When thou wert forced to go;

And yet, for thee I know,

'Twas better to depart.

"God took thee in his mercy,

A lamb untasked, untried;

He fought the fight for thee,

He won the victory!

And thou art sanctified!

* Wordsworth. An Extract.

“I look around and see
 The evil ways of men,
 And oh! beloved child!
 I'm more than reconciled
 To thy departure then.

“The little arms that clasped me,
 The innocent lips that pressed,
 Would they have been as pure
 Till now, as when of yore
 I lulled thee on my breast?

“Now (like a dew-drop shrined
 Within a crystal stone)
 Thou 'rt safe in heaven, my dove!
 Safe with the Source of love!
 The everlasting one.

“And when the hour arrives,
 From flesh that sets me free;
 Thy spirit may await,
 The first at Heaven's gate,
 To meet and welcome me.”

AN EXTRACT.

316. THE MOTHERLESS.

THE Motherless! bend quietly
 Over that little bed,
 And draw the curtains lovingly
 Around that infant head;
 And smoothe the pillow tenderly,
 The cheek with kisses press,—
 Then bear her on thy heart in prayer,
 For she is motherless.

The Motherless! when Christmas
 Hath piled the yule-log high,
 And clustering faces smile around
 The glad hearth merrily;
 When for the kindly gift ye have
 The fond and warm caress,
 Forget not then that lonely one,
 For she is motherless!

The Motherless ! when illness
 Hath blanched the dimpled cheek,
 When on the couch of languishing
 That little one lies weak,
 Then pray that God be near her,
 To strengthen and to bless ;
 And heed her tale of suffering,
 For she is motherless !

The Motherless ! when evening
 With the kind " Good night " goes round,
 Breathe in her ear all soothingly,
 The fond parental sound ;
 Tell her that e'en a mother's love
 May learn forgetfulness,
 And speak of the Unchangeable
 To her, the Motherless !

MRS. HENRY LYNCH.

316.* MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

THIS book is all that's left me now !
 Tears will unbidden start—
 With faltering lips and throbbing brow
 I press it to my heart.
 For many generations past,
 Here is our fam'ly tree ;
 My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
 She dying gave it me.

Ah ! well do I remember those
 Whose names these records bear ;
 Who round the hearth-stone used to close
 After the evening prayer,
 And speak of what these pages said
 In tones my heart would thrill !
 Though they are with the silent dead,
 Here are they living still.

My father read this holy book
 To brothers, sisters dear ;
 How calm was then my mother's look,
 Who leaned God's word to hear.
 Her angel face—I see it yet !
 What thronging memories come !
 Again that little group is met
 Within the halls of home.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried ;
 Where all were false I found thee true,
 My counsellor and guide.
 The mines of earth no treasures give
 That could this volume buy ;
 In teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die.*

GENERAL MORRIS.

317. POWER OF MATERNAL PIETY.

“When I was a little child,” said a good old man, “my mother used to bid me kneel down beside her, and place her hand upon my head, while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and as it were drawn back by a soft hand upon my head. When a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations ; but when I would have yielded, that same hand was upon my head, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the days of my happy infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart, a voice that must be obeyed,—‘O, do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against thy God.’”

WHY gaze ye on my hoary hairs,
 Ye children young and gay ?
 Your locks, beneath the blast of cares,
 Will bleach as white as they.

* From the “Dulcimer,” New York.

I had a mother once, like you,
 Who o'er my pillow hung,
 Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,
 And taught my faltering tongue.

She, when the nightly couch was spread,
 Would bow my infant knee,
 And place her hand upon my head,
 And, kneeling, pray for me.

But, then, there came a fearful day ;
 I sought my mother's bed,
 Till harsh hands turn me thence away,
 And told me she was dead.

I plucked a fair white rose, and stole
 To lay it by her side,
 And thought strange sleep enchained her soul,
 For no fond voice replied.

That eve, I knelt me down in woe,
 And said a lonely prayer ;
 Yet still my temples seemed to glow
 As if that hand were there.

Years fled, and left me childhood's joy,
 Gay sports and pastimes dear ;
 I rose a wild and wayward boy,
 Who scorned the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed ;
 Yet, ere at night I slept,
 That soft hand made my bosom bleed,
 And down I fell, and wept.

Youth came—the props of virtue reeled,
 But oft, at day's decline,
 A marble touch my brow congealed—
 Blessed mother, was it thine ?

In foreign lands I travelled wide,
 My pulse was bounding high,
 Vice spread her meshes by my side,
 And pleasure lured my eye ;

Yet still that hand, so soft and cold,
 Maintained its mystic sway,
 As when, amid my curls of gold,
 With gentle force it lay.

And with it breathed a voice of care,
 As from the lowly sod,
 "My son—my only one—beware,
 Nor sin against thy God."

That hallowed touch was ne'er forgot!
 And now, though time hath set
 His frosty seal upon my lot,
 These temples feel it yet.

And if I e'er in heaven appear,
 A mother's holy prayer,
 A mother's hand, and gentle tear,
 That pointed to a Saviour dear,
 Have led the wanderer there.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

318. THE PASTOR'S MORNING WALK.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

At early dawn the Pastor rose,
 Securing precious time ;
 He loved to seek his Father's face
 At that "sweet hour of prime."

A guest in noble halls, he sought
 His Master's claims to prove ;
 And in the humble peasant's ear
 To breathe his Saviour's love.

Invited by the balmy air,
 Toward the door he went ;
 And on his way a maiden found
 On household cares intent.

Accosting her, he gently said,
 "Up with the lark I see ;
 And bright and cheerful as the morn,
 And busy as the bee.

“ Mary, 'tis well; yet, oh, forgive
An aged pilgrim's word :
You're early up, and active too,
But have you fed your bird ?”

Surprised, the maiden quick replied,
“ Sir, I've no bird to feed.”

“ Yes, yes, my child, a wondrous bird,
Requiring precious seed.”

“ Sure, 'tis the bird that master brought
From countries o'er the sea.
My lady feeds that bird herself,
She trusts it not to me.”

“ No, 'tis not of your lady's bird,
But of your own I tell ;
A greater than your earthly lord
Has sent it here to dwell.

“ Not in the ocean's fairest isle
Your treasure had its birth ;
Nor gems nor gold can tell its price,
It is of countless worth.

“ Its wings were made for heavenly flight,
Its notes to pierce the skies,
Its home is in the Tree of Life ;
Oh, Mary, guard your prize !

“ Feed it with manna from the Word,
Shield it from breath of sin,—
So shall it warble sweetest notes
Its earthly cage within.

“ Then when the Master's welcome voice
Shall bid the prisoner come,
With songs of everlasting joy
'Twill soar towards its home.

“ There, in the Paradise of God,
Where endless pleasures reign,
Of perfect love and ceaseless praise,
Join the enraptured strain.”

The dew still glittered on the grass,
 When the good Pastor found
 A pleasant lad, with honest zeal,
 Weeding the garden ground.

“Well done, my boy! I like to see
 Such diligence and care;
 You love your work, nor will permit
 One weed to flourish there.

“Sweet are your herbs and fragrant flowers:
 But say, do you succeed
 In keeping your *own* garden free
 From every noxious weed?”

“Oh, sir, I’m a poor stranger lad,
 I’ve not one inch of ground;
 ’Tis the allotment-field you mean,
 Let to the tenants round.”

“No, not of any field I speak,
 With earthly treasure sown!
 I mean a soil for heavenly fruit,
 Trusted to you alone.

“Oh, seek for wisdom from on high
 To till that ground aright,—
 And flowers and fruits that never fade,
 Shall cheer your gladdened sight.

“Jesus himself shall love to walk
 Those fragrant bowers among,
 And endless joys unspeakable
 Shall with his presence come.”

The aged Pastor turned away,
 Breathing an earnest prayer
 That God would bless his words, and make
 Those youthful souls his care.

M * * M.

319. THE LABOURER'S RETURN.

“Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.”—Prov. xv. 17.

WHY o'er yon peasant's weary, toilworn brow,
 Does the bright gleam of sudden pleasure glow?
 Why, as yon smoke ascending seeks the sky,
 Does joy light up and glisten in his eye?
 Ah! dear to him those airy circles play,
 The charm that lures him on his lonely way:
 No scene so dear as that sequestered spot,
 No palace equal to his humble cot.
 But see! what playful child, with joyful feet,
 Springs forth, his father's glad return to greet,
 Clings round his knees, and whispers in his ear
 Those gentle words that parents love to hear.
 (Filial affection! stream of dear delight,
 How pure its early spring, how fresh, how bright!
 Untroubled yet by sorrow's falling tear,
 By doubt unclouded, and unchecked by fear!)
 'Tis now the father knows his toil is o'er,
 Smiles on his child, and feels fatigued no more.
 With cheerful step he gains the lowly cot,
 And meets the faithful partner of his lot.
 She, as he enters, meets him with a smile;
 Sweet words of welcome all his cares beguile;
 Then turns the frugal supper to prepare,
 Which o'er the hearth suspended, claims her care.
 Meanwhile, the father from the cradle takes
 His smiling babe, whom a fond kiss awakes.
 Then to the hearth he nearer draws his seat,
 One in his arms, the other at his feet.
 The lively babe, with many an artless grace,
 Plays with his locks and strokes his sunburnt face;
 While the glad mother breathes the silent prayer,
 And feels her all of earthly bliss is there.
 Soon round the board her frugal hand has dressed—
 Hunger their seasoning, sweet content their guest—

The happy pair, with grateful hearts, adore
That bounteous hand which thus had blessed their
store.

Pleasant the meal which healthful labour gains,
Happy the home where sweet affection reigns.

M * * M.

319.*

HOME.

“Set your affection on things above.”—Col. iii. 2.

YES, home is a delightful word !

So garlanded around,
With flowerets wet with morning dew,
There’s magic in the sound.

Yes, home is a delightful word !

Our earthly homes are dear ;
Cold is the heart that bounds not up
To feel that home is near.

Yes, home is a delightful word !

The father’s fervent prayer,
The mother’s love, the infant’s smile,
The springs of life are there.

Sweet home ! thou art a precious spot !

Yet in thy earthly bower,
Droops many a sad and anxious heart,
And many a fading flower.

The mark of vanity and change

Is stamped on all below ;
O’er the fair gardens of our home
The wintry wind must blow.

O Saviour ! drawn by boundless grace

From thy bright home in heaven,
To lead a pilgrims life on earth !
To us may grace be given.

Thankful for every blessing here

To fix our hearts above,
And seek our pure and lasting home,
The bosom of thy love.

M * * M.

320. THE TRAVELLER'S WELCOME.

SWEET to the morning traveller,
 The song amid the sky,
 Where, twinkling in the dewy light,
 The skylark soars on high.

And cheering to the traveller,
 The gales that round him play,
 When faint and heavily he drags
 Along his noontide way.

And when beneath th'unclouded sun
 Full wearily toils he,
 The flowing water makes to him
 A soothing melody.

And when the evening light decays,
 And all is calm around,
 There is sweet music to his ear,
 In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

But oh! of all delightful sounds
 Of evening or of morn,
 The sweetest is the voice of love
 That welcomes his return.

SOUTHEY.

321. CHRISTMAS.

WELCOME, Christmas! welcome here,
 Happiest season of the year!
 Fires are blazing thee to greet,
 Families together meet;
 Brothers, sisters, circle round,
 Loud is laughter's joyous sound;
 For Old England likes to see
 All her Children welcome thee.

Welcome, Christmas! for thy voice
 Calls upon us to rejoice;
 Not with foolish, idle mirth,
 Born and perishing on earth;

Far be the ungrateful thought !
 Ours are blessings dearly bought ;
 Dearly bought, but freely given,
 By the Lord of earth and heaven.

Fix we then on Christ our eye ;
 May we feel the Saviour nigh !
 May we meet around the board,
 All rejoicing in the Lord !
 Be the Babe of Bethlehem near,
 May his smile the season cheer ;
 And each gladdened heart and tongue
 Join the angel's Christmas song !

M. A. STODART.

321.* THE STAR IN THE EAST.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;
 Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom and offerings divine ;
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favour secure ;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

HEBER.

322. THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

How sweet, dear children, is the light !
 The sun, how pleasant to the sight !
 But sweeter, fairer, brighter far,
 Jesus, the glorious Morning Star,

The Sun of righteousness who brings
 Light, life, and healing on his wings.
 Gladly our opening eyes survey
 The beauties of returning day ;
 Oh ! let not then our hearts forget
 That Sun which rose no more to set.
 Once to our guilty world he came
 To bear our sorrow, sin, and shame ;
 Left his eternal, glorious throne,
 That rebels, by themselves undone,
 Might have their many sins forgiven,
 And learn the way to peace and heaven.
 Then did the clouds of anguish roll,
 Like shades of evening, round his soul ;
 Till death came on, like starless night,
 And for a season quenched his light.
 But, see ! He rises from the tomb,
 As breaks the morn on nature's gloom,
 And sends his glorious truth abroad,
 To lead our wandering souls to God.

FROM "CREATION."

323. THE IMMORTAL SOUL.

"The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away ;
 but the word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Pet.
 i. 24, 25.

THE leaves of autum pass away,
 The summer's brightest flowers decay ;
 The fairest things below the sky
 But bloom awhile, then fade and die ;
 And all of beauty, all of bloom,
 On earth is passing to the tomb.

But there is something that will live,
 When light no more the sun shall give ;
 When moons no more shall set or rise,
 And stars shall quit the silent skies ;
 And, vanished in eternity,
 Time and this earth shall cease to be.

It is the soul, the better part,
 That which is thinking in my heart ;
 'Tis that which never can decay,
 Though all things else should pass away ;
 My body in the dust shall lie,
 My soul can never, never die.

324. THE POWER OF PRAYER

Psalm xxxiv. 15.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
 Beneath the wing of night ;
 There is an ear that never shuts
 When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires
 When human strength gives way ;
 There is a love that never fails
 When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;
 That arm upholds the sky ;
 That ear is filled with angel songs ;
 That love is throned on high.

But there's a power which man can wield
 When mortal aid is vain,
 That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
 That listening ear to gain.

That power is prayer, which soars on high,
 Through Jesus to the throne,
 And moves the hand which moves the world,
 To bring salvation down.

325. GOD THE HEARER OF PRAYER.

THERE is an ear that listening bends
 Ere we for mercy plead ;
 There is a grace which far transcends
 Our utmost sense of need.

There is a Friend whose goodness flows,
 Eternal as his throne ;
 Oh ! happy is the heart that knows
 And calls that Friend its own.

D. A. T.

326.

PRAYER.

Go when the morning shineth,
 Go when the noon is bright ;
 Go when the eve declineth,
 Go in the hush of night.

Go with pure mind and feeling,
 Fling earthly thought away,
 And in thy chamber kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee ;
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be.

Then for thyself, in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim ;
 For strength to aid thy weakness,
 In thy Redeemers name.

Through him thy secret breathing
 Shall reach the realms above,
 As sacred incense wreathing,
 Where all is truth and love.

327.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

DID I this morn devoutly pray
 For God's assistance through the day ?
 And did I read his sacred word
 To make my life therewith accord ?
 Did I for any purpose try
 To hide the truth, and tell a lie ?
 Did I my time and thoughts engage
 As fits my duty, station, age ?

Did I with care my temper guide,
 Checking ill-humour, anger, pride?
 Did I my lips from aught refrain
 That might my fellow-creature pain?
 Did I with cheerful patience bear
 The little ills that all must share?
 For all God's mercies through this day,
 Did I my grateful tribute pay?
 And did I, when the day was o'er,
 God's watchful aid again implore?

328.

ANGRY WORDS.

Eph. iv. 31.

ANGRY words are lightly spoken
 In a rash and thoughtless hour,
 Brightest links of life are broken
 By their deep insidious power.

Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
 Ne'er before by anger stirred,
 Oft are rent past human healing
 By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
 Bitter poison-drops are they,
 Weaving for the coming morrow
 Saddest memories of to-day

Angry words,—oh! let them never
 From the tongue unbridled slip;
 May the Spirit's impulse ever
 Check them ere they soil the lip!

Love is much too pure and holy,
 Friendship is too sacred far,
 For a moment's reckless folly
 Thus to desolate and mar.

Angry words are lightly spoken,
 Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred;
 Brightest links of life are broken
 By a single angry word.

329. IDOLATRY.

“ Little children, keep yourselves from idols.”—
1 John v. 21.

WHATEVER passes as a cloud between
The mental eye of faith and things unseen,
Causing that brighter world to disappear,
Or seem less lovely, and its hope less dear;—
This is our world,— our idol, though it bear
Affection’s impress, or devotion’s air!

330. “ BE CONTENT WITH SUCH THINGS
AS YE HAVE.”

Heb. xiii. 5.

SOME murmur, when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.

And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God’s good mercy gild
The darkness of their night. TRENCH.

331. “ THE SERVANT IS NOT GREATER
THAN HIS LORD.”

John xv. 20.

OH can I hope, since Jesus wept,
No tears mine eyes should dim,
Or wish a world to smile on me
That only frown’d on Him?

And since his saints in every age
A thorny path have trod,
Oh, who am I that flowers alone
Should strew my path to God?

Can I wish more than that a lot
Like theirs to me be given:
A toilsome pilgrimage on earth,—
Eternal rest in heaven.

332. "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS."

Heb. xi. 13.

"STRANGERS!" "Pilgrims!" Is it so?
 Are we pilgrims here below?
 Are our wants and wishes few?
 Do we live as strangers do?
 Strange to sinful thoughts and ways,
 Dead to earthly blame or praise,
 "Pressing on" and "passing through,"
 "Jesus ever in our view?"

"If children, then heirs."—Rom. viii 17.

"IF children, heirs." Transporting thought!
 From enmity and exile brought.
 A Father's eye to guide our way,
 A Father's arm our steps to stay;
 A foretaste of Immanuel's love,
 A bright inheritance above,
 Spotless and undefiled and pure,
 For endless ages to endure.

M**M.

333. "SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY IS
THE EVIL THEREOF."

Matt. vi. 34.

DOES each day upon the wing,
 Its allotted burden bring?
 Load it not besides with sorrow
 Which belongeth to the morrow.
 Strength is *promised*, strength is *given*,
 When the heart by God is riven.

But foredate the day of woe,
 And *alone* thou bear'st the blow;
 One thing only claims your care,
 Seek thou first, by *faith* and *prayer*,
 That all-glorious world above,
 Scene of righteousness and love;
 And whate'er thou need'st below,
He thou *trustest* will *bestow*.

334. LO, WE HAVE LEFT ALL, AND HAVE
FOLLOWED THEE.

Mark x. 28.

AND hast thou left each darling sin?
Oh! pause thee, look again within;
The sunbeam on the lake may glow,
Yet pierce not to the depth below.

Look well—is there no earthly care
Chafing thy trembling soul in prayer?
No thoughts that, with their binding chain,
Would draw thee to the world again?

Thy burden thou hast brought of grief,
And askest of thy Lord relief;
And then, as if such prayer were vain,
Thou tak'st the burden up again.

Help us, O Lord! in sorrow's hour
To trust thy mercy and thy power:
In clouds and tears thy love to see,
Though all be dark, to follow thee!

MRS. HENRY LYNCH

335. "IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID."

TOSSED with rough waves, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What gentle accents greet my ear,
" 'Tis I, be not afraid."

" 'Tis I who washed thy spirit white,
'Tis I who gave thy blind eyes sight,
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light;
" 'Tis I, be not afraid.'

" These raging winds, this surging sea,
Bear not a breath of wrath to thee,
That storm has all been spent on me;
" 'Tis I, be not afraid.'

He walks with God who lives a life of prayer,
 And daily casts on him his every care ;
 Who in this sweet and sacred converse knows
 The soul's refreshment and the soul's repose.

He walks with God who, as he onward moves,
 Treads in the footsteps of the Lord he loves ;
 Who, keeping Jesus ever in his view,
 Sees in his Saviour his example too.

Blest is the child who humbly walks with God,
 And follows in the path by Jesus trod ;
 His way is holiness, his end is peace,
 And glory crowns him when his labours cease.

D. A. T.

338. COMMUNION WITH GOD.

WHEN one that holds communion with the skies,
 Has filled his urn where the pure waters rise,
 And once more mingles with us meaner things,
 'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings ;
 Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
 And tells us whence his treasures are supplied.

COWPER.

339. THE CONTENTED PRISONER.

A LITTLE bird I am,
 Shut from the fields of air,
 And in my cage I sit and sing
 To Him who placed me there ;
 Well pleased a prisoner to be,
 Because, my God, it pleases thee.

Nought have I else to do ;
 I sing the whole day long :
 And He, whom much I love to please,
 Doth listen to my song ;
 He caught and bound my wandering wing,
 But still he bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
 A heart to love and bless ;
 And though my notes were e'er so rude,
 Thou wouldst not hear the less :
 Because thou knowest, as they fall,
 That love, sweet love, inspires them all.
 My cage confines me round,
 Abroad I cannot fly ;
 But though my wing is closely bound,
 My heart's at liberty.
 My prison walls cannot control
 The flight, the freedom of the soul.
 Oh ! it is good to soar
 These bolts and bars above,
 To Him whose purpose I adore,
 Whose providence I love ;
 And in thy mighty will to find
 The joy, the freedom of the mind.*

340.

TRUE JOY.

Ps. iv. 6, 7.

OH ! could our senseless hearts but know
 The joy God's presence can bestow ;
 The pleasures that are kept in store
 At his right hand for evermore
 For those, who walk before him here
 In faith, and love, and holy fear ;
 Who, by his power and grace renewed,
 Have had their stubborn hearts subdued,
 Washed in the blood that frees from sin,
 And Christ's pure image stamped within ;
 Who, glorying in the Saviour's cross,
 Count all beside but worthless dross,
 With strong, unshaken faith rely
 On him, to save and justify ;

* Written by Madame Guyon, during an imprisonment in the Bastille. It is suitable to one confined by lingering sickness.

Trust in his righteousness alone,
 And plead it at the Father's throne:
 Could we but know the peace and rest
 With which the child of God is blest;
 Not gold, nor all the splendid things
 That glitter in the courts of kings,
 Could win our longing souls to stay
 Without his love a single day.

FROM "CREATION."

341. HAPPINESS.

HAPPINESS, thou lovely name,
 Where's thy seat, O tell me, where?
 Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
 All cry out, "It is not here:"
 Not the wisdom of the wise
 Can inform me where it lies;
 Not the grandeur of the great
 Can the bliss I seek create.

Object of my first desire,
 Jesus, crucified for me!
 All to happiness aspire,—
 Only to be found in thee;
 Thee to praise, and thee to know,
 Constitute our bliss below;
 Thee to see, and thee to love,
 Constitute our bliss above.

Lord, it is not life to live,
 If thy presence thou deny;
 Lord, if thou thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death to die:
 Source and giver of repose,
 Singly from thy smile it flows;
 Peace and happiness are thine,—
 Mine they are, if thou art mine.

342. "COME UNTO ME."

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 Come unto me and rest ;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast.
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad ;
 I found in him a resting place,
 And he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 Behold, I freely give
 The living water,—thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live.
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream ;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 I am this dark world's light ;
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright.
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In him my star, my sun ;
 And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done.*

H. BONAR.

343. THE WANDERER BROUGHT BACK
TO THE FOLD.

1 Peter xi. 25.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold ;
 I did not love my shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled.

* From "Spiritual Songs."

I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home ;
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I lov'd afar to roam.

The shepherd sought his sheep,
 The father sought his child ;
 They follow'd me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er desert, waste, and wild.

They found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone ;
 They bound me with the bands of love,
 They sav'd the wandering one.

They washed my guilt away,
 They made me clean and fair ;
 They brought me to my home in peace—
 The long-sought wanderer.

Jesus my shepherd is,
 'Twas he that lov'd my soul ;
 'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
 'Twas he that made me whole.

—'Twas he that sought the lost,
 That found the wand'ring sheep ;
 —'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis he that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,
 I would not be controlled ;
 But now I love the shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold !

I was a wayward child,
 I once preferred to roam ;
 But now I love my Father's voice,
 I love, I love his home !*

H. BONAR.

* From " Spiritual Songs."

344. COMMUNION WITH SAINTS.

“Our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.”— Ephesians iii. 15.

COME, let us join our friends above,
 Who have obtained the prize,
 And on the eagle wings of love
 To joy celestial rise.

Let saints below in concert sing
 With those to glory gone ;
 For all the servants of our King
 In heaven and earth are one.

One family, we dwell in him,
 One Church above, beneath ;
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow :
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.

Even now to their eternal home
 Some happy spirits fly ;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And soon expect to die !

O Jesus! be our constant guide ;
 Then, when the word is given,
 Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

345. HEAVEN.

WE speak of the land of the blest,
 Of that country so bright and so fair,
 And oft are its glories confest,
 But what must it be to be there ?

We speak of its pathways of gold,
 Of its walls decked with jewels so rare ;
 Its wonders and pleasures untold,
 But what must it be to be there !

We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care,
 From trials without and within,
 But what must it be to be there ?

We speak of its service of love,
 Of the robes which the glorified wear :
 The church of the first-born above,
 But what must it be to be there ?

Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
 Still for heaven our spirits prepare,
 And shortly we also shall know
 And feel what it is to be there.

346.

HEAVEN

I LOVE to think of heaven, where I shall meet
 My fellow-travellers, and where no more
 With grief or sin my mind will be disturbed,
 Where holy saints and holy angels dwell
 In constant harmony and mutual love.
 But when my heart anticipates the sight
 Of God incarnate, wearing on his side,
 And hands, and feet those marks of love divine
 Which he on Calvary for me endured,
 All heaven is swallowed up in this ;
 And he who is my hope of heaven below,
 Becomes the glory of my heaven above.

SWAINE.

347. MAXIMS AND SINGLE VERSES.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

TRUST not yourself ; but, your defects to know,
 Make use of every friend, of every foe.

PERSEVERANCE.

Despair of nothing which you should attain :
Unwearied diligence the point will gain.

TRUE WEALTH.

Truth, knowledge, wisdom, love, oh ! lay up these
in store,
True wealth which we may share, and yet ourselves
have more.

IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

Think nought a trifle, though it small appear :
Sands form the mountain, moments make the year.

THE LAW OF GRAVITY.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

VALUE OF TIME.

Every moment which idly or wisely we spend,
Shall form an accuser, or plead as a friend.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE SABBATH ON THE WEEK.

A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of the morrow ;
But a Sabbath profaned, whatsoe'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

THE LOST DAY.

Count that day lost, whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

EVIL.

Evil, like a rolling stone upon a mountain top,
A child may first impel, a giant cannot stop.

FALSEHOOD.

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive !

TRUTH.

Dare to be true, for nothing needs a lie :
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.

CRUELTY.

So *little* mercy shows who needs so much.

LEARNING AND WISDOM.

Learning is proud that he has gained so much,
Wisdom is humble that she knows no more.

UPRIGHTNESS.

Fear not the consequences of an upright deed :
More to be feared is sin, though it awhile succeed.

GENTLENESS.

Large bounties to bestow, we wish in vain ;
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.

SYMPATHY.

The tear that is wiped with a little address,
May be followed perhaps by a smile.

LOVE.

We needs must share, if we would keep,
Our blessings from above ;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have—
Such is the law of Love.

KINDNESS.

————— To teach us to be kind,
Is nature's *first, last* lesson to mankind.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive ;
Oh ! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

NATURE.

Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God.

REDEMPTION.

A soul redeemed demands a life of praise.

TRUE RICHES.

Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor,
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

THE TRUE PATH.

Shun the Broadway too readily explored,
And let thy path be hewn out of the rock—
The living rock of God's eternal word.

TRUE LIBERTY.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides.

TRUE MORALITY.

Talk they of morals? Oh thou bleeding Lamb!
Thou Maker of new morals to mankind!
The grand morality is love of thee.

TRUE LIFE.

“Live while you live,” the Epicure would say,
“And seize the pleasures of the passing day.”
“Live while you live,” the holy Preacher cries,
“And give to God each moment as it flies.”
Lord! in my life may both united be,
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.

PENETRATION.

Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would seek for pearls must dive below.

PITY.

Still from the prayer of want, and plaint of woe,
 O never, never turn away thine ear ;
 Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
 Ah ! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear !

THE SUN-BEAM.

Sun-beam of summer ! oh ! what is like thee,
 Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea ?
 One thing is like thee to mortals given—
 The faith touching all things with hues of heaven !

“THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH.”

As by the light of opening day,
 The stars are all concealed ;
 So earthly pleasures pass away,
 When Jesus is revealed.

END OF PART V.

A P P E N D I X.

1. CHILDREN'S GRACES BEFORE AND AFTER MEAT.

Tune—Adeste Fideles.

BEHOLD us Lord ! a youthful band,
The sheep of thine all bounteous hand ;
Bless thou this food thy hand hath given,
And daily give us bread from heaven.

Tune—Old Hundredth.

WE praise thy name, eternal King,
For gifts that from thy bounty spring ;
May we redeem life's passing days,
To work thy will and spread thy praise.

MISS MANN.

2. MORNING.

MORNING light is coming !
Stars now fade away ;
Over highest hill-tops
Brightly glimmers day.

Nature's feathery songsters
Loud their notes resound ;
Lovely flowers are spreading
Odors all around.

See the silvery dew-drops
 Gleaming on the grass ;
 Bees begin their labor,
 Humming as they pass.

Morning light ! I hail thee,
 After peaceful rest ;
 Let the song of gladness
 Swell my grateful breast.

3.

EVENING.

SEE, the light is fading
 From the western sky ;
 Day is now departing,
 Night is drawing nigh.

Evening winds are breathing
 Through the forest green,
 Crimson clouds are wreathing
 In the sky serene.

Twinkling stars appearing
 All around so bright ;
 Emblems, ever cheering,
 Of eternal light.

See, the light is fading
 From the western sky ;
 Day is now departing,
 Night is drawing nigh.

4.

THE RAIN.

SEE, the rain is falling
 On the mountain's side !
 See, the clouds dispersing
 Blessings far and wide !

See, the cooling shower
 Comes at God's command,
 Brightens every flower,
 Cheers the parched land.

When the rain is over,
 Then the painted bow,
 O'er the cloudy hill-top,
 Will its colors show !

God is ever faithful,
 God is ever true ;
 Let us all be grateful
 For the rain and dew.

5. THE BROOK.

LITTLE streamlet, flowing near
 By the lofty mountain side,
 Ever may thy music cheer,
 Ever may thy wavelets glide.

Fresh and fair the flowers spring,
 Where thou windest through the glade ;
 Cheerful birds as gaily sing,
 Where thou flowest through the shade.

Not the rushing, angry foam,
 Playing loud with noise and strife,
 But the smooth and gentle stream
 Be the emblem of my life.*

6. SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

ALL yonder in the meadow,
 Is sunshine clear and bright ;
 All yonder in the shadow,
 Is coolness and delight.

All yonder in the mountain,
 Is active life and health ;
 All yonder in the vallies,
 Is rest and peaceful wealth.

* Primary School Song Book.

All brightly in the heavens,
 The stars at even glow ;
 All lovely bloom the flowers,
 The stars of earth below.

Than health, or wealth, or flowers,
 Than stars or sunshine bright,
 More sweet, more blest, more lovely,
 When heart and heart unite.

7.

GOD IS LOVE.

A MORNING SONG OF PRAISE.

Lo ! the heavens are breaking,
 Pure and bright above ;
 Life and light, awaking,
 Murmur " God is love."

See, the streamlet bounding
 Through the vale and wood,
 There its ripples sounding,
 Tell that " God is good."

Music now is ringing
 Through the leafy grove,
 Feathered songsters singing,
 Warble " God is love."

Wake, my heart, and springing,
 Spread thy wings above ;
 Soaring still and singing,
 Singing, " God is love."

8. " MORN AMID THE MOUNTAINS."

MORN amid the mountains !
 Lovely solitude,
 Gushing streams and fountains,
 Murmur " God is good."

Now the glad sun breaking
 Pours a golden flood ;
 Deepest vales awaking,
 Echo, " God is good."

Wake, and join the chorus,
 Man, with soul endued !
 He, whose smile is o'er us,
 God, our God is good.

9.

SPRING.

SONG AFTER RAIN.

FLOAT away, float away
 O'er land and o'er sea !
 Dark clouds stray not hither,
 We wait for fine weather.
 Float away, float away
 And welcome the day.

Fare ye well, fare ye well,
 My books and my play !
 Of all I am weary,
 The birds warble near me ;
 I'm away, I'm away
 On the wings of the May.

Float along, float along
 Ye white snowy throng !
 No longer ye hover
 The green meadows over ;
 To the sea, to the sea,
 O haste ye away.

Oh, the May ! oh, the May !
 The glad month for me !
 The birds and the flowers,
 The bright falling showers ;
 I'm away, I'm away
 On the wings of the May.

10.

SUMMER.

DAYS of summer glory,
 Days I love to see ;
 All your scenes so brilliant,
 They are dear to me.

Let my mind be ever
 Bright as yonder sun ;
 Pure as are the breezes,
 Just as night comes on.

Meadows, fields and mountains,
 Clothed in shining green ;
 Little rippling fountains,
 Through the willows seen.

Birds that sweetly warble
 All the summer days ;
 All things speak, in music,
 Their Creator's praise.

11.

SCHOOL IN THE WINTER.

COLD the blast may blow,
 Heaping high the snow,
 Winds may loudly roar :
 Trees all brown and bare,
 Sad may wave in air,
 Decked with leaves no more.

Bosoms firm and bold,
 Fear not storms nor cold,
 Fear not ice nor snow ;
 Fiercely, through the gale,
 Drift the snow and hail,—
 Hearts may warmly glow.

When in school we meet,
 Looks of welcome greet,
 Sent from smiling eyes ;

When our teachers dear,
 Give us words of cheer,
 What are wintry skies !

Come then rain or hail,
 Come then storm or gale,
 Glad to school we'll go ;
 Bosoms firm and bold,
 Shrink not from the cold,
 Fear not ice nor snow.

12.

THE FROST.

O, SEE the cunning frost again
 Its magic art revealing ;
 With bower and hill and shady lane
 Again the windows sealing.
 It shuts from us the clear cold sky,
 The snowy mantled meadow ;
 The icy trees that glitter high
 In sunlight and in shadow.

And O, it gives full many a dream
 Of pleasant summer rambles ;
 The dear old bridge, the streamlet's gleam,
 The fern, the brakes, the brambles.
 The sedgy lake, the wood-crown'd hill,
 They live again before us ;
 Again flows on the little rill,
 And summer skies are o'er us.

13.

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

Now to heaven our prayer ascending,
 God speed the right ;
 In a noble cause contending,
 God speed the right.
 Be our zeal in heaven recorded,
 With success on earth rewarded,
 God speed the right.

Be that prayer again repeated—
 God speed the right ;
 Ne'er despairing, though defeated ;
 God speed the right.
 Like the good and great in story,
 If we fail, we fail with glory :
 God speed the right.

Patient, firm and persevering ;
 God speed the right ;
 Ne'er the event nor danger fearing ;
 God speed the right.
 Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
 And in heaven's time succeeding—
 God speed the right.

Still our onward course pursuing ;
 God speed the right ;
 Every foe at length subduing ;
 God speed the right.
 Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
 There's no power on earth can stay it ;
 God speed the right.

14. VALUE OF A LOVING WORD.

A LITTLE word in love expressed,
 A motion or a tear,
 Has often healed a heart depressed,
 And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth,
 Full many a budding flower,
 Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
 Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
 A pleasant word to speak ;
 The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
 A heart may seal or break.

15.

HOPE,

SHE comes our path to lighten,
 To twine the diamond band ;
 Uniting earth to heaven,
 That happy spirit-land.
 And when her way is darkened,
 She wastes not sigh nor tear,
 But says " a thorn has pierced me,
 So roses must be near."

When clouds are dark and heavy,
 She lifts her trusting eyes,
 And sees, amid their darkness,
 The bow of promise rise.
 When flesh and strength are failing,
 When powers of nature die,
 She says " My Father calls me
 To mansions in the sky."*

* Song Book of the School Room.



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